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CHAMBERS'S

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CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE

A HISTORY, CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL, OF BRITISH
AND AMERICAN AUTHORS, WITH SPECIMENS
OF THEIR WRITINGS,

ORIGINALLY EDITED BY ROBERT CHAMBERS, LL. D.

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CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

FOURTH PERIOD.

(1625—1689.)

MILTON—BUTLER—DRYDEN—BUNYAN.

(*Continued.*)

BISHOP STILLINGFLEET.

Edward Stillingfleet (1635–1699) distinguished himself in early life by his writings in defence of the doctrines of the church. His 'Irenicum, a Weapon-salve for the Church's Wounds,' 1661, was considered by Burnet 'a masterpiece.' The title of his principal work is 'Origines Sacræ; or a Rational Account of the Grounds of Natural and Revealed Religion' (1662). His abilities and extensive learning caused him to be raised in 1689 to the dignity of Bishop of Worcester. Towards the end of his life (1697) he published 'A Defence of the Doctrine of the Trinity, in which some passages in Locke's 'Essay on the Human Understanding' were attacked as subversive of fundamental doctrines of Christianity; but in the controversy which ensued, the philosopher was generally held to have come off victorious. So great was the Bishop's chagrin at this result, that it was thought to have hastened his death. The prominent matters of discussion in this controversy were the resurrection of the body and the immateriality of the soul. On these points, Locke argued, that although the resurrection of the dead is revealed in Scripture, the reanimation of the identical bodies which inhabited this world is not revealed; and that even if the soul were proved to be material, this would not imply its mortality, since an Omnipotent Creator may, if he pleases, impart the faculty of thinking to matter as well as to spirit. But, as Stillingfleet remarked, there is no self-consciousness in matter, and mind, when united to it, is still *independent.* The general theological views of Stillingfleet leaned towards the Arminian section of the Church of England.

During the reign of James II. he was the great defender of Protestantism. His works are chiefly argumentative; but his Sermons, published after his death, deservedly bear a high character for good sense, sound morality, energy of style, and the knowledge of human nature which they display.

True Wisdom.

That is the truest wisdom of a man which doth most conduce to the happiness of life. For wisdom as it refers to action lies in the proposal of a right end, and the choice of the most proper means to attain it: which end doth not refer to any one part of a man's life, but to the whole as taken together. He therefore only deserves the name of a wise man, not that considers how to be rich and great when he is poor and mean, nor how to be well when he is sick, nor how to escape a present danger, nor how to compass a particular design; but he that considers the whole course of his life together, and what is fit for him to make the end of it, and by what means he may best enjoy the happiness of it. I confess it is one great part of a wise man never to propose to himself too much happiness here; for whoever doth so is sure to find himself deceived, and consequently is so much more miserable as he fails in his greatest expectations. But since God did not make men on purpose to be miserable, since there is a great difference as to men's conditions, since that difference depends very much on their own choice, there is a great deal of reason to place true wisdom in the choice of those things which tend most to the comfort and happiness of life.

That which gives a man the greatest satisfaction in what he doth, and either prevents, or lessens, or makes him more easily bear the troubles of life, doth the most conduce to the happiness of it. It was a bold saying of Epicurus: 'That it is more desirable to be miserable by acting according to reason, than to be happy in going against it;' and I cannot tell how it can well agree with his notion of felicity: but it is a certain truth, that in the consideration of happiness, the satisfaction of a man's own mind doth weigh down all the external accidents of life. For suppose a man to have riches and honours as great as Ahasuerus bestowed on his highest favourite Haman, yet by his sad instance we find that a small discontent, when the mind suffers it to increase and to spread its venom, doth so weaken the power of reason, disorder the passions, make a man's life so uneasy to him as to precipitate him from the height of his fortune into the depth of ruin. But, on the other side, if we suppose a man to be always pleased with his condition, to enjoy an even and quiet mind in every state, being neither lifted up with prosperity nor cast down with adversity, he is really happy in comparison with the other. It is a mere speculation to discourse of any complete happiness in this world; but that which doth either lessen the number, or abate the weight, or take off the malignity of the troubles of life, doth contribute very much to that degree of happiness which may be expected here.

The integrity and simplicity of a man's mind doth all this. In the first place, it gives the greatest satisfaction to a man's own mind. For although it be impossible for a man not to be liable to error and mistake, yet, if he doth mistake with an innocent mind, he hath the comfort of his innocency when he thinks himself bound to correct his error. But if a man prevaricates with himself, and acts against the sense of his own mind, though his conscience did not judge aright at that time, yet the goodness of this bare act, with respect to the rule, will not prevent the sting that follows the want of inward integrity in doing it. 'The backslider in heart,' saith Solomon, 'shall be filled with his own ways, but a good man shall be satisfied from himself.' The doing just and worthy and generous things without any sinister ends and designs, leaves a most agreeable pleasure to the mind, like that of a constant health, which is better felt than expressed. When a man applies his mind to the knowledge of his duty, and when he doth understand it (as it is not hard for an honest mind to do, for, as the oracle answered the servant who desired to know how he might please his master: 'If you will seek it, you will be sure to find it'), sets himself with a firm resolution to pursue it; though the rain falls and the floods arise, and the winds blow on every side of him, yet he enjoys peace and quiet within, notwithstanding all the noise and blustering abroad; and is sure to hold out after all, because he is founded upon a rock. But take one that endeavours to blind or corrupt or master his conscience, to make it serve some mean end or design; what uneasy reflections hath he upon himself, what perplexing thoughts, what tormenting fears, what suspicions and jealousies do disturb his imagination and rack his mind! What art and pains doth such a one take to be believed honest and sincere! and so much the more because he doth not believe himself: he fears still he hath not given satisfaction enough, and by overdoing it, is the most suspected. Secondly, because integrity doth more become a man, and doth really promote his interest in the world. It is the saying of Dio Chrysostom, a heathen orator, that 'simplicity and truth is a great and wise thing, but cunning and deceit is foolish and mean; for,' saith he, 'observe the beasts: the more courage and spirit they have, the less art and subtilty they use; but the more timorous and ignoble they are, the more false and deceitful.' True wisdom and greatness of mind raises a man above the need of using little tricks and devices. Sincerity and honesty carries one through many difficulties, which all the arts he can invent would never help him through. For nothing doth a man more real mischief in the world than to be suspected of too much craft; because every one stands upon his guard against him, and suspects plots and designs where there are none intended; insomuch that, though he speaks with all the sincerity that is possible, yet nothing he saith can be believed. . . .

'The path of the just,' saith the wise man, 'is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' As the day begins with obscurity and a great mixture of darkness, till by quick and silent motions the light overcomes the mists and vapours of the night, and not only spreads its beams upon the tops of the mountains, but darts them into the deepest and most shady valleys; thus simplicity and integrity may at first appearing look dark and suspicious, till by degrees it breaks through the clouds of envy and detraction, and then shines with a greater glory.

BISHOP KEN.

Thomas Ken (1637–1711) was a native of Little Berkhampstead, Hertfordshire. He was educated at Winchester College and New College, Oxford. In 1667, he obtained from Morley, Bishop of Winchester, the living of Brightstone, Isle of Wight, and there he wrote his 'Morning and Evening Hymns,' which he sang daily himself, with the accompaniment of a lute. These hymns, or part of them are in every collection of sacred poetry and in the memory of almost every English child. Who has not repeated the opening lines?

Awake, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice!

Other poems, devotional and didactic, were written by Ken. In 1681, he published a 'Manual of Prayers for the use of the Scholars of Winchester College.' In 1684, he was made Bishop of Bath and Wells. Having refused to sign the Declaration of Indulgence issued by James II. Ken was one of the seven bishops sent to the Tower. He afterwards declined to take the oath of allegiance to William III. and was deprived. He had then saved a sum of £700, and for this money Lord Weymouth allowed him £80 a year and residence at his mansion of Longleat, where Ken lived till his death. In his latter years, the bishop is described as travelling about the country, like Old Mortality, on an old white horse, collecting subscriptions for relief of the poor nonjurors. Ken's works, in 4 vols. were published by W. Hawkins, his executor, in 1721. Lives of him were written by Hawkins (1713), by the Rev. W. L. Bowles (1830), by J. T. Round (1838), and by Anderson (1853)

This list of eminent divines of the Anglican Church might easily be extended by notices of men eminent in their own day, and remarkable for erudition, but whose writings, chiefly of a polemical character, are now seldom read. Among these were the two POCOCKES, father and son, distinguished for their Oriental learning; ARCHBISHOP TENISON (1636–1715), who succeeded Tillotson in the primacy; and DR. HENRY ALDRICH, Dean of Christ Church (1647–1710), who was an accomplished musician, as well as polemic and logician, and who added about forty fine anthems to our church-music. Oxford seems at this time to have been pre-eminently distinguished for its divines and scholars; and Lord Macaulay has remarked that it was chiefly in the university towns, or in London, that the celebrated clergy were congregated. The country clergy, without access to libraries, and travelling but little, in consequence of the imperfect means of locomotion, were a greatly inferior class—rude, unpolished, and prejudiced; such as the wits and dramatists loved to ridicule.

The increasing body of Nonconformists, or Protestant dissenters, had also some eminent names (to be hereafter noticed); and Baxter, Owen, Calamy, Flavel, and Bunyan, are still as well known as their more erudite brethren of the establishment.

GEORGE FOX.

GEORGE FOX, the originator of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, was one of the most prominent religious enthusiasts of the age. He was the son of a weaver at Drayton, in Leicestershire, and was born in 1624. Having been apprenticed to a shoemaker who traded in wool and cattle, he spent much of his youth in tending sheep, an employment which afforded ample room for meditation and solitude. When about nineteen years of age, he was one day vexed by a disposition to intemperance which he observed in two professedly religious friends whom he met at a fair. 'I went away,' says he in his Journal, 'and, when I had done my business, returned home; but I did not go to bed that night, nor could I sleep; but sometimes walked up and down, and sometimes prayed, and cried to the Lord, who said unto me: "Thou seest how young people go together into vanity, and old people into the earth; thou must forsake all, young and old, keep out of all, and be a stranger to all."' This divine communication, as, in the warmth of his imagination, he considered it to be, was scrupulously obeyed. Leaving his relations and master, he betook himself for several years to a wandering life, which was interrupted only for a few months, during which he was prevailed upon to reside at home. At this period, as well as during the remainder of his life, Fox had many dreams and visions, and supposed himself to receive supernatural messages from heaven. In his Journal he gives an account of a particular movement of his mind in singularly beautiful and impressive language: 'One morning, as I was sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me, and a temptation beset me, and I sate still. And it was said, All things come by nature; and the Elements and Stars came over me, so that I was in a moment quite clouded with it; but, inasmuch as I sate still and said nothing, the people of the house perceived nothing. And as I sate still under it and let it alone, a living hope rose in me, and a true voice arose in me which cried: These is a living God who made all things. And immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away, and the life rose over it all, and my heart was glad, and I praised the living God.' Afterwards he tells us, 'the Lord's power broke forth, and I had great openings and prophecies, and spoke unto the people of the things of God, which they heard with attention and silence, and went away and spread the fame thereof.' He began about the year 1647 to teach publicly in the vicinity of Duckenfield and Manchester, whence he travelled through several neighbouring counties. He had now formed the opinions, that a learned education is unnecessary to a minister; that the existence of a separate clerical profession is unwarranted by the Bible; that the Creator of the world is not a dweller in temples made with hands; and that the Scriptures are not the rule either of conduct or judgment, but that man should follow 'the light of Christ within.' He believed, moreover, that he was divinely commanded to abstain from taking off his hat to any one, of whatever rank; to use the words *thee* and *thou* in addressing all persons with whom he communicated; to bid nobody good-morrow or good-night; and never to bend his knee to any one in authority, or take an oath, even on the most solemn occasion. Acting upon these views, he sometimes went into churches while service was going on, and interrupted the clergymen by loudly contradicting their statements of doctrine. By these breaches of order, and the employment of such unceremonious fashions of address as, 'Come down, thou deceiver!' he naturally gave great offence, which led sometimes to his imprisonment, and sometimes to severe treatment from the hands of the populace. At Derby, he was imprisoned in a loathsome dungeon for a year, and afterwards in a still more disgusting cell at Carlisle for half that period. To this ill-treatment he submitted with meekness and resignation. As an illustration of the rough usage which the patient Quaker experienced, we extract this narrative from his 'Journal:'

Fox's Ill-treatment at Ulverstone.

The people were in a rage, and fell upon me in the steeple-house before his (Justice Sawrey's) face, knocked me down, kicked me, and trampled upon me. So great was the uproar, that some tumbled over their seats for fear. At last he came and took me from the people, led me out of the steeple-house, and put me into the hands of the constables and other officers, bidding them whip me, and put me out of the town. Many friendly people being come to the market, and some to the steeple-house to hear me, divers of these they knocked down also, and broke their heads, so that the blood ran down several; and Judge Fell's son running after to see what they would do with me, they threw him into a ditch of water, some of them crying:

'Knock the teeth out of his head.' When they had hauled me to the common moss-side, a multitude following, the constables and other officers gave me some blows over my back with willow-rods, and thrust me among the rude multitude, who, having furnished themselves with staves, hedge-stakes, holm or holly bushes, fell upon me, and beat me upon the head, arms, and shoulders, till they had deprived me of sense; so that I fell down upon the wet common. When I recovered again, and saw myself lying in a watery common, and the people standing about me, I lay still a little while, and the power of the Lord sprang through me, and the eternal refreshings revived me, so that I stood up again in the strengthening power of the eternal God, and stretching out my arms amongst them, I said with a loud voice: 'Strike again! here are my arms, my head, and cheeks!' Then they began to fall out among themselves.

In 1635, Fox returned to his native town, where he continued to preach, dispute, and hold conferences, till he was sent by Colonel Hacker to Cromwell, under the charge of Captain Drury. Of this memorable interview, he gives an account in his 'Journal:'

Interview with Oliver Cromwell.

After Captain Drury had lodged me at the Mermaid, over against the Mews at Charing Cross, he went to give the Protector an account of me. When he came to me again, he told me the Protector required that I should promise not to take up a carnal sword or weapon against him or the government, as it then was; and that I should write it in what words I saw good, and set my hand to it. I said little in reply to Captain Drury, but the next morning I was moved of the Lord to write a paper to the Protector, by the name of Oliver Cromwell, wherein I did, in the presence of the Lord God, declare that I did deny the wearing or drawing of a 'carnal sword, or any other outward weapon, against him or any man; and that I was sent of God to stand a witness against all violence, and against the works of darkness, and to turn people from darkness to light; to bring them from the occasion of war and fighting to the peaceable Gospel, and from being evil-doers, which the magistrates' sword should be a terror to.' When I had written what the Lord had given me to write, I set my name to it, and gave it to Captain Drury to hand to Oliver Cromwell, which he did. After some time, Captain Drury brought me before the Protector himself at Whitehall. It was in a morning, before he was dressed; and one Harvey, who had come a little among friends, but was disobedient, waited upon him. When I came in, I was moved to say: 'Peace be in this house;' and I exhorted him to keep in the fear of God, that he might receive wisdom from him; that by it he might be ordered, and with it might order all things under his hand unto God's glory. I spoke much to him of truth; and a great deal of discourse I had with him about religion, wherein he carried himself very moderately. But he said we quarrelled with the priests, whom he called ministers. I told him 'I did not quarrel with them, they quarrelled with me and my friends. But, said I, if we own the prophets, Christ, and the apostles, we cannot hold up such teachers, prophets, and shepherds, as the prophets, Christ, and the apostles declared against; but we must declare against them by the same power and spirit.' Then I shewed him that the prophets, Christ, and the apostles, declared freely, and declared against them that did not declare freely; such as preached for filthy lucre, divined for money, and preached for hire, and were covetous and greedy, like the dumb dogs that could never have enough; and that they who have the same spirit that Christ, and the prophets, and the apostles had, could not but declare against all such now, as they did then. As I spoke, he several times said it was very good, and it was truth. I told him: 'That all Christendom, so-called, had the Scriptures, but they wanted the power and spirit that those who gave forth the Scriptures, and that was the reason they were not in fellowship with the Son, nor with the Father, nor with the Scriptures, nor one with another.' Many more words I had with him, but people coming in, I drew a little back. As I was turning, he catched me by the hand, and with tears in his eyes said: 'Come again to my house, for if thou and I were but an hour of a day together, we should be nearer one to the other;' adding, that he wished me no more ill than he did to his own soul. I told him: 'If he did, he wronged his own soul, and admonished him to hearken to God's voice, that he might stand in his counsel, and obey it; and if he did so, that would keep him from hardness of heart; but if he did not hear God's voice, his heart would be hardened. He said it was true. Then I went out; and when Captain Drury came out after me, he told me the lord Protector said I was at liberty, and might go whither I would. Then I was brought into a great hall, where the Protector's gentlemen were to dine. I asked them what they brought me thither for. They said it was by the Protector's order, that I might dine with them. I bid them let the Protector know I would not eat of his bread, nor drink of his drink. When he heard this, he said: 'Now I see there is a people risen that I cannot win, either with gifts, honours, offices, or places; but all other sects and people I can.' It was told him again, 'That we had forsook our own, and were not like to look for such things from him.'

Fox had a brief meeting with Cromwell very shortly before the Protector's death, which we shall subjoin, adding Mr. Carlyle's characteristic comment:

Cromwell's Last Appearance in Public.

'The same day, taking boat, I went down (*up*) to Kingston, and from thence to Hampton Court, to speak with the Protector about the sufferings of friends. I met him riding into Hampton Court Park; and before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his life-guard, I saw and felt a waft (*whiff*) of death go forth against him.'—Or in favour of him, George? His life, if thou knew it, has not been a merry thing for this man, now or heretofore! I fancy he has been looking this long while to give it up, whenever the Commander-in-chief required. To quit his laborious sentry-post; honourably lay up his arms, and be gone to his rest—all eternity to rest in George! Was thy own life merry, for example, in the hollow of the tree; clad permanently in leather? And does kingly purple, and governing refractory worlds instead of stitching coarse shoes, make it merrier? The waft of death is not against *him*, I think—perhaps, against thee, and me, and others, O George, when the Nell Gwynne defender and two centuries of all-victorious cant have come in upon us! My unfortunate George—'a waft of death go forth against him: and when I came to him he looked like a dead man. After I had laid the sufferings of friends before him, and had warned him according as I was moved to speak to him, he bade me come to his house. So I returned to Kingston, and the next day went up to Hampton Court to speak further with him. But when I came, Harvey, who was one that waited on him, told me the doctors were not willing that I should speak with him. So I passed away, and never saw him more.'

Amidst much opposition, Fox still continued to travel through the kingdom, expounding his views and answering objections, both verbally and by the publication of controversial pamphlets. In the course of his peregrinations he suffered frequent imprisonment sometimes as a disturber of the peace, and sometimes because he refused to uncover his head in the presence of magistrates, or to do violence to his principles by taking the oath of allegiance. After reducing—with the assistance of his educated disciples, Robert Barclay, Samuel Fisher, and George Keith—the doctrine and discipline of his sect to a more systematic and permanent form than that in which it had hitherto existed, he visited Ireland and the American plantations, employing in the latter nearly two years in confirming and increasing his followers. He died in London in 1690, aged sixty-six.

That Fox was a sincere believer of what he preached, no doubt can be entertained; and that he was of a meek and forgiving disposition towards his persecutors, is equally unquestionable. His integrity, also, was so remarkable that his word was taken as of equal value with his oath. Religious enthusiasm, however, amounting to madness in the earlier stage of his career, led him into many extravagances, in which few members of the respectable society which he founded have partaken. Fox not only acted as a prophet, but assumed the power of working miracles—in the exercise of which he claims to have cured various individuals, including a man whose arm had long been disabled, and a woman troubled with king's evil. On one occasion he ran with bare feet through Lichfield, exclaiming: 'Wo to the bloody city of Lichfield!' and, when no calamity followed this denouncement as expected, he found no better mode of accounting for the failure than discovering that some Christians had once been slain there.

The writings of George Fox are comprised in three folio volumes, printed respectively in 1694, 1698, and 1706. The first contains his 'Journal;' the second, his 'Epistles;' the third, his 'Doctrinal Pieces.'

WILLIAM PENN.

William Penn (1644–1718), the son of an English admiral, is celebrated not only as a distinguished writer on Quakerism, but as the founder of the state of Pennsylvania in North America. In his fifteenth year, while a student at Oxford, Penn embraced the doctrines of the Society of Friends. He was expelled the university, and his father sent him abroad to travel on the continent. He returned at the end of two years, accomplished in all the graces of the fine gentleman and courtier. In a short time, however, the plague broke out in London, and William Penn's serious impressions were renewed. He ceased to frequent the court and to visit his gay friends, employing himself in the study of divinity. His father conceived that it was time he should again interfere. An estate in Ireland had been presented to the admiral by the king; it required superintendence, and William Penn was despatched to Dublin, furnished with letters to the Viceroy, the Duke of Ormond. Again the cloud passed off; Penn was a favourite in all circles, and he even served for a short time as a volunteer officer in the army. One day, however, in the city of Cork, he went to hear a sermon by the same Quaker preacher that he had listened to in Oxford. The effect was irresistible: Penn became a Quaker for life. His father sent for him home, and finding him immovable in his resolution to adhere to the despised and persecuted sect, he turned him out of doors. William Penn now began to preach and write in defence of the new creed. He was committed to the Tower, but this only increased his ardour. During a confinement of eight months in 1668–9, he produced four treatises, the best of which, 'No Cross, no Crown,' enjoyed great popularity. In 1670, shortly after his release, he was again taken up and tried by the city authorities. The jury sympathised with the persecuted apostle of peace, and would return no harsher verdict than 'Guilty of speaking in Gracechurch Street.' They were browbeat by the insolent court, and kept two days and nights without food, fire, or light; but they would not yield, and their final verdict was 'Not Guilty.' Penn and the jury were all thrown into Newgate. An appeal was made to the Court of Common Pleas, and Penn was triumphant; thus vindicating the right of juries to judge of the value of evidence independent of the direction of the court. Admiral Penn died in 1670, having been reconciled to his son, whom he left sole executor of his will. The admiral's estate was worth £1500 a year, and he had claims on the government amounting to about £15,000. In consideration of these unliquidated but acknowledged claims, Charles II. granted to William Penn—who longed to establish a Christian democracy across the Atlantic—a vast territory on the banks of the Delaware in North America. Penn was constituted sole proprietor and governor. He proposed to call his colony Sylvania, as it was covered with woods. The king suggested, in compliment to the admiral, that *Penn* should be prefixed, and in the charter the colony was named Pennsylvania. With the aid of Algernon Sidney, articles for the settlement and government of the new state were drawn up by Penn. They were liberal and comprehensive allowing the utmost civil and religious freedom to the colonists.

The governor sailed to America in 1682, and entered into a treaty of peace and friendship with the native tribes, which was religiously observed. The signing of this treaty under an elm-tree, the Indian king being attended by his *sachems* or warriors, and Penn accompanied by a large body of his pilgrim-followers, forms one of those picturesque passages in history on which poets and painters delight to dwell. The governor having constituted his council or legislative assembly, laid out his capital city of Philadelphia, and made other arrangements, returned to England. He landed in June 1684 For the next four years and a half, till the abdication of James II., Penn appears in the novel character of a court favourite. He attended Whitehall almost daily, his house was crowded with visitors, and in consequence of his supposed influence with the king, he might, as he states, have amassed great riches. He procured the release of about fourteen hundred of his oppressed Quaker brethren who had been imprisoned for refusing to take the oath of allegiance or to attend church. Penn was accused of being a Jesuit in disguise, and of holding correspondence with the court of Rome. Even the pious and excellent Dr. Tillotson was led to give credence to this calumny, but was convinced by Penn of the entire falsehood of the charge. In our own day, an eminent historian, Lord Macaulay, has revived some of the accusations against Penn, and represented him as conniving at the intolerance and corruption of the court. Specific cases are adduced, but they rest on doubtful evidence, and seem to prove no more than that Penn, misled by a little vanity and self-importance, had mixed himself up too much with the proceedings of the court, and could not prevent those acts of cruelty and extortion which disgraced the miserable reign of the last of the Stuart monarchs. The uniform tenor of Penn's life was generous, self-sacrificing, and beneficent. After the Revolution, Penn's formal intimacy with James caused him to be regarded as a disaffected person, and led to various troubles; but he still continued to preach and write in support of his favourite doctrines. Having once more gone out to America in 1699, he there exerted himself for the improvement of his colony till 1701, when he finally returned to England. His latter days were imbittered by personal griefs and losses, and his mental vigour was prostrated by disease. He died in 1718.

Besides the work already mentioned, Penn wrote 'Reflections and Maxims relating to the Conduct of Life,' and 'A Key, &c. to discern the Difference between the Religion professed by the Quakers, and the Misrepresentations of their Adversaries.' To George Fox's 'Journal,' which was published in 1694, he prefixed 'A Brief Account of the Rise and Progress of the People called Quakers' His works fill three volumes; and an excellent Life of Penn has been written by Mr. Hepworth Dixon (1851, and much enlarged in 1872). The style of Penn's works is often harsh and incorrect, but his language is copious and his enthusiasm occasionally renders him forcible and impressive. The first of the subjoined specimens is extracted from his 'No Cross, no Crown.'

Against the Pride of Noble Birth.

That people are generally proud of their persons, is too visible and troublesome, especially if they have any pretence either to blood or beauty; the one has raised many quarrels among men, and the other among women, and men too often for their sakes, and at their excitements. But to the first: what a pother has this noble blood made in the world, antiquity of name or family, whose father or mother, great-grandfather or great-grandmother, was best descended or allied? what stock or what clan they came of? what coat of arms they gave? which had, of right, the precedence? But, methinks, nothing of man's folly has less show of reason to palliate it.

For, first, what matter is it of whom any one is descended, that is not of ill-fame; since 'tis his own virtue that must raise, or vice depress him? An ancestor's character is no excuse to a man's ill actions, but an aggravation of his degeneracy; and since virtue comes not by generation, I neither am the better nor the worse for my forefather: to be sure, not in God's account; nor should it be in man's. Nobody would endure injuries the easier, or reject favours the more, for coming by the hand of a man well or ill descended. I confess it were greater honour to have had no blots, and with an hereditary estate to have had a lineal descent of worth: but that was never found; no, not in the most blessed of families upon earth; I mean Abraham's. To be descended of wealth and titles, fills no man's head with brains, or heart with truth; those qualities come from a higher cause. 'Tis vanity, then, and most condemnable pride, for a man of bulk and character to despise another of less size in the world, and of meaner alliance, for want of them; because the latter may have the merit, where the former has only the effects of it in an ancestor; and though the one be great by means of a forefather, the other is so too, but 'tis by his own; then, pray, which is the bravest man of the two?

'Oh,' says the person proud of blood, 'it was never a good world since we have had *so many upstart gentlemen!'* But what should others have said of that man's ances-

tor, when he started first up into the knowledge of the world? For he, and all men and families, ay, and all states and kingdoms too, have had their upstarts, that is, their beginnings. This is like being the True Church, because old, not because good; for families to be noble by being old, and not by being virtuous. No such matter: it must be age in virtue, or else virtue before age; for otherwise, a man should be noble by means of his predecessor, and yet the predecessor less noble than he, because he was the acquirer; which is a paradox that will puzzle all their heraldry to explain. Strange! that they should be more noble than their ancestor, that got their nobility for them! But if this be absurd, as it is, then the upstart is the noble man; the man that got it by his virtue: and those only are entitled to his honour that are imitators of his virtue; the rest may bear his name from his blood, but that is all. If virtue, then, give nobility, which heathens themselves agree, then families are no longer truly noble than they are virtuous. And if virtue go not by blood, but by the qualifications of the descendants, it follows, blood is excluded; else blood would bar virtue, and no man that wanted the one should be allowed the benefit of the other; which were to stint and bound nobility for want of antiquity, and make virtue useless. No, let blood and name go together; but pray, let nobility and virtue keep company, for they are nearest of kin. . . .

But, methinks, it should suffice to say, our own eyes see that men of blood, out of their gear and trappings, without their feathers and finery, have no more marks of honour by nature stamped upon them than their inferior neighbours. Nay, themselves being judges, they will frankly tell us they feel all those passions in their blood that make them like other men, if not further from the virtue that truly dignifies. The lamentable ignorance and debauchery that now rages among too many of our greater sort of folks, is too clear and casting an evidence in the point: and pray, tell me of what blood are they come?

Howbeit, when I have said all this, I intend not, by debasing one false quality, to make insolent another that is not true. I would not be thought to set the churl upon the present gentleman's shoulder: by no means; his rudeness will not mend the matter. But what I have writ, is to give aim to all, where true nobility dwells, that every one may arrive at it by the ways of virtue and goodness. But for all this, I must allow a great advantage to the gentleman; and therefore prefer his station, just as the apostle Paul, who, after he had humbled the Jews, that insulted upon the Christians with their law and rites, gave them the advantage upon all other nations in statutes and judgments. I must grant that the condition of our great men is much to be preferred to the ranks of inferior people. For, first, they have more power to do good; and, if their hearts be equal to their ability, they are blessings to the people of any country. Secondly, the eyes of the people are usually directed to them; and if they will be kind, just, and helpful, they shall have their affections and services. Thirdly, they are not under equal straits with the inferior sort; and consequently they have more help, leisure, and occasion, to polish their passions and tempers with books and conversation. Fourthly, they have more time to observe the actions of other nations; to travel and view the laws, customs, and interests of other countries; and bring home whatsoever is worthy or imitable. And so, an easier way is open for great men to get honour; and such as love true reputation will embrace the best means to it. But because it too often happens that great men do little mind to give God the glory of their prosperity, and to live answerable to his mercies, but, on the contrary, live without God in the world, fulfilling the lusts thereof. His hand is often seen, either in impoverishing or extinguishing them, and raising up men of more virtue and humility to their estates and dignity. However, I must allow, that among people of this rank, there have been some of them of more than ordinary virtue, whose examples have given light to their families. And it has been something natural for some of their descendants to endeavour to keep up the credit of their houses in proportion to the merit of their founder. And, to say true, if there be any advantage in such descent, 'tis not from blood, but education; for blood has no intelligence in it, and is often spurious and uncertain; but education has a mighty influence and strong bias upon the affections and actions of men. In this the ancient nobles and gentry of this kingdom did excel; and it were much to be wished that our great people would set about to recover the ancient economy of their houses, the strict and virtuous discipline of their ancestors, when men were honoured for their achievements, and when nothing more exposed a man to shame, than his being born to a nobility that he had not a virtue to support.

Penn's Advice to his Children.

Next, betake yourself to some honest, industrious course of life, and that not of sordid covetousness, but for example, and to avoid idleness. And if you change your condition and marry, choose with the knowledge and consent of your mother, if living, or of guardians, or of those that have the charge of you. Mind neither beauty nor riches, but the fear of the Lord, and a sweet and amiable disposition, such as you can love above all this world, and that may make your habitations pleasant and desirable to you.

And being married, be tender, affectionate, patient, and meek. Live in the fear of the Lord, and He will bless you and your offspring. Be sure to live within compass; borrow not, neither be beholden to any. Ruin not yourselves by kindness to others; for that exceeds the due bonds of friendship, neither will a true friend expect it. Small matters I heed not.

Let your industry and parsimony go no further than for a sufficiency for life, and to make a provision for your children, and that in moderation, if the Lord gives you any. I charge you help the poor and needy: let the Lord have a voluntary share of your income for the good of the poor, both in our society and others: for we are all his creatures; remembering that 'he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.'

Know well your incomings, and your outgoings may be better regulated. Love not money nor the world: use them only, and they will serve you; but if you love them, you serve them, which will debase your spirits, as well as offend the Lord. Pity the distressed, and hold out a hand of help to them; it may be your case, and as you mete to others, God will mete to you again. Be humble and gentle in your conversation; of few words, I charge you; but always pertinent when you speak, hearing out before you attempt to answer, and then speaking as if you would persuade, not impose. Affront none, neither revenge the affronts that are done to you; but forgive, and you shall be forgiven of your heavenly Father.

In making friends, consider well first; and when you are fixed, be true, not wavering by reports, nor deserting in affliction, for that becomes not the good and virtuous. Watch against anger; neither speak nor act in it; for, like drunkenness, it makes a man a beast, and throws people into desperate inconveniences. Avoid flatterers, for they are thieves in disguise; their praise is costly, designing to get by those they bespeak; they are the worst of creatures; they lie to flatter, and flatter to cheat; and which is worse, if you believe them, you cheat yourselves most dangerously. But the virtuous, though poor, love, cherish, and prefer. Remember David, who, asking the Lord: 'Who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?' answers: 'He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart; in whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoureth them that fear the Lord.'

Next, my children, be temperate in all things: in your diet, for that is physic by prevention; it keeps, nay, it makes people healthy, and their generation sound. This is exclusive of the spiritual advantage it brings. Be also plain in your apparel; keep out that lust which reigns too much over some; let your virtues be your ornaments, remembering life is more than food, and the body than raiment. Let your furniture be simple and cheap. Avoid pride, avarice, and luxury. Read my 'No Cross, no Crown.' There is instruction. Make your conversation with the most eminent for wisdom and piety, and shun all wicked men as you hope for the blessing of God and the comfort of your father's living and dying prayers. Be sure you speak no evil of any, no, not of the meanest; much less of your superiors, as magistrates, guardians, tutors, teachers, and elders in Christ.

Be no busybodies; meddle not with other folk's matters, but when in conscience and duty pressed; for it procures trouble, and is ill manners, and very unseemly to wise men. In your families remember Abraham, Moses, and Joshua, their integrity to the Lord, and do as you have them for your examples. Let the fear and service of the living God be encouraged in your houses, and that plainness, sobriety, and moderation in all things, as becometh God's chosen people; and as I advise you, my beloved children, do you counsel yours, if God should give you any. Yea, I counsel and command them as my posterity, that they love and serve the Lord God with an upright heart, that he may bless you and yours from generation to generation.

And as for you, who are likely to be concerned in the government of Pennsylvania and my parts of East Jersey, especially the first, I do charge you before the Lord God and his holy angels, that you be lowly, diligent, and tender, fearing God, loving the people, and hating covetousness. Let justice have its impartial course, and the law free passage. Though to your loss, protect no man against it; for you are not above the law, but the law above you. Live, therefore, the lives yourselves you would have the people live, and then you have right and boldness to punish the transgressor. Keep upon the square, for God sees you: therefore, do your duty, and be sure you see with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears. Entertain no lurchers, cherish no informers for gain or revenge, use no tricks, fly to no devices to support or cover injustice; but let your hearts be upright before the Lord, trusting in him above the contrivances of men, and none shall be able to hurt or supplant.

ROBERT BARCLAY.

The two great founders of Quakerism, as a respectable and considerable religious body in this country, were **Robert Barclay** and **William Penn**. Both were gentlemen by birth and education, amiable and accomplished men, who sacrificed worldly honours, and suffered persecution for conscience' sake. Barclay was born at Gordonstown, in Morayshire, December 23, 1648. He was educated at the Scots College at Paris, of which his uncle was rector, but returned to his native country in 1664. Two years afterwards, his father, Colonel Barclay of Ury, in Kincardineshire, made open profession of the principles of Quakerism; and in 1667, when only nineteen years of age, Robert Barclay became 'fully convinced,' as his friend William Penn has expressed it, 'and publicly owned the testimony of the true light.' His first defence of the new doctrines appeared in 1670, and bore the title of 'Truth cleared of Calumnies.' It was a reply to a work published in Aberdeen. About this time (1672), Barclay walked through the streets of Aberdeen clothed in sackcloth and ashes, and published a 'Seasonable Warning and Serious Exhortation to, and Expostulation with, the Inhabitants of Aberdeen.' Other controversial treatises followed: 'A Catechism and Confession of Faith,' 1673; and 'The Anarchy of the Ranters,' &c. 1674. His great work, originally written and published in Latin, appeared in 1676, and is entitled 'An Apology for the true Christian Divinity, as the same is held forth and preached by the People called in scorn Quakers, &c.' The 'Apology' of Barclay is a learned and methodical treatise, very different from what the world expected on such a subject, and it was therefore read with avidity both in Britain and on the continent. Its most remarkable theological feature is the attempt to prove that there is an internal light in man, which is better fitted to guide him aright in religious matters than even the Scriptures themselves; the genuine doctrines of which he asserts to be rendered uncertain by various readings in different manuscripts, and the fallibility of translators and interpreters. These circumstances, says he, 'and much more which might be alleged, put the minds, even of the learned, into infinite doubts, scruples, and inextricable difficulties; whence we may very safely conclude, that Jesus Christ, who promised *to be always with his children*, to lead them into all truth, to guard *them against the devices* of the enemy, and to establish their faith upon an unmovable rock, left them not to be principally ruled by that which was subject, in itself, to many uncertainties; and therefore he gave them his Spirit as their principal guide, which neither moths nor time can wear out, nor transcribers nor translators corrupt; which none are so young, none so illiterate, none in so remote a place but they may come to be reached and rightly informed by it.' It would be erroneous, however, to regard this work of Barclay as an exposition of all the doctrines which have been or are prevalent among the Quakers, or, indeed, to consider it as anything more than the vehicle of such of his own views as, in his character of an apologist, he thought it desirable to state. The dedication of Barclay's 'Apology' to King Charles II. has always been particularly admired for its respectful yet manly freedom of style, and for the pathos of its allusion to his majesty's own early troubles, as a reason for his extending mercy and favour to the persecuted Quakers. 'Thou hast tasted,' says he, 'of prosperity and adversity; thou knowest what it is to be banished thy native country, to be over-ruled as well as to rule and sit upon the throne; and, being oppressed, thou hast reason to know how hateful the oppressor is to both God and man: if, after all these warnings and advertisements, thou dost not turn unto the Lord with all thy heart, but forget Him, who remembered thee in thy distress, and give thyself up to follow lust and vanity, surely great will be thy condemnation.' But this appeal had no effect in stopping persecution; for after Barclay's return from Holland and Germany, which he had visited in company with Fox and Penn, he was, in 1677, imprisoned along with many other Quakers, at Aberdeen, through the instrumentality of Archbishop Sharp. In prison he wrote a treatise on 'Universal Love.' He was soon liberated, and subsequently gained favour at court. Both Penn and he were on terms of intimacy with James II; and just before the sailing of the Prince of Orange for England in 1688, Barclay, in a private conference with his majesty, urged James to make some concessions to the people. The death of this respectable and amiable person took place at his seat of Ury on the 3d of October 1690.

Against Titles of Honour.

We affirm positively, that it is not lawful for Christians either to give or to receive these titles of honour, as, Your Holiness, Your Majesty, Your Excellency, Your Eminency, &c.

First, because these titles are no part of that obedience which is due to magistrates or superiors; neither doth the giving them add to or diminish from that subjection we owe to them, which consists in obeying their just and lawful commands, not in titles and designations.

Secondly, we find not that in the Scripture any such titles are used, either under the law or the gospel; but that, in speaking to kings, princes, or nobles, they used only a simple compellation, as, 'O King!' and that without any further designation, save, perhaps, the name of the person, as, 'O King Agrippa,' &c.

Thirdly, it lays a necessity upon Christians most frequently to lie; because the persons obtaining these titles, either by election or hereditarily, may frequently be found to have nothing really in them deserving them, or answering to them: as some, to whom it is said, 'Your Excellency,' having nothing of excellency in them;

and who is called 'Your Grace,' appear to be an enemy to grace; and he who is called 'Your Honour,' is known to be base and ignoble. I wonder what law of man, or what patent, ought to oblige me to make a lie, in calling good evil and evil good. I wonder what law of man can secure me, in so doing, from the best judgment of God, that will make me count for every idle word. And to lie is something more. Surely Christians should be ashamed that such laws, manifestly crossing the law of God, should be among them.

Fourthly, as to those titles of 'Holiness,' 'Eminency,' and 'Excellency,' used among the Papists to the pope and cardinals, &c.; and 'Grace,' 'Lordship,' and 'Worship,' used to the clergy among the Protestants, it is a most blaphemous usurpation. For if they use 'Holiness' and 'Grace' because these things ought to be in a pope or a bishop, how came they to usurp that peculiarly to themselves? Ought not holiness and grace to be in every Christian? And so every Christian should say 'Your Holiness' and 'Your Grace' one to another. Next, how can they in reason claim any more titles than were practised and received by the apostles and primitive Christians, whose successors they pretend they are; and as whose successors, and no otherwise, themselves, I judge, will confess any honour they seek is due to them? Now, if they neither sought, received, nor admitted such honour nor titles, how came these by them? If they say they did, let them prove it if they can: we find no such thing in the Scripture. The Christians speak to the apostles without any such denomination, neither saying, 'If it please your Grace,' 'your Holiness,' nor 'your Worship;' they are neither called My Lord Peter, nor My Lord Paul; nor yet Master Peter, nor Master Paul; nor Doctor Peter, nor Doctor Paul; but singly Peter and Paul; and that not only in the Scripture, but for some hundreds of years after: so that this appears to be a manifest fruit of the apostasy. For if these titles arise either from the office or worth of the persons, it will not be denied but the apostles deserved them better than any now that call for them. But the case is plain; the apostles had the holiness, the excellency, the grace; and because they were holy, excellent, and gracious, they neither used nor admitted such titles; but these having neither holiness, excellency, nor grace, will needs be so called to satisfy their ambitious and ostentatious mind, which is a manifest token of their hypocrisy.

Fifthly, as to that title of 'Majesty' usually ascribed to princes, we do not find it given to any such in the Holy Scripture; but that it is specially and peculiarly ascribed unto God. We find in the Scripture the proud king Nebuchadnezzar assuming this title to himself, who at that time received a sufficient reproof, by a sudden judgment which came upon him. Therefore, in all the compellations used to princes in the Old Testament, it is not to be found, nor yet in the New. Paul was very civil to Agrippa, yet he gives him no such title. Neither was this title used among Christians in the primitive times.

RICHARD BAXTER.

RICHARD BAXTER (1615–1691) is justly esteemed the most eminent of the Nonconformist divines of this period. He was a native of Rowton, in Shropshire, and was educated chiefly at Wroxeter. 'My faults,' he said, 'are no disgrace to any university, for I was of none; I have little but what I had out of books, and inconsiderable helps of country tutors. Weakness and pain helped me to study how to die; that set me on studying how to live.' In 1638 he was ordained, and was appointed master of the Free School of Dudley. From 1640 to 1612 he was pastor of Kidderminster, and was highly popular and useful. During the Civil War he sided with the Parliament, and accepted the office of chaplain in the army, in which capacity he was present at the sieges of Bridgewater, Exeter, Bristol, and Worcester. He was disgusted with the frequent and vehement disputes about liberty of conscience, and was glad to leave the army and return to Kidderminster. Whilst there, whilst recovering from a severe illness, he wrote his work, 'The Saints' Everlasting Rest,' 1653. When Cromwell assumed the supreme power, Baxter openly expressed his disapprobation, and, in a conference with the Protector, told him that 'the honest people of the land took their ancient monarchy to be a blessing, and not an evil.' He was always opposed to intolerance. 'We intended not,' he said, 'to dig down the banks, or pull up the hedge, and lay all waste and common, when we desired the prelates' tyranny might cease.' After the Restoration, Baxter was appointed one of the royal chaplains, but, like Owen, refused a bishopric offered him by Clarendon. The Act of Uniformity, in 1662, drove him out of the Established Church, and he retired to Acton, in Middlesex, where he spent several years in peaceful study and literary labour. The Act of Indulgence, in 1672, enabled him to repair to London; but the subsequent persecution of the Nonconformists interfered with his ministerial duties. In 1685, he published a 'Paraphrase on the New Testament,' a plain practical treatise, but certain passages in which were held to be seditious, and Baxter was tried and condemned by the infamous Judge Jeffreys. When Baxter endeavoured to speak: 'Richard! Richard!' ejaculated the Judge, 'dost thou think we'll hear thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old fellow, an old knave; thou hast written books enough to load a cart. Hadst thou been whipt out of thy writing trade forty years ago, it had been happy.'

He was sentenced to pay 500 marks, and in default to be imprisoned in the King's Bench until it was paid. Through the generous exertions of a Catholic peer, Lord Powis, the fine was remitted, and after eighteen months' imprisonment, Baxter was set at liberty. He had now five years of tranquillity, dying 'in great peace and joy,' December 8, 1691. Baxter is said to have written no less than 168 separate works or publications! His practical treatises are still read and republished, especially his 'Saints' Rest' and 'Call to the Unconverted,' 1669. The latter was so popular, that 20,000 copies, it was said, were sold in one year. His 'Reasons of the Christian Religion,' 1667, 'Life of Faith,' 1670, 'Christian Directory,' 1675, are also much prized theological works. His 'Catholic Theology,' 1675, and 'Methodus Theologiæ Christianæ,' 1681, embody the views and opinions of Baxter on religious subjects. In 1696, appeared 'Reliquiæ Baxterianæ,' including an autobiography, entitled A Narrative of the most Memorable Passages of my Life and Times,' published by Baxter's friend, Matthew Sylvester, a Nonconformist divine. This work is highly instructive, and, like Baxter's writings generally, was a favourite book of Dr. Johnson. In our own day, it met with no less warm an admirer in Mr. Coleridge, who terms it 'an inestimable work;' adding: 'I may not unfrequently doubt Baxter's memory, *or even his* competence, in consequence of his particular modes of *thinking; but I could* almost as soon doubt the Gospel verity as his *veracity.' It is this truthfulness* which gives so deep and permanent an interest to Baxter's life. We see what Mr. Carlyle would call the *life of a real man*, ever in action or in self-retrospection; and as to what was passing around him, Baxter was an acute observer as well as profound thinker.

A complete edition of Baxter's works, with a Life of the Author, by the Rev. W. Orme, was published in 1827, in twenty-three volumes. Also, his 'Practical Works,' four volumes, 1838.

Baxter's Judgment of his Writings.

Concerning almost all my writings, I must confess that my own judgment is, that fewer, well studied and polished, had been better; but the reader who can safely censure the books, is not fit to censure the author, unless he had been upon the place, and acquainted with all the occasions and circumstances. Indeed, for the 'Saints' Rest,' I had four months' vacancy to write it, but in the midst of continual languishing and medicine; but, for the rest, I wrote them in the crowd of all my other employments, which would allow me no great leisure for polishing and exactness, or any ornament; so that I scarce ever wrote one sheet twice over, nor stayed to make any blots or interlinings, but was fain to let it go as it was first conceived; and when my own desire was rather to stay upon one thing long than run over many, some sudden occasions or other extorted all my writings from me; and the apprehensions of present usefulness or necessity prevailed against all other motives; so that the divines which were at hand with me still put me on, and approved of what I did, because they were moved by present necessities as well as I; but those that were far off, and felt not those nearer motives, did rather wish that I had taken the other way, and published a few elaborate writings; and I am ready myself to be of their mind, when I forgot the case that I then stood in, and have lost the sense of former motives.

Fruits of Experience of Human Character.

I now see more good and more evil in all men than heretofore I did. I see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, but have more imperfections; and that nearer approach and fuller trial doth make the best appear more weak and faulty than their admirers at a distance think. And I find that few are so bad as either malicious enemies or censorious separating professors do imagine. In some, indeed, I find that human nature is corrupted into a greater likeness to devils than I once thought any on earth had been. But even in the wicked, usually there is more for grace to make advantage of, and more to testify for God and holiness, than I once believed there had been.

I less admire gifts of utterance, and bare profession of religion, than I once did; and have much more charity for many who, by the want of gifts, do make an obscurer profession than they. I once thought that almost all that could pray movingly and fluently, and talk well of religion, had been saints. But experience hath opened to me what odious crimes may consist with high profession; and I have met with divers obscure persons, not noted for any extraordinary profession, or forwardness in religion, but only to live a quiet blameless life, whom I have after found to have long lived, as far as I could discern, a truly godly and sanctified life; only, their prayers and duties were by accident kept secret from other men's observation. Yet he that upon this pretence would confound the godly and the ungodly, may as well go about to lay heaven and hell together.

Desire of Approbation.

I am much less regardful of the approbation of man, and set much lighter by contempt or applause, than I did long ago. I am oft suspicious that this is not only from the increase of self-denial and humility, but partly from my being glutted and surfeited with human applause: and all worldly things appear most vain and unsatisfactory when we have tried them most. But though I feel that this hath some hand in the effect, yet, as far as I can perceive, the knowledge of man's nothingness, and God's transcendent greatness, with whom it is that I have most to do, and the sense of the brevity of human things, and the nearness of eternity, are the principal causes of this effect; which some have imputed to self-conceitedness and morosity.

Change in the Estimate of his Own and Other Men's Knowledge.

Heretofore, I knew much less than now, and yet was not half so much acquainted with my ignorance. I had a great delight in the daily new discoveries which I made, and of the light which shined in upon me—like a man that cometh into a country where he never was before—but I little knew either how imperfectly I understood those very points whose discovery so much delighted me, nor how much might be said against them, nor how many things I was yet a stranger to: but now I find far greater darkness upon all things, and perceive how very little it is that we know, in comparison of that which we are ignorant of, and have far meaner thoughts of my own understanding, though I must needs know that it is better furnished than it was then.

Accordingly, I had then a far higher opinion of learned persons and books than I have now; for what I wanted myself, I thought every reverend divine had attained, and was familiarly acquainted with; and what books I understood not, by reason of the strangeness of the terms or matter, I the more admired, and thought that others understood their worth. But now experience hath constrained me against my will to know, that reverend learned men are imperfect, and know but little as well as I, especially those that think themselves the wisest; and the better I am acquainted with them, the more I perceive that we are all yet in the dark: and the more I am acquainted with holy men, that are all for heaven, and pretend not much to subtilities, the more I value and honour them. And when I have studied hard to understand some abstruse admired book—as 'De Scientia Dei,' 'De Providentia circa Malum,' 'De Decretis,' 'De Prædeterminatione,' 'De Libertate Creaturæ,' &c.—I have but attained the knowledge of human imperfections, and to see that the author is but a man as well as I.

And at first I took more upon my author's credit than now I can do; and when an author was highly commended to me by others, or pleased me in some part, I was ready to entertain the whole; whereas now I take and leave in the same author, and dissent in some things from him that I like best, as well as from others.

On the Credit due to History.

I am much more cautelous [cautious or wary] in my belief of history than heretofore: not that I run into their extreme that will believe nothing because they cannot believe all things. But I am abundantly satisfied by the experience of this age that there is no believing two sorts of men, ungodly men and partial men: though an honest heathen, of no religion, may be believed, where enmity against religion biaseth him not; yet a debauched Christian, besides his enmity to the power and practice of his own religion, is seldom without some further bias of interest or faction; especially when these concur, and a man is both ungodly and ambitious, espousing an interest contrary to a holy heavenly life, and also factious, embodying himself with a sect or party suited to his spirit and designs; there is no believing his word or oath. If you read any man partially bitter against others, as differing from him in opinion, or as cross to his greatness, interest, or designs, take heed how you believe any more than the historical evidence, distinct from his word, compelleth you to believe. The prodigious lies which have been published in this age in matters of fact, with unblushing confidence, even where thousands of multitudes of eye and ear witnesses knew all to be false, doth call men to take heed what history they believe, especially where power and violence affordeth that privilege to the reporter, that no man dare answer him or detect his fraud; or if they do, their writings are all supprest. As long as men have liberty to examine and contradict one another, one may partly conjecture, by comparing their words, on which side the truth is like to lie. But when great men write history, or flatterers by their appointment, which no man dare contradict, believe it but as you are constrained. Yet, in these cases, I can freely believe history: 1. If the person shew that he is acquainted with what he saith. 2. And if he shew you the evidences of honesty and conscience, and the fear of God, which may be much perceived in the spirit of a writing. 3. If he appear to be impartial and charitable, and a lover of goodness and of mankind, and not possessed of malignity or personal ill-will and malice, nor carried away by faction or personal interest. Conscionable men dare not lie: but faction and interest abate men's tenderness of conscience. And a charitable impartial heathen may speak truth in a love to truth, and hatred of a lie; but ambitious malice and false religion will not stick to serve themselves on anything. . . . Sure I am, that as the lies of the Papists, of Luther, Zwinglius, Calvin, and Beza are visibly malicious and impudent, by the common pleuary contradicting evidence, and yet the multitude of their seduced ones believe them all, in despite of truth and charity; so in this age there have been such things written against parties and persons, whom the writers design to make odious, so notoriously false, as you would think that the sense of their honour, at least, should have made it impossible for such men to write. My own eyes have read such words and actions asserted with most vehement, iterated, unblushing confidence, which abundance of ear-witnesses, even of their own parties, must needs know to have been altogether false; and therefore having myself now written this history of myself, notwithstanding my protestation that I have not in anything wilfully gone against the truth, I expect no more credit from the reader than the self-evidencing light of the matter, with concurrent rational advantages from persons, and things, and other witnesses, shall constrain him to, if he be a person that is unacquainted with the author himself, and the other evidences of his veracity and credibility.

Character of Sir Matthew Hale.

He was a man of no quick utterance, but spake with great reason. He was most precisely just; insomuch that, I believe, he would have lost all he had in the world rather than do an unjust act. Patient in hearing the most tedious speech which any man had to make for himself. The pillar of justice, the refuge of the subject, who feared oppression, and one of the greatest honours of his majesty's government; for, with some other upright judges, he upheld the honour of the English nation, that it fell not into the reproach of arbitrariness, cruelty, and utter confusion. Every man that had a just cause was almost past fear if he could but bring it to the court or assize where he was judge; for the other judges seldom contradicted him.

He was the great instrument for rebuilding London; for when an act was made for deciding all controversies that hindered it, he was the constant judge, who for nothing followed the work, and, by his prudence and justice, removed a multitude of great impediments.

His great advantage for innocency was, that he was no lover of riches or of grandeur. His garb was too plain; he studiously avoided all unnecessary familiarity with great persons, and all that manner of living which signifieth wealth and greatness. He kept no greater a family than myself. I lived in a small house, which, for a pleasant back opening, he had a mind to; but caused a stranger, that he might not be suspected to be the man, to know of me whether I were willing to part with it, before he would meddle with it. In that house he lived contentedly, without any pomp, and without costly or troublesome retinue or visitors; but not without charity to the poor. He continued the study of physics and mathematics still, as his great delight. He had got but a very small estate, though he had long the greatest practice, because he would take but little money, and undertake no more business than he could well despatch. He often offered to the lord chancellor to resign his place, when he was blamed for doing that which he supposed was justice. He had been the learned Selden's intimate friend, and one of his executors; and because the Hobbians and other infidels would have persuaded the world that Selden was of their mind, I desired him to tell me the truth therein. He assured me that Selden was an earnest professor of the Christian faith, and so angry an adversary to Hobbes, that he hath rated him out of the room.

Observance of the Sabbath in Baxter's Youth.

I cannot forget that in my youth, in those late times, when we lost the labours of some of our conformable godly teachers, for not reading publicly the Book of Sports[*] and dancing on the Lord's Day, one of my father's own tenants was the town-piper, hired by the year, for many years together, and the place of the dancing assembly was not a hundred yards from our door. We could not, on the Lord's Day, either read a chapter, or pray, or sing a psalm, or catechise, or instruct a servant, but with the noise of the pipe and tabor, and the shoutings in the street, continually in our ears. Even among a tractable people, we were the common scorn of all the rabble in the streets, and called puritans, precisians, and hypocrites, because we rather chose to read the Scriptures than to do as they did; though there was no savour of nonconformity in our family. And when the people by the book were allowed to play and dance out of public service-time, they could so hardly break off their sports, that many a time the reader was fain to stay till the piper and players would give over. Sometimes the morris-dancers would come into the church in all their linen and scarfs, and antic dresses, with morris-bells jingling at their legs; and as soon as common prayer was read, did haste out presently to their play again.

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[*] *James I. published a declaration permitting recreations on Sunday—as dancing, archery, May-games, morris-dances, &c.* This was ordered to be read in churches.

Theological Controversies.

My mind being these many years immersed in studies of this nature, and having also long wearied myself in searching what fathers and schoolmen have said of such things before us, and my genius abhorring confusion and equivocals, I came, by many years' longer study, to perceive that most of the doctrinal controversies among Protestants are far more about equivocal words than matter; and it wounded my soul to perceive what work both tyrannical and unskilful disputing clergymen had made these thirteen hundred years in the world! Experience, since the year 1643, till this year, 1675, hath loudly called me to repent of my own prejudices, sidings, and censurings of causes and persons not understood, and of all the miscarriages of my ministry and life which have been thereby caused; and to make it my chief work to call men that are within my hearing to more peaceable thoughts, affections, and practices. And my endeavours have not been in vain, in that the ministers of the county where I lived were very many of such a peaceable temper, and a great number more through the land, by God's grace, rather than any endeavours of mine, are so minded. But the sons of the cowl were exasperated the more against me, and accounted him to be against every man that called all men to love and peace, and was for no man as in the contrary way.

JOHN BUNYAN.

JOHN BUNYAN (1628–1688), the son of a tinker residing at Elstow, in Bedfordshire, is one of the most remarkable of English authors. He was taught in childhood to read and write, and afterwards, having resolved to follow his father's occupation, travelled for many years about the country in the usual gipsy-life of his profession. At this time he is represented to have been sunk in profligacy and wickedness; but, like many other religious enthusiasts, Bunyan exaggerated the depravity of his unregenerated condition, and his biographers have too literally taken him at his word. Ringing bells, dancing, and playing at hockey were included among his sinful propensities. He was also addicted to profane swearing; but on a woman remonstrating with him as to this vice, he at once abandoned it. His early marriage, at the age of nineteen, saved him from another species of wickedness. And as Macaulay has remarked, 'those horrible internal conflicts which Bunyan has described with so much power of language, prove, not that he was a worse man than his neighbours, but that his mind was constantly occupied by religious considera-

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The act, however, was not enforced in the reign of James, but it was renewed by Charles I. The clergy who refused to read this edict or Book of Sports from the pulpit, were punished by suspension or expulsion.

tions; that his fervour exceeded his knowledge; and that his imagination exercised despotic power over his body and mind.' When a young man, Bunyan served in the army of the Parliament. After his first spiritual impulses had been awakened, he continued long hanging—to use his own figurative language—'as in a pair of scales, sometimes up and sometimes down; now in peace, and now again in terror.' By degrees his religious impressions acquired strength and permanence; till, after many doubts respecting his salvation and the reality of his possession of faith—which last circumstance he was once on the eve of putting to the test by commanding some water-puddles to be dry—he at length attained a comfortable state of mind; and, having resolved to lead a moral and pious life, was, about the year 1655, baptised and admitted as a member of the Baptist congregation in Bedford. By the solicitation of the other members of that body, he was induced to become a preacher, though not without some modest reluctance on his part. After zealously preaching the gospel for five years, he was apprehended as a maintainer and upholder of assemblies for religious purposes, which, soon after the Restoration, had been declared unlawful. His sentence of condemnation to perpetual banishment was commuted to imprisonment in Bedford jail, where he remained for twelve years and a half. During that long period he employed himself partly in writing pious works, and partly in making tagged laces for the support of himself and his family. His library while in prison consisted but of two books, the Bible and Fox's 'Book of Martyrs,' with both of which his own productions shew him to have become familiar. Having been liberated through the benevolent endeavours of Dr. Barlow, bishop of Lincoln, he resumed his occupation of itinerant preacher, and continued to exercise it until the proclamation of liberty of conscience by James II. After that event, he was enabled, by the contributions of his friends, to erect a meeting-house in Bedford, where his preaching attracted large congregations during the remainder of his life. He frequently visited and preached to the Nonconformists in London, and when there in 1688, was cut off by fever in the sixty-first year of his age.

While in prison at Bedford, Bunyan, as we have said, composed several works; of these, 'The Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that which is to come' is the one which has acquired the most extensive celebrity. Ten editions were published between 1678 and 1685. The second part (now always printed with the first) appeared in 1684. The popularity of the work is almost unrivalled; it has gone through innumerable editions, and been translated into most of the European languages. The object of this remarkable production, it is hardly necessary to say, is to give an allegorical view of the life of a Christian, his difficulties, temptations, encouragements, and ultimate triumph; and this is done with such skill and graphic effect, that the book, though upon the most serious of subjects, is read by children with nearly as much pleasure as fictions professedly written for their amusement. The work is, throughout, strongly imbued with the Calvinistic principles of the author, who, in relating the contentions of his hero with the powers of darkness, and the terrible visions by which he was so frequently appalled, has doubtless drawn largely from what he himself experienced under the influence of his own fervid imagination. A vein of latent sarcasm and humour also runs through the work, as Bunyan depicts his halting and time-serving characters—the worldly personages that cumber and obstruct the pilgrim on his way. Of the literary merits of 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' Mr. Southey speaks in the following terms: 'His is a homespun style, not a manufactured one; and what a difference is there between its homeliness and the flippant vulgarity of the Roger L'Estrange and Tom Brown school! If it is not a well of English undefiled to which the poet as well as the philologist must repair, if they would drink of the living waters, it is a clear stream of current English, the vernacular speech of his age, sometimes, indeed, in its rusticity and coarseness, but always in its plainness and its strength. To this natural style Bunyan is in some degree beholden for his general popularity; his language is everywhere level to the most ignorant reader and to the meanest capacity; there is a homely reality about it; a nursery tale is not more intelligible, in its manner of narration, to a child. Another cause of his popularity is, that he taxes the imagination as little as the understanding. The vividness of his own, which, as his history shews, sometimes could not distinguish ideal impressions from actual ones, occasioned this. He saw the things of which he was writing as distinctly with his mind's eye as if they were indeed passing before him in a dream. And the reader perhaps sees them more satisfactorily to himself, because the outline of the picture only is presented to him, and the author having made no attempt to fill up the details, every reader supplies them according to the measure and scope of his own intellectual and imaginative powers.'* By universal assent the inspired tinker is ranked with our English classics and great masters of allegory; yet, so late as 1782, Cowper dared not name him in his poetry, lest the name should provoke a sneer! Another allegorical production of Bunyan, which is still read, though less extensively, is 'The Holy War made by King Shaddai upon Diabolus, for the Regaining of the Metropolis of the World, or the Losing and Retaking of Mansoul' (1682). The fall of man is typified by the capture of the flourishing city of Mansoul by Diabolus, the enemy of its rightful sovereign, Shaddai, or Jehovah; whose son Immanuel recovers it after a tedious siege. Bunyan's 'Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners'—of which the most remarkable portions are given below—is an interesting though highly coloured narrative of his own life and religious experience. His other works are numerous, but inferior, and collected editions of the whole have often been reprinted. One of the best is that of 1853, in three volumes, edited by George Offor.

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* *Life of Bunyan* prefixed to *The Pilgrim's Progress*, 1831.

Extracts from Bunyan's Autobiography.

In this my relation of the merciful working of God upon my soul, it will not be amiss, if, in the first place, I do, in a few words, give you a hint of my pedigree and manner of bringing up, that thereby the goodness and beauty of God towards me may be the more advanced and magnified before the sons of men.

For my descent, then, it was, as is well known by many, of a low and inconsiderable generation, my father's house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all the families of the land. Wherefore I have not here, as others, to boast of noble blood, and of any high-born state, according to the flesh, though, all things considered, I magnify the heavenly majesty, for that by this door he brought me into the world, to partake of the grace and life that is in Christ by the gospel. But, notwithstanding the meanness and inconsiderableness of my parents, it pleased God to put it into their hearts to put me to school, to learn me both to read and write; the which I also attained, according to the rate of other poor men's children, though to my shame, I confess I did soon lose that I had learned, even almost utterly, and that long before the Lord did work his gracious work of conversion upon my soul. As for my own natural life, for the time that I was without God in the world, it was, indeed, according to the course of this world, and the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience, Eph. ii. 2, 3. It was my delight to be taken captive by the devil at his will, 2 Tim. ii. 26, being filled with all unrighteousness; the which did also so strongly work, both in my heart and life, that I had but few equals, both for cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name of God. Yea, so settled and rooted was I in these things, that they became as a second nature to me; the which, as I have also with soberness considered since, did so offend the Lord, that even in my childhood he did scare and terrify me with fearful dreams and visions. For often, after I had spent this and the other day in sin, I have been greatly afflicted while asleep with the apprehensions of devils and wicked spirits, who, as I then thought, laboured to draw me away with them, of which I could never be rid. Also I should, at these years, be greatly troubled with the thoughts of the fearful torments of hell-fire, still fearing that it would be my lot to be found at last among those devils and hellish fiends, who are there bound down with the chains and bonds of darkness unto the judgment of the great day.

These things, I say, when I was but a child but nine or ten years old, did so distress my soul, that then, in the midst of my many sports, and childish vanities, amidst my vain companions, I was often much cast down and afflicted in my mind therewith, yet could I not let go my sins. Yea, I was also then so overcome with despair of life and heaven, but I should often wish either that there had been no hell, or that I had been a devil, supposing they were only tormentors, that if it must needs be that I went thither, I might be rather a tormentor than be tormented myself.

A while after, these terrible dreams did leave me, which also I soon forgot; for my pleasures did quickly cut off the remembrance of them, as if they had never been; wherefore, with more greediness, according to the strength of nature, I did still let loose the reins of my lusts, and delighted in all transgressions against the law of God; so that, until I came to the state of marriage, I was the very ringleader in all manner of vice and ungodliness. Yea, such prevalency had the lusts of the flesh on my poor soul, that, had not a miracle of precious grace prevented, I had not only perished by the stroke of eternal justice, but also laid myself open to the stroke of those days which bring some to disgrace and shame before the face of the world.

In these days the thoughts of religion were very grievous to me; I could neither endure it myself, nor that any other should; so that when I have seen some read in those books that concerned Christian piety, it would be as it were a prison to me. Then I said unto God: 'Depart from me, for I desire not the knowledge of thy ways,' Job, xxi. 14, 15. I was now void of all good consideration; heaven and hell were both out of sight and mind; and as for saving and damning, they were least in my thoughts. 'O Lord, *thou knowest* my life, and my ways are not hid from thee.'

But this I well remember, that, though I could myself sin with the greatest delight and ease, yet even then, if I had at any time seen wicked things, by those who professed goodness, it would make my spirit tremble. As once, above all the rest, when I was in the height of vanity, yet hearing one to swear that was reckoned for a religious man, it had so great a stroke upon my spirit, that it made my heart ache. But God did not utterly leave me, but followed me still, not with convictions, but judgments mixed with mercy. For once I fell into a creek of the sea, and hardly escaped drowning. Another time I fell out of a boat into Bedford river, but mercy yet preserved me; besides, another time being in the field with my companions, it chanced that an adder passed over the highway, so I, having a stick, struck her over the back, and having stunned her, I forced open her mouth with my stick, and plucked her sting out with my fingers; by which act, had not God been merciful to me, I might, by my desperateness, have brought myself to my end. This, also, I have taken notice of with thanksgiving: when I was a soldier, I with others were drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it; but when I was just ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my room; to which, when I had consented, he took my place, and coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot in the head with a musket-bullet, and died. Here, as I said, were judgments and mercy, but neither of them did awaken my soul to righteousness; wherefore I sinned still, and grew more and more rebellious against God, and careless of my own salvation.

Presently after this I changed my condition into a married state, and my mercy was to light upon a wife whose father and mother were counted godly; this woman and I, though we came together as poor as poor might be—not having so much household stuff as a dish or spoon betwixt us both—yet this she had for her part, 'The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven,' and 'The Practice of Piety,' which her father had left her when he died. In these two books I sometimes read, wherein I found some things that were somewhat pleasant to me—but all this while I met with no conviction. She also often would tell me what a godly man her father was, and how he would reprove and correct vice, both in his house and among his neighbours, and what a strict and holy life he lived in his days, both in word and deed. Wherefore these books, though they did not reach my heart to awaken it about my sad and sinful state, yet they did beget within me some desires to reform my vicious life, and fall in very eagerly with the religion of the times; to wit, to go to church twice a day, and there very devoutly both say and sing as others did, yet retaining my wicked life; but withal was so overrun with the spirit of superstition, that I adored, and that with great devotion, even all things—both the high-place, priest, clerk, vestment, service, and what else—belonging to the church: counting all things holy that were therein contained, and especially the priest and clerk most happy, and, without doubt, greatly blessed, because they were the servants, as I then thought, of God, and were principal in the holy temple, to do his work therein. This conceit grew so strong upon my spirit, that had I but seen a priest, though never so sordid and debauched in his life, I should find my spirit fall under him, reverence him, and knit unto him; yea, I thought for the love I did bear unto them—supposing they were the ministers of God—I could have lain down at their feet, and have been trampled upon by them—their name, their garb, and work did so intoxicate and bewitch me. . . .

But all this while I was not sensible of the danger and evil of sin; I was kept from considering that sin would damn me, what religion soever I followed, unless I was found in Christ. Nay, I never thought whether there was such a one or no. Thus man, while blind, doth wander, for he knoweth not the way to the city of God, Eccles. x. 15.

But one day, amongst all the sermons our parson made, his subject was to treat of the Sabbath-day, and of the evil of breaking that, either with labour, sports, or otherwise; wherefore I fell in my conscience under his sermon, thinking and believing that he made that sermon on purpose to shew me my evil doing. And at that time I felt what guilt was, though never before that I can remember; but then I was for the present greatly loaded therewith, and so went home, when the sermon was ended, with a great burden upon my spirit. This, for that instant, did embitter my former pleasures to me; but hold, it lasted not, for before I had well dined, the trouble began to go off my mind, and my heart returned to its old course; but oh, how glad was I that this trouble was gone from me, and that the fire was put out, that I might sin again without control! Wherefore, when I had satisfied nature with my food, I shook the sermon out of my mind, and to my old custom of sports and gaming I returned with great delight.

But the same day, as I was in the midst of a game of cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it the second time, a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said: 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?' At this I was put to an exceeding maze; wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus look down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for those and other ungodly practices. . . .

But quickly after this, I fell into company with one poor man that made profession of religion, who, as I then thought, did talk pleasantly of the Scriptures and of religion; wherefore, liking what he said, I betook me to my Bible, and began to take great pleasure in reading. . . . Wherefore I fell to some outward reformation both in my words and life, and did set the commandments before me for my way to heaven; which commandments I also did strive to keep, and, as I thought, did keep them pretty well sometimes, and then I should have comfort; yet now and then should break one, and so afflict my conscience; but then I should repent, and say I was sorry for it, and promise God to do better next time, and there got help again; for then I thought I pleased God as well as any man in England.

Thus I continued about a year, all which time our neighbours did take me to be a very godly and religious man, and did marvel much to see such great alteration in my life and manners; and, indeed, so it was, though I knew not Christ, nor grace, nor faith, nor hope; for, as I have since seen, had I then died, my state had been most fearful. But, I say, my neighbours were amazed at this my great conversion—from prodigious profaneness to something like a moral life and sober man. Now, therefore, they began to praise, to commend, and to speak well of me, both to my face and behind my back. Now I was, as they said, become godly; now I was become a right honest man. But oh! when I understood those were their words and opinions of me, it pleased me mighty well; for though as yet I was nothing but a poor painted hypocrite, yet I loved to be talked of as one that was truly godly. I was proud of my godliness, and, indeed, I did all I did either to be seen of or well spoken of by men; and thus I continued for about a twelvemonth or more.

Now you must know, that before this I had taken much delight in ringing, but my conscience beginning to be tender, I thought such practice was but vain, and therefore forced myself to leave it; yet my mind hankered; wherefore I would go to the steeple-house and look on, though I durst not ring; but I thought this did not become religion neither; yet I forced myself, and would look on still. But quickly after, I began to think, 'How, if one of the bells should fall?' Then I chose to stand under a main beam that lay overthwart the steeple, from side to side, thinking here I might stand sure; but then I thought again, should the bell fall with a swing, it might first hit the wall, and then rebounding upon me, might kill me for all this beam. This made me stand in the steeple-door; and now, thought I, I am safe enough; for if the bell should then fall, I can slip out behind these thick walls, and so be preserved notwithstanding. So after this I would yet go to see them ring, but would not go any further than the steeple-door; but then it came into my head, 'How, if the steeple itself should fall?' And this thought—it may, for aught I know, when I stood and looked on—did continually so shake my mind, that I durst not stand at the steeple-door any longer, but was forced to flee, for fear the steeple should fall upon my head.

Another thing was my dancing; I was a full year before I could quite leave that. But all this while, when I thought I kept that or this commandment, or did by word or deed anything I thought was good, I had great peace in my conscience, and would think with myself, God cannot choose but be now pleased with me; yea, to relate it in my own way, I thought no man in England could please God better than I. But, poor wretch as I was, I was all this while ignorant of Jesus Christ, and going about to establish my own righteousness; and had perished therein, had not God in his mercy shewed me more of my state by nature.

The Golden City.—From 'The Pilgrim's Progress'

Now I saw in my dream that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced them there for the season.' Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore it was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to; also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of Heaven. In this land, also, the contract between the bride and bridegroom was renewed; yea, here, 'as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so did their God rejoice over them.' Here they had no want of corn and wine; for in this place they met abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage. Here they heard voices from out of the city, loud voices, saying: 'Say ye to the daughter of Zion, behold thy salvation cometh! Behold, his reward is with him!' Here all the inhabitants of the country called them 'the holy people, the redeemed of the Lord, sought out,' &c.

Now, as they walked in this land, they had more rejoicing than in parts more remote from the kingdom to which they were bound; and drawing nearer to the city yet, they had a more perfect view thereof: it was built of pearls and precious stones, also the streets thereof were paved with gold; so that, by reason of the natural glory of the city, and the reflection of the sunbeams upon it, Christian with desire fell sick; Hopeful also had a fit or two of the same disease: wherefore here they lay by it a while, crying out, because of their pangs: 'If you see my Beloved, tell him that I am sick of love.'

But being a little strengthened, and better able to bear their sickness, they walked on their way, and came yet nearer and nearer, where were orchards, vineyards, and gardens, and their gates opened into the highway. Now, as they came up to these places, behold the gardener stood in the way, to whom the pilgrims said: Whose goodly vineyards and gardens are these? He answered: They are the King's, and are planted here for his own delight, and also for the solace of pilgrims; so the gardener had them into the vineyards, and bid them refresh themselves with dainties; he also showed them there the King's walks and arbours, where he delighted to be; and here they tarried and slept.

Now, I beheld in my dream that they talked more in their sleep at this time than ever they did in all their journey; and being in a muse thereabout, the gardener said even to me: Wherefore musest thou at the matter? It is the nature of the fruit of the grapes of these vineyards to go down so sweetly, as to cause the lips of them that are asleep to speak.

So I saw that when they awoke, they addressed themselves to go up to the city. But, as I said, the reflection of the sun upon the city—for the city was pure gold—was so extremely glorious, that they could not as yet with open face behold it, but through an instrument made for that purpose. So I saw that, as they went on, there met him two men in raiment that shone like gold; also their faces shone as the light.

These men asked the pilgrims whence they came: and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures, they had met with in their way; and they told them. Then said the men that met them: You have but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the city.

Christian and his companion then asked the men to go along with them; so they told them that they would. But, said they, you must obtain it by your own faith. So I saw in my dream that they went on together till they came in sight of the gate.

Now, I further saw that betwixt them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over, and the river was very deep. At the sight, therefore, of this river, the pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them said: You must go through, or you cannot come to the gate.

The pilgrims then began to inquire if there was no other way to the gate; to which they answered; Yes: but there hath not any, save two, to wit, Enoch and Elijah, been permitted to tread that path since the foundation of the world, nor shall, until the last trumpet shall sound. The pilgrims then—especially Christian—began to despond in their minds, and looked this way and that; but no way could be found by them by which they might escape the river. Then they asked the men if the waters were all of a depth. They said: No; yet they could not help them in that case: for said they, you shall find it deeper or shallower, as you believe in the King of the place.

They then addressed themselves to the water, and entering, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said: I sink in deep waters: the billows go over over my head; all the waters go over me. Selah.

Then said the other: Be of good cheer, my brother; I feel the bottom, and it is good. Then said Christian: Ah! my friend, the sorrow of death hath encompassed me about: I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey. . . .

Then I saw in my dream that Christian was in a muse a while. To whom, also, Hopeful added these words: Be of good cheer; Jesus Christ maketh thee whole: and with that Christian brake out with a loud voice—Oh! I see him again; and he tells me: 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.' Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over. Christian, therefore, presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow; but thus they got over. Now, upon the bank of the river on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them; wherefore, being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying: 'We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those that shall be heirs of salvation.' Thus they went along toward the gate. Now, you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; they had likewise left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds; they therefore went up through the region of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they got safely over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

Now, while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them: to whom it was said by the other two shining ones: These are the men who loved our Lord when they were in the world, and have left all for his holy name; and he hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy. Then the heavenly host gave a great shout, saying: 'Blessed are they that are called to the marriage-supper of the Lamb.' There came also out at this time to meet them several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who, with melodious and loud noises, made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world; and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet.

This done, they compassed them round about on every side; some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left—as it were to guard them through the upper regions—continually sounding as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high; so that the very sight was to them that could behold it as if heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus, therefore, they walked on together; and as they walked, ever and anon these trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would, by mixing their music with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his brother how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them: and now were these two men, as it were, in heaven before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing their melodious notes. Here, also, they had the city itself in view, and thought they heard all the bells therein to ring, to welcome them thereto. But, above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there with such company, and that for ever and ever. Oh! by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed! Thus they came up to the gate.

Now when they were come up to the gate, there was written over in letters of gold: 'Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.'

Then I saw in my dream that the shining men bid them call at the gate; the which, when they did, some from above looked over the gate, to wit, Enoch, Moses, Elijah, &c.; to whom it was said: These pilgrims are come from the City of Destruction, for the love that they bear to the King of this place; and then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning: those, therefore, were carried in to the King, who, when he had read them, said: Where are the men? To whom it was answered: They are standing without the gate. The King then commanded to open the gate, 'That the righteous nation,' said he, 'that keepeth truth, may enter in.'

Now, I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave to them the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them: 'Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.' I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying: 'Blessing, honour, and glory, and power be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever.'

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets, also, were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to sing praises withal.

DR. JOHN OWEN.

DR. JOHN OWEN (1616–1683), after studying at Oxford for the Church of England, became a Presbyterian, but finally joined the Independents. He was highly esteemed by the Long Parliament, and was frequently called upon to preach before them on public occasions. Cromwell, in particular, was so highly pleased with him, that, when going to Ireland, he insisted on Dr. Owen accompanying him, for the purpose of regulating and superintending the College of Dublin. After spending six months in that city, Owen returned to his clerical duties in England, from which, however, he was again speedily called away by Cromwell, who took him in 1650 to Edinburgh, where he spent six months. Subsequently, he was promoted to the deanery of Christ Church College in Oxford, and soon after, to the vice-chancellorship of the university, which offices he held till Cromwell's death. After the Restoration, he was favoured by Lord Clarendon, who offered him a preferment in the church if he would conform; but this Dr. Owen declined. The persecution of the Nonconformists repeatedly disposed him to emigrate to New England, but attachment to his native country prevailed. Notwithstanding his decided hostility to the church, the amiable dispositions and agreeable manners of Owen procured him much esteem from many eminent churchmen, among whom was the king himself, who on one occasion sent for him, and, after a conversation of two hours, gave him a thousand guineas to be distributed among those who had suffered most from the recent persecution. He was a man of extensive learning, and most estimable character. His extreme industry is evinced by the voluminousness of his publications, which amount to no fewer than seven volumes in folio, twenty in quarto, and about thirty in octavo. Among these are a collection of 'Sermons,' 'An Exposition on the Epistle to the Hebrews,' 'A Discourse of the Holy Spirit,' and 'The Divine Original and Authority of the Scriptures.' The style of Owen merits little praise. He wrote too rapidly and carelessly to produce compositions either vigorous or beautiful. Robert Hall entertained a decided antipathy to the writings of this celebrated divine. 'I can't think how you like Dr. Owen,' said he to a friend; 'I can't read him with any patience; I never read a page of Dr. Owen, sir, without finding some confusion in his thoughts, either a truism or a contradiction in terms. Sir, he is a double Dutchman, floundering in a continent of mud.' For moderation in controversy, Dr. Owen was most honourably distinguished among the theological warriors of his age.

JOHN HOWE.

This able and amiable Nonconformist (1630–1705) was a native of Loughborough, in Leicestershire, where his father was parish minister. He was educated at Cambridge, and was the friend of Cudworth and Henry More. In 1652, he was ordained minister of Great Torrington, in Devonshire. His severe clerical duties is thus described: Upon public fasts he used to begin at nine in the morning with a prayer of a quarter of an hour, then read and expounded Scripture for about three quarters; prayed an hour, preached another hour, and prayed again for half an hour. The people then sung for a quarter of an hour, during which he retired and took a little refreshment: he then went into the pulpit again, prayed an hour more, preached another hour, and concluded with a prayer of half an hour! In 1656, Howe was selected by Cromwell to reside at Whitehall as one of his chaplains. As he had not coveted the office, he seems never to have liked it. The 'affected disorderliness' of the Protector's family as to religious matters made him despair of doing good in his office of chaplain, and he conscientiously opposed and preached against a doctrine which is thus stated by Mr. Henry Rogers, the biographer of Howe:

Fanaticism of Cromwell's Court.

It was a very prevalent opinion in Cromwell's court, and seems to have been entertained by Cromwell himself, that whenever the 'special favourites' of Heaven offered up their supplications for themselves or others, secret intimations were conveyed to the mind, that the particular blessings they implored would be certainly bestowed, and even indications afforded of the particular method in which their wishes would be accomplished. Howe himself confessed to Calamy, in a private conversation on this subject, that the prevalence of the notion at Whitehall, at the time he lived there, was too notorious to be denied; that great pains were taken to cherish and diffuse it; and that he himself had heard 'a person of note' preach a sermon with the avowed design of maintaining and defending it. To point out the pernicious consequences of such an opinion would be superfluous. Of course, there could be no lack of 'special favourites of Heaven' in an age and court like those of Cromwell; and all the dangerous illusions which a fanatical imagination might inspire, and all the consequent horrors to which a fanatical zeal could prompt, would of course plead the sanction of an express revelation.

Howe continued chaplain to the Protector, and, after Oliver's death, he resided in the same capacity with Richard Cromwell. When Richard was set aside, the minister returned to Great Torrington, but was ejected by the Act of Uniformity in 1662. He subsequently officiated as minister in Ireland and London, and found leisure to write those admirable works of practical divinity which have placed him among the most gifted and eminent of the Nonconformist divines of England. He has been termed the 'Platonic Puritan.' The principal works of John Howe are his 'Living Temple' (1676–1702), a treatise on 'Delighting in God,' 'The Blessedness of the Righteous,' 'The Vanity of Man as Mortal,' a 'Tractate on the Divine Presence,' an 'Inquiry into the Doctrine of the Trinity,' and 'The Redeemer's Dominion over the Invisible World' (1699). To the excellence of these works all theological writers and critics have borne testimony. Robert Hall acknowledged that he had learned more from John Howe than from any other author he ever read, and he said there was 'an astonishing magnificence in his conceptions.' A collected edition of Howe's works, with a Life by Dr. Edmund Calamy, was published in 1724. Other editions followed, and the latest we have seen is one in three volumes, 8vo, 1848, with Life by Rev. J. P. Hewlett. The 'Life and Character of John Howe, with an Analysis of his Writings,' by Henry Rogers, is a valuable work, and affords a good view of the state of religious parties and controversies in England from the time of the Commonwealth down to the death of Howe.

EDMUND CALAMY—JOHN FLAVEL—MATTHEW HENRY.

EDMUND CALAMY (1600–1666) was originally a clergyman of the Church of England, but had become a Nonconformist before settling in London as a preacher in 1639. A celebrated production against Episcopacy, called 'Smectymnuus,' from the initials of the names of the writers, and in which Calamy was concerned, appeared in the following year. He was much in favour with the Presbyterian party; but was, on the whole, a moderate man, and disapproved of those measures which terminated in the death of the king. Having exerted himself to promote the restoration of Charles II. he subsequently received the offer of a bishopric; but, after much deliberation, it was rejected. The passing of the Act of Uniformity in 1662 made him retire from his ministerial duties in the metropolis several years before his death. His sermons were of a plain and practical character; and five of them, published under the title of 'The Godly Man's Ark, or a City of Refuge in the Day of his Distress,' acquired much popularity.

JOHN FLAVEL (1627–1691) was a zealous preacher at Dartmouth, where he suffered severely for his nonconformity. In the pulpit he was distinguished for the warmth, fluency, and variety of his devotional exercises, which, like his writings, were somewhat tinged with enthusiasm. His works, occupying two folio volumes, are written in a plain and perspicuous style, and some of them are still highly valued. Among the Scottish peasantry, many of Flavel's works are popular.

Matthew Henry (1662–1714) was the son of Philip Henry, a pious and learned Nonconformist minister in Flintshire. He entered as a student of law in Gray's Inn; but, yielding to a strong desire for the office of the ministry, he soon abandoned the pursuit of the law, and turned his attention to theology, which he studied with great diligence and zeal. In 1685 he was chosen pastor of a Nonconformist congregation at Chester, where he officiated for twenty-five years. In 1711 he changed the scene of his labours to Hackney, where he continued till his death in 1714 Of a variety of theological works published by this excellent divine, the largest and best known is his Commentary on the Bible, which he did not live to complete. It was originally printed in five volumes folio. The Commentary on the Epistles was added by various divines. Considered as a learned explanation of the sacred volume, this popular production is not of great value; but its practical remarks are peculiarly interesting, and have secured for it a place in the very first class of expository works. Robert Hall, for the last two years of his life, read daily two chapters of Matthew Henry's Commentary, a work which he had not before read consecutively, though he had long known and valued it. As he proceeded, he felt increasing interest and pleasure, greatly admiring the copiousness, variety, and pious ingenuity of the thoughts; the simplicity, strength, and pregnancy of the expressions. Dr. Chalmers was also a warm admirer of Henry, whose Commentary is still frequently republished, The following extract from the exposition of Matthew vi. 24, may be taken as a specimen of the nervous and pointed remarks with which the work abounds:

Ye Cannot Serve God and Mammon.

Mammon is a Syriac word that signifies gain, so that whatever is, or is accounted by us to be gain, is mammon. 'Whatever is in the world—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life'—is mammon. To some their belly is their mammon, and they serve that; to others, their ease, their sports and pastimes, are their mammon; to others, worldly riches; to others, honours and preferments: the praise and applause of men was the Pharisees' mammon; in a word, self—the unity in which the world's trinity centres—sensual secular self, is the mammon which cannot be served in conjunction with God; for if it be served, it is in competition with him, and in contradiction to him. He does not say we *must* not, or we *should* not, but we *cannot* serve God and mammon; we cannot love both, or hold to both, or hold by both, in observance, obedience, attendance. trust, and dependence, for they are contrary the one to the other. God says, 'My son, give me thine heart;' Mammon says: 'No—give it me.' God says: 'Be content with such things as ye have;' Mammon says: 'Grasp at all that ever thou canst—"Rem, rem, quocunque modo, rem"—money, money, by fair means or by foul, money.' God says: 'Defraud not; never lie; be honest and just in thy dealings;' Mammon says: 'Cheat thy own father if thou canst gain by it.' God says: 'Be charitable;' Mammon says: 'Hold thy own; this giving undoes us.' God says: 'Be careful for nothing;' Mammon says: 'Be careful for everything.' God says: 'Keep holy the Sabbath-day;' Mammon says: 'Make use of that day, as well as any other, for the world.' Thus inconsistent are the commands of God and Mammon, so that we cannot serve both. Let us not, then, halt between God and Baal, but 'choose ye this day whom ye will serve,' *and abide by your choice.*

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD—THOMAS HALYBURTON—THOMAS BOSTON.

There were several Scottish doctrinal writers and divines at this period whose works still enjoy considerable popularity, especially in the rural parishes, and constitute the favourite reading of old and serious persons. Among these we may mention SAMUEL RUTHERFORD (1600–1661), author of 'The Trial and Triumph of Faith,' 'Christ dying and drawing Sinners,' &c. Rutherford was a stanch defender of Presbyterianism, and one of his controversial works, 'Lex Rex' (1644), written in reply to the Bishop of Ross, was, after the Restoration, burned by order of the Committee of Estates. A volume of 'Familiar Letters' by this divine, published after his death, evinces literary taste and power. He was one of the most learned of the Scottish clergy, and was successively Professor of Divinity in St. Andrews (1639), Commissioner to the Assembly of Divines at Westminster (1643–1647), and Principal of New College, St. Andrews (1649).—THOMAS HALYBURTON (1674–1712) was Professor of Divinity in the University of St. Andrews. He wrote 'Natural Religion Insufficient,' an able reply to Lord Herbert's 'De Veritate,' and 'The Great Concern of Salvation,' and 'Ten Sermons preached before and after the Celebration of the Lord's Supper.'—THOMAS BOSTON (1676–1732) was minister of Ettrick, and a leading member of the church courts in opposition to patronage and tests. His 'Fourfold State,' first printed in 1720, is still the most popular of religious books among rigid Presbyterians, and a course of 'Sermons' by this divine is also highly prized. Boston was warmly engaged in what has been termed 'the great Marrow controversy,' which divided the Scottish church. A book named 'The Marrow of Modern Divinity' (1645), written by an English Puritan, Edward Fisher, was revived in Scotland by the more devout portion of the clergy, and being denounced by the ruling party in the Assembly, was adopted as a standard round which the popular ministers rallied. The peace of the church was long disturbed by this Marrow controversy. The works of the above divines, though tinged with what we may call a gloomy and unamiable theology, are marked by a racy vigour of thought and *unction*. As illustrations of at least one phase of national character and history, they deserve to be studied.

METAPHYSICAL AND SCIENTIFIC WRITERS.

JOHN LOCKE.

England, during the latter half of the seventeenth century, was adorned by some illustrious philosophers, who, besides making important contributions to science, were distinguished by simplicity and moral excellence of character, and by an ardent devotion to the interests of religion, virtue and truth.

JOHN LOCKE was born at Wrington, Somersetshire, August 29, 1632, son of a small proprietor who served in the Parliamentary army. He received his elementary education at Westminister School; and completed his studies at Christ-church College, Oxford. In the latter city he resided from 1651 till 1664, during which period he became disgusted with the verbal subtleties of the Aristotelian philosophy. Having chosen the profession of medicine, he made considerable progress in the necessary studies, but found the delicacy of his constitution an obstacle to successful practice. In 1664, he accompanied, in the capacity of secretary, Sir William Swan, who was sent by Charles II. as envoy to the Elector of Brandenburg during the Dutch war: some lively and interesting letters written by him from Germany on this occasion were published by the late Lord King. Those who are acquainted with Locke only in the character of a grave philosopher, will be surprised to find the following humorous description, which he given to one of his friends, of some Christmas ceremonies witnessed by him in a church at Cleves.

Christmas Ceremonies at Cleves.

About one in the morning I went a-gossiping to our Lady. Think me not profane, for the name is a great deal modester than the service I was at. I shall not describe all the particulars I observed in that church, being the principal of the Catholics in Cleves; but only those that were particular to the occasion. Near the high-altar was a little altar for this day's solemnity; the scene was a stable, wherein was an ox, an ass, a cradle, the Virgin, the babe, Joseph, shepherds, and angels, *dramatis personæ*. Had they but given them motion, it had been a perfect puppet-play, and might have deserved pence apiece: for they were of the same size and make that our English puppets are; and I am confident these shepherds and this Joseph are kin to that Judith and Holophernes which I have seen at Bartholomew Fair. A little without the stable was a flock of sheep, cut out of cards; and these, as they then stood without their shepherds, appeared to me the best emblem I had seen a long time, and methought represented these poor innocent people, who, whilst their shepherds pretend so much to follow Christ, and pay their devotion to him, are left unregarded in the barren wilderness. This was the show: the music to it was all vocal in the quire adjoining, but such as I never heard. They had strong voices, but so ill-tuned, so ill-managed, that it was their misfortune, as well as ours, that they could be heard. He that could not, though he had a cold, make better music with a chevy chase over a pot of smooth ale, deserved well to pay the reckoning, and go away athirst. However, I think they were the honestest singing-men I have ever seen, for they endeavoured to deserve their money, and earned it certainly with pains enough; for what they wanted in skill, they made up in loudness and variety. Every one had his own tune, and the result of all was like the noise of choosing parliament-men, where every one endeavours to cry loudest. Besides the men, there were a company of little choristers. I thought, when I saw them at first, they had danced to the others' music, and that it had been your Gray's Inn revels; for they were jumping up and down about a good charcoal-fire that was in the middle of the quire—this their devotion and their singing was enough, I think, to keep them warm, though it were a very cold night—but it was not dancing, but singing they served for; for when it came to their turns, away they ran to their places, and there they made as good harmony as a concert of little pigs would, and they were much about as cleanly. Their part being done, out they sallied again to the fire, where they played till their cue called them, and then back to their places they huddled. So negligent and slight are they in their service in a place where the nearness of adversaries might teach them to be more careful.

In less than a year, Locke returned to Oxford, where he soon afterwards received an offer of considerable preferment in the Irish

Church, if he should think fit to take orders. This, after due consideration, he declined. 'A man's affairs and whole course of his life,' says he, in a letter to the friend who made the proposal to him, 'are not to be changed in a moment, and one is not made fit for a calling, and that in a day. I believe you think me too proud to undertake anything wherein I should acquit myself but unworthily. I am sure I cannot content myself with being undermost, possibly the middlemost, of my profession; and you will allow, on consideration, care is to be taken not to engage in a calling wherein, if one chance to be a bungler, there is no retreat.'

In 1666, Locke became acquainted with Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury; and so valuable did his lordship find the medical advice and general conversation of the philosopher, that a close and permanent friendship sprang up between them, and Locke became an inmate of his lordship's house. This brought him into the society of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Halifax, and other celebrated wits of the time. An anecdote is told of him which shews the easy terms on which he stood with these noblemen. On an occasion when several of them were met at Lord Ashley's house, the party, soon after assembling, sat down to cards, so that scarcely any conversation took place. Locke, after looking on for some time, took out his note-book, and began to write in it, with much appearance of gravity and deliberation. One of the party observing this, inquired what he was writing. 'My lord,' he replied, 'I am endeavouring to profit as far as I am able in your company; for having waited with impatience for the honour of being in an assembly of the greatest geniuses of the age, and having at length obtained this good-fortune, I thought that I could not do better than write down your conversation; and indeed I have set down the substance of what has been said for this hour or two.'

A very brief specimen of what he had written was sufficient to make the objects of his irony abandon the card-table, and engage in rational discourse. While residing with Lord Ashley, Locke superintended the education, first of his lordship's son, and subsequently of his grandson, the third Earl of Shaftesbury, celebrated as an able philosophical and moral writer in the reign of Queen Anne. In 1672, when Lord Ashley received an earldom and the office of chancellor, he gave Locke the appointment of secretary of presentations, which the philosopher enjoyed only till the following year, when his patron lost favour with the court, and was deprived of the seals. The delicate state of Locke's health induced him in 1675 to visit France, where he resided several years, first at Montpellier, and afterwards at Paris, where he had opportunities of cultivating the acquaintance of the most eminent French literary men of the day. When Shaftesbury regained power for a brief season in 1679, he recalled Locke to England; and, on taking refuge in Holland, three years afterwards, was followed thither by his friend, whose safety likewise was in jeopardy, from the connection which subsisted between them. After the death of his patron in 1683, Locke found it necessary to prolong his stay in Holland, and even there was obliged, by the machinations of his political enemies at home, to live for upwards of a year in concealment. In 1684, by a special order from Charles II he was deprived of his studentship at Christ Church, Oxford. In 1687, he instituted, at Amsterdam, a literary society, the members of which—among whom were Le Clerc, Limborch, and other learned men—met weekly for the purpose of enjoying each other's conversation.

The Revolution of 1688 finally restored Locke to his native country, to which he was conveyed by the fleet that brought over the Princess of Orange. He was made a Commissioner of Appeals, with a salary of £200 a year. He now became a prominent defender of civil and religious liberty, in a succession of works which have exerted a highly beneficial influence on subsequent generations, not only in Britain, but throughout the civilised world. While in Holland, he had written in Latin, 'A Letter concerning Toleration:' this appeared at Gouda in 1689, and translations of it were immediately published in Dutch, French, and English. The liberal opinions which it maintained were controverted by an Oxford writer, in reply to whom Locke successively wrote three additional 'Letters.' In 1690 was published his most celebrated work, 'An Essay concerning Human Understanding.' In the composition of this treatise, which his retirement in Holland afforded him leisure to finish, he had been engaged for eighteen years. His object in writing it is thus explained in the Prefatory Epistle to the Reader: 'Were it fit to trouble thee with the history of this Essay, I should tell thee that five or six friends meeting at my chamber, and discoursing on a subject very remote from this, found themselves quickly at a stand by the difficulties that rose on every side. After we had a while puzzled ourselves, without coming any nearer a resolution of those doubts which perplexed us, it came into my thoughts, that we took a wrong course, and that, before we set ourselves upon inquiries of that nature, it was necessary to examine our own abilities, and see what objects our understandings were, or were not, fitted to deal with. This I proposed to the company, who all readily assented.'

In proceeding to treat of the subject originally proposed, he found this matter increase upon his hands, and was gradually led into other fields of investigation. It hence happens, that of the four books of which the Essay consists, only the last is devoted to an inquiry into the objects within the sphere of the human understanding. In the first book of his Essay, Locke treats of innate ideas. He denies altogether the doctrine of innate ideas or innate principles in the mind: 'God having endued man with those faculties of knowing which he hath, was no more obliged by His goodness to implant those innate notions in his mind, than that having given him reason, hands, and materials, he should build him bridges or houses.' And he argues that the idea or sense of a God is so manifest from the visible marks of wisdom and power in creation, that no rational creature could, on reflection, miss the discovery of a Deity. In the second book, Locke follows up this principle or position by tracing the origin of our ideas, simple and complex, which he derives from sensation and reflection. His reasoning on the latter is somewhat indefinite. 'Duration is certainly no mode of thinking, yet the idea of duration is reckoned by Locke among those with which we are furnished by reflection. The same may perhaps be said as to his account of several other ideas, which cannot be deduced from external sensation, nor yet can be reckoned modifications or operations of the soul itself; such as number, power, existence' (*Hallam*). The third book of the Essay is on language and signs as instruments of truth; and the fourth book is intended to determine the nature, validity, and limits of the understanding. Of the importance of this great work in diffusing a just mode of thinking and inquiry, it is unnecessary to speak. Some passages may appear contradictory, 'but any person reading the Essay carefully through will,' says Mr. Lewes, 'find all clear and coherent.

The style of the work is simple, pure, and expressive; and, as it was designed for general perusal, there is a frequent employment of colloquial phraseology. Locke hated scholastic jargon, and wrote in language intelligible to every man of common-sense. 'No one,' says his pupil, Shaftesbury, 'has done more towards the recalling of philosophy from barbarity, into the use and practice of the world, and into the company of the better and politer sort, who might well be ashamed of it in its other dress.'

In 1690, Locke published two 'Treatises on Civil Government,' in defence of the principles of the Revolution against the Tories; or, as he expresses himself, 'to establish the throne of our great restorer, our present King William; to make good his title in the consent of the people, which, being the only one of all lawful governments, he has more fully and clearly than any prince in Christendom; and to justify to the world the people of England, whose love of their just and natural rights, with their resolution to preserve them, saved the nation when it was on the very brink of slavery and ruin.' The chief of his other productions are—'Thoughts concerning Education' (1693), 'The Reasonableness of Christianity' (1695), two 'Vindications' of that work (1696), and an admirable tract 'On the Conduct of the Understanding,' printed after the author's death. A theological controversy in which he engaged with Stillingfleet, bishop of Worcester, has already been mentioned in our account of that prelate. Many letters and miscellaneous pieces of Locke have been published, partly in the beginning of last century, and partly by Lord King in his Life of the philosopher (1829).

In reference to the writings of Locke, Sir James Mackintosh observes, that justly to understand their character, it is necessary to take a deliberate survey of the circumstances in which the writer was placed. 'Educated among the English dissenters, during the short period of their political ascendency, he early imbibed that deep piety and ardent spirit of liberty which actuated that body of men; and he probably imbibed also in their schools the disposition to metaphysical inquiries which has everywhere accompanied the Calvinistic theology. Sects founded in the right of private judgment, naturally tend to purify themselves from intolerance, and in time learn to respect in others the freedom of thought to the exercise of which they owe their own existence. By the Independent divines who were his instructors, our philosopher was taught those principles of religious liberty which they were the first to disclose to the world. When free inquiry led him to milder dogmas, he retained the severe morality which was their honourable singularity, and which continues to distinguish their successors in those communities which have abandoned their rigorous opinions. His professional pursuits afterwards engaged him in the study of the physical sciences, at the moment when the spirit of experiment and observation was in its youthful fervour, and when a repugnance to scholastic subtleties was the ruling passion of the scientific world. At a more mature age, he was admitted into the society of great wits and ambitious politicians. During the remainder of his life he was often a man of business, and always a man of the world, without much undisturbed leisure, and probably with that abated relish for merely abstract speculation which is the inevitable result of converse with society and experience in affairs. But his political connections agreeing with his early bias, made him a zealous advocate of liberty in opinion and in government; and he gradually limited his zeal and activity to the illustrations of such general principles as are the guardians of these great interests of human society. Almost all his writings, even his Essay itself, were occasional, and intended directly to counteract the enemies of reason and freedom in his own age. The first Letter on Toleration, the most original perhaps of his works, was composed in Holland, in a retirement where he was forced to conceal himself from the tyranny which pursued him into a foreign land; and it was published in England in the year of the Revolution, to vindicate the Toleration Act, of which the author lamented the imperfection.' On the continent, the principal works of Locke became extensively known through the medium of translation.

Immediately after the Revolution, employment in the diplomatic service was offered to Locke, who declined it on the ground of ill-health. In 1695, having aided government with his advice on the subject of the coinage, he was appointed a member of the Board of Trade, which office, however, the state of his health also obliged him to resign. The last years of his existence were spent at Oates, in Essex, the seat of Sir Francis Masham, who had invited him to make that mansion his home. Lady Masham, a daughter of Dr. Cudworth, and to whom Locke was attached by strong ties of friendship, soothed by her attention the infirmities of his declining years. The death of this excellent man took place October 28, 1704, when he had attained the age of seventy-two.

Causes of Weakness in Men's Understandings.

There is, it is visible, great variety in men's understandings, and their natural constitutions put so wide a difference between some men in this respect, that art and industry would never be able to master; and their very natures seem to want a foundation to raise on it that which other men easily attain unto. Amongst men of equal education, there is a great inequality of parts. And the woods of America, as well as the schools of Athens, produce men of several abilities in the same kind. Though this be so, yet I imagine most men come very short of what they might attain unto in their several degrees, by a neglect of their understandings. A few rules of logic are thought sufficient in this case for those who pretend to the highest improvement; whereas I think there are a great many natural defects in the understanding capable of amendment, which are overlooked and wholly neglected. And it is easy to perceive that men are guilty of a great many faults in the exercise and improvement of this faculty of the mind, which hinder them in their progress, and keep them in ignorance and error all their lives. Some of them I shall take notice of, and endeavour to point out proper remedies for, in the following discourse.

Besides the want of determined ideas, and of sagacity and exercise in finding out and laying in order intermediate ideas, there are three miscarriages that men are guilty of in reference to their reason, whereby this faculty is hindered in them from that service it might do and was designed for. And he that reflects upon the actions and discourses of mankind, will find their defects in this kind very frequent and very observable.

1. The first is of those who seldom reason at all, but do and think according to the example of others, whether parents, neighbours, ministers, or who else they are pleased to make choice of to have an implicit faith in, for the saving of themselves the pains and trouble of thinking and examining for themselves.

2. The second is of those who put passion in the place of reason, and being resolved that shall govern their actions and arguments, neither use their own, nor hearken to other people's reason, any further than it suits their humour, interest, or party; and these, one may observe, commonly content themselves with words which have no distinct ideas to them, though, in other matters, that they come with an unbiassed indifferency to, they want not abilities to talk and hear reason, where they have no secret inclination that hinders them from being untractable to it.

3. The third sort is of those who readily and sincerely follow reason, but for want of having that which one may call large, sound, round-about sense, have not a full view of all that relates to the question, and may be of moment to decide it. We are all short-sighted, and very often see but one side of a matter; our views are not extended to all that has a connection with it. From this defect, I think, no man is free. We see but in part, and we know but in part, and therefore it is no wonder we conclude not right from our partial views. This might instruct the proudest esteemer of his own parts how useful it is to talk and consult with others, even such as came short with him in capacity, quickness, and penetration; for, since no one sees all, and we generally have different prospects of the same thing, according to our different, as I may say, positions to it, it is not incongruous to think, nor beneath any man to try, whether another may not have notions of things which have escaped him, and which his reason would make use of if they came into his mind. The faculty of reasoning seldom or never deceives those who trust to it; its consequences from what it builds on are evident and certain; but that which it oftenest, if not only, misleads us in, is, that the principles from which we conclude, the ground upon which we bottom our reasoning, are but a part; something is left out which should go into the reckoning to make it just and exact

Practice and Habit

We are born with faculties and powers capable almost of anything, such at least as would carry us further than can be easily imagined; but it is only the exercise of those powers which gives us ability and skill in anything, and leads us towards perfection.

A middle-aged ploughman will scarce ever be brought to the carriage and language of a gentleman, though his body be as well proportioned, and his joints as supple, and his natural parts not any way inferior. The legs of a dancing-master, and the fingers of a musician, fall, as it were, naturally without thought or pains into regular and admirable motions. Bid them change their parts, and they will in vain endeavour to produce like motions in the members not used to them, and it will require length of time and long practice to attain but some degrees of a like ability. What incredible and astonishing actions do we find rope-dancers and tumblers bring their bodies to! not but that sundry in almost all manual arts are as wonderful; but I name those which the world takes notice of for such, because, on that very account, they give money to see them. All these admired motions, beyond the reach, and almost the conception of unpractised spectators, are nothing but the mere effects of use and industry in men, whose bodies have nothing peculiar in them from those of the amazed lookers-on.

As it is in the body, so it is in the mind; practice makes it what it is; and most even of those excellences which are looked on as natural endowments, will be found, when examined into more narrowly, to be the product of exercise, and to be raised to that pitch only by repeated actions. Some men are remarked for pleasantness in raillery, others for apologues and apposite diverting stories. This is apt to be taken for the effect of pure nature, and that the rather, because it is not got by rules, and those who excel in either of them, never purposely set themselves to the study of it as an art to be learnt. But yet it is true, that at first some lucky hit which took with somebody, and gained him commendation, encouraged him to try again, inclined his thoughts and endeavours that way, till at last he insensibly got a facility in it without perceiving how; and that is attributed wholly to nature, which was much more the effect of use and practice. I do not deny that natural disposition may often give the first rise to it; but that never carries a man far without use and exercise, and it is practice alone that brings the powers of the mind as well as those of the body to their perfection. Many a good poetic vein is buried under a trade, and never produces anything for want of improvement. We see the ways of discourse and reasoning are very different, even concerning the same matter, at court and in the university. And he that will go but from Westminster Hall to the Exchange, will find a different genius and turn in their ways of talking; and one cannot think that all whose lot fell in the city were born with different parts from those who were bred at the university or inns of court.

To what purpose all this, but to shew that the difference, so observable in men's understandings and parts, does not arise so much from the natural faculties, as acquired habits? He would be laughed at that should go about to make a fine dancer out of a country hedger at past fifty. And he will not have much better success who shall endeavour at that age to make a man reason well, or speak handsomely, who has never been used to it, though you should lay before him a collection of all the best precepts of logic or oratory. Nobody is made anything by hearing of rules, or laying them up in his memory; practice must settle the habit of doing without reflecting on the rule; and you may as well hope to make a good painter or musician, extempore, by a lecture and instruction in the arts of music and painting, as a coherent thinker, or strict reasoner, by a set of rules, shewing him wherein right reasoning consists.

This being so, that defects and weakness in men's understandings, as well as other faculties, come from want of a right use of their own minds, I am apt to think the fault is generally mislaid upon nature, and there is often a complaint of want of parts, when the fault lies in want of a due improvement of them. We see men frequently dexterous and sharp enough in making a bargain, who, if you reason with them about matters of religion, appear perfectly stupid.

Prejudices.

Every one is forward to complain of the prejudices that mislead other men or parties, as if he were free, and had none of his own. This being objected on all sides, it is agreed that it is a fault, and a hinderance to knowledge. What, now, is the cure? No other *but this—that every man* should let alone others' prejudices, and *examine his own. Nobody is convinced* of his by the accusation of another: he *recriminates by the same rule, and is* clear. The only way to remove this great cause of ignorance and error out of the world, is for every one impartially to examine himself. If others will not deal fairly with their own minds, does that make my errors truths, or ought it to make me in love with them, and willing to impose on myself? If others love cataracts on their eyes, should that hinder me from couching of mine as soon as I could? Every one declares against blindness, and yet who almost is not fond of that which dims his sight, and keeps the clear light out of his mind, which should lead him into truth and knowledge? False or doubtful positions, relied upon as unquestionable maxims, keep those in the dark from truth who build on them. Such are usually the prejudices imbibed from education, party, reverence, fashion, interest, &c. This is the mote which every one sees in his brother's eye, but never regards the beam in his own. For who is there, almost, that is ever brought fairly to examine his own principles, and see whether they are such as will bear the trial? But yet this should be one of the first things every one should set about, and be scrupulous in, who would rightly conduct his understanding in the search of truth and knowledge

To those who are willing to get rid of this great hinderance of knowledge—for to such only I write—to those who would shake off this great and dangerous impostor Prejudice, who dresses up falsehood in the likeness of truth, and so dexterously hoodwinks men's minds, as to keep them in the dark, with a belief that they are more in the light than any that do not see with their eyes, I shall offer this one mark whereby prejudice may be known. He that is strongly of any opinion, must suppose—unless he be self-condemned—that his persuasion is built upon good grounds, and that his assent is no greater than what the evidence of the truth he holds forces him to; and that they are arguments, and not inclination or fancy, that make him so confident and positive in his tenets. Now if, after all his profession, he cannot bear any opposition to his opinion, if he cannot so much as give a patient hearing, much less examine and weigh the arguments on the other side, does he not plainly confess it is prejudice governs him? And it is not evidence of truth, but some lazy anticipation, some beloved presumption, that he desires to rest undisturbed in. For if what he holds be as he gives out, well fenced with evidence, and he sees it to be true, what need he fear to put it to the proof? If his opinion be settled upon a firm foundation, if the arguments that support it, and have obtained his assent, be clear. good, and convincing, why should he be shy to have it tried whether they be proof or not? He whose assent goes beyond his evidence, owes this excess of his adherence only to prejudice, and does in effect own it when he refuses to hear what is offered against it; declaring thereby, that it is not evidence he seeks, but the quiet enjoyment of the opinion he is fond of, with a forward condemnation of all that may stand in opposition to it, unheard and unexamined.

Injudicious Haste in Study.

The eagerness and strong bent of the mind after knowledge, if not warily regulated, is often a hinderance to it. It still presses into further discoveries and new objects, and catches at the variety of knowledge, and therefore often stays not long enough on what is before it, to look into it as it should, for haste to pursue what is yet out of sight. He that rides post through a country may be able, from the transient view, to tell in general how the parts lie, and may be able to give some loose description of here a mountain and there a plain, here a morass and there a river; woodland in one part, and savannahs in another. Such superficial ideas and observations as these he may collect in galloping over it; but the more useful observations of the soil, plants, animals, and inhabitants, with their several sorts and properties, must necessarily escape him; and it is seldom men ever discover the rich mines without some digging. Nature commonly lodges her treasures and jewels in rocky ground. If the matter be knotty, and the sense lies deep, the mind must stop and buckle to it, and stick upon it with labour and thought, and close contemplation, and not leave it until it has mastered the difficulty and got possession of truth. But here care must be taken to avoid the other extreme: a man must not stick at every useless nicety, and expect mysteries of science in every trivial question or scruple that he may raise. He that will stand to pick up and examine every pebble that comes in his way, is as unlikely to return enriched and laden with jewels, as the other that travelled full speed. Truths are not the better nor the worse for their obviousness or difficulty, but their value is to be measured by their usefulness and tendency. Insignificant observations should not take up any of our minutes; and those that enlarge our view, and give light towards further and useful discoveries, should not be neglected, though they stop our course, and spend some of our time in a fixed attention.

There is another haste that does often, and will, mislead the mind, if it be left to itself and its own conduct. The understanding is naturally forward, not only to learn its knowledge by variety—which makes it skip over one to get speedily to another part of knowledge—but also eager to enlarge its views by running too fast into general observations and conclusions, without a due examination of particulars enough whereon to found those general axioms. This seems to enlarge their stock, but it is of fancies, not realities; such theories, built upon narrow foundations, stand but weakly, and if they fall not themselves, are at least very hardly to be supported against the assaults of opposition. And thus men, being too hasty to erect to themselves general notions and ill-grounded theories, find themselves deceived in their stock of knowledge, when they come to examine their hastily assumed maxims themselves, or to have them attacked by others. General observations, drawn from particulars, are the jewels of knowledge, comprehending great store in a little room; but they are therefore to be made with the greater care and caution, lest, if we take counterfeit for true, our loss and shame will be the greater, when our stock comes to a severe scrutiny. One or two particulars may suggest hints of inquiry, and they do well who take those hints; but if they turn them into conclusions, and make them presently general rules, they are forward indeed; but it is only to impose on themselves by propositions assumed for truths without sufficient warrant. To make such observations is, as has been already remarked, to make the head a magazine of materials which can hardly be called knowledge, or at least it is but like a collection of lumber not reduced to use or order; and he that makes everything an observation, has the same useless plenty, and much more falsehood mixed with it. The extremes on both sides are to be avoided; and he will be able to give the best account of his studies who keeps his understanding in the right mean between them.

Pleasure and Pain.

The infinitely wise Author of our being, having given us the power over several parts of our bodies, to move or keep them at rest, as we think fit; and also, by the motion of them, to move ourselves and contiguous bodies, in which consists all the actions of our body; having also given a power to our mind, in several instances, to choose amongst its ideas which it will think on, and to pursue the inquiry of this or that subject with consideration and attention; to excite us to these actions of thinking and motion that we are capable of, has been pleased to join to several thoughts and several sensations a perception of delight. If this were wholly separated from all our outward sensations and inward thoughts, we should have no reason to prefer one thought or action to another, negligence to attention, or motion to rest. And so we should neither stir our bodies nor employ our minds; but let our thoughts—if I may so call it—run adrift, without any direction or design; and suffer the ideas of our minds, like unregarded shadows, to make their appearances there, as it happened, without attending to them. In which state, man, however furnished with the faculties of understanding and will, would be a very idle, inactive creature, and pass his time only in a lazy lethargic dream. It has therefore pleased our wise Creator to annex several objects, and the ideas which we receive from them, as also to several of our thoughts, a concomitant pleasure, and that in several objects to several degrees, that those faculties which he had endowed us with might not remain wholly idle and unemployed by us.

Pain has the same efficacy and use to set us on work that pleasure has, we being as ready to employ our faculties to avoid that, as to pursue this; only this is worth our consideration, 'that pain is often produced by the same objects and ideas that produce pleasure in us.' This, their near conjunction, which makes us often feel pain in the sensations where we expected pleasure, gives us new occasion of admiring the wisdom and goodness of our Maker, who, designing the preservation of our being, has annexed pain to the application of many things to our bodies, to warn us of the harm that they will do, and as advices to withdraw from them. But He, not designing our preservation barely, but the preservation of every part and organ in its perfection, hath, in many cases, annexed pain to those very ideas which delight us. Thus heat, that is very agreeable to us in one degree, by a little greater increase of it, proves no ordinary torment; and the most pleasant of all sensible objects, light itself, if there be too much of it, if increased beyond a due proportion to our eyes, causes a very painful sensation; which is wisely and favourably so ordered by nature, that when any object does, by the vehemency of its operation, disorder the instruments of sensation, whose structures cannot but be very nice and delicate, we might by the pain be warned to withdraw, before the organ be quite put out of order, and so be unfitted for its proper function for the future. The consideration of those objects that produce it, may well persuade us that this is the end or use of pain. For, though great light be insufferable to our eyes, yet the highest degree of darkness does not at all disease them; because that causing no disorderly motion in it, leaves that curious organ unharmed in its natural state. But yet excess of cold, as well as heat, pains us, because it is equally destructive to that temper which is necessary to the preservation of life, and the exercise of the several functions of the body, and which consists in a moderate degree of warmth, or, if you please, a motion of the insensible parts of our bodies, confined within certain bounds.

Beyond all this, we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him 'with whom there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.'

History.

The stories of Alexander and Cæsar, further than they instruct us in the art of living well, and furnish us with observations of wisdom and prudence, are not one jot to be preferred to the history of Robin Hood, or the Seven Wise Masters. I do not deny but history is very useful, and very instructive of human life; but if it be studied only for the reputation of being a historian, it is a very empty thing; and he that can tell all the particulars of Herodotus and Plutarch, Curtius and Livy, without making any other use of them, may be an ignorant man with a good memory, and with all his pains, hath only filled his head with Christmas tales. And, which is worse, the greatest part of the history being made up of wars and conquests, and their style, especially the Romans, speaking of valour as the chief if not the only virtue, we are in danger to be misled by the general current and business of history; and, looking on Alexander and Cæsar, and such-like heroes, as the highest instances of human greatness, because they each of them caused the death of several hundred thousand men, and the ruin of a much greater number, overran a great part of the earth, and killed the inhabitants to possess themselves of their countries—we are apt to make butchery and rapine the chief marks and very essence of human greatness. And if civil history be a great dealer of it, and to many readers thus useless, curious and difficult inquirings in antiquity are much more so; and the exact dimensions of the Colossus, or figure of the Capitol, the ceremonies of the Greek and Roman marriages, or who it was that first coined money; these, I confess, set a man well off in the world, especially amongst the learned, but set him very little on in his way. . . .

I shall only add one word, and then conclude; and that is, that whereas in the beginning I cut off history from our study as a useless part, as certainly it is where it is read only as a tale that is told; here, on the other side, I recommend it to one who hath well settled in his mind the principles of morality, and knows how to make a judgment on the actions of men, as one of the most useful studies he can apply himself to. There he shall see a picture of the world and the nature of mankind, and so learn to think of men as they are. There he shall see the rise of opinions, and find from what slight and sometimes shameful occasions some of them have taken their rise, which yet afterwards have had great authority, and passed almost for sacred in the world, and borne down all before them. There also one may learn great and useful instructions of prudence, and be warned against the cheats and rogueries of the world, with many more advantages which I shall not here enumerate.

Disputation.

One should not dispute with a man who, either through stupidity or shamelessness, denies plain and visible truths.

Liberty.

Let your will lead whither necessity would drive, and you will always preserve your liberty.

Opposition to New Doctrines.

The imputation of novelty is a terrible charge amongst those who judge of men's heads, as they do of their perukes, by the fashion, and can allow none to be right but the received doctrines. Truth scarce ever yet carried it by vote anywhere at its first appearance: new opinions are always suspected, and usually opposed, without any other reason but because they are not already common. But truth, like gold, is not the less so for being newly brought out of the mine. It is trial and examination must give it price, and not any antique fashion; and though it be not yet current by the public stamp, yet it may, for all that, be as old as nature, and is certainly not the less genuine.

Duty of Preserving Health.

If by gaining knowledge we destroy our health, we labour for a thing that will be useless in our hands; and if, by harassing our bodies—though with a design to render ourselves more useful—we deprive ourselves of the abilities and opportunities of doing that good we might have done with a meaner talent, which God thought sufficient for us, by having denied us the strength to improve it to that pitch which men of stronger constitutions can attain to, we rob God of so much service, and our neighbour of all that help which, in a state of health, with moderate knowledge, we might have been able to perform. He that sinks his vessel by overloading it, though it be with gold, and silver, and precious stones, will give his owner but an ill account of his voyage.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON holds, by universal consent, the highest rank among the natural philosophers of ancient or modern times. He was born, December 25, 1642, at Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, where his father cultivated a small paternal estate. From childhood, he manifested a strong inclination towards mechanical and mathematical pursuits. He received his early education at the Grammar-school of Grantham, and at the age of fifteen was summoned to take charge of the farm at home; but he was found unfit for business, and was allowed to return to school and follow the bent of his genius. In 1661, he was admitted as a sizar in Trinity College, Cambridge; became a Junior Fellow in 1667, and M.A. in 1668. In 1669, he succeeded Barrow as mathematical professor; in 1671, he became a Fellow of the Royal Society, and communicated to it his new theory of Light. He served repeatedly in parliament as member for the university; was appointed Warden of the Mint in 1695, became President of the Royal Society in 1703; and, two years afterwards, received the honour of knighthood from Queen Anne. To the unrivalled genius and sagacity of Newton, the world is indebted for a variety of splendid discoveries in natural philosophy and mathematics; among these, his exposition of the laws which regulate the movements of the solar system may be referred to as the most brilliant. The first step in the formation of the Newtonian system of philosophy was his discovery of the law of gravitation, which, as he proved, affected the vast orbs that revolve around the sun, not less than the smallest objects on our own globe. The traditional story of the philosopher sitting in his garden one day, and being led by the fall of an apple to meditate on the law of gravitation, may be a mere myth—the apple may be as fabulous as the golden fruit of the Hesperides; but the train of thought which led to the discovery may have been suggested by some circumstance as trivial. He saw that there was a remarkable power or principle which caused all bodies to descend towards the centre of the earth, and that this unseen power operated at the top of the highest mountains and at the bottom of the deepest mines.

When the true cause, the law of gravitation, dawned upon his mind, Newton is said to have been so agitated as to be unable to work out the problem. Mathematical calculation soon demonstrated the fact, and placed it on an immovable basis. 'The whole material universe,' as Sir David Brewster says, 'was spread out before him; the sun with all his attending planets, the planets with all their satellites, the comets wheeling in their eccentric orbits, and the system of the fixed stars stretching to the remotest limits of space.' What must have been the sensations of Newton when all these varied movements of the heavenly bodies were thus presented to his mind—and presented, let us remember, as the result of that law which he had himself discovered! The situation of Columbus when, after his long voyage, he first descried the shores of the new world he had so adventurously sailed to explore, was one of moral and intellectual grandeur. So was the position of Milton, when old, and blind, and poor, he had realised the dream of his youth, completed his great epic, and sent it forth on its voyage of immortality. But the situation of Newton was one still more transcendent. His feelings were perhaps the most strange—the most sublime—ever permitted to mortality. He had laid his hand on the key of Nature's secrets, and unlocked the mighty mystery—a mystery hidden from mankind for countless ages, and at that moment known only to himself. And in his joy at this vast discovery there was no room for fear or regret. The conqueror or explorer of a new country may sigh to think what sin and suffering may be introduced with civilisation, supplanting the ignorant innocence of the natives; but in this case nothing could result but fresh and astounding proofs of that divine wisdom and law of order which form the harmony of the universe.

The work in which Newton unfolded his simple but sublime system was written in Latin, and appeared in 1687, under the title of 'Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica.' To Newton we owe likewise extensive discoveries in optics, by which the aspect of that science was so entirely changed, that he may justly be termed its founder. He was the first to conceive and demonstrate the divisibility of light into rays of seven different colours, and possessing different degrees of refrangibility. After pursuing his optical investigations during a period of thirty years, he gave to the world, in 1704, a detailed account of his discoveries in an admirable work entitled 'Optics: or a Treatise of the Refractions, Inflections, and Colours of Light.' Besides these, he published various profound mathematical works, which it is unnecessary here to enumerate. Like his illustrious contemporaries, Boyle, Barrow, and Locke, this eminent man devoted much attention to theology as well as to natural science. The prophetic books of Scripture were those which he chiefly investigated; and to his great interest in these studies we owe the composition of his 'Observations upon the Prophecies of Holy Writ, particularly the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse of St. John,' published after his death. Among his manuscripts were found many other theological pieces, mostly on such subjects as the Prophetic Style, the Host of Heaven, the Revelations, the Temple of Solomon, the Sanctuary, the Working of the Mystery of Iniquity, and the Contest between the Host of Heaven and the Transgressors of the Covenant. The whole manuscripts left by Sir Isaac were perused by Dr. Pellet, by agreement with the executors, with the view of publishing such as were thought fit for the press: the report of that gentleman, however, was, that, of the whole mass, nothing but a work on the Chronology of Ancient Kingdoms was adapted for publication. That treatise accordingly appeared; and, contrary to Dr. Pellet's opinion, the 'Observations upon the Prophecies,' already mentioned, were likewise sent to the press. 'An Historical Account of Two Notable Corruptions of Scripture' (John, v. 7, and 1 Tim. iii. 16), also from the pen of Sir Isaac, first appeared in a perfect form in Dr. Horsley's edition of his works in 1779. The timidity, no less than the profound humility, of this great man led him to shrink from any publication likely to lead to controversy, and perhaps the only defect in his noble nature was this morbidly sensitive and somewhat suspicious temperament. We subjoin a specimen of his remarks on

The Prophetic Language.

For understanding the prophecies, we are, in the first place, to acquaint ourselves with the figurative language of the prophets. This language is taken from the analogy between the world natural, and an empire or kingdom considered as a world politic.

Accordingly the whole world natural, consisting of heaven and earth, signifies the whole world politic, consisting of thrones and people; or so much of it as is considered in the prophecy. And the things in that world signifies the analogous things in this. For the heavens, and the things therein, signify thrones and dignities, and those who enjoy them; and the earth, with the things thereon, the inferior people; and the lowest parts of the earth, called Hades, or Hell, the lowest or most miserable part of them. Whence, ascending towards heaven, and descending to the earth, are put for rising and falling in power and honour; rising out of the earth or waters, and falling into them, for the rising up to any dignity, or dominion, out of the inferior state of the people, or falling down from the same into that inferior state; descending into the *lower parts of the earth*, for descending to a very low and unhappy state; *speaking with a faint voice out of the dust*, for being in a weak and low condition; *moving from one place to another*, for translation from one office, dignity, or de-minion to another; great earthquakes, and the shaking of heaven and earth, for the shaking of dominions, so as to distract or overthrow them; the creating a new heaven and earth, and the passing away of an old one, or the beginning and end of the world, for the rise and reign of the body politic signified thereby.

In the heavens, the sun and moon are, by the interpreters of dreams, put for the persons of kings and queens. But in sacred prophecy, which regards not single persons, the sun is put for the whole species and race of kings, in the kingdom or kingdoms of the world politic, shining with regal power and glory; the moon for the body of the common people, considered as the king's wife; the stars for subordinate princes and great men, or for bishops and rulers of the people of God, when the sun is Christ; light for the glory, truth, and knowledge, wherewith great and good men shine and illuminate others; darkness for obscurity of condition, and for error, blindness, and ignorance; darkening, smiting, or setting of the sun, moon, and stars, for the ceasing of a kingdom, or for the desolation thereof, proportional to the darkness: darkening the sun, turning the moon into blood, and falling of the stars, for the same; new moons, for the return of a dispersed people into a body politic or ecclesiastic.

Fire and meteors refer to both heaven and earth, and signify as follows: Burning anything with fire, is put for the consuming thereof by war; a conflagration of the earth, or turning a country into a lake of fire, for the consumption of a kingdom by war; the being in a furnace, for the being in slavery under another nation; the ascending up of the smoke of any burning thing for ever and ever, for the continuation of a conquered people under the misery of perpetual subjection and slavery; the scorching heat of the sun, for vexatious wars, persecutions, and troubles inflicted by the king; riding on the clouds, for reigning over much people; covering the sun with a cloud, or with smoke, for oppression of the king by the armies of an enemy; tempestuous winds, or the motion of clouds, for wars; thunder, or the voice of a cloud, for the voice of a multitude; a storm of thunder, lightning, hail, and overflowing rain, for a tempest of war descending from the heavens and clouds politic on the heads of their enemies; rain, if not immoderate, and dew, and living water, for the graces and doctrines of the Spirit; and the defect of rain, for spiritual barrenness.

In the earth, the dry land and congregated waters, as a sea, a river, a flood, are put for the people of several regions, nations, and dominions; imbittering of waters, for great affliction of the people by war and persecution; turning things into blood, for the mystical death of bodies politic—that is, for their dissolution; the overflowing of a sea or river, for the invasion of the earth politic, by the people of the waters; drying up of waters, for the conquests of their regions by the earth; fountains of waters, for cities, the permanent heads of rivers politic; mountains and islands, for the cities of the earth and sea politic, with the territories and dominions belonging to those cities; dens and rocks of mountains, for the temples of cities; the hiding of men in those dens and rocks, for the shutting up of idols in their temples; houses and ships, for families, assemblies, and towns in the earth and sea politic; and a navy of ships of war, for an army of that kingdom that is signified by the sea.

Animals also, and vegetables, are put for the people of several regions and conditions; and particularly trees, herbs, and land-animals, for the people of the earth politic; flags, reeds, and fishes, for those of the waters politic; birds and insects, for those of the politic heaven and earth: a forest for a kingdom; and a wilderness, for a desolate and thin people.

If the world politic, considered in prophecy, consists of many kingdoms, they are represented by as many parts of the world natural, as the noblest by the celestial frame, and then the moon and clouds are put for the common people; the less noble, by the earth, sea, and rivers, and by the animals or vegetables, or buildings therein; and then the greater and more powerful animals and taller trees, are put for kings, princes, and nobles. And because the whole kingdom is the body politic of the king, therefore the sun, or a tree, or a beast, or bird, or a man, whereby the king is represented, is put in a large signification for the whole kingdom; and several animals, as a lion, a bear, a leopard, a goat, according to their qualities, are put for several kingdoms and bodies politic; and sacrificing of beasts, for slaughtering and conquering of kingdoms; and friendship between beasts, for peace between kingdoms. Yet sometime vegetables and animals are, by certain epithets or circumstances, extended to other significations; as a tree, when called the 'tree of life' or 'of knowledge;' and a beast, when called 'the old serpent,' or worshipped.

A question with respect to Sir Isaac Newton excited much controversy in the literary world. During the last forty years of his life, the inventive powers of this great philosopher seemed to have lost their activity; he made no further discoveries, and, in his later scientific publications, imparted to the world only the views which he had formed in early life. In the article 'Newton' in the French 'Biographie Universelle,' written by M. Biot, a statement was for the first time advanced, that his mental powers were impaired by an attack of insanity, which occurred in the years 1692 and 1693. That Newton's mind was much out of order at the period mentioned, appears to be satisfactorily proved. Mr. Abraham de la Pryme, a Cambridge student, under date the 3d of February 1692–3, relates, in a passage which Brewster has published, the loss of Newton's papers by fire while he was at chapel; adding, that when the philosopher came home, 'and had seen what was done, every one thought he would have run mad; he was so troubled thereat, that he was not himself for a month after.' Newton himself, writing on the 13th September 1693 to Pepys, secretary to the Admiralty, says: 'I am extremely troubled at the embroilment I am in, and have neither ate nor slept well this twelvemonth, nor have my former consistency of mind.' Again, on the 16th of the same month, he writes to his friend Locke in the following remarkable manner:

SIR—Being of opinion that you endeavoured to embroil me with women, and by other means, I was so much affected with it, as when one told me you were sickly, and would not live, I answered, 'twere better if you were dead. I desire you to forgive me this uncharitableness; for I am now satisfied that what you have done is just, and I beg your pardon for my having hard thoughts of you for it, and for representing that you struck at the root of morality, in a principle you laid in your book of Ideas, and designed to pursue in another book, and that I took you for a Hobbist. I beg your pardon, also, for saying or thinking that there was a design to sell me an office, or to embroil me. I am your most humble and unfortunate servant.—IS. NEWTON.

The answer of Locke is admirable for the gentle and affectionate spirit in which it is written:

SIR—I have been, ever since I first knew you, so entirely and sincerely your friend and thought you so much mine, that I could not have believed what you tell me of yourself, had I had it from anybody else. And though I cannot but be mightily troubled that you should have had so many wrong and unjust thoughts of me, yet, next to the return of good offices, such as from a sincere good-will I have ever done you, I receive your acknowledgment of the contrary as the kindest thing you could have done me, since it gives me hopes that I have not lost a friend I so much valued. After what your letter expresses, I shall not need to say anything to justify myself to you. I shall always think your own reflection on my carriage both to you and all mankind will sufficiently do that. Instead of that, give me leave to assure you, that I am more ready to forgive you than you can be to desire it; and I do it so freely and fully, that I wish for nothing more than the opportunity to convince you that I truly love and esteem you; and that I have still the same good-will for you as if nothing of this had happened. To confirm this to you more fully, I should be glad to meet you anywhere, and the rather, because the conclusion of your letter makes me apprehend it would not be wholly useless to you. But whether you think it fit or not, I leave wholly to you. I shall always be ready to serve you to my utmost, in any way you shall like, and shall only need your commands or permission to do it.

My book is going to press for a second edition; and though I can answer for the design with which I writ it, yet since you have so opportunely given me notice of what you have said of it, I should take it as a favour if you would point out to me the places that gave occasion to that censure, that, by explaining myself better, I may avoid being mistaken by others, or unawares doing the least prejudice to truth or virtue. I am sure you are so much a friend to them both, that were you none to me, I could expect this from you. But I cannot doubt but you would do a great deal more than this for my sake, who, after all, have all the concern of a friend for you, wish you extremely well, and am, without compliment, &c.

To this Sir Isaac replied on the 5th of October:

SIR—The last winter, by sleeping too often by my fire, I got an ill habit of sleeping: and a distemper, which this summer has been epidemical, put me further out of order, so that when I wrote to you, I had not slept an hour a-night for a fortnight together, and for five days together not a wink. I remember I wrote you, but what I said of your book I remember not. If you please to send me a transcript of that passage, I will give you an account of it if I can. I am your most humble servant—IS. NEWTON.

On the 26th September, Pepys wrote to a friend of his, at Cambridge, a Mr. Millington, making inquiry about Newton's mental condition, as he had 'lately received a letter from him so surprising to me for the inconsistency of every part of it, as to be put into great disorder by it, from the concernment I have for him, lest it should arise from that which of all mankind I should least dread from him, and most lament for—I mean a discomposure in head, or mind, or both.' Millington answers on the 30th, that, two days previously, he had met Newton at Huntingdon; 'where,' says he, 'upon his own accord, and before I had time to ask him any question, he told me that he had writ to you a very odd letter, at which he was much concerned; and added, that it was a distember that much seized his head, and that kept him awake for about five nights together; which upon occasion he desired I would represent to you, and beg your pardon, he being very much ashamed he should be so rude to a person for whom he hath so great an honour. He is now very well, and though I fear he is under some small degree of melancholy, yet I think there is no reason to suspect it hath at all touched his understanding, and I hope never will.'

This conclusion is proved to have been the correct one. Sir David Brewster has examined the point at some length in his elaborate 'Life of Newton,' 2 vols. 1855, and has established the fact that the great philosopher's illness was temporary. Sir David had access to the papers in the possession of Lord Portsmouth, the descendant of Newton's niece, Mrs. Barton, and has thrown much light on the private character and social relations of Sir Isaac, besides describing his discoveries in fluxions, optics, and gravitation. Among the papers thus published for the first time, is the following account, by Sir Isaac, of his religious faith or belief:

Religious Belief of Sir Isaac Newton.

1. There is one God the Father, ever living, omnipresent, omniscient, almighty, the maker of heaven and earth, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus.

2. The Father is the invisible God whom no eye hath seen, nor can see. All other beings are sometimes visible.

3. The Father hath life in himself, and hath given the Son to have life in himself.

4. The Father is omniscient, and hath all knowledge originally in his own breast, and communicates knowledge of future things to Jesus Christ; and none in heaven or earth, or under the earth, is worthy to receive knowledge of future things immediately from the Father, but the Lamb. And, therefore, the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy, and Jesus is the Word or Prophet of God.

5. The Father is immovable, no place being capable of becoming emptier or fuller of him than it is by the eternal necessity of nature. All other beings are movable from place to place.

6. All the worship—whether of prayer, praise, or thanksgiving—which was due to the Father before the coming of Christ, is still due to him. Christ came not to diminish the worship of his Father.

7. Prayers are most prevalent when directed to the Father in the name of the Son.

8. We are to return thanks to the Father alone for creating us, and giving us food and raiment and other blessings of this life, and whatsoever we are to thank him for, or desire that he would do for us, we ask of him immediately in the name of Christ.

9. We need not pray to Christ to intercede for us. If we pray the Father aright, he will intercede.

10. It is not necessary to salvation to direct our prayers to any other than the Father in the name of the Son.

11. To give the name of God to angels or kings, is not against the First Commandment. To give the worship of the God of the Jews to angels or kings, is against it. The meaning of the commandment is, Thou shalt worship no other God but me.

12. To us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him. This is, we are to worship the Father alone as God Almighty, and Jesus alone as the Lord, the Messiah, the Great King, the Lamb of God, who was slain, and hath redeemed us with his blood, and made us kings and priests.

The character and most prominent discoveries of Newton are summed up in his epitaph, of which the following is a translation: 'Here lies interred ISAAC NEWTON, Knight, who, with an energy of mind almost divine, guided by the light of mathematics purely his own, first demonstrated the motions and figures of the planets, the paths of comets, and the causes of the tides; who discovered, what before his time no one had even suspected, that rays of light are differently refrangible, and that this is the cause of colours; and who was a diligent, penetrating, and faithful interpreter of nature, antiquity, and the sacred writings. In his philosophy, he maintained the majesty of the Supreme Being; in his manners, he expressed the simplicity of the gospel. Let mortals congratulate themselves that the world has seen so great and excellent a man, the glory of human nature.' Newton died March 20, 1727

CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

JAMES HOWELL.

JAMES HOWELL (1594–1666) was one of the most intelligent travellers and pleasing miscellaneous writers in the early part of the seventeenth century. Born in Caermarthenshire, he received his education at Hereford and Oxford, and repaired to London in quest of employment. He was there appointed steward to a patent-glass manufactory, in which capacity he went abroad, to procure materials and engage workmen. In the course of his travels, which lasted three years, he visited many commercial towns in Holland, Flanders, France, Spain, and Italy; and, being possessed of an acute and inquiring mind, laid up a store of useful observations on men and manners, besides acquiring an extensive knowledge of modern languages. His connection with the glass-company soon after ceased, and he again visited France as the travelling companion of a young gentleman. After this he was sent to Spain (1622), as agent for the recovery of an English vessel which had been seized in Sardinia on a charge of smuggling; but all hopes of obtaining redress being destroyed by the breaking off of Prince Charles's proposed marriage with the Infanta, he returned to England in 1624. His next office was that of secretary to Lord Scrope, as President of the North; and in 1627 he was chosen by the corporation of Richmond to be one of their representatives in parliament. Three years afterwards, he visited Copenhagen as secretary to the English ambassador. About the beginning of the Civil War, he was appointed one of the Clerks of Council; but being 'prodigally inclined,' according to Anthony à Wood, 'and therefore runneth much into debt,' he was imprisoned in the Fleet, by order of a committee of parliament. Here he remained till after the king's death, supporting himself by translating and composing a variety of works. At the Restoration, he became historiographer royal, being the first who ever enjoyed that title; and he continued his literary avocations till his death in 1666. Of upwards of forty publications of this lively and sensible writer, none is now generally read except his 'Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ, or Familiar Letters,' which were published in four successive instalments, in 1645, 1647, 1650, and 1655. This work is considered to be the earliest specimen of epistolary literature in the language. The letters are dated from various places at home and abroad; and though some of them are supposed to have been composed from memory while the author was in the Fleet Prison, the greater number seem to bear sufficient internal evidence of having been written at the times and places indicated. His remarks on the leading events and characters of the time, as well as the description of what he saw in foreign countries, and the reflections with which his Letters abound, contribute to render the work one of permanent interest and value.

Letter from Venice.

These wishes come to you from Venice, a place where there is nothing wanting that heart can wish; renowned Venice, the admired'st city in the world, a city that all Europe is bound unto, for she is her greatest rampart against that huge eastern tyrant, the Turk, by sea; else, I believe, he had overrun all Christendom by this time. Against him this city hath performed notable exploits, and not only against him, but divers others: she hath restored emperors to their thrones, and popes to their chairs, and with her galleys often preserved St. Peter's bark from sinking: for which, by way of reward, one of his successors espoused her to the sea, which marriage is solemnly renewed every year in solemn procession by the Doge and all the Clarissimos, and a gold ring cast into the sea out of the great galeasse, called the Bucentoro, wherein the first ceremony was performed by the pope himself, above three hundred years since, and they say it is the self-same vessel still, though often put upon the careen and trimmed. This made me think on that famous ship at Athens; nay, I fell upon an abstracted notion in philosophy, and a speculation touching the body of man, which being in perpetual flux, and a kind of succession of decays, and consequently requiring, ever and anon, a restoration of what it loseth of the virtue of the former aliment, and what was converted after the third concoction into a blood and fleshy substance, which, as in all other sublunary bodies that have internal principles of heat, useth to transpire, breathe out, and waste away through invisible pores, by exercise, motion, and sleep, to make room still for a supply of new nurriture: I fell, I say, to consider whether our bodies may be said to be of like condition with this Bucentoro, which, though it be reputed still the same vessel, yet I believe there's not a foot of that timber remaining which it had upon the first dock, having been, as they tell me, so often planked and ribbed, caulked and pieced. In like manner, our bodies may be said to be daily repaired by new sustenance, which begets new blood, and consequently new spirits, new humours, and, I may say, new flesh; the old by continual deperdition and insensible perspirations, evaporating still out of us, and giving way to fresh; so that I make a question whether, by reason of these perpetual reparations and accretions, the body of man may be said to be the same numerical body in his old age that he had in his manhood, or the same in his manhood that he had in his youth, the same in his youth that he carried about with him in his childhood, or the same in his childhood which he wore first in the womb. I make a doubt whether I had the same identical, individually numerical body, when I carried a calf-leather satchel to school in Hereford, as when I wore a lambskin hood in Oxford; or whether I have the same mass of blood in my veins, and the same flesh, now in Venice, which I carried about me three years since, up and down London streets, having, in lieu of beer and ale, drunk wine all this while, and fed upon different viands. Now, the stomach is like a crucible, for it hath a chemical kind of virtue to transmute one body into another, to transubstantiate fish and fruits into flesh within and about us; but though it be questionable whether I wear the same flesh which is fluxible, I am sure my hair is not the same, for you may remember I went flaxen-haired out of England, but you shall find me returned with a very dark brown, which I impute not only to the heat and air of those hot countries I have eat my bread in, but to the quality and difference of food: you will say that hair is but an excrementitious thing, and makes not to this purpose; moreover, methinks I hear thee say that this may be true only in the blood and spirits, or such fluid parts, not in the solid and heterogeneal parts. But I will press no further at this time this philosophical notion, which the sight of Bucentoro infused into me, for it hath already made me exceed the bounds of a letter, and, I fear me, to trespass too much upon your patience; I leave the further disquisition of this point to your own contemplations, who are a far riper philosopher than I, and have waded deeper into and drunk more of Aristotle's well. But, to conclude, though it be doubtful whether I carry about me the same body or no in all points that I had in England, I am well assured I bear still the same mind, and therein I verify the old verse:

Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.

The air, but not the mind, they change,
Who in outlandish countries range.

For, what alterations soever happen in this microcosm, in this little world, this small bulk and body of mine, you may be confident that nothing shall alter my affections, specially towards you, but that I will persevere still the same—the very same

VENICE, 25*th June*, 1621. J. H.

Letter from Rome.

I am now come to Rome, and Rome, they say, is every man's country; she is called *Communis Patria*, for every one that is within the compass of the Latin Church finds himself here, as it were, at home, and in his mother's house, in regard of interest in religion, which is the cause that for one native there be five strangers that sojourn in this city; and without any distinction or mark of strangeness, they come to preferments and offices, both in church and state, according to merit, which is more valued and sought after here than anywhere.

But whereas I expected to have found Rome elevated upon seven hills, I met her rather spreading upon a flat, having humbled herself, since she was made a Christian, and descended from those hills to Campus Martius; with Trastevere, and the suburbs of Saint Peter, she hath yet in compass about fourteen miles, which is far short of that vast circuit she had in Claudius his time; for Vopiscus writes she was then of fifty miles' circumference, and she had five hundred thousand free citizens in a famous cense that was made, which, allowing but six to every family in women, children, and servants, came to three millions of souls; but she is now a wilderness in comparison of that number. The pope is grown to be a great temporal prince of late years, for the state of the church extends above three hundred miles in length, and two hundred miles in breadth; it contains Ferrara, Bologna, Romagnia, the Marquisate of Ancona, Umbria, Sabina, Perugia, with a part of Tuscany, the patrimony, Rome herself, and Latium. In these there are above fifty bishoprics; the pope hath also the duchy of Spoleto, and the exarchate of Ravena; he hath the town of Benevento in the kingdom of Naples, and the country of Veniesa, called Avignon, in France. He hath title also good enough to Naples itself; but, rather than offend his champion, the king of Spain, he is contented with a white mule, and purse of pistoles about the neck, which he receives every year for a heriot or homage, or what you will call it; he pretends also to be lord-paramount of Sicily, Urbia, Parma, and Masseran; of Norway, Ireland, and England, since King John did prostrate our crown at Pandulfo his legate's feet.

The state of the apostolic see here in Italy lieth 'twixt two seas, the Adriatic and the Tyrrhene, and it runs through the midst of Italy, which makes the pope powerful to do good or harm, and more capable than any other to be an umpire or an enemy. His authority being mixed 'twixt temporal and spiritual, disperseth itself into so many members, that a young man may grow old here before he can well understand the form of government.

The consistory of cardinals meet but once a week, and once a week they solemnly wait all upon the pope. I am told there are now in Christendom but sixty-eight cardinals. whereof there are six cardinal bishops, fifty-one cardinal priests, and eleven cardinal deacons. The cardinal bishops attend and sit near the pope, when he celebrates any festival; the cardinal priests assist him at mass; and the cardinal deacons attire him. A cardinal is made by a short breve or writ from the pope in these words: '*Creamus te socium regibus, superiorem ducibus. et fratrem nostrum*' [' We create thee a companion to kings, superior to dukes, and our brother ']. If a cardinal bishop should be questioned for any offence, there must be twenty-four witnesses produced against him. The bishop of Ostia hath most privilege of any other, for he consecrates and installs the pope, and goes always next to him. All these cardinals have the repute of princes, and besides other incomes, they have the annats of benefices to support their greatness.

For point of power, the pope is able to put 50,000 men in the field, in case of necessity, besides his naval strength in galleys. We read how Paul III. sent Charles III. twelve thousand foot and five hundred horse. Pius V. sent a greater aid to Charles IX.; and for riches, besides the temporal dominions he hath in all the countries before named, the datany or despatching of bulls, the triennial subsidies, annats, and other ecclesiastical rights, mount to an unknown sum; and it is a common saying here, that as long as the pope can finger a pen, he can want no pence. Pius V. notwithstanding his expenses in buildings, left four millions in the Castle of Saint Angelo in less than five years; more, I believe, than this Gregory XV. will, for he hath many nephews; and better is it to be the pope's nephew, than to be a favourite to any prince in Christendom.

Touching the temporal government of Rome, and oppidan affairs, there is a prætor and some choice citizens, which sit in the capitol. Among other pieces of policy, there is a synagogue of Jews permitted here—as in other places of Italy—under the pope's nose, but they go with a mark of distinction in their hats; they are tolerated for advantage of commerce, wherein the Jews are wonderful dexterous, though most of them be only brokers and Lombardeers; and they are held to be here as the cynic held women to be—*malum necessarium*. . . .

Present Rome may be said to be but a monument of Rome past, when she was in that flourish that St. Austin desired to see her in. She who tamed the world, tamed herself at last, and falling under her own weight, fell to be a prey to time; yet there is a providence seems to have a care of her still; for though her air be not so good, nor her circumjacent soil so kindly as it was, yet she has wherewith to keep life and soul together still, by her ecclesiastical courts, which is the sole cause of her peopling now; so that it may be said, when the pope came to be her head, she was reduced to her first principles; for as a shepherd was founder, so a shepherd is still governor and preserver.

Description of the Wine Countries.

Greece, with all her islands, Italy, Spain, France, one part of four of Germany, Hungary, with divers countries thereabouts, all the islands in the Mediterranean and Atlantic sea, are wine-countries.

The most generous wines of Spain grow in the midland parts of the continent, and St. Martin bears the bell, which is near the court. Now, as in Spain, so in all other wine-countries, one cannot pass a day's journey but he will find a differing race of wine; those kinds that our merchants carry over are those only that grow upon the sea-side, as Malagas, Sherries, Tents, and Alicants; of this last there's little comes over right; therefore the vintners make Tent—which is a name for all wines in Spain, except white—to supply the place of it. There is a gentle kind of white wine grows among the mountains of Galicia, but not of body enough to bear the sea, called Rabidavia. Portugal affords no wines worth the transporting.[*] They have an odd stone we call Yef, which they use to throw into their wines, which clarifieth it, and makes it more lasting. There's also a drink in Spain called Alosha, which they drink between meals in hot weather, and 'tis a hydromel made of water and honey; much of them take of our mead. In the court of Spain there's a German or two that brew beer; but for that ancient drink of Spain which Pliny speaks of, composed of flowers, the receipt thereof is utterly lost.

In Greece there are no wines that have bodies enough to bear the sea for long voyages; some few Muscadels and Malmsies are brought over in small casks: nor is there in Italy any wine transported to England but in bottles, as Verde and others; for the length of the voyage makes them subject to pricking, and so lose colour by reason of their delicacy.

France, participating of the climes of all the countries about her, affords wines of quality accordingly; as, towards the Alps and Italy, she hath a luscious rich wine called Frontiniac. In the country of Provence, towards the Pyrenees in Languedoc, there are wines concustable with those of Spain; one of the prime sort of white wines is that of Beaume; and of clarets, that of Orleans, though it be interdicted to wine the king's cellar with it, in respect of the corrosiveness it carries with it. As in France, so in all other wine-countries, the white is called the female, and the claret or red wine is called the male, because commonly it hath more sulphur, body, and heat in't: the wines that our merchants bring over upon the river of Garonne, near Bordeaux, in Gascony, which is the greatest mart for wines in all France. The Scot, because he hath always been a useful confederate to France against England, hath (among other privileges) right of pre-emption of first choice of wines in Bordeaux; he is also permitted to carry his ordnance to the very walls of the town, whereas the English are forced to leave them at Blay, a good way distant down the river. There is a hard green wine, that grows about Rochelle, and the islands thereabouts, which the cunning Hollander sometimes used to fetch, and he hath a trick to put a bag of herbs, or some other infusions, into it—as he doth brimstone in Rhenish—to give it a whiter tincture and more sweetness; then they re-embark it for England, where it passeth for Bachrag, and this is called stuming of wines. In Normandy there's little or no wine at all grows; therefore the common drink of that country is cider, specially in low Normandy. There are also many beer-houses in Paris and elsewhere; but though their barley and water be better than ours or that of Germany, and though they have English and Dutch brewers among them, yet they cannot make beer in that perfection.

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[*] The importation of wines from Portugal dates from the reign of Charles II. In 1703, the Methuen Treaty was entered into with Portugal, binding England to receive her produce at a rate of one-third less than on that of France. Port then became the most important wine for British use. Since the reduction of duty on French wines, the consumption of port has greatly declined.

The prime wines of Germany grow about the Rhine, specially in the Psallts or lower Palatinate about Bachrag, which hath its etymology from Bachiara; for in ancient times there was an altar erected there to the honour of Bacchus, in regard of the richness of the wines. Here, and all France over, 'tis held a great part of incivility for maidens to drink wine until they are married, as it is in Spain for them to wear high shoes, or to paint till then. The German mothers, to make their sons fall into a hatred of wine, do use, when they are little, to put some owls' eggs into a cup of Rhenish, and sometimes a little living eel, which twingling in the wine while the child is drinking, so scares him, that many come to abhor and have an antipathy to wine all their lives after. From Bachrag the first stock of vines which grow now in the grand Canary Island were brought, which, with the heat of the sun and the soil, is grown now to that height of perfection, that the wines which they afford are accounted the richest, the most firm, the best bodied, and lastingst wine, and the most defecated from all earthly grossness, of any other whatsoever; it hath little or no sulphur at all in't, and leaves less dregs behind, though one drink it to excess. French wines may be said but to pickle meat in the stomachs, but this is the wine that digests, and doth not only breed good blood, but it nutrifieth also, being a glutinous substantial liquor: of this wine, if of any other, may be verified that merry induction, 'that good wine makes good blood, good blood causeth good humours, good humours cause good thoughts, good thoughts bring forth good works, good works carry a man to heaven—ergo, good wine carrieth a man to heaven.' If this be true, surely more English go to heaven this way than any other; for I think there's more Canary brought into England than to all the world besides. I think also, there is a hundred times more drunk under the name of Canary wine than there is brought in; for Sherries and Malagas, well-mingled, pass for Canaries in most taverns, more often than Canary itself; else I do not see how 'twere possible for the vintner to save by it, or to live by his calling, unless he were permitted sometimes to be a brewer. When Sacks and Canaries were brought in first among us, they were used to be drunk in aqua-vitæ measures, and 'twas held fit only for those to drink who were used to carry their legs in their hands, their eyes upon their noses, and an almanac in their bones; but now they go down every one's throat, both young and old, like milk.

The countries that are freest from excess of drinking are Spain and Italy. If a woman can prove her husband to have been thrice drunk, by the ancient laws of Spain she may plead for a divorce from him. Nor indeed can the Spaniard, being hot-brained, bear much drink, yet I have heard that Gondamar was once too hard for the king of Denmark, when he was here in England. But the Spanish soldiers that have been in the wars of Flanders will take their cups freely, and the Italians also. When I lived t' other side the Alps, a gentleman told me a merry tale of a Ligurian soldier, who had got drunk in Genoa: and Prince Doria going a-horseback to walk the round one night, the soldier took his horse by the bridle, and asked what the price of him was, for he wanted a horse. The prince, seeing in what humour he was, caused him to be taken into a house and put to sleep. In the morning he sent for him, and asked him what he would give for his horse. 'Sir,' said the recovered soldier, 'the merchant that would have bought him last night of your Highness went away betimes in the morning.' The boonest companions for drinking are the Greeks and Germans; but the Greek is the merriest of the two, for he will sing, and dance, and kiss his next companions; but the other will drink as deep as he. If the Greek will drink as many glasses as there be letters in his mistress's name, the other will drink the number of his years; and though he be not apt to break out in singing, being not of so airy a constitution, yet he will drink often musically a health to every one of these six notes, *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la*; which, with his reason, are all comprehended in this hexameter:

Ut relivet miserum fatum solitosque labores.

The fewest draughts he drinks are three—the first to quench the thirst past, the second to quench the present thirst, the third to prevent the future. I heard of a company of Low Dutchmen that had drunk so deep, that beginning to stagger, and their heads turning round, they thought verily they were at sea, and that the upper chamber where they were was a ship, insomuch that, it being foul windy weather, they fell to throw the stools and other things out of the window, to lighten the vessel, for fear of suffering shipwreck.

From another of Howell's works, entitled 'Instructions for Foreign Travel,' published in 1642, and which, like his Letters, contains many acute and humorous observations on men and things, we extract the following passage on the

Tales of Travellers.

Others have a custom to be always relating strange things and wonders (of the humour of Sir John Maundeville), and they usually present them to the hearers through multiplying-glasses, and thereby cause the thing to appear far greater than it is in itself; they make mountains of mole-hills, like Charenton Bridge echo, which doubles the sound nine times. Such a traveller was he that reported the Indian fly to be as big as a fox, China birds to be as big as some horses, and their mice to be as big as monkeys; but they have the wit to fetch this far enough off, because the hearer may rather believe it than make a voyage so far to disprove it.

Every one knows the tale of him who reported he had seen a cabbage under whose leaves a regiment of soldiers were sheltered from a shower of rain. Another who was no traveller, yet the wiser man, said he had passed by a place where there were 400 brasiers making of a caldron—200 within and 200 without, beating the nails in; the traveller asking for what use that huge caldron was, he told him: 'Sir, it was to boil your cabbage.'

Such another was the Spanish traveller, who was so habituated to hyperbolise and relate wonders, that he became ridiculous in all companies, so that he was forced at last to give order to his man, when he fell into any excess this way, and report anything improbable, he should pull him by the sleeve. The master falling into his wonted hyperboles, spoke of a church in China that was ten thousand yards long; his man, standing behind, and pulling him by the sleeve, made him stop suddenly. The company asking: 'I pray, sir, how broad might that church be?' he replied: 'But a yard broad; and you may thank my man for pulling me by the sleeve, else I had made it foursquare for you.'

SIR THOMAS HERBERT.

The only other traveller of much note at this time was Sir Thomas Herbert, who, in 1626, set out on a journey to the East, and, after his return, published, in 1634, 'A Relation of some Years' Travels into Africa and the Greater Asia, especially the Territory of the Persian Monarchy, and some Parts of the Oriental Indies and Isles adjacent.' In the civil wars of England, Herbert sided with the Parliament, and, when the king was required to dismiss his own servants, was chosen by His Majesty one of the grooms of the bedchamber. Herbert then became much attached to the king, served him with much zeal and assiduity, and was on the scaffold when the ill-fated monarch was brought to the block. After the Restoration, he was rewarded by Charles II. with a baronetcy, and subsequently devoted much time to literary pursuits. In 1678, he wrote 'Threnodia Carolina, containing an Historical Account of the Two Last Years of the Life of King Charles I.' Herbert died in 1682.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1605–1682) was a learned, desultory, but eloquent writer, fond of discussing abstruse and conjectural points, such as only a humourist can seriously concern himself with; and he displays throughout his works the mind rather of an amiable and eccentric scholar, than that of a man who takes an interest in the great concerns of humanity. Browne was born in London, and after being educated at Winchester and Oxford, proceeded to travel, first in Ireland, and subsequently in France, Italy, and Holland. He belonged to the medical profession, and having obtained his doctor's degree at Leyden, settled finally as a practitioner at Norwich. His first work, entitled 'Religio Medici' (The Religion of a Physician), was published surreptitiously in 1642, and next year a perfect copy was issued by himself; it immediately rendered him famous as a literary man. In this singular production he gives a minute account of his opinions, not only on religion, but on a variety of philosophical and fanciful questions, besides affording the reader glimpses into the eccentricities of his personal character. The language of the work is bold and poetical, adorned with picturesque imagery, but frequently pedantic, rugged, and obscure. His next publication, entitled 'Pseudodoxia Epidemica,' or treatise on Vulgar Errors, appeared in 1646. It is much more philosophical in its character than the 'Religio Medici,' and is considered the most solid and useful of his productions. The following enumeration of some of the errors which he endeavours to dispel, will serve both to shew the kind of subjects he was fond of investigating, and to exemplify the notions which prevailed in the seventeenth century: 'That crystal is nothing else but ice strongly congealed; that a diamond is softened or broken by the blood of a goat; that a pot full of ashes will contain as much water as it would without them; that bays preserve from the mischief of lightning and thunder; that an elephant hath no joints; that a wolf, first seeing a man, begets a dumbness in him; that moles are blind; that the flesh of peacocks corrupteth not; that storks will only live in republics and free states; that the chicken is made out of the yolk of the egg; that men weigh heavier dead that alive; that the forbidden fruit was an apple; that there was no rainbow before the Flood; that John the Baptist should not die.' He treats also of the ring-finger; saluting upon sneezing; pigmies; the canicular or dog days; the picture of Moses with horns; the blackness of negroes; the river Nilus; gipsies; Methuselah; the food of John the Baptist; the cessation of oracles; Friar Bacon's brazen head that spoke; the poverty of Belisarius; and the wish of Philoxenus to have the neck of a crane. In 1658, Browne published his 'Hydriotaphia, or Urn Burial, a Discourse on the Sepulchral Urns lately found in Norfolk,' a work not inferior in style to the 'Religio Medici.' Here the author's learning appears in the details which he gives concerning the modes in which the bodies of the dead have been disposed of in different ages and countries; while his reflections on death, oblivion, and immortality are, for solemnity and grandeur, probably unsurpassed in English literature. The occasion would hardly have called forth a work from any less meditative mind. In a field at Walsingham were dug up between forty and fifty urns, containing the remains of human bones, some small brass instruments, boxes, and other fragmentary relics. Coals and burnt substances were found near the same plot of ground, and hence it was conjectured that this was the *Ustrina*, or place of burning, or the spot whereon the Druidical sacrifices were made. Furnished with a theme for his philosophic musings, Sir Thomas Browne then comments on that vast charnel-house, the earth.

'Nature,' he says, 'hath furnished one part of the earth, and man another. The treasures of time lie high, in urns, coins, and monuments, scarce below the roots of some vegetables. Time hath endless rarities, and shows of all varities; which reveals old things in heaven, makes new discoveries in earth, and even earth itself a discovery. *That great antiquity, America, lay buried for a thousand years;* and a large part of the earth is still in the urn unto us. Though, if Adam were made out of an extract of the earth, all parts might challenge a restitution, yet few have returned their bones far lower than they might receive them; not affecting the graves of giants, under hilly and heavy coverings, but content with less than their own depth, have wished their bones might lie soft, and the earth be light upon them; even such as hope to rise again would not be content with central interment, or so desperately to place their relics as to lie beyond discovery, and in no way to be seen again; which happy contrivance hath made communication with our forefathers, and left unto our view some parts which they never beheld themselves.'

He then successively describes and comments upon the different modes of interment and decomposition—whether by fire ('some apprehending a purifying virtue in fire, refining the grosser commixture, and firing out the ethereal particles so deeply immersed in it'); by making their graves in the air like the Scythians, 'who swore by wind and sword;' or in the sea, like some of the nations about Egypt. 'Men,' he finely remarks, 'have lost their reason in nothing so much as their religion, wherein stones and clouts make martyrs; and since the religion of one seems madness unto another, to afford an account or rational of old rights requires no rigid reader. That they kindled the pyre aversely, or turning their face from it, was a handsome symbol of unwilling ministration; that they washed their bones with wine and milk; that the mother wrapt them in linen and dried them in her bosom, the first *fostering part*, and place of their nourishment; that *they opened their eyes towards* heaven, before they kindled the fire.

as the place of their hopes or original, were no improper ceremonies. Their last valediction, thrice uttered by the attendants, was also very solemn, and somewhat answered by Christians, who thought it too little if they threw not the earth thrice upon the interred body. That, in strewing their tombs, the Romans affected the rose, the Greeks, amaranthus and myrtle; that the funeral pyre consisted of sweet fuel, cypress, fir, larix, yew, and trees perpetually verdant, lay silent expressions of their surviving hopes; wherein Christians, who deck their coffins with bays, have found a more elegant emblem—for that it seeming dead, will restore itself from the root, and its dry and exsuccous leaves resume their verdure again; which, if we mistake not, we have also observed in furze. Whether the planting of yew in churchyards hold not its original from ancient funeral rites, or as an emblem of resurrection, from its perpetual verdure, may also admit conjecture.' Among the beauties of expression in Browne, may be quoted the following eloquent definition: 'Nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature—they being both the servants of His providence. Art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In belief, all things are artificial, for nature is the art of God.' This seems the essence of true philosophy. To the 'Hydriotaphia' is appended a small treatise, called 'The Garden of Cyrus; or the Quincuncial Lozenge, or Network Plantations of the Ancients, artificially, naturally, and mystically considered.' This is written in a similar style, and displays much of the author's whimsical fancy and propensity to laborious trifling. One of the most striking of these fancies has been often quoted. Wishing to denote that it is late, or that he was writing at a late hour, he says that 'the Hyades (the quincunx of heaven) run low—that we are unwilling to spin out our awaking thoughts into the phantasms of sleep—that to keep our eyes open longer were but to act our antipodes—that the huntsmen are up in America—and that they are already past their first sleep in Persia.' This is fantastic, but it is the offspring of genius. Among Browne's posthumous pieces is a collection of aphorisms, entitled 'Christian Morals,' to which Dr. Johnson prefixed a life of the author. He left also various essays on antiquarian and other subjects. Sir Thomas Browne died in 1682, at the age of seventy-seven. He was of a modest and cheerful disposition, retiring in his habits, and sympathised little with the pursuits and feelings of the busy multitude. His opinions were tinged with the credulity of his age. He believed in witchcraft, apparitions, and diabolical illusions; and gravely observes, 'that to those who would attempt to teach animals the art of speech, the dogs and cats that usually speak unto witches may afford some encouragement.'

In the writings of Sir Thomas Browne, the practice of employing Latin words with English terminations is carried to excess. Thus, speaking in his 'Vulgar Errors' of the nature of ice, he says: 'Ice is only water congealed by the frigidity of the air, whereby it acquireth no new form, but rather a consistence or determination of its diffluency, and admitteth not its essence, but condition of fluidity. Neither doth there anything properly conglaciate but water, or watery humidity; for the determination of quicksilver is properly fixation; that of milk, coagulation; and that of oil and unctuous bodies, only incrassation.' He uses abundantly such words as dilucidate, ampliate, manuduction, indigitate, reminiscential, evocation, farraginous, advenient, ariolation, lapidifical.

Those who are acquainted with Dr. Johnson's style will at once perceive the resemblance, particularly in respect to the abundance of Latin words, which it bears to that of Sir Thomas Browne. Indeed, there can be no doubt that the author of the 'Rambler' acquired much of his fondness for pompous and sounding expressions from the writings of the learned knight of Norwich. Coleridge, who was so well qualified to appreciate the writings of Browne, has numbered him among his first favourites. 'Rich in various knowledge, exuberant in conceptions and conceits; contemplative, imaginative, often truly great and magnificent in his style and diction, though, doubtless, too often big, stiff, and *hyper-Latinistic*. He is a quiet and sublime *enthusiast*, with a strong tinge of the *fantast:* the humorist constantly mingling with, and flashing across, the philosopher, as the darting colours in shot-silk play upon the main-dye.' The same writer has pointed out the *entireness* of Browne in every subject before him. He never wanders from it, and he has no occasion to wander; for whatever happens to be his subject, he metamorphoses all nature into it. We may add the complete *originality* of his mind. He seems like no other writer, and his vast and solitary abstractions, stamped with his peculiar style, like the hieroglyphic characters of the East, carry the imagination back into the primeval ages of the world, or forward into the depths of eternity

Oblivion.

What song the sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and counsellors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarianism; not to be resolved by man, nor easily perhaps by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians, or tutelary observators. Had they made as good provision for their names as they have done for their relics, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes, which, in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity, as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes against pride, vainglory, and maddening vices. Pagan vainglories, which thought the world might last for ever, had encouragement for ambition, and finding no Atropos unto the immortality of their names, were never damped with the necessity of oblivion. Even old ambitions had the advantage of ours, in the attempts of their vainglories, who, acting early, and before the probable meridian of time, have by this time found great accomplishment of their designs, whereby the ancient heroes have already out-lasted their monuments and mechanical preservations. But in this latter scene of time we cannot expect such mummies unto our memories, when ambition may fear the prophecy of Elias; (1) and Charles V. can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Hector. (2)

And therefore restless inquietude for the diuturnity of our memories unto present considerations, seems a vanity almost out of date, and superannuated piece of folly. We cannot hope to live so long in our names as some have done in their persons; one face of Janus holds no proportion unto the other. It is too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs. To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope, without injury to our expectations, in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs. We, whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time, are providentially taken off from such imaginations; and being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted unto thoughts of the next world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration, which maketh pyramids pillars of snow, and all that is past a moment.

Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right-lined circle (3) must conclude and shut up all. There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things. Our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us now we may be buried in our survivors. Gravestones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions like many in Gruter, (4) to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets, or first letters of our names, to be studied by antiquaries who we were, and have new names given us, like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.

To be content that times to come should only know there was such a man, not caring whether they knew more of him, was a frigid ambition in Cardan; disparaging his horoscopal inclination and judgment of himself, who cares to subsist, like Hippocrates' patients, or Achilles' horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the *entelechia* and soul of our subsistences. To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief, than Pilate.

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit or perpetuity: who can but pity the founder of the Pyramids. Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it: time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse; confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations; and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon, without the favour of the everlasting register. Who knows whether the best of men be known; or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time. Without the favour of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired: the greatest part must be content to be as though they had not been; to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the Flood; and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox. Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina of life; and even pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes; since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time, that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration: diuturnity is a dream, and folly of expectation.

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1 That the world may last but six thousand years.

2 Hector's fame lasting above two lives of Methuselah, before that famous prince was extant.

3 The character of death.

4 Gruteri Inscriptiones Antiquæ.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which, notwithstanding, is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days; and our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls—a good way to continue their memories, while, having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings; and, enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams. . . .

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end, which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself, and the highest strain of omnipotency to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself; all others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God, who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration; wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration, and to hold long subsistence seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnising nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature. . . .

Pyramids, arches, obelisks were but the irregularities of vainglory, and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity. But the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian religion, which trampleth upon pride, and sits on the neck of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity, unto which all others must diminish their diameters, and be poorly seen in angles of contingency.

Pious spirits, who passed their days in raptures of futurity, made little more of this world than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of pre-ordination and night of their fore-beings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had a handsome anticipation of heaven: the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them.

To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names, and predicament of chimeras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed is to be again ourselves, which being not only a hope but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocent's churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt; ready to be anything in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the moles of Adrianus.

Light the Shadow of God.

Light, that makes things seen, makes some things invisible. Were it not for darkness, and the shadow of the earth, the noblest part of creation had remained unseen, and the stars in heaven as invisible as on the fourth day, when they were created above the horizon with the sun, and there was not an eye to behold them. The greatest mystery of religion is expressed by adumbration, and in the noblest part of Jewish types we find the cherubim shadowing the mercy-seat. Life itself is but the shadow of death, and souls departed but the shadows of the living. All things fall under this name. The sun itself is but the dark Simulachrum, and light but the shadow of God.

Study of God's Works.

The world was made to be inhabited by beasts, but studied and contemplated by man; it is the debt of our reason we owe unto God, and the homage we pay for not being beasts; without this, the world is still as though it had not been, or as it was before the sixth day, when as yet there was not a creature that could conceive or say there was a world. The wisdom of God receives small honour from those vulgar heads that rudely stare about, and with a gross rusticity admire his works; those highly magnify him whose judicious inquiry into his acts, and deliberate research into his creatures, return the duty of a devout and learned admiration.

Ghosts.

I believe that the whole frame of a beast doth perish, and is left in the same state after death as before it was materialed into life; that the souls of men know neither contrary or corruption; that they subsist beyond the body, and outlive death by the privilege of their proper natures, and without a miracle; that the souls of the faithful, as they leave earth, take possession of heaven; that those apparitions and ghosts of departed persons are not the wandering souls of men, but the unquiet walks of devils, prompting and suggesting us unto mischief, blood, and villainy, instilling and stealing into our hearts; that the blessed spirits are not at rest in their graves, but wander solicitous of the affairs of the world; but that those phantasms appear often, and do frequent cemeteries, charnel-houses, and churches, it is because those are the dormitories of the dead, where the devil, like an insolent champion, beholds with pride the spoils and trophies of his victory over Adam.

Of Myself.

For my life it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history, but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable. For the world, I count it not an inn, but an hospital, and a place not to live, but to die in. The world that I regard is myself; it is the microcosm of my own frame that I can cast mine eye on—for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. . . . The earth is a point not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us. That mass of flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind. That surface that tells the heavens it hath an end, cannot persuade me I have any. . . . Whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm, or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity in us—something that was before the heavens, and owes no homage unto the sun. Nature tells me I am the image of God, as well as Scripture. He that understands not thus much, hath not his introduction or first lesson, and hath yet to begin the alphabet of man.

Charity.

But to return from philosophy to charity: I hold not so narrow a conceit of this virtue as to conceive that to give alms is only to be charitable, or think a piece of liberality can comprehend the total of charity. Divinity hath wisely divided the acts thereof into many branches, and hath taught us in this narrow way many paths unto goodness: as many ways as we may do good, so many ways we may be charitable; there are infirmities, not only of body, but of soul and fortunes, which do require the merciful hand of our abilities. I cannot contemn a man for ignorance, but behold him with as much pity as I do Lazarus. It is no greater charity to clothe his body, than apparel the nakedness of his soul. It is an honourable object to see the reasons of other men wear our liveries, and their borrowed understandings do homage to the bounty of ours. It is the cheapest way of beneficence, and, like the natural charity of the sun, illuminates another without obscuring itself. To be reserved and caitiff in this part of goodness, is the sordidest piece of covetousness, and more contemptible than pecuniary avarice. To this, as calling myself a scholar, I am obliged by the duty of my condition: I make not, therefore, my head a grave, but a treasure of knowledge; I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning; I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves. I envy no man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less. I instruct no man as an exercise of my knowledge, or with an intent rather to nourish and keep it alive in mine own head, than beget and propagate it in his; and in the midst of all my endeavours, there is but one thought that dejects me, that my acquired parts must perish with myself, nor can be legacied among my honoured friends. I cannot fall out, or contemn a man for an error, or conceive why a difference in opinion should divide an affection; for controversies, disputes, and argumentations, both in philosophy and in divinity, if they meet with discreet and peaceable natures, do not infringe the laws of charity

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

Sir Matthew Hale (1609-1676) not only acquired some reputation as a literary man, but is celebrated as one of the most upright judges that ever sat upon the English bench. Both in his studies and in the exercise of his profession he displayed uncommon industry, which was favoured by his acquaintance with Selden, who esteemed him so highly as to appoint him his executor. Hale was a judge both in the time of the Commonwealth and under Charles II.; he was appointed Chief-baron of the Exchequer in 1660, and Lord Chief-justice of the King's Bench eleven years afterwards. In the former capacity, one of his most notable and least creditable acts was the condemnation of some persons accused of witchcraft at Bury St. Edmunds in 1664. Amidst the immorality of Charles II.'s reign, Sir Matthew Hale stands out with peculiar lustre as an impartial, incorruptible, and determined administrator of justice. His works are various, but relate chiefly to natural philosophy, divinity, and law. His religious opinions were Calvinistic; and his chief theological work, entitled 'Contemplations, Moral and Divine,' retains considerable popularity. As a specimen of his style, we present part of a letter of advice to his children, written about the year 1662.

On Conversation.

Dear Children—I thank God I came well to Farrington this day, about five o'clock. And as I have some leisure time at my inn, I cannot spend it more to my own satisfaction and your benefit, than, by a letter, to give you some good counsel. The subject shall be concerning your speech; because much of the good or evil that befalls persons arises from the well or ill managing of their conversation. When I have leisure and opportunity, I shall give you my directions on other subjects.

Never speak anything for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth, and not falsehood. It is a great offence against humanity itself; for, where there is no regard to truth, there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker; for, besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind, that he can scarcely tell truth, or avoid lying, even when he has no colour of necessity for it; and, in time, he comes to such a pass, that as other people cannot believe he speaks truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood. As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate, nor speak anything positively for which you have no authority but report, or conjecture, or opinion.

Be not too earnest, loud, or violent in your conversation. Silence your opponent with reason, not with noise. Be careful not to interrupt another when he is speaking; hear him out, and you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer. *Consider before you* speak, especially when the business is of *moment; weigh the sense of what* you mean to utter, and the expressions you intend to use, that they may be significant, pertinent, and inoffensive. Inconsiderate persons do not think till they speak; or they speak, and then think.

Some men excel in husbandry, some in gardening, some in mathematics. In conversation, learn, as near as you can, where the skill or excellence of any person lies; put him upon talking on that subject, observe what he says, keep it in your memory, or commit it to writing By this means you will glean the worth and knowledge of everybody you converse with; and at an easy rate, acquire what may be of use to you on many occasions.

When you are in company with light, vain, impertinent persons, let the observing of their failings make you the more cautious both in your conversation with them and in your general behaviour, that you may avoid their errors.

If a man, whose integrity you do not very well know, makes you great and extraordinary professions, do not give much credit to him. Probably, you will find that he aims at something besides kindness to you, and that when he has served his turn, or been disappointed, his regard for you will grow cool.

Beware also of him who flatters you, and commends you to your face, or to one who, he thinks, will tell you of it; most probably he has either deceived and abused you, or means to do so. Remember the fable of the fox commending the singing of the crow, who had something in her mouth which the fox wanted.

Be careful that you do not commend yourselves. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking, if your own tongue must praise you; and it is fulsome and unpleasing to others to hear such commendations.

Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them, or of anybody, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their amendment, or for the safety and benefit of others.

Avoid, in your ordinary communications, not only oaths, but all imprecations and earnest protestations. Forbear scoffing and jesting at the condition or natural defects of any person. Such offences leave a deep impression; and they often cost a man dear.

Never utter any profane speeches, nor make a jest of any Scripture expressions. When you pronounce the name of God or of Christ, or repeat any passages or words of Holy Scripture, do it with reverence and seriousness, and not lightly, for that is 'taking the name of God in vain.' If you hear of any unseemly expressions used in religious exercises, do not publish them; endeavour to forget them; or, if you mention them at all, let it be with pity and sorrow, not with derision or reproach.

I have little further to add at this time but my wish and command that you will remember the former counsels that I have frequently given you. Begin and end the day with private prayer; read the Scriptures often and seriously; be attentive to the public worship of God. Keep yourselves in some useful employment; for idleness is the nursery of vain and sinful thoughts, which corrupt the mind, and disorder the life. Be kind and loving to one another. Honour your minister. Be not bitter nor harsh to my servants. Be respectful to all. Bear my absence patiently and cheerfully. Behave as if I were present among you and saw you. Remember, you have a greater Father than I am, who always, and in all places, beholds you, and knows your hearts and thoughts. Study to requite my love and care for you with dutifulness, observance, and obedience; and account it an honour that you have an opportunity, by your attention, faithfulness, and industry, to pay some part of that debt which, by the laws of nature and of gratitude, you owe to me. Be frugal in my family, but let there be no want; and provide conveniently for the poor.

I pray God to fill your hearts with his grace, fear, and love, and to let you see the comfort and advantage of serving him; and that his blessing, and presence, and direction, may be with you, and over you all.—I am your ever loving father.

JOHN EARLE.

JOHN EARLE (1601–1665), a native of York, bishop of Worcester, and afterwards of Salisbury, was a very successful miscellaneous writer. He was a man of great learning and eloquence, extremely agreeable and facetious in conversation, and of such excellent moral and religious qualities, that—in the language of Walton—there had lived since the death of Richard Hooker no man 'whom God had blessed with more innocent wisdom, more sanctified learning, or a more pious, peaceable, primitive temper.' He was at one period chaplain and tutor to Prince Charles, with whom he went into exile during the Civil War, after being deprived of his whole property for his adherence to the royal cause. His principal work is entitled 'Microcosmography, or a Piece of the World Discovered, in Essays and Characters,' published about 1628, and often reprinted; it is a valuable storehouse of particulars illustrative of the manners of the times. Among the characters drawn are those of an antiquary, a carrier, a player, a pot-poet, a university dun, and a clown. We shall give the last.

The Clown.

The plain country fellow is one that manures his ground well, but lets himself lie fallow and untilled. He has reason enough to do his business, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He seems to have the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar, for his conversation is among beasts, and his talons none of the shortest, only he eats not grass, because he loves not sallets. His hand guides the plough, and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-mark is the very mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks gee and ree better than English. His mind is not much distracted with objects; but if a good fat cow come in his way, he stands dumb and astonished, and though his haste be never so great, will fix here half an hour's contemplation. His habitation is some poor thatched roof, distinguished from his barn by the loopholes that let out smoke, which the rain had long since washed through, but for the double ceiling of bacon on the inside, which has hung there from his grandsire's time, and is yet to make rashers for posterity. His dinner is his other work, for he sweats at it as much as at his labour; he is a terrible fastener on a piece of beef, and you may hope to stave the guard off sooner. His religion is a part of his copyhold, which he takes from his landlord, and refers it wholly to his discretion: yet if he give him leave, he is a good Christian, to his power (that is), comes to church in his best clothes, and sits there with his neighbours, where he is capable only of two prayers, for rain and fair weather. He apprenends God's blessings only in a good year or a fat pasture, and never praises him but on good ground. Sunday he esteems a day to make merry in, and thinks a bagpipe as essential to it as evening-prayer, where he walks very solemnly after service with his hands coupled behind him, and censures the dancing of his parish. His compliment with his neighbour is a good thump on the back, and his salutation commonly some blunt curse. He thinks nothing to be vices but pride and ill-husbandry, from which he will gravely dissuade the youth, and has some thrifty hobnail proverbs to clout his discourse. He is a niggard all the week, except only market-day, where, if his corn sell well he thinks he may be drunk with a good conscience. He is sensible of no calamity but the burning a stack of corn, or the overflowing of a meadow, and thinks Noah's flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it drowned the world, but spoiled the grass. For death he is never troubled, and if he get in but his harvest before, let it come when it will, he cares not.

PETER HEYLIN.

Among those clerical adherents of the king, who, like Bishop Earle, were despoiled of their goods by the parliament, was **Peter Heylin** (1600–1662), born near Oxford. This industrious writer, who figures at once as a geographer, a divine, a poet, and an historian, composed not fewer than thirty-seven publications, of which one of the most celebrated is his 'Microcosmus, or a Description of the Great World,' first printed in 1621. Among his other works are 'A

Help to English History' (1641), and 'History of the Reformation' (1661). As an historian, he displays too much of the spirit of a partisan and bigot, and stands among the defenders of civil and ecclesiastical tyranny. His works, though now almost forgotten, were much read in the seventeenth century, and portions of them may still be perused with pleasure. After the Restoration, his health suffered so much from disappointment at the neglect of his claims for preferment in the church, that he died soon after, in 1662. In a narrative which he published of a six weeks' tour to France in 1625, he gives the following humorous description of

The French.

The present French is nothing but an old Gaul moulded into a new name: as rash he is, as head-strong, and as hare-brained. A nation whom you shall win with a feather, and lose with a straw; upon the first sight of him, you shall have him as familiar as your sleep, or the necessity of breathing. In one hour's conference you may endear him to you, in the second unbutton him, the third pumps him dry of all his secrets, and he gives them you as faithfully as if you were his ghostly father, and bound to conceal them *sub sigillo confessionis* ['under the seal of confession'] —when you have learned this, you may lay him aside, for he is no longer serviceable. If you have any humour in holding him in a further acquaintance—a favour which he confesseth, and I believe him, he is unworthy of—himself will make the first separation: he hath said over his lesson now unto you, and now must find out somebody else to whom to repeat it. Fare him well; he is a garment whom I would be loath to wear above two days together, for in that time he will be threadbare. *Familiare est hominis omnia sibi remittere* ['It is usual for men to overlook their own faults'], saith Velleius of all; it holdeth most properly in this people. He is very kind-hearted to himself, and thinketh himself as free from wants as he is full; so much he hath in him the nature of a Chinese, that he thinketh all men blind but himself. In this private self-conceitedness he hateth the Spaniard, loveth not the English, and contemneth the German; himself is the only courtier and complete gentleman, but it is his own glass which he seeth in. Out of this conceit of his own excellency, and partly out of a shallowness of brain, he is very liable to exceptions; the least distaste that can be draweth his sword, and a minute's pause sheatheth it to your hand: afterwards, if you beat him into better manners, he shall take it kindly, and cry *serviteur*. In this one thing they are wonderfully like the devil; meekness or submission makes them insolent; a little resistance putteth them to their heels, or makes them your spaniels. In a word—for I have held him too long —he is a walking vanity in a new fashion.

I will give you now a taste of his table, which you shall find in a measure furnished—I speak not of the peasant—but not with so full a manner as with us. Their beef they cut out into such chops, that that which goeth there for a laudable dish, would be thought here a university commons, new served from the hatch. A loin of mutton serves amongst them for three roastings, besides the hazard of making pottage with the rump. Fowl, also, they have in good plenty, especially such as the king found in Scotland; to say truth, that which they have is sufficient for nature and a friend, were it not for the mistress or the kitchen wench. I have heard much fame of the French cooks, but their skill lieth not in the neat handling of beef and mutton. They have—as generally have all this nation—good fancies, and are special fellows for the making of puff-pastes, and the ordering of banquets. Their trade is not to feed the belly, but the palate. It is now time you were set down, where the first thing you must do is to say your grace: private graces are as ordinary there as private masses, and from thence I think they learned them. That done, fall to where you like best; they observe no method in their eating, and if you look for a carver, you may rise fasting. When you are risen, if you can digest the sluttishness of the cookery, which is most abominable at first sight, I dare trust you in a garrison. Follow him to church, and there he will shew himself most irreligious and irreverent; I speak not of all, but the general. At a mass, in Cordeliers' church in Paris, I saw two French papists, even when the most sacred mystery of their faith was celebrating, break out into such a blasphemous and atheistical laughter, that even an Ethnic would have hated it; it was well they were Catholics, otherwise some French hothead or other would have sent them laughing to Pluto.

The French language is, indeed, very sweet and delectable: it is cleared of all harshness, by the cutting and leaving out the consonants, which maketh it fall off the tongue very volubly; yet, in my opinion, it is rather elegant than copious; and, therefore, is much troubled for want of words to find out paraphrases. It expresseth very much of itself in the action; the head, body, and shoulders concur all in the pronouncing of it; and he that hopeth to speak it with a good grace, must have something in him of the mimic. It is enriched with a full number of significant proverbs, which is a great help to the French humour in scoffing; and very full of courtship, which maketh all the people complimental. The poorest cobbler in the village hath his court cringes and his *eau bénite de cour*, his court holy-water, as perfectly as the Prince of Condé.

French Love of Dancing.

At my being there, the sport was dancing, an exercise much used by the French, who do naturally affect it. And it seems this natural inclination is so strong and deep rooted, that neither age nor the absence of a smiling fortune can prevail against it. For on this dancing green there assembleth not only youth and gentry, but also age and beggary; old wives, which could not set foot to ground without a crutch in the streets, had here taught their feet to amble; you would have thought, by the cleanly conveyance and carriage of their bodies, that they had been troubled with the sciatica, and yet so eager in the sport, as if their dancing-days should never be done. Some there was so ragged, that a swift galliard would almost have shaken them into nakedness, and they, also, most violent to have their carcasses directed in a measure. To have attempted the staying of them at home, or the persuading of them to work when they heard the fiddle, had been a task too unwieldly for Hercules. In this mixture of age and condition, did we observe them at their pastime; the rags being so interwoven with the silks, and wrinkled brows so interchangeably mingled with fresh beauties, that you would have thought it to have been a mummery of fortunes; as for those of both sexes which were altogether past action, they had caused themselves to be carried thither in their chairs, and trod the measures with their eyes.*

OWEN FELTHAM.

Owen Feltham or **Fellthan** (*circa* 1610–1678), the author of a work of great popularity in its day, entitled 'Resolves; Divine, Moral, and Political,' is a writer of whose personal history little is known, except that he was of a good Suffolk family, and lived for some years in the house of the Earl of Thomond. The first part of his 'Resolves' appeared in 1628; the second part in 1707, and in two years it had reached the twelfth edition. The work consists of essays moral and religious, in the sententious style of that period, and was perhaps suggested by Bacon's Essays. Mr. Hallam has characterised Feltham as one of our worst writers in point of style. He is, indeed, often affected and obscure, but his essays have a fine vein of moral observation and reflection, with occasional picturesqueness of expression.

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* Goldsmith, a century and a quarter after this period, finely illustrated the same national peculiarity:

> Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
> Have led their children through the mirthful maze:
> And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
> Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.
> *The Traveller.*

Moderation in Grief.

I like of Solon's course, in conforting his constant friend; when, taking him up to the top of a turret, over-looking all the piled buildings, he bids him think how many discontents there had been in those houses since their framing—how many are, and how many will be; then, if he can, to leave the world's calamities, and mourn but for his own. To mourn for none else were hardness and injustice. To mourn for all were endless. The best way is to uncontract the brow, and let the world's mad spleen fret, for that we smile in woes.

Silence was a full answer in that philosopher, that being asked what he thought of human life, said nothing, turned him round, and vanished.

Limitation of Human Knowledge.

Learning is like a river whose head being far in the land, is at first rising little, and easily viewed; but, still as you go, it gapeth with a wider bank, not without pleasure and delightful winding, while it is on both sides set with trees, and the beauties of various flowers. But still the further you follow it, the deeper and the broader 'tis; till at last, it inwaves itself in the unfathomed ocean; there you see more water, but no shore—no end of that liquid, fluid vastness. In many things we may sound Nature, in the shallows of her revelations. We may trace her to her second causes: but, beyond them, we meet with nothing but the puzzle of the soul, and the dazzle of the mind's dim eyes. While we speak of things that are, that we may dissect, and have power and means to find the causes, there is some pleasure, some certainty. But when we come to metaphysics, to long-buried antiquity, and unto unrevealed divinity, we are in a sea, which is deeper than the short reach of the line of man. Much may be gained by studious inquisition; but more will ever rest, which man cannot discover.

Against Readiness to take Offence.

We make ourselves more injuries than are offered us; they many times pass for wrongs in our own thoughts, that were never meant so by the heart of him that speaketh. The apprehension of wrong hurts more than the sharpest part of the wrong done. So, by falsely making ourselves patients of wrong, we become the true and first actors. It is not good, in matters of discourtesy, to dive into a man's mind, beyond his own comment; nor to stir upon a doubtful indignity without it, unless we have proofs that carry weight and conviction with them. Words do sometimes fly from the tongue that the heart did neither hatch nor harbour. While we think to revenge an injury, we many times begin one; and after that, repent our misconceptions. In things that may have a double sense, it is good to think the better was intended; so shall we still both keep our friends and quietness.

Against Detraction.

In some dispositions there is such an envious kind of pride, that they cannot endure that any but themselves should be set forth as excellent; so that, when they hear one justly praised, they will either openly detract from his virtues, or, if those virtues be like a clear and shining light, eminent and distinguished, so that he cannot be safely traduced by the tongue, they will then raise a suspicion against him by a mysterious silence, as if there were something remaining to be told, which overclouded even his brightest glory. Surely, if we considered detraction to proceed, as it does, from envy, and to belong only to deficient minds, we should find that to applaud virtue would procure us far more honour, than underhandedly seeking to disparage her. The former would shew that we loved what we commended, while the latter tells the world we grudge that in others which we want in ourselves. It is one of the basest offices of man to make his tongue the lash of the worthy. Even if we do know of faults in others, I think we can scarcely shew ourselves more nobly virtuous than in having the charity to conceal them; so that we do not flatter or encourage them in their failings. But to relate anything we may know against our neighbour, in his absence, is most unbeseeming conduct. And who will not condemn him as a traitor to reputation and society, who tells the private fault of his friend to the public and ill-natured world? When two friends part, they should lock up one another's secrets, and exchange their keys. The honest man will rather be a grave to his neighbour's errors, than in any way expose them.

Of Neglect.

There is the same difference between diligence and neglect, that there is between a garden properly cultivated and the sluggard's field which fell under Solomon's view, when overgrown with nettles and thorns. The one is clothed with beauty, the other is unpleasant and disgusting to the sight. Negligence is the rust of the soul, that corrodes through all her best resolutions. What nature made for use, for strength, and ornament, neglect alone converts to trouble, weakness, and deformity. We need only sit still, and diseases will arise from the mere want of exercise.

How fair soever the soul may be, yet while connected with our fleshy nature, it requires continual care and vigilance to prevent its being soiled and discoloured. Take the weeders from the *Floralium* and a very little time will change it to a wilderness, and turn that which was before a recreation for men into a habitation for vermin. Our life is a warfare; and we ought not, while passing through it, to sleep without a sentinel, or march without a scout. He who neglects either of these precautions exposes himself to surprise, and to becoming a prey to the diligence and perseverance of his adversary.

The mounds of life and virtue, as well as those of pastures, will decay; and if we do not repair them, all the beasts of the field will enter, and tear up everything good which grows within them. With the religious and well-disposed, a slight deviation from wisdom's laws will disturb the mind's fair peace. Macarius did penance for only killing a gnat in anger. Like the Jewish touch of things unclean, the least miscarriage requires purification. Man is like a watch; if evening and morning he be not wound up with prayer and circumspection, he is unprofitable and false, or serves to mislead. If the instrument be not truly set, it will be harsh and out of tune; the diapason dies, when every string does not perform his part. Surely, without a union to God, we cannot be secure or well. Can he be happy who from happiness is divided? To be united to God, we must be influenced by His goodness, and strive to imitate His perfections. Diligence alone is a good patrimony; but neglect will waste the fairest fortune. One preserves and gathers; the other, like death, is the dissolution of all. The industrious bee, by her sedulity in summer, lives on honey all the winter. But the drone is not only cast out from the hive, but beaten and punished.

No Man can be Good to All.

I never yet knew any man so bad, but some have thought him honest and afforded him love; nor ever any so good, but some have thought him evil and hated him. Few are so stigmatical as that they are not honest to some; and few, again, are so just, as that they seem not to some unequal; either the ignorance, the envy, or the partiality of those that judge, do constitute a various man. Nor can a man in himself always appear alike to all. In some, nature hath invested a disparity; in some, report hath fore-blinded judgment; and in some, accident is the cause of disposing us to love or hate. Or, if not these, the variation of the bodies' humours; or, perhaps, not any of these. The soul is often led by secret motions, and loves she knows not why. There are impulsive privacies which urge us to a liking, even against the parliamental acts of the two houses, reason and the common sense; as if there were some hidden beauty, of a more magnetic force than all that the eye can see; and this, too, more powerful at one time than another. Undiscovered influences please us now, with what we would sometimes contemn. I have come to the same man that hath now welcomed me with a free expression of love and courtesy, and another time hath left me unsaluted at all; yet, knowing him well, I have been certain of his sound affection; and have found this not an intended neglect, but an indisposedness, or a mind seriously busied within. Occasion reins the motions of the stirring mind. Like men that walk in their sleep, we are led about, we neither know whither nor how.

Meditation.

Meditation is the soul's perspective glass; whereby, in her long remove, she discerneth God, as if he were nearer hand. I persuade no man to make it his whole life's business. We have bodies as well as souls; and even this world, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those states are likely to flourish where execution follows sound advisements, so is man when contemplation is seconded by *action. Contemplation generates*; action propagates. Without the first, the latter is defective; without the last, the first is but abortive and embryous. St. Bernard compares contemplation to Rachel, which was the more fair; but action to Leah, which was the more fruitful. I will neither always be busy and doing, nor ever shut up in nothing but thought. Yet that which some would call idleness, I will call the sweetest part of my life, and that is, my thinking.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Cowley (1618–1667) holds a distinguished position among the prose writers of this age; indeed, he has been placed at the head of those who cultivated that clear, easy, and natural style which was subsequently employed and improved by Dryden, Tillotson, Sir William Temple, and Addison. Johnson has pointed out as remarkable the contrast between the simplicity of Cowley's prose, and the stiff formality and affectation of his poetry. 'No author,' says he, 'ever kept his verse and his prose at a greater distance from each other. His thoughts are natural, and his style has a smooth and placid equability, which has never yet obtained its due commendation. Nothing is far-sought or hard-laboured; but all is easy without feebleness, and familiar without grossness.' The prose works of Cowley extend to but sixty folio pages, and consist of 'Essays,' which treat of Liberty, Solitude, Obscurity, Agriculture, The Garden, Greatness, Avarice, The Dangers of an Honest Man in much Company, The Shortness of Life and Uncertainty of Riches, The Danger of Procrastination, Of Myself, &c. He wrote also a 'Discourse, by way of Vision, concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell,' and a 'Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy.' In his Essays, Cowley's longing for peace and retirement is a frequently recurring theme. But he has also wit and humour, with an occasional touch of satire

Of Myself

It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment, that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of myself only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt, than rise up to the estimation of most people. As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew or was capable of guessing what the world, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves, and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holidays, and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn, without book, the common rules of grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now—which, I confess, I wonder at myself—may appear at the latter end of an ode which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed, with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish; but of this part which I here set down, if a very little were corrected, I should hardly now be much ashamed.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
Th' unknown are better than ill-known.
Rumour can ope the grave:
Acquaintance I would have; but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.
My house a cottage. more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, that happy state,
I would not fear nor wish my fate,
But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived to-day.

You may see by it I was even then acquainted with the poets, for the conclusion is taken out of Horace; and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stamped first, or rather engraved, the characters in me. They were like letters cut in the bark of a young tree, which, with the tree, still grow proportionably. But how this love came to be produced in me so early, is a hard question; I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse, as have never since left ringing there: for I remember when I began to read, and take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour—I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion—but there was wont to lie Spenser's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses which I found everywhere there—though my understanding had little to do with all this—and by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme, and dance of the numbers; so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old. With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university; but was soon torn from thence by that public violent storm, which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars, to me, the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest: for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses in the world. Now, though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life; that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant—for that was the state then of the English and the French courts—yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life the nearer I came to it; and that beauty which I did not fall in love with, when, for aught I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me when I saw it was adulterate. I met with several great persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a storm, though I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it. A storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage; though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found anywhere, though I was in business of great and honourable trust, though I eat at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition, in banishment and public distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old schoolboy's wish, in a copy of verses to the same effect:

> Well, then, I now do plainly see
> This busy world and I shall ne'er agree, &c.

And I never then proposed to myself any other advantage from his majesty's happy restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country, which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, who, with no greater probabilities or pretences, have arrived to extraordinary fortunes. But I had before written a shrewd prophecy against myself, and I think Apollo inspired me in the truth, though not in the elegance of it:

> Thou neither great at court nor in the war,
> Nor at the Exchange shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar;
> Content thyself with the small barren praise
> Which thy neglected verse does raise, &c.

However, by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolved on; I cast myself into it a *corpus perditum*, without making capitulations, or taking counsel of fortune. But God laughs at man, who says to his soul, 'Take thy ease:' I met presently not only with many little incumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness—a new misfortune to me—as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine. Yet I do neither repent nor alter my course; *Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum* [I have not falsely sworn]. Nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long, and have now at last married; though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her.

> *Nec vos, dulcissima mundi*
> *Nomina, vos musæ, libertas, otia, libri,*
> *Hortique, sylvæque, anima remanente relinquam.*

> Nor by me e'er shall you,
> You of all names the sweetest and the best,
> You muses, books, and liberty, and rest;
> You gardens, fields, and woods forsaken be,
> As long as life itself forsakes not me.

The Spring-tides of Public Affairs.

I have often observed, with all submission and resignation of spirit to the inscrutable mysteries of Eternal Providence, that when the fulness and maturity of time is come that produces the great confusions and changes in the world, it usually pleases God to make it appear, by the manner of them, that they are not the effects of human force or policy, but of the divine justice and predestination; and, though we see a man, like that which we call Jack of the Clock-house, striking as it were, the hour of that fulness of time, yet our reason must needs be convinced that his hand is moved by some secret, and, to us who stand without, invisible direction. And the stream of the current is then so violent, that the strongest men in the world cannot draw up against it; and none are so weak but they may sail down with it. These are the spring-tides of public affairs, which we see often happen, but seek in vain to discover any certain causes. And one man then, by maliciously opening all the sluices that he can come at, can never be the sole author of all this—though he may be as guilty as if he really were, by intending and imagining to be so—but it is God that breaks up the flood-gates of so general a deluge, and all the art then, and industry of mankind, is not sufficient to raise up dikes and ramparts against it.

The Antiquity of Agriculture.

The three first men in the world were a gardener, a ploughman, and a grazier; and if any man object that the second of these was a murtherer, I desire he would consider that, as soon as he was so, he quitted our profession and turned builder. It is for this reason, I suppose, that Ecclesiasticus forbids us to hate husbandry; 'because,' says he, 'the Most High has created it.' We were all born to this art, and taught by Nature to nourish our bodies by the same earth out of which they were made, and to which they must return, and pay at last for their sustenance. Behold the original and primitive nobility of all these great persons, who are too proud now, not only to till the ground, but almost to tread upon it! We may talk what we please of lilies and lions rampant, and spread eagles in fields *d'or* or *d'argent;* but if heraldry were guided by reason, a plough in a field arable would be the most noble and ancient arms.

Of Obscurity.

What a brave privilege is it to be free from all contentions, from all envying or being envied, from receiving and from paying all kind of ceremonies! It is, in my mind, a very delightful pastime for two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down together, in places where they are by nobody known, nor know anybody. It was the case of Æneas and his Achates, when they walked invisibly about the fields and streets of Carthage. Venus herself

> A veil of thickened air around them cast,
> That none might know, or see them, as they passed.
> VIRG. 1 *Æn.*

The common story of Demosthenes's confession, that he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a tanker-woman say, as he passed: 'This is that Demosthenes,' is wonderfully ridiculous from so solid an orator. I myself have often met with that temptation to vanity, if it were any; but am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it only makes me run faster from the place, till I get, as it were, out of sight-shot. Democritus relates, and in such a manner as if he gloried in the good fortune and commodity of it, that, when he came to Athens, nobody there did so much as take notice of him; and Epicurus lived there very well, that is, lay hid many years in his gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend Metrodorus: after whose death, making, in one of his letters, a kind commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at last that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life, that, in the midst of the most talked-of and talking country in the world, they had lived so long, not only without fame, but almost without being heard of; and yet, within a very few years afterward, there were no two names of men more known or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time; we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that lies in that; whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor, and the hangman more than the lord chief-justice of a city. Every creature has it, both of nature and art, if it be anyways extraordinary. It was as often said: 'This is that Bucephalus,' or, 'This is that Incitatus,' when they were led prancing through the streets, as, 'This is that Alexander,' or, 'This is that Domitian;' and truly, for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a much more honourable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship than he the empire.

I love and commend a true good fame, because it is the shadow of virtue; not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but it is an efficacious shadow, and like that of St. Peter, cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he lives; what it is to him after his death I cannot say, because I love not philosophy merely notional and conjectural, and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by anybody; and so, after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniences of old age, goes more silently out of it than he came in—for I would not have him so much as cry in the exit; this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls him, this *muta persona,* I take to have been more happy in his part than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise; nay, even than Augustus

himself, who asked, with his last breath, whether he had not played his farce very well.

The Danger of Procrastination.

I am glad that you approve and applaud my design of withdrawing myself from all tumult and business of the world, and consecrating the little rest of my time to those studies which nature so motherly inclined me, and from which fortune, like a step-mother, has so long detained me. But, nevertheless, you say (which *but* is *ærugo mera*, a rust which spoils the good metal it grows upon)—but you say you would advise me not to precipitate that resolution, but to stay a while longer with patience and complaisance, till I had gotten such an estate as might afford me—according to the saying of that person, whom you and I love very much, and would believe as soon as another man—*cum dignitate otium*. This were excellent advice to Joshua, who could bid the sun stay too. But there's no fooling with life, when it is once turned beyond forty: the seeking for a fortune then is but a desperate aftergame; 'tis a hundred to one if a man fling two sixes, and recover all; especially if his hand be no luckier than mine.

There is some help for all the defects of fortune; for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter. Epicurus writes a letter to Idomeneus—who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and, it seems, a bountiful person—to recommend to him, who had made so many rich, one Pythocles, a friend of his, whom he desired might be made a rich man too; 'but I entreat you that you would not do it just the same way as you have done to many less deserving persons; but in the most gentlemanly manner of obliging him, which is, not to add anything to his estate, but to take something from his desires.'

The sum of this is, that for the certain hopes of some conveniences, we ought not to defer the execution of a work that is necessary; especially when the use of those things which we would stay for may otherwise be supplied, but the loss of time never recovered; nay, farther yet, though we were sure to obtain all that we had a mind to, though we were sure of getting never so much by continuing the game, yet when the light of life is so near going out, and ought to be so precious, *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*, the play is not worth the expense of the candle; after having been long tossed in a tempest, if our masts be standing, and we have still sail and tackling enough to carry us to port, it is no matter for the want of streamers and topgallants. A gentleman, in our late civil wars, when his quarters were beaten up by the enemy, was taken prisoner, and lost his life afterwards only by staying to put on a band and adjust his periwig: he would escape like a person of quality, or not at all, and died the noble martyr of ceremony and gentility.

Vision of Oliver Cromwell.

I was interrupted by a strange and terrible apparition; for there appeared to me—arising out of the earth as I conceived—the figure of a man, taller than a giant, or indeed than the shadow of any giant in the evening. His body was naked, but that nakedness adorned, or rather deformed, all over with several figures, after the manner of the ancient Britons, painted upon it; and I perceived that most of them were the representation of the late battles in our civil wars, and, if I be not much mistaken, it was the battle of Naseby that was drawn upon his breast. His eyes were like burning brass; and there were three crowns of the same metal, as I guessed, and that looked as red-hot, too, upon his head. He held in his right hand a sword that was yet bloody, and nevertheless, the motto of it was *Pax quæritur bello* ['We war for peace']; and in his left hand a thick book, upon the back of which was written, in letters of gold, Acts, Ordinances, Protestations, Covenants, Engagements, Declarations, Remonstrances, &c.

Though this sudden, unusual, and dreadful object might have quelled a greater courage than mine, yet so it pleased God—for there is nothing bolder than a man in a vision—that I was not at all daunted, but asked him resolutely and briefly: 'What art thou?' And he said: 'I am called the North-west Principality, his highness the Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions belonging thereunto; for I am that Angel to whom the Almighty has committed the government of those three kingdoms, which thou seest from this place.' And I answered and said: 'If it be so, sir, it seems to me that for almost these twenty years past your highness has been absent from your charge; for not only if any angel, but if any wise and honest man had since that time been our governor, we should not have wandered thus long in these laborious and endless labyrinths of confusion; but either not have entered at all into them, or at least have returned back ere we had absolutely lost our way; but, instead of your highness, we have had since such a protector as was his predecessor Richard III. to the king, his nephew; for he presently slew the Commonwealth, which he pretended to protect, and set up himself in the place of it: a little less guilty, indeed, in one respect, because the other slew an innocent, and this man did but murder a murderer. Such a protector we have had as we would have been glad to have changed for an enemy, and rather received a constant Turk than this every month's apostate; such a protector as man is to his flocks which he shears, and sells, or devours himself; and I would fain know what the wolf, which he protects him from, could do more? Such a protector'—— And, as I was proceeding, methought his highness began to put on a displeased and threatening countenance, as men use to do when their dearest friends happen to be traduced in their company; which gave me the first rise of jealousy against him; for I did not believe that Cromwell, among all his foreign correspondences, had ever held any with angels. However, I was not hardened enough yet to venture a quarrel with him then; and therefore—as if I had spoken to the Protector himself in Whitehall—I desired him 'that his highness would please to pardon me, if I had unwittingly spoken anything to the disparagement of a person whose relations to his highness I had not the honour to know.' At which he told me, 'that he had no other concernment for his late highness, than as he took him to be the greatest man that ever was of the English nation, if not,' said he, 'of the whole world; which gives me a just title to the defence of his reputation, since I now account myself, as it were, a naturalised English angel, by having had so long the management of the affairs of that country.—And pray, countryman,' said he, very kindly and very flatteringly, 'for I would not have you fall into the general error of the world, that detests and decries so extraordinary a virtue; what can be more extraordinary than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes, or of mind, which have often, raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in, so improbable a design as the destruction of one of the most ancient and most solidly founded monarchies upon the earth? that he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death; to banish that numerous and strongly allied family: to do all this under the name and wages of a parliament; to trample upon them, too, as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors when he grew weary of them; to raise up a new and unheard-of monster out of their ashes; to stifle that in the very infancy, and set up himself above all things that ever were called sovereign in England; to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice; to serve all parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriously at last; to overrun each corner of the three nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the south and the poverty of the north; to be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the earth; to call together parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned, that he would please to be hired, at the rate of two millions a year, to be the master of those who had hired him before to be their servant; to have the estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them; and, lastly—for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory—to bequeath all this with one word to his posterity; to die with peace at home, and triumph abroad; to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity; and to leave a name behind him not to be extinguished but with the whole world; which, as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been, too, for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs.'

IZAAK WALTON.

One of the most interesting and popular of our early writers was **Izaak Walton** (1593–1683), an English *worthy* of the simple antique cast, who retained in the heart of London, and in the midst of close and successful application to business, an unworldly simplicity of character, and an inextinguishable fondness for country scenes, pastimes, and recreations. He had also a power of natural description and lively dialogue that has rarely been surpassed. His 'Complete Angler' is a rich storehouse of rural pictures and pastoral poetry, of quaint but wise thoughts, of agreeable and humorous fancies, and of truly apostolic purity and benevolence. The slight tincture of superstitious credulity and innocent eccentricity which pervades his works, gives them a finer zest, and original flavour, without detracting from their higher power to soothe, instruct, and delight. Walton was born in the town of Stafford. Of his education or his early years nothing is related; but according to Anthony à Wood, he acquired a moderate competency, by following in London the occupation of a sempster or linendraper. He had a shop in the Royal Burse in Cornhill, which was *seven feet and a half long, and five wide.* Lord Bacon has a punning remark, that a small room helps a studious man to condense his thoughts, and certainly Izaak Walton was not destitute of this intellectual succedaneum. He had a more pleasant and spacious study, however, in the fields and rivers in the neighbourhood of London, 'in such days and times as he laid aside business, and went a-fishing with honest Nat. and R. Roe.' From the Royal Burse, Izaak—for so he always wrote his name—removed to Fleet Street, where he had *one half of a shop*, the other half being occupied by a hosier. About the year 1632, he was married to Anne, the daughter of Thomas Ken, of Furnival's Inn, and sister of Dr. Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells. This respectable connection probably introduced Walton to the acquaintance of the eminent men and dignitaries of the church, at whose houses he spent much of his time in his latter years, especially after the death of his wife, 'a woman of remarkable prudence, and of the primitive piety.'

Walton retired from business in 1643, and lived forty years afterwards in uninterrupted leisure. His first work was a 'Life of Dr. Donne' prefixed to a collection of the doctor's sermons, published in 1640 Sir Henry Wotton was to have written Donne's life, Walton merely collecting the materials; but Sir Henry dying before he had begun to execute the task, Izaak 'reviewed his forsaken collections, and resolved that the world should see the best plain picture of the author's life that his artless pencil, guided by the hand of truth, could present. The memoir is circumstantial and deeply interesting. He next wrote a 'Life of Sir Henry Wotton' (1651), and edited his literary remains. In 1652 he published a small work, a translation by Sir John Skeffington, from the Spanish, 'The Heroe of Lorenzo,' to which he prefixed a short affectionate notice of his deceased friend, the translator, who had died the previous year. His principal production, 'The Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation,' appeared in 1653; and *four other editions of it* were called for during his life—namely, in *1655, 1664, 1668, and 1676.* Walton also wrote a 'Life of Richard

Hooker' (1662), a 'Life of George Herbert' (1670), and a 'Life of Bishop Sanderson' (1678). They are all exquisitely simple, touching, and impressive. Though no man seems to have possessed his soul more patiently during the troublous times in which he lived, the venerable Izaak was tempted, in 1680, to write and publish anonymously two letters on the 'Distempers of the Times,' 'written from a quiet and conformable citizen of London to two busie and factious shopkeepers in Coventry.' In 1683, when in his ninetieth year, he published the 'Thealma and Clearchus' of Chalkhill, which we have previously noticed; and he died at Winchester on the 15th December of the same year, while residing with his son-in-law, Dr. Hawkins, prebendary of Winchester Cathedral.

The 'Complete Angler' of Walton is a production unique in our literature. In writing it, he says he made 'a recreation of a recreation,' and, by mingling innocent mirth and pleasant scenes with the graver parts of his discourse, he designed it as a picture of his own disposition. The work is, indeed, essentially autobiographical in spirit and execution. A hunter and falconer are introduced as parties in the dialogues, but they serve only as foils to the venerable and complacent Piscator, in whom the interest of the piece wholly centres. The opening scene lets us at once into the genial character of the work and its hero. The three interlocutors meet accidentally on Tottenham Hill, near London, on a 'fine fresh May morning.' They are open and cheerful as the day. Piscator is going towards Ware, Venator to meet a pack of other dogs upon Amwell Hill, and Auceps to Theobald's, to see a hawk that a friend there *mews* or moults for him. Piscator willingly joins with the lover of hounds in helping to destroy otters, for he 'hates them perfectly, because they love fish so well and destroy so much.' The sportsmen proceed onwards together, and they agree each to 'commend his recreation' or favourite pursuit. Piscator alludes to the virtue and contentedness of anglers, but gives the precedence to his companions in discoursing on their different crafts. The lover of hawking is eloquent on the virtues of air, the element that he trades in, and on its various winged inhabitants. He describes the falcon 'making her highway over the steepest mountains and deepest rivers, and, in her glorious career, looking with contempt upon those high steeples and magnificent palaces which we adore and wonder at.' The singing birds, 'those little nimble musicians of the air, that warble forth their curious ditties with which nature hath furnished them to the shame of art,' are descanted upon with pure poetical feeling and expression.

The Singing Birds.

At first the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her, she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air; and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad, to think she must descend to the dull *earth, which she would not touch* but for necessity.

How do the blackbird and throssel (song-thrush), with their melodious voices, bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed months warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to!

Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as, namely, the laverock (skylark), the titlark, the little linnet, and the honest robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead.

But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say: 'Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!'

The lover of hunting next takes his turn, and comments, though with less force—for here Walton himself must have been at *fault*—on the perfection of smell possessed by the hound, and the joyous music made by a pack of dogs in full chase. Piscator then unfolds his long-treasured and highly prized lore on the virtues of water—sea, river, and brook; and on the antiquity and excellence of fishing and angling. The latter, he says, is '*somewhat like poetry: men must be born so.*' He quotes Scripture, and numbers the prophets who allude to fishing. He also remembers with pride that four of the twelve apostles were fishermen, and that our Saviour never reproved them for their employment or calling, as he did the Scribes and money-changers; for 'He found that the hearts of such men, by nature, were fitted for contemplation and quietness; men of mild, and sweet, and peaceable spirits, as, *indeed, most anglers are.*' The idea of angling seems to have unconsciously mixed itself with all Izaak Walton's speculations on goodness, loyalty, and veneration. Even worldly enjoyment he appears to have grudged to any less gifted mortals. A finely dressed dish of fish, or a rich drink, he pronounces too good for any but anglers or very honest men; and his parting benediction is upon 'all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in Providence, and be quiet, and go a-angling.' The last condition would, in his ordinary mood, when not peculiarly solemn or earnest, be quite equivalent to any of the others. The rhetoric and knowledge of Piscator at length fairly overcome Venator, and make him a convert to the superiority of angling, as compared with his more savage pursuit of hunting. He agrees to accompany Piscator in his sport, adopts him as his master and guide, and in time becomes initiated into the practice and mysteries of the gentle craft. The angling excursions of the pair give occasion to the practical lessons and descriptions in the book, and elicit what is its greatest charm, the minute and vivid painting of rural objects, the display of character, both in action and conversation, the flow of generous sentiment and feeling, and the associated recollections of picturesque poetry, natural piety, and examples and precepts of morality. Add to this the easy elegance of Walton's style, sprinkled, but not obscured, by the antiquated idiom and expression of his times, and clear and sparkling as one of his own favourite summer streams. Not an hour of the fishing day is wasted or unimproved. The master and scholar rise with the early dawn, and after four hours' fishing, breakfast at nine under a sycamore that shades them from the sun's heat. Old Piscator reads his admiring scholar a lesson on fly-fishing, and they sit and discourse while a 'smoking shower' passes off, freshening all the meadow and the flowers.

And now, scholar, I think it will be time to repair to our angle rods, which we left in the water to fish for themselves; and you shall choose which shall be yours; and it is an even lay, one of them catches.

And, let me tell you, this kind of fishing with a dead rod, and laying night hooks, are like putting money to use; for they both work for their owners when they do nothing but sleep, or eat, or rejoice, as you know we have done this last hour, and sat as quietly and as free from cares under this sycamore, as Virgil's Tityrus and his Melibœus did under their broad beech-tree. No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did:' and so if I might be judge, 'God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.'

I'll tell you, scholar, when I sat last on this primrose bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, 'that they were too pleasant to be looked on but only on holidays.' As I then sat on this very grass, I turned my present thoughts into verse: 'twas a wish which I'll repeat to you:

The Angler's Wish

I in these flowery meads would be;
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise,
I with my angle would rejoice;
  Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
  Court his chaste mate to acts of love;

Or on that bank feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty: please my mind,
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers;
  Here, hear my Kenna sing a song;
  There see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a laverock build her nest:
Here give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love:
  Thus, free from lawsuits and the noise
  Of Princes' courts, I would rejoice.

Or with my Bryan (1) and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook;
There sit by him and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set,
There bid good-morning to next day,
There meditate my time away,
  And angle on; and beg to have
  A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

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1 *Supposed to be the* name of his dog.

The master and scholar, at another time, sit under a honeysuckle-hedge while a shower falls, and encounter a handsome milkmaid and her mother, who sing to them 'that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow:'

Come live with me, and be my love;

and the answer to it, 'which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days' (see *ante*). At night, when sport and instruction are over, they repair to the little alehouse, well known to Piscator, where they find a 'cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall' The hostess is cleanly, handsome, and civil, and knows how to dress the fish after Piscator's own fashion—he is learned in cookery—and having made a supper of their gallant trout, they drink their ale, tell tales, sing ballads, or join with a brother-angler who drops in, in a merry catch, till sleep overpowers them, and they retire to the hostess' two beds, 'the linen of which looks white and smells of lavender.' All this humble but happy painting is fresh as nature herself, and instinct with moral feeling and beauty. The only speck upon the brightness of old Piscator's benevolence is one arising from his entire devotion to his art. He will allow no creature to take fish but the angler, and concludes that any honest man may make a *just quarrel* with swan, geese, ducks, the sea-gull, heron, &c. His directions for making live-bait have subjected him to the charge of cruelty,* and are certainly curious enough. Painted flies seem not to have occurred to him, and the use of snails, worms, &c. induced no compunctious visitings. For taking pike he recommends a perch, *as the longest lived fish on a hook*, and the poor frog is treated with elaborate and extravagant inhumanity:

> And thus use your frog, that he may continue long alive: put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of April till August; and then the frog's mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six months without eating, but is sustained none but He whose name is Wonderful knows how. I say, put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth and out at his gills; and with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch, to the arming wire of your hook; or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire; *and, in so doing, use him as though you loved him*, that is, harm him as little as you may possible, *that he may live the longer.*

Modern taste and feeling would recoil from such experiments as these, and we may oppose to the aberrations of the venerable Walton the philosophical maxim of Wordsworth:

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

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* And angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says:
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.
Don Juan, Canto xiii.

If this observation falls into the opposite extreme—seeing that it would, if rigidly interpreted, suppress field-sports, and many of the luxuries and amusements of life—we must admit that it is an excess more amiable than that into which Piscator was led by his attachment to angling. Towards the conclusion of his work, Walton indulges in the following strain of moral reflection and admonition, and is as philosophically just and wise in his counsels, as his language and imagery are chaste, beautiful and animated.

Thankfulness for Worldly Blessings.

Well, scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High Cross, I will, as we walk towards it in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle-hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we two met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for our happiness. And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and toothache; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy; and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunder-strucken; and we have been freed from these and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature: let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the unsupportable burden of an accusing, tormenting conscience—a misery that none can bear; and therefore let us praise Him for his preventing grace, and say, Every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have eat and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again, which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, 'The hand of the diligent maketh rich;' and it is true indeed: but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy: for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, 'that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them.' And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful! Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have probably unconscionably got. Let us therefore be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience.

Let me tell you, scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair, where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks; and having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend: 'Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!' And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want, though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will; it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbor, for not worshipping or not flattering him: and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not shew her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And I knew another to whom God had given health and plenty, but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a lawsuit with a dogged neighbour, who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other; and this lawsuit begot higher oppositions and actionable words, and more vexations and lawsuits; for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well, this wilful purse-proud lawsuit lasted during the life of the first husband, after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave; and so the wealth of these poor rich people was cursed into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts, for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another; and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied: 'It was to find content in some one of them.' But his friend knowing his temper, told him, 'if he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul.' And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St. Matthew's gospel, for he there says: 'Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth.' Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven; but, in the meantime, he, and he only, possesses the earth, as he goes toward that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor is vexed when he sees others possessed of more honour or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share; but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and himself.

My honest scholar, all this is told to incline you to thankfulness; and, to incline you the more, let me tell you, that though the prophet David was guilty of murder and adultery, and many other of the most deadly sins, yet he was said to be a man after God's own heart, because he abounded more with thankfulness than any other that is mentioned in holy Scripture, as may appear in his book of Psalms, where there is such a commixture of his confessing of his sins and unworthiness, and such thankfulness for God's pardon and mercies, as did make him to be accounted, even by God himself, to be a man after his own heart; and let us, in that, labour to be as like him as we can: let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value, or not praise Him, because they be common: let not us forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers and meadows, and flowers and fountains, that we have met with since we met together! I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in his full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this and many other like blessings we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing.

Well, scholar, I have almost tired myself, and I fear, more than almost tired you. But I now see Tottenham High Cross, and our short walk thither will put a period to my too long discourse, in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labour to possess my own soul—that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have shewed you, that riches without them (meekness and thankfulness) do not make any man happy. But let me tell you that riches with them remove many fears and cares. And therefore my advice is, that you endeavor to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor; but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all; for it is well said by Caussin: 'He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping.' Therefore, be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health; and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of—a blessing that money cannot buy—and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money, which may be said to be the third blessing, neglect it not; but note, that there is no necessity of being rich: for I told you there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them; and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, scholar, I have heard a grave divine say that God has two dwellings, one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart; which Almighty God grant to me and to my honest scholar! And so you are welcome to Tottenham High Cross.

VENATOR. Well, master, I thank you for all your good directions, but for none more than this last, of thankfulness, which I hope I shall never forget.

To the fifth edition of the 'Complete Angler' was added a second part, by CHARLES COTTON, the poet, and translator of Montaigne. It consisted of instructions how to angle for a trout or grayling in a clear stream. Though the work was written in the short space of ten days, Cotton, who had long been familiar with fly-fishing, and was an adopted son of Izaak Walton, produced a treatise valuable for its technical knowledge and accuracy. Walton's form of conveying instruction in dialogues is also preserved, the author being Piscator junior, and his companion a traveller (Viator), who had paid a visit to the romantic scenery of Derbyshire, near which the residence of Cotton was situated. This traveller turns out to be the Venator of the first part, 'wholly addicted to the chase,' till Mr. Izaak Walton taught him as good, a more quiet, innocent, and less dangerous diversion. The friends embrace: Piscator conducts his new associate to his 'beloved river Dove,' extends to him the hospitalities of his mansion, and next morning shows him his fishing-house, inscribed 'Piscatoribus Sacrum,' with the 'prettily contrived' cipher including the first two letters of father Walton's name and those of his son Cotton. A delicate clear river flowed about the house, which stood on a little peninsula, with a bowling-green close by, and fair meadows and mountains in the neighbourhood. This building still remains, adding interest to the romantic and beautiful scenery on the banks of the river Dove, and recalling the memory of the venerable angler and his disciple, whose genuine love of nature, and moral and descriptive pages, have silently but powerfully influenced the taste and literature of their native country.

THOMAS ELLWOOD.

THOMAS ELLWOOD (1639–1713) was a humble but sincere Quaker—anxious to do good, and diligent to acquire knowledge. His father was as averse to the new creed as Admiral Penn. He sometimes beat him with great severity, particularly when the son persisted in remaining *covered in his presence*. To prevent the recurrence of this *offence, he successively took* from Thomas all his hats; but there remained another cause of offence; for, 'whenever I had occasion,' says Ellwood, 'to speak to my father, though I had no hat now to offend him, yet my language did as much; for I durst not say "you" to him, but "thou" or "thee," as the occasion required, and then he would be sure to fall on me with his fists. At one of these times, I remember, when he had beaten me in that manner, he commanded me—as he commonly did at such times—to go to my chamber, which I did, and he followed me to the bottom of the stairs. Being come thither, he gave me a parting blow, and in a very angry tone said: "Sirrah, if ever I hear you say *thou* or *thee* to me again, I'll strike your teeth down your throat." I was greatly grieved to hear him say say so, and feeling a word rise in my heart unto him, I turned again, and calmly said unto him: "Should it not be just if God should serve thee so, when thou sayest 'thou' or 'thee' to him." Though his hand was up, I saw it sink, and his countenance fall, and he turned away, and left me standing there.'

But what has given a peculiar interest to Ellwood is his having been a pupil of Milton, and one of those who read to the poet after the loss of his sight. The object of Ellwood in offering his services as a reader was, that he might, in return, obtain from Milton some assistance in his own studies. This was in 1662.

Ellwood's Intercourse with Milton.

He received me courteously, as well for the sake of Dr. Paget, who introduced me, as of Isaac Pennington, who recommended me, to both of whom he bore a good respect; and having inquired divers things of me, with respect to my former progressions in learning, he dismissed me, to provide myself of such accommodations as might be most suitable to my future studies.

I went, therefore, and took myself a lodging as near to his house—which was then in Jewin Street—as conveniently I could; and, from thenceforward, went every day, in the afternoon, except on the first day of the week; and sitting by him in his dining-room, read to him such books, in the Latin tongue, as he pleased to hear me read.

At my first sitting to read to him, observing that I used the English pronunciation, he told me if I would have the benefit of the Latin tongue—not only to read and understand Latin authors, but to converse with foreigners, either abroad or at home—I must learn the foreign pronunciation. To this I consenting, he instructed me how to sound the vowels, so different from the common pronunciation used by the English—who speak Anglice their Latin—that, with some few other variations in sounding some consonants, in particular cases—as *C*, before *E* or *I*, like *Ch; Sc*, before *I*, like *Sh*, &c.—the Latin thus spoken seemed as different from that which was delivered as the English generally speak it, as if it was another language.

I had, before, during my retired life at my father's, by unwearied diligence and industry, so far recovered the rules of grammar—in which I had once been very ready—that I could both read a Latin author, and after a sort, hammer out his meaning. But this change of pronunciation proved a new difficulty to me. It was now harder to me to read, than it was before to understand when read. But

> 'Labor omnia vincit improbus.'
> Incessant pains the end obtains.

And so did I, which made my reading the more acceptable to my master. He, on the other hand, perceiving with what earnest desire I pursued learning, gave me not only all the encouragement, but all the help he could; for, having a curious ear, he understood, by my tone, when I understood what I read, and when I did not; and accordingly would stop me, examine me, and open the most difficult passages to me . . .

Some little time before I went to Aylesbury prison, I was desired by my quondam master, Milton, to take a house for him in the neighbourhood where I dwelt, that he might get out of the city, for the safety of himself and his family, the pestilence then growing hot in London (1665). I took a pretty box for him in Giles Chalfont, a mile from me, of which I gave him notice, and intended to have waited on him, and seen him well settled in it, but was prevented by that imprisonment.

But now, being released, and returned home, I soon made a visit to him, to welcome him into the country.

After some common discourses had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his, which, being brought, he delivered to me, bidding me to take it home with me, and read it at my leisure, and, when I had so done, return it to him, with my judgment thereupon.

When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entitled 'Paradise Lost.' After I had, with the utmost attention read it through, I made him another visit, and returned him his book, with due acknowledgment for the favour he had done me, in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him; and after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him: 'Thou hast said much here of Paradise lost; but what hast thou to say of Paradise found?' He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse; then brake off that discourse, and fell upon another subject.

After the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed, and become safely habitable again, he returned thither; and when, afterwards, I went to wait on him there—which I seldom failed of doing, whenever my occasions drew me to London—he shewed me his second poem, called 'Paradise Regained,' and, in a pleasant tone, said to me: 'This is owing to you, for you put it into my head at Chalfont; which before I had not thought of.'

Ellwood furnishes some interesting particulars concerning the London prisons, in which he and many of his brother Quakers were confined, and the manner in which they were treated both there and out of doors. Besides his Autobiography, he wrote numerous controversial treatises, the most prominent of which is 'The Foundation of Tithes Shaken,' published in 1682; also, 'Sacred Histories of the Old and New Testaments,' which appeared in 1705 and 1709.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Dryden, who contributed more than any other English author to improve the poetical diction of his native tongue, performed also essential service of the same kind to our prose. Throwing off, still more than Cowley had done, those inversions and other forms of Latin idiom which abound in the pages of his most distinguished predecessors, Dryden speaks in the language of polite and well-educated society. Strength, ease, copiousness, variety, and animation, are the predominant qualities of his style. He excels also in pointed epigram and antithesis. 'Nothing is cold or languid,' as Johnson remarks; he overflows with happy illustration; but the haste with which he composed, and his inherent dislike to the labour of correction, are visible in the negligence and roughness of some of his sentences. On the whole, however, to Dryden may be assigned the palm of superiority, in his own generation, for graceful, as well as forcible and idiomatic English.

This great author has left no extensive work in prose: the pieces which he wrote were merely accompaniments to his poems and plays, and consist of Prefaces, Dedications, and Critical Essays. His long dedications are noted for the fulsome and unprincipled flattery in which he seems to have thought himself authorised by the practice of the age to indulge. The critical essays, though written with more carelessness than would now be tolerated in similar productions, embody many sound and valuable opinions on classic authors and subjects connected with polite literature. According to Johnson, Dryden's 'Essay on Dramatic Poesy' 'was the first regular and valuable treatise on the art of writing.' It opens with the following graphic and magnificent exordium:

A Sea-fight Heard at a Distance.

It was that memorable day in the first summer of the late war [June 3, 1665] when our navy engaged the Dutch; a day wherein the two most mighty and best appointed fleets which any age had ever seen, disputed the command of the greater half of the globe, the commerce of nations, and the riches of the universe: while these vast floating bodies, on either side, moved against each other in parallel lines, and our countrymen, under the happy command of his Royal Highness [Duke of York, afterwards James II.] went breaking, little by little, into the line of the enemies; the noise of the cannon from both navies reached our ears about the city.[*] So that all men being alarmed with it, and in a dreadful suspense of the event, which they knew was then deciding, every one went following the sound as his fancy led him; and leaving the town almost empty, some took towards the Park, some cross the river, others down it; all seeking the noise in the depth of silence. Amongst the rest it was the fortune of Eugenius, Crites, Lisideius, and Neander to be in company together. . . . Taking then a barge, which a servant of Lisideius had provided for them, they made haste to shoot the bridge, and left behind them that great fall of waters which hindered them from hearing what they desired: after which having disengaged themselves from many vessels which rode at anchor in the Thames, and almost blocked up the passage towards Greenwich, they ordered the watermen to let fall their oars more gently; and then every one favouring his own curiosity, with a strict silence, it was not long ere they perceived the air to break about them like the noise of distant thunder, or of swallows in a chimney—those little undulations of sound, though almost vanishing before they reached them, yet still seeming to retain somewhat of their first horror which they had betwixt the fleets. After they had attentively listened till such time as the sound, by little and little, went from them, Eugenius, lifting up his head, and taking notice of it, was the first who congratulated to the rest that happy omen of our nation's victory, adding, that we had but this to desire in confirmation of it, that we might hear no more of that noise which was now leaving the English coast.

Scott is as enthusiastic as Johnson in his praise of Dryden's essays and prefaces. 'The prose of Dryden,' says Sir Walter, 'may rank with the best in the English language. It is no less of his own formation than his versification; is equally spirited, and equally harmonious. Without the lengthened and pedantic sentences of Clarendon, it is dignified when dignity is becoming, and is lively without the accumulation of strained and absurd allusions and metaphors, which were unfortunately mistaken for wit by many of the author's contemporaries.' It is recorded by Malone, that Dryden's prose writings were held in high estimation by Burke, who carefully studied them on account equally of their style and matter, and is thought to have in some degree taken them as the model of his own diction. Dryden himself acknowledged that he had made Tillotson his model. In this saying he must have referred to the easy modern style of the composition. In all other respects, the copy immensely surpasses the model. Besides his Prefaces and Essays, Dryden published two translations from the French—Bonhours' 'Life of Francis Xavier' (1687), and Du Fresnoy's 'Art of Painting' (1695). The following finely drawn characters of the great Elizabethan dramatists are from the 'Essay on Dramatic Poesy' (1668):

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[*] *The engagement took place off the coast near Lowestoft, in Suffolk. We took eighteen large Dutch ships, and destroyed fourteen others. The Dutch admiral, Opdam, was blown up, and he and all his crew perished.*

Shakspeare.

To begin, then, with Shakspeare. He was the man who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily. When he describes anything, you more than see it—you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature: he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.(1)

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakspeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem. And in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakspeare far above him.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakspeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont especially, being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and, 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him, appears by the verses he writ to him, and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their 'Philaster;' for before that they had written two or three very unsuccessfully; as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ 'Every Man in his Humour.' Their plots were generally more regular than Shakspeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humour, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe; they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection: what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year, for one of Shakspeare's or Jonson's: the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humours. Shakspeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

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(1) *Like shrubs when lofty cypresses are near.*
DRYDEN.

Ben Jonson.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself—for his last plays were but his dotages—I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works, you find little to retrench or alter. Wit, and language, and humour also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama, till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humour was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them; there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in 'Sejanus' and 'Catiline.' But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially: perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanise our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakspeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakspeare the greater wit. Shakspeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets: Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakspeare. To conclude of him: as he has given us the most correct play, so, in the precepts which he has laid down in his 'Discoveries,' we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage, as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

Improved Style of Dramatic Dialogue after the Restoration.—From 'Defence of the Epilogue,' &c 1672.

I have always acknowledged the wit of our predecessors with all the veneration which becomes me; but, I am sure, their wit was not that of gentlemen; there was ever somewhat that was ill-bred and clownish in it, and which confessed the conversation of the authors.

And this leads me to the last and greatest advantage of our writing, which proceeds from conversation. In the age wherein those poets lived, there was less of gallantry than in ours; neither did they keep the best company of theirs. Their fortune has been much like that of Epicurus in the retirement of his gardens; to live almost unknown, and to be celebrated after their decease. I cannot find that any of them had been conversant in courts, except Ben Jonson; and his genius lay not so much that way, as to make an improvement by it. Greatness was not then so easy of access, nor conversation so free, as it now is. I cannot, therefore, conceive it any insolence to affirm, that by the knowledge and pattern of their wit who writ before us, and by the advantage of our own conversation, the discourse and raillery of our comedies excel what has been written by them. And this will be denied by none, but some few old fellows who value themselves on their acquaintance with the Black Friars; who, because they saw their plays, would pretend a right to judge ours. . . .

Now, if any ask me whence it is that our conversation is so much refined, I must *freely, and without flattery,* ascribe it to the court, and in it, particularly to the king, *whose example gives a law to it.* His own misfortunes, and the nation's, afforded him an opportunity which is rarely allowed to sovereign princes, I mean of travelling, and being conversant in the most polished courts of Europe; and thereby of cultivating a spirit which was formed by nature to receive the impressions of a gallant and generous education. At his return, he found a nation lost as much in barbarism as in rebellion: and as the excellency of his nature forgave the one, so the excellency of his manners reformed the other. The desire of imitating so great a pattern, first awakened the dull and heavy spirits of the English from their natural reservedness; loosened them from their stiff forms of conversation, and made them easy and pliant to each other in discourse. Thus, insensibly, our way of living became more free; and the fire of the English wit, which was before stifled under a constrained melancholy way of breeding, began first to display its force by mixing the solidity of our nation with the air and gaiety of our neighbours. This being granted to be true, it would be a wonder if the poets, whose work is imitation, should be the only persons in the three kingdoms who should not receive advantage by it; or if they should not more easily imitate the wit and conversation of the present age than of the past.

Translations of the Ancient Poets.—From Preface to the 'Second Miscellany,' 1685.

Translation is a kind of drawing after the life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. It is one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without some indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original; much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, so abused, as I may say, to their faces by a botching interpreter. What English readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me or any other man, when we commend these authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take those to be the same poets whom our Oglebies have translated? But I dare assure them that a good poet is no more like himself in a dull translation, than his carcass would be to his living body. There are many who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother-tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few; it is impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us; the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted while he was laying in a stock of learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern, not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young men take up some cried-up English poet for their model; adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his subject, or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious.

Thus it appears necessary that a man should be a nice critic in his mother-tongue before he attempts to translate in a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to judge of words and style, but he must be a master of them too: he must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own; so that to be a thorough translator, he must be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's sense, in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers; for, though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, yet there remains a harder task: and it is a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the style and versification of Virgil and Ovid are very different; yet I see, even in our best poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents: and by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies which was Virgil and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter, that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like. And this happened to him, because he always studied himself more than those who sat to him. In such translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet; yet there is as great distinction to be made in sweetness, as in that of sugar, and that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you—if it be worth knowing—my own method of proceeding, in my translations out of four several poets in this volume—Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I considered the genius and distinguishing character of my author. I looked on Virgil as a succinct and grave majestic writer; one who weighed not only every thought, but every word and syllable; who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could; for which reason he is so very figurative, that he requires—I may almost say—a grammar apart to construe him. His verse is everywhere sounding the very thing in your ears whose sense it bears; yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the reader, so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of music in their verses. All the versification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the same tenor, perpetually closing his sense at the end of a verse, and that verse commonly which they call golden, or two substantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his sweetness, has as little variety of numbers and sound as he; he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verse runs upon carpet ground. He avoids, like the other, all synalæphas, or cutting off one vowel when it comes before another in the following word; so that, minding only smoothness, he wants both variety and majesty. But to return to Virgil: though he is smooth where smoothness is required, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it; frequently makes use of synalæphas, and concludes his sense in the middle of his verse. He is everywhere above conceits of epigrammatic wit and gross hyperboles; he maintains majesty in the midst of plainness; he shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition. . . .

He who excels all other poets in his own language, were it possible to do him right, must appear above them in our tongue, which, as my Lord Roscommon justly observes, approaches nearest to the Roman in its majesty; nearest, indeed, but with a vast interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgil's words, and in them principally consists that beauty which gives so inexpressible a pleasure to him who best understands their force. This diction of his—I must once again say—is never to be copied; and, since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best translation. The turns of his verse, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers and his gravity, I have as far imitated as the poverty of our language and the hastiness of my performance would allow. I may seem sometimes to have varied from his sense; but I think the greatest variations may be fairly deduced from him; and where I leave his commentators, it may be I understand him better; at least I writ without consulting them in many places. But two particular lines in Mezentius and Lausus I cannot so easily excuse. They are, indeed, remotely allied to Virgil's sense; but they are too like the trifling tenderness of Ovid, and were printed before I had considered them enough to alter them. The first of them I have forgotten, and cannot easily retrieve, because the copy is at the press. The second is this:

When Lausus died, I was already slain.

This appears pretty enough, at first sight; but I am convinced, for many reasons, that the expression is too bold; that Virgil would not have said it, though Ovid would. The reader may pardon it, if he please, for the freeness of the confession; and, instead of that, and the former, admit these two lines, which are more according to the author:

Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design;
As I had used my fortune, use thou thine.

Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have, in the next place, to consider the genius of Lucretius, whom I have translated more happily in those parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the best age of Roman poetry, he was at least of that which preceded it; and he himself refined it to that degree of perfection, both in the language and the thoughts, that he left an easy task to Virgil, who, as he succeeded him in time, so he copied his excellences; for the method of the 'Georgics' is plainly derived from him. Lucretius had chosen a subject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorned it with poetical descriptions, and precepts of morality, in the beginning and ending of his books, which you see Virgil has imitated with great success in those four books, which, in my opinion, are more perfect in their kind than even his divine 'Æneids.' The turn of his verses he has likewise followed in those places which Lucretius has most laboured, and some of his very lines he has transplanted into his own works, without much variation. If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing character of Lucretius—I mean of his soul and genius—is a certain kind of noble pride, and positive assertion of his opinions. He is everywhere confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command, not only over his vulgar reader, but even his patron Memmius; for he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the rod over him, and using a magisterial authority while he instructs him. From his time to ours, I know none so like him as our poet and philosopher of Malmesbury [Hobbes]. This is that perpetual dictatorship which is exercised by Lucretius, who, though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal *bona fide* with his reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks; in which plain sincerity, I believe, he differs from our Hobbes, who could not but be convinced, or at least doubt, of some eternal truths which he has opposed. But for Lucretius, he seems to disdain all manner of replies, and is so confident of his cause, that he is beforehand with his antagonists; urging for them whatever he imagined they could say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an objection for the future; all this, too, with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were assured of the triumph before he entered into the lists. From this sublime and daring genius of his, it must of necessity come to pass that this thoughts must be masculine, full of argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery temper proceeds the loftiness of his expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his verse, where the barrenness of his subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his fancy. For there is no doubt to be made but that he could have been everywhere as poetical as he is in his descriptions, and in the moral part of his philosophy, if he had not aimed more to instruct, in his System of Nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a materialist, and teaching him to defy an invisible power; in short, he was so much an atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a poet. These are the considerations which I had of that author, before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And accordingly I laid by my natural diffidence and scepticism for awhile, to take up that dogmatical way of his, which, as I said, is so much his character, as to make him that individual poet. As for his opinions concerning the mortality of the soul, they are so absurd, that I cannot, if I would, believe them. I think a future state demonstrable even by natural arguments; at least, to take away rewards and punishments is only a pleasing prospect to a man who resolves beforehand not to live morally. But, on the other side, the thought of being nothing after death is a burden insupportable to a virtuous man, even though a heathen. We naturally aim at happiness, and cannot bear to have it confined to the shortness of our present being; especially when we consider that virtue is generally unhappy in this world, and vice fortunate; so that it is hope of futurity alone that makes this life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who would not commit all the excesses to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with security while he is alive, and be incapable of punisment after he is dead? If he be cunning and secret enough to avoid the laws, there is no band of morality to restrain him: for fame and reputation are weak ties; many men have not the least sense of them. Powerful men are only awed by them as they conduce to their interest, and that not always when a passion is predominant; and no man will be contained within the bounds of duty, when he may safely trangress them. These are my thoughts abstractedly, and without entering into the notions of our Christian faith, which is the proper business of divines.

Spenser and Milton.—From 'Discourse on the Original and Progress of Satire,' 1693.

[In epic poetry] the English have only to boast of Spenser and Milton, who *neither of them wanted either genius or learning* to have been perfect poets, and yet

both of them are liable to many censures. For there is no uniformity in the design of Spenser; he aims at the accomplishment of no one action, he raises up a hero for every one of his adventures, and endows each of them with some particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without subordination or preference. Every one is most valiant in his own legend; only, we must do him that justice to observe, that Magnanimity, which is the character of Prince Arthur, shines throughout the whole poem, and succours the rest when they are in distress. The original of every knight was then living in the court of Queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them that virtue which he thought was most conspicuous in them—an ingenious piece of flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finish his poem, in the six remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece, but could not have been perfect, because the model was not true. But Prince Arthur, or his chief patron, Sir Philip Sydney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the poet both of means and spirit to accomplish his design. For the rest, his obsolete language, and the ill choice of his stanza, are faults but of the second magnitude; for, notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little practice; and for the last, he is the more to be admired, that, labouring under such a difficulty, his verses are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he professedly imitated, has surpassed him among the Romans, and only Mr. Waller among the English.

As for Mr. Milton, whom we all admire with so much justice, his subject is not that of a heroic poem, properly so called. His design is the losing of our happiness; his event is not prosperous, like that of all other epic works; his heavenly machines are many, and his human persons are but two. But I will not take Mr. Rymer's work out of his hands: he has promised the world a critique on that author, wherein, though he will not allow his poem for heroic, I hope he will grant us that his thoughts are elevated, his words sounding, and that no man has so happily copied the manner of Homer, or so copiously translated his Grecisms, and the Latin elegances of Virgil. It is true he runs into a flat of thought sometimes for a hundred lines together, but it is when he has got into a track of Scripture. His antiquated words were his choice, not his necessity; for therein he imitated Spenser, as Spenser did Chaucer. And though, perhaps, the love of their masters may have transported both too far, in the frequent use of them, yet, in my opinion, obsolete words may then be laudably revived, when either they are more sounding or more significant than those in practice; and when their obscurity is taken away by joining other words to them which clear the sense, according to the rule of Horace, for the admission of new words. But in both cases a moderation is to be observed in the use of them; for unnecessary coinage, as well as unnecessary revival, runs into affectation; a fault to be avoided on either hand. Neither will I justify Milton for his blank verse, though I may excuse him, by the example of Hannibal Caro, and other Italians, who have used it; for whatever causes he alleges for the abolishing of rhyme—which I have not now the leisure to examine—his own particular reason is plainly this, that rhyme was not his talent; he had neither the ease of doing it, nor the graces of it, which is manifest in his 'Juvenilia,' or verses written in his youth, where his rhyme is always constrained and forced, and comes hardly from him, at an age when the soul is most pliant, and the passion of love makes almost every man a rhymer, though not a poet.

On Lampoons.—From the Same.

In a word, that former sort of satire, which is known in England by the name of lampoon, is a dangerous sort of weapon, and for the most part unlawful. We have no moral right on the reputation of other men. It is taking from them what we cannot restore to them. There are only two reasons for which we may be permitted to write lampoons; and I will not promise that they can always justify us. The first is revenge, when we have been affronted in the same nature, or have been anyways notoriously abused, and can make ourselves no other reparation. And yet we know, *that, in Christian charity,* all offences are to be forgiven, as we expect the like pardon *for those which we daily* commit against Almighty God. And this consideration has *often made me tremble* when I was saying our Saviour's prayer; for the plain condition of the forgiveness which we beg, is the pardoning of others the offences which they have done to us; for which reason I have many times avoided the commission of that fault, even when I have been notoriously provoked. Let not this, my lord [Dorset], pass for vanity in me, for it is truth. More libels have been written against me than almost any man now living; and I had reason on my side to have defended my own innocence. I speak not of my poetry, which I have wholly given up to the critics; let them use it as they please: posterity, perhaps, may be more favourable to me; for interest and passion will lie buried in another age, and partiality and prejudice be forgotten. I speak of my morals, which have been sufficiently aspersed: that only sort of reputation ought to be dear to every honest man, and is to me. But let the world witness for me, that I have been often wanting to myself in that particular: I have seldom answered any scurrilous lampoon, when it was in my power to have exposed my enemies: and, being naturally vindicative, have suffered in silence, and possessed my soul in quiet.

Anything, though never so little, which a man speaks of himself, in my opinion, is still too much; and therefore, I will waive this subject, and proceed to give the second reason which may justify a poet when he writes against a particular person; and that is, when he is become a public nuisance. All those whom Horace in his Satires, and Persius and Juvenal have mentioned in theirs, with a brand of infamy, are wholly such. It is an action of virtue to make examples of vicious men. They may and ought to be upbraided with their crimes and follies; both for their amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible, and for the terror of others, to hinder them from falling into those enormities, which they see are so severely punished in the persons of others. The first reason was only an excuse for revenge; but this second is absolutely of a poet's office to perform; but how few lampooners are now living who are capable of this duty!* When they come in my way, it is impossible sometimes to avoid reading them. But, good God! how remote they are, in common justice, from the choice of such persons as are the proper subject of satire! And how little wit they bring for the support of their injustice! The weaker sex is their most ordinary theme; and the best and fairest are sure to be the most severely handled. Amongst men, those who are prosperously unjust are entitled to panegyric; but afflicted virtue is insolently stabbed with all manner of reproaches; no decency is considered, no fulsomeness omitted; no venom is wanting, as far as dulness can supply it; for there is a perpetual dearth of wit; a barrenness of good sense and entertainment. The neglect of the readers will soon put an end to this sort of scribbling. There can be no pleasantry where there is no wit; no impression can be made where there is no truth for the foundation. To conclude: they are like the fruits of the earth in this unnatural season: the corn which held up its head is spoiled with rankness; but the greater part of the harvest is laid along, and little of good income and wholesome nourishment is received into the barns. This is almost a digression, I confess to your lordship; but a just indignation forced it from me.

History and Biography.—From 'The Life of Plutarch,' 1683.

It may now be expected that, having written the life of an historian, I should take occasion to write somewhat concerning history itself. But I think to commend it is unnecessary, for the profit and pleasure of that study are so very obvious, that a quick reader will be beforehand with me, and imagine faster than I can write. Besides, that the post is taken up already; and few authors have travelled this way, but who have strewed it with rhetoric as they passed. For my own part, who must confess it to my shame, that I never read anything but for pleasure, it has always been the most delightful entertainment of my life; but they who have employed the study of it, as they ought, for their instruction, for the regulation of their private manners, and the management of public affairs, must agree with me that it is the most pleasant school of wisdom. It is a familiarity with past ages, and an acquaintance with all the heroes of them; it is, if you will pardon the similitude, a prospective glass, carrying your soul to a vast distance, and taking in the farthest objects of antiquity. It informs the understanding by the memory; it helps us to judge of what will happen,

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*The abuse of personal satires, or lampoons, as they were called, was carried to a prodigious extent in the days of Dryden, when every man of fashion was obliged to write verses; and those who had neither poetry nor wit, had recourse to ribaldry and libelling.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

by shewing us the like revolutions of former times. For mankind being the same in all ages, agitated by the same passions, and moved to action by the same interests, nothing can come to pass but some precedent of the like nature has already been produced; so that, having the causes before our eyes, we cannot easily be deceived in the effects, if we have judgment enough but to draw the parallel.

God, it is true, with his divine providence overrules and guides all actions to the secret end he has ordained them; but in the way of human causes, a wise man may easily discern that there is a natural connection betwixt them; and though he cannot foresee accidents, or all things that possibly can come, he may apply examples, and by them foretell that from the like counsels will probably succeed the like events; and thereby in all concernments, and all offices of life, be instructed in the two main points on which depend our happiness—that is, what to avoid, and what to choose.

The laws of history, in general, are truth of matter, method, and clearness of expression. The first propriety is necessary, to keep our understanding from the impositions of falsehood; for history is an argument framed from many particular examples or inductions; if these examples are not true, then those measures of life which we take from them will be false, and deceive us in their consequence. The second is grounded on the former; for if the method be confused, if the words or expressions of thought are any way obscure, then the ideas which we receive must be imperfect; and if such, we are not taught by them what to elect or what to shun. Truth, therefore, is required as the foundation of history to inform us, disposition and perspicuity as the manner to inform us plainly; one is the being, the other the well-being of it.

History is principally divided into these three species—commentaries, or annals; history, properly so called; and biographia, or the lives of particular men.

Commentaries, or annals, are—as I may so call them—naked history, or the plain relation of matter of fact, according to the succession of time, divested of all other ornaments. The springs and motives of actions are not here sought, unless they offer themselves, and are open to every man's discernment. The method is the most natural that can be imagined, depending only on the observation of months and years, and drawing, in the order of them, whatsoever happened worthy of relation. The style is easy, simple, unforced, and unadorned with the pomp of figures; councils, guesses, politic observations, sentences, and orations, are avoided; in few words, a bare narration is its business. Of this kind, the 'Commentaries' of Cæsar are certainly the most admirable, and after him the 'Annals' of Tacitus may have place; nay, even the prince of Greek historians, Thucydides, may almost be adopted into the number. For, though he instructs everywhere by sentences, though he gives the causes of actions, the councils of both parties, and makes orations where they are necessary, yet it is certain that he first designed his work a commentary; every year writing down, like an unconcerned spectator as he was, the particular occurrences of the time, in the order as they happened; and his eighth book is wholly written after the way of annals; though, outliving the war, he inserted in his others those ornaments which render his work the most complete and most instructive now extant.

History, properly so called, may be described by the addition of those parts which are not required to annals; and therefore there is little further to be said concerning it; only, that the dignity and gravity of style is here necessary. That the guesses of secret causes inducing to the actions, be drawn at least from the most probable circumstances, not perverted by the malignity of the author to sinister interpretations—of which Tacitus is accused—but candidly laid down, and left to the judgment of the reader; that nothing of concernment be omitted; but things of trivial moment are still to be neglected, as debasing the majesty of the work; that neither partiality nor prejudice appear, but that truth may everywhere be sacred. . . .

Biographia, or the history of particular men's lives, comes next to be considered; which in dignity is inferior to the other two, as being more confined in action, and treating of wars and councils, and all other public affairs of nations, only as they relate to him whose life is written, or as his fortunes have a particular dependence on them, or connection to them. All things here are circumscribed and driven to a point, so as to terminate in one; consequently, if the action or counsel were managed by colleagues, some part of it must be either lame or wanting, except it be supplied by the excursion of the writer. Herein, likewise, must be less of variety, for the same reason; because the fortunes and actions of one man are related, not those of many. Thus the actions and achievements of Sylla, Lucullus, and Pompey, are all of them but the successive parts of the Mithridatic war; of which we could have no perfect image, if the same hand had not given us the whole, though at several views, in their particular lives.

Yet though we allow, for the reasons above alleged, that this kind of writing is in dignity inferior to history and annals, in pleasure and instruction it equals, or even excels, both of them. It is not only commended by ancient practice to celebrate the memory of great and worthy men, as the best thanks which posterity can pay them, but also the examples of virtue are of more vigour when they are thus contracted into individuals. As the sunbeams, united in a burning-glass to a point, have greater force than when they are darted from a plain superficies, so the virtues and actions of one man, drawn together in a single story, strike upon our minds a stronger and more lively impression than the scattered relations of many men and many actions; and by the same means that they give us pleasure, they afford us profit too. For when the understanding is intent and fixed upon a single thing, it carries closer to the mark; every part of the object sinks into it, and the soul receives it unmixed and whole. For this reason, Aristotle commends the unity of action in a poem; because the mind is not capable of digesting many things at once, nor of conceiving fully any more than one idea at a time. Whatsoever distracts the pleasure, lessens it: and as the reader is more concerned at one man's fortune than those of many, so likewise the writer is more capable of making a perfect work if he confines himself to this narrow compass. The lineaments, features, and colourings of a single picture may be hit exactly; but in a history-piece of many figures, the general design, the ordonnance or disposition of it, the relation of one figure to another, the diversity of the posture, habits, shadowings, and all the other graces conspiring to a uniformity, are of so difficult performance, that neither is the resemblance of particular persons often perfect, nor the beauty of the piece complete; for any considerable error in the parts renders the whole disagreeable and lame. Thus, then, the perfection of the work, and the benefit arising from it, are both more absolute in biography than in history. All history is only the precepts of moral philosophy reduced into examples. Moral philosophy is divided into two parts, ethics and politics: the first instructs us in our private offices of virtue, the second in those which relate to the management of the commonwealth. Both of these teach by argumentation and reasoning, which rush, as it were, into the mind, and possess it with violence; but history rather allures than forces us to virtue. There is nothing of the tyrant in example; but it gently glides into us, is easy and pleasant in its passage, and, in one word, reduces into practice our speculative notions; therefore the more powerful the examples are, they are the more useful also, and by being more known, they are more powerful. Now, unity which is defined, is in its own nature more apt to be understood than multiplicity, which in some measure participates of infinity. The reason is Aristotle's.

Biographia, or the histories of particular lives, though circumscribed in the subject, is yet more extensive in the style than the other two; for it not only comprehends them both, but has somewhat superadded, which neither of them have. The style of it is various, according to the occasion. There are proper places in it for the plainness and nakedness of narration, which is ascribed to annals; there is also room reserved for the loftiness and gravity of general history, when the actions related shall require that manner of expression. But there is, withal, a descent into minute circumstances and trivial passages of life, which are natural to this way of writing, and which the dignity of the other two will not admit. There you are conducted only into the rooms of state, here you are led into the private lodgings of the hero; you see him in his undress, and are made familiar with his most private actions and conversations. You may behold a Scipio and a Lælius gathering cockle-shells on the shore, Augustus playing at bounding-stones with boys, and Agesilaus riding on a hobby-horse among his children. The pageantry of life is taken away; you see the poor reasonable animal as naked as ever nature made him; are made acquainted with his passions and his follies; and find the demi-god a man. Plutarch himself has more than once defended this kind of relating little passages; for, in the life of Alexander, he says thus: 'In writing the lives of illustrious men, I am not tied to the laws of history; nor does it follow, that, because an action is great, it therefore manifests the greatness and virtue of him who did it; but, on the other side, sometimes a word or a casual jest betrays a man more to our knowledge of him, than a battle fought wherein ten thousand men were slain, or sacking of cities, or a course of victories.' In another place, he quotes Xenophon on the like occasion: 'The sayings of great men in their familiar discourses, and amidst their wine, have somewhat in them which is worthy to be transmitted to posterity.' Our author therefore needs no excuse, but rather deserves a commendation, when he relates, as pleasant, some sayings of his heroes, which appear—I must confess it—very cold and insipid mirth to us. For it is not his meaning to commend the jest, but to paint the man; besides, we may have lost somewhat of the idiom of that language in which it was spoken; and where the conceit is couched in a single word, if all the significations of it are not critically understood, the grace and the pleasantry are lost.

Dryden was exceedingly sensitive to the criticisms of the paltry versifiers of his day. Among those who annoyed him was Elkanah Settle, a now forgotten rhymster, with whom he carried on a violent war of ridicule and abuse. The following is an amusing specimen of a criticism by Dryden on Settle's tragedy, called 'The Empress of Morocco,' which was acted at court, and seems to have roused the jealousy and indignation of the critic:

To conclude this act with the most rumbling piece of nonsense spoken yet—

To flattering lightning our feigned smiles conform,
Which, backed with thunder, do but gild a storm.

Conform a smile to lightning, make a *smile* imitate *lightning*, and *flattering lightning*! lightning, sure, is a threatening thing. And this lightning must *gild a storm*. Now if I must conform my smiles to lightning, then my smiles must gild a storm too: to *gild* with *smiles* is a new invention of gilding. And gild a storm by being *backed with thunder*. Thunder is part of the storm; so one part of the storm must help to *gild* another part, and help by *backing*; as if a man would gild a thing the better for being backed, or having a load upon his back. So that there is *gilding* by *conforming, smiling, lightning, backing*, and *thundering*. The whole is as if I should say thus: I will make my counterfeit smiles look like a flattering horse, which, being backed with a trooper, does but gild the battle. I am mistaken if nonsense is not here pretty thick sown.

The controversies in which Dryden was frequently engaged were not restrained within the bounds of legitimate discussion. The authors of those days descended to gross personalities. 'There was,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'during the reign of Charles II. a semi-barbarous virulence of controversy, even upon abstract points of literature, which would be now thought injudicious and unfair, even by the newspaper advocates of contending factions. A critic of that time never deemed he had so effectually refuted the reasoning of his adversary, as when he had said something disrespectful of his talents, person, or moral character. Thus, literary contest was embittered by personal hatred, and truth was so far from being the object of the combatants, that even victory was tasteless unless obtained by the disgrace and degradation of the antagonists.'

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE (1628–1699), a well-known statesman and miscellaneous writer, possesses a high reputation. He was the son of Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls in Ireland in the reigns of Charles I. and II. Sir William was born in London. He studied at Cambridge under Cudworth as tutor; but being intended for public life, devoted his attention chiefly to the French and Spanish languages. After travelling for six years on the continent, he went to reside with his father in Ireland, where he represented the county of Carlow in the parliament at Dublin in 1661. Removing, two years afterwards, to England, the introductions which he carried to the leading statesmen of the day speedily procured him employment in the diplomatic service. He was sent, in 1665, on a secret mission to the bishop of Munster, and performed his duty so well, that on his return a baronetcy was bestowed on him, and he was appointed English resident at the court of Brussels. The peace of Western Europe was at this time in danger from the ambitious designs of Louis XIV. who aimed at the subjugation of the Spanish Netherlands. Temple paid a visit to the Dutch governor, De Witt, at the Hague, and with great skill brought about, in 1668, the celebrated 'triple alliance' between England, Holland, and Sweden, by which the career of Louis was for a time effectually checked. In the same year he received the appointment of ambassador at the Hague, where he resided in that capacity for about twelve months, on terms of intimacy with De Witt, and also with the young Prince of Orange, afterwards William III. of England.

The corrupt and wavering principles of the English court having led to the recall of Temple in 1669, he retired from public business to his residence at Sheen, near Richmond, and there employed himself in literary occupations and gardening. In 1674, however, he, with some reluctance, consented to return as ambassador to Holland; in which country, besides engaging in various important negotiations, he contributed to bring about the marriage of the Prince of Orange with the Duke of York's eldest daughter, Mary. That important and popular event took place in 1677. Having finally returned to England in 1679, Temple was pressed by the king to accept the appointment of Secretary of State, which, however, he persisted in refusing. Charles was now in the utmost perplexity, in consequence of the discontents and difficulties which a long course of misgovernment had occasioned; and used to hold anxious conferences with Temple on the means of extricating himself from his embarrassments. The measure advised by Sir William was the appointment of a privy-council of thirty persons, in conformity with whose advice the king should always act, and by whom all his affairs should be freely and openly debated; one half of the members to consist of the great officers of state, and the other of the most influential and wealthy noblemen and gentlemen of the country. This scheme was adopted by Charles, and excited great joy throughout the nation. The hopes of the people were, however, speedily frustrated by the turbulent and unprincipled facticusness of some of the members. Temple, who was himself one of the council, soon became disgusted with its proceedings, as well as those of the king, and, in 1681, finally retired from public life. He spent the remainder of his days chiefly at Moor Park, in Surrey—'the sweetest place,' he says, 'that I have seen in my life either before or since, at home or abroad.' He has given a description of the garden at Moor Park in the second of his essays—that upon Gardening in the year 1685, which has been considered the best of his miscellaneous treatises. It is very pleasingly written, and abounds in interesting facts and short descriptions. In this essay, Temple vindicates the English climate, and relates a saying of Charles II.:

The English Climate.

I must needs add one thing more in favour of our climate which I heard the king say, and I thought new and right, and truly like a king of England that loved and esteemed his own country. 'Twas in reply to some of the company that were reviling our climate, and extolling those of Italy and Spain, or at least of France. He said, he thought that was the best climate where he could be abroad in the air with pleasure, or at least without trouble and inconvenience, the most days of the year, and the most hours of the day; and this he thought he could be in England more than in any country he knew of in Europe. And I believe it true, not only of the hot and the cold, but even among our neighbours of France and the Low Countries themselves, where the heats or the colds, and changes of the seasons are less treatable than they are with us.

The truth is, our climate wants no heat to produce excellent fruits; and the default of it is only the short seasons of our heats or summers, by which many of the later are left behind and imperfect with us. But all such as are ripe before the end of August are, for aught I know, as good with us as anywhere else. This makes me esteem the true region of gardens in England to be the compass of ten miles about London, where the accidental warmth of air from the fires and steams of so vast a town, makes fruits as well as corn a great deal forwarder than in Hampshire or Wiltshire, though more southward by a full degree.

There are, besides the temper of our climate, two things particular to us that contribute much to the beauty and elegance of our gardens, which are the gravel of our walks, and the fineness and almost perpetual greenness of our turf. The first is not known anywhere else, which leaves all their dry walks in other countries very unpleasant and uneasy. The other cannot be found in France or in Holland, as we have it, the soil not admitting that fineness of blade in Holland, nor the sun that greenness in France, during most of the summer; nor, indeed, is it to be found but in the finest of our soils.

At Moor Park, Temple had for secretary and humble companion the famous Jonathan Swift, who retained no very agreeable recollection of that period of dependence and obscurity. There also resided one with whom Swift was indissolubly associated. Esther Johnson, immortalised as 'Stella,' was the daughter of Temple's housekeeper; she was seventeen years younger than Sir William's Irish secretary, and the latter became her instructor, her companion, and life-long friend. Yet never was genius more disastrous or friendship more fatal in its influence!

After the Revolution, King William sometimes visited Temple, in order to consult him about public affairs. His death took place in January 1698-9. Throughout his whole career, the conduct of Sir William Temple was marked by a cautious regard for his personal comfort and reputation; which strongly disposed him to avoid risks of every kind, and to stand aloof from public business where the exercise of eminent courage and decision was required. His character as a patriot is therefore not one which calls for high admiration.

though it ought to be remarked in his favour, that as he seems to have had a lively consciousness that neither his abilities nor dispositions fitted him for vigorous action in stormy times, he probably acted with prudence in withdrawing from a field in which he would have only been mortified by failure, and done harm instead of good to the public. Being subject to frequent attacks of low spirits, he might have been disabled for action by the very emergencies which demanded the greatest mental energy and self-possession. But as an adviser, he was enlightened, safe and sagacious. As a private character, Sir William was respectable and decorous: his temper, naturally haughty and unamiable, was generally kept under good regulation; and among his foibles, vanity was the most prominent.

The works of Sir William Temple consist chiefly of short miscellaneous pieces. His longest production is 'Observations upon the United Provinces of the Netherlands,' composed during his first retirement at Sheen, and which, compared with his 'Essay on the Original and Nature of Government,' written about the same time, shews that he had much more ability as an observer and describer, than as a reasoner on what he saw. Besides several political tracts of temporary interest, he wrote Essays on Ancient and Modern Learning; the Gardens of Epicurus; Heroic Virtue; Poetry; Popular Discontents; Health and Long Life. In these are to be found many sound and acute observations, expressed in the perspicuous and easy, but not very correct or precise language, for which he is noted. His memoirs and correspondence have been published by T. Peregrine Courtenay (2 vols. 1836).

Dr. Johnson said 'Sir William Temple was the first writer who gave cadence to English prose: before his time, they were careless of arrangement, and did not mind whether a sentence ended with an important word or an insignificant word, or with what part of speech it was concluded.' It is true that some of Temple's productions are eminently distinguished by harmony and cadence; but that he was the first who introduced the latter, will not be admitted by any one who is familiar with the prose of Cowley, Bishop Hall, Jeremy Taylor, and Dryden.

*Against Excessive Grief.**

The honour which I received by a letter from your ladyship was too great not to be acknowledged; yet I doubted whether that occasion could bear me out in the confidence of giving your ladyship any further trouble. But I can no longer forbear, on account of the sensible wounds that have so often of late been given your friends here, by the desperate expressions in several of your letters, respecting your temper of mind, your health, and your life; in all which you must allow them to be extremely concerned. Perhaps none can be, at heart, more partial than I am to whatever regards your ladyship, nor more inclined to defend you on this very occasion, how unjust and unkind soever you are to yourself. But when you throw away your health, or your life, so great a remainder of your own family, and so great hopes of that into which you are entered, and all by a desperate melancholy, upon an event past remedy, and to which all the mortal race is perpetually subject, give me leave to

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* *Addressed to the Countess of Essex* in 1674, after the death of her only daughter.

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tell you, madam, that what you do is not at all consistent either with so good a Christian, or so reasonable and great a person, as your ladyship appears to the world in all other lights.

I know no duty in religion more generally agreed on, nor more justly required by God Almighty, than a perfect submission to his will in all things; nor do I think any disposition of mind can either please him more, or become us better, than that of being satisfied with all he gives, and contented with all he takes away. None, I am sure, can be of more honour to God, nor of more ease to ourselves. For, if we consider him as our Maker, we cannot contend with him; if as our Father, we ought not to distrust him; so that we may be confident, whatever he does is intended for good; and whatever happens that we interpret otherwise, yet we can get nothing by repining, nor save anything by resisting.

But if it were fit for us to reason with God Almighty, and your ladyship's loss were acknowledged as great as it could have been to any one, yet, I doubt, you would have but ill grace to complain at the rate you have done, or rather as you do; for the first emotions or passions may be pardoned; it is only the continuance of them which makes them inexcusable. In this world, madam, there is nothing perfectly good; and whatever is called so, is but either comparatively with other things of its kind, or else with the evil that is mingled in its composition; so he is a good man who is better than men commonly are, or in whom the good qualities are more than the bad; so, in the course of life, his condition is esteemed good which is better than of most other men, or in which the good circumstances are more than the evil. By this measure, I doubt, madam, your complaints ought to be turned into acknowledgments, and your friends would have cause to rejoice rather than to condole with you. When your ladyship has fairly considered how God Almighty has dealt with you in what he has given, you may be left to judge yourself how you have dealt with him in your complaints for what he has taken away. If you look about you, and consider other lives as well as your own, and what your lot is, in comparison with those that have been drawn in the circle of your knowledge; if you think how few are born with honour, how many die without name or children, how little beauty we see, how few friends we hear of, how much poverty, and how many diseases there are in the world, you will fall down upon your knees, and, instead of repining at one affliction, will admire so many blessings as you have received at the hand of God.

To put your ladyship in mind of what you are, and of the advantages which you have, would look like a design to flatter you. But this I may say, that we will pity you as much as you please, if you will tell us who they are whom you think, upon all circumstances, you have reason to envy. Now, if I had a master who gave me all I could ask, but thought fit to take one thing from me again, either because I used it ill, or gave myself so much over to it as to neglect what I owed to him, or to the world; or, perhaps, because he would shew his power, and put me in mind from whom I held all the rest, would you think I had much reason to complain of hard usage, and never to remember any more what was left me, never to forget what was taken away?

It is true you have lost a child, and all that could be lost in a child of that age; but you have kept one child, and you are likely to do so long; you have the assurance of another, and the hopes of many more. You have kept a husband, great in employment, in fortune, and in the esteem of good men. You have kept your beauty and your health, unless you have destroyed them yourself, or discouraged them to stay with you by using them ill. You have friends who are as kind to you as you can wish, or as you can give them leave to be. You have honour and esteem from all who know you; or if ever it fails in any degree, it is only upon that point of your seeming to be fallen out with God and the whole world, and neither to care for yourself, nor anything else, after what you have lost.

You will say, perhaps, that one thing was all to you, and your fondness of it made you indifferent to everything else. But this, I doubt, will be so far from justifying you, that it will prove to be your fault as well as your misfortune. God Almighty gave you all the blessings of life, and you set your heart wholly upon one, and despise or undervalue all the rest: is this his fault or yours? Nay, is it not to be very unthankful to Heaven, as well as very scornful to the rest of the world? is it not to say, because you have lost one thing God has given you, you thank him for nothing he has left, and care not what he takes away? is it not to say, since that one thing is gone out of the world, there is nothing left in it which you think can deserve your kindness or esteem? A friend makes me a feast, and places before me all that his care or kindness could provide; but I set my heart upon one dish alone, and if that happens to be thrown down, I scorn all the rest; and though he sends for another of the same kind, yet I rise from the table in a rage, and say: 'My friend is become my enemy, and he has done me the greatest wrong in the world.' Have I reason, madam, or good grace in what I do? or would it become me better to eat of the rest that is before me, and think no more of what had happened, and could not be remedied?

Christianity teaches and commands us to moderate our passions: to temper our affections towards all things below; to be thankful for the possession, and patient under the loss, whenever HE who gave shall see fit to take away. Your extreme fondness was perhaps as displeasing to God before as now your extreme affliction is; and your loss may have been a punishment for your faults in the manner of enjoying what you had. It is at least pious to ascribe all the ill that befalls us to our own demerits, rather than to injustice in God. And it becomes us better to adore the issues of his providence in the effects, than to inquire into the causes; for submission is the only way of reasoning between a creature and its Maker; and contentment in his will is the greatest duty we can pretend to, and the best remedy we can apply to all our misfortunes.

Passions are perhaps the stings without which, it is said, no honey is made. Yet I think all sorts of men have ever agreed they ought to be our servants, and not our masters; to give us some agitation for entertainment or exercise, but never to throw our reason out of its seat. It is better to have no passions at all, than to have them too violent; or such alone as, instead of heightening our pleasures, afford us nothing but vexation and pain.

In all such losses as your ladyship's has been, there is something that common nature cannot be denied: there is a great deal that good nature may be allowed. But all excessive and outrageous grief or lamentation for the dead was accounted, among the ancient Christians, to have something heathenish; and, among the civil nations of old, to have something barbarous: and therefore it has been the care of the first to moderate it by their precepts, and of the latter to restrain it by their laws. When young children are taken away, we are sure they are well, and escape much ill, which would in all appearance have befallen them if they had stayed longer with us. Our kindness to them is deemed to proceed from common opinions or fond imaginations, not friendship or esteem; and to be grounded upon entertainment rather than use in the many offices of life. Nor would it pass from any person besides your ladyship to say you lost a companion and a friend of nine years old; though you lost one, indeed, who gave the fairest hopes that could be of being both in time and everything else that is estimable and good. But yet that itself is very uncertain, considering the chances of time, the infection of company, the snares of the world, and the passions of youth: so that the most excellent and agreeable creature of that tender age might, by the course of years and accidents, become the most miserable herself; and a greater trouble to her friends by living long, than she could have been by dying young.

Yet, after all, madam, I think your loss so great, and some measure of your grief so deserved, that, would all your passionate complaints, all the anguish of your heart, do anything to retrieve it; could tears water the lovely plant, so as to make it grow again after once it is cut down; could sighs furnish new breath, or could it draw life and spirits from the wasting of yours, I am sure your friends would be so far from accusing your passion, that they would encourage it as much, and share it as deeply, as they could. But alas! the eternal laws of the creation extinguish all such hopes, forbid all such designs; nature gives us many children and friends to take them away, but takes none away to give them to us again. And this makes the excesses of grief to be universally condemned as unnatural, because so much in vain; whereas nature does nothing in vain: as unreasonable, because so contrary to our own designs; for we all design to be well and at ease, and by grief we make ourselves troubles most properly out of the dust, whilst our ravings and complaints are but like arrows shot up into the air at no mark, and so to no purpose, but only to fall back upon our own heads and destroy ourselves

Perhaps, madam, you will say this is your design, or, if not, your desire; but I hope you are not yet so far gone, or so desperately bent. Your ladyship knows very well your life is not your own, but His who lent it you to manage and preserve in the best way you can, and not to throw it away, as if it came from some common hand. Our life belongs, in a great measure, to our country and our family: therefore. by all human laws, as well as divine, self-murder has ever been agreed upon as the greatest crime; and it is punished here with the utmost shame, which is all that can be inflicted upon the dead. But is the crime much less to kill ourselves by a slow poison than by a sudden wound? Now, if we do it, and know we do it, by a long and continual grief, can we think ourselves innocent? What great difference is there, if we break our hearts or consume them, if we pierce them or bruise them: since all terminates in the same death, as all arises from the same despair? But what if it does not go so far; it is not, indeed, so bad as it might be, but that does not excuse it. Though I do not kill my neighbour, is it no hurt to wound him, or to spoil him of the conveniences of life? The greatest crime is for a man to kill himself; is it a small one to wound himself by anguish of heart, by grief, or despair: to ruin his health, to shorten his age, to deprive himself of all the pleasure, ease, and enjoyment of life? . . .

Whilst I had any hopes that that your tears would ease you, or that your grief would consume itself by liberty and time, your ladyship knows very well I never accused it, nor ever increased it by the common formal ways of attempting to assuage it: and this, I am sure, is the first office of the kind I ever performed, otherwise than in the most ordinary forms. I was in hopes what was so violent could not be long; but when I observed it to grow stronger with age, and increase like a stream the further it ran; when I saw it draw out to such unhappy consequences, and threaten not less than your child, your health and your life, I could no longer forbear this endeavour. Nor can I end it without begging of your ladyship, for God's sake, for your own, for that of your children and your friends, your country and your family, that you would no longer abandon yourself to so disconsolate a passion; but that you would at length awaken your piety, give way to your prudence, or, at least, rouse up the invincible spirit of the Percies, which never yet shrunk at any disaster; that you would sometimes remember the great honours and fortunes of your family, not always the losses; cherish those veins of good humour that are so natural to you, and sear up those of ill, that would make you so unkind to your children and to yourself; and, above all, that you would enter upon the cares of your health and your life. For my part, I know nothing that could be so great an honour and a satisfaction to me, as if your ladyship would own me to have contributed towards this cure; but, however, none can perhaps more justly pretend to your pardon for the attempt, since there is none, I am sure, who has always had at heart a greater honour for your ladyship's family, nor can have more esteem for you, than, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant.

Right of Private Judgment in Religion.

Whosoever designs the change of religion in a country or government by any other means than that of a general conversion of the people, or the greatest part of them, designs all the mischiefs to a nation that use to usher in, or attend, the two great distempers of a state, civil war or tyranny; which are violence, oppression, cruelty, rapine, intemperance, injustice; and, in short, the miserable effusion of human blood, and the confusion of all laws, orders and virtues among men.

Such consequences as these, I doubt, are something more than the disputed opinions of any man, or any particular assembly of men, can be worth; since the great and general end of all religion, next to men's happiness hereafter, is their happiness here; as appears by the commandments of God being the best and greatest moral and civil, as well as divine precepts, that have been given to a nation; and by the rewards proposed to the piety of the Jews, throughout the Old Testament, which were the blessings of this life, as health, length of age, number of children, plenty, peace, or victory. . . .

A man that tells me my opinions are absurd or ridiculous, impertinent or unreasonable, because they differ from his, seems to intend a quarrel instead of a dispute, and calls me fool, or madman, with a little more circumstance; though, perhaps, I pass for one as well in my senses as he, as pertinent in talk, and as prudent in life: yet these are the common civilities, in religious argument, of sufficient and conceited men, who talk much of right reason, and mean always their own, and make their private imagination the measure of general truth. But such language determines all etween us, and the dispute comes to end in three words at last, which it might as ell have ended in at first: That he is in the right, and I am in the wrong.

The other great end of religion, which is our happiness here, has been generally agreed on by all mankind, as appears in the records of all their laws, as well as all their religions, which comes to be established by the concurrence of men's customs and opinions; though, in the latter, that concurrence may have been produced by divine impressions or inspirations. For all agree in teaching and commanding, in planting and improving, not only those moral virtues which conduce to the felicity and tranquility as every private man's life, but also those manners and dispositions that tend to the peace, order, and safety of all civil societies and governments among men. Nor could I ever understand how those who call themselves, and the world usually calls, *religious men*, come to put so great weight upon those points of belief which men never have agreed in, and so little upon those of virtue and morality, in which they have hardly ever disagreed. Nor why a state should venture the subversion of their peace, and their order, which are certain goods, and so universally esteemed, for the propagation of uncertain or contested opinions.

Sir William Temple's 'Essay upon the Ancient and Modern Learning' gave occasion to one of the most celebrated literary controversies which have occurred in England. The composition of it was suggested to him principally by a French work of Charles Perrault, on 'The Age of Louis the Great,' in which, with the view of flattering the pride of the *grand monarque*, it was affirmed that the writers of antiquity had been excelled by those of modern times. This doctrine excited a warm discussion in France, where the poet Boileau was among those by whom it was strenuously opposed. It was in behalf of the ancients that Sir William Temple also took the field. The first of the enemy's arguments which he controverts is the allegation, 'that we must have more knowledge than the ancients, because we have the advantage both of theirs and our own; just as a dwarf standing upon a giant's shoulders sees more and further than he.' To this he replies, that the ancients may have derived vast stores of knowledge from their predecessors—namely the Chinese, Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, Syrians, and Jews. Among these nations, he remarks, 'were planted and cultivated mighty growths of astronomy, astrology, magic, geometry, natural philosophy, and ancient story; and from these sources Orpheus, Homer, Lycurgus, Pythagoras, Plato, and others of the ancients, are acknowledged to have drawn all those depths of knowledge or learning which have made them so renowned in all succeeding ages.' Here Temple manifests extreme ignorance and credulity in assuming as facts the veriest fables of the ancients, particularly with respect to Orpheus, of whom he afterwards speaks in conjunction with that equally authentic personage, Arion, and in reference to whose musical powers he asks triumphantly, 'What are become of the charms of music, by which men and beasts, fishes, fowls, and serpents, were so frequently enchanted, and, their very natures changed; by which the passions of men were raised to the greatest height and violence, and then as suddenly appeased, so that they might be justly said to be turned into lions or lambs, into wolves or into harts, by the powers and charms of this admirable music?'

In the same credulous spirit, he affirms that 'the more ancient sages of Greece appear, by the characters remaining of them, to have been much greater men than Hippocrates, Plato, and Xenophon. They were generally princes or lawgivers of their countries, or at least offered or invited to be so, either of their own or of others, that desired them to frame or reform their several institutions of civil government. They were commonly excellent poets and great physicians: they were so learned in natural philosophy, that they foretold not only eclipses in the heavens, but earthquakes at land, and storms at sea, great droughts, and great plagues, much plenty or much scarcity of certain sorts of fruits or grain; not to mention the magical powers attributed to several of them to allay storms, to raise gales, to appease commotions of the people, to make plagues cease; which qualities, whether upon any ground of truth or no, yet, if well believed, must have raised them to that strange height they were at, of common esteem and honour, in their own and succeeding ages.' The objection occurs to him, as one likely to be set up by the admirers of modern learning, that there is no evidence of the existence of books before those now either extant or on record. This, however, gives him no alarm: for it is very doubtful, he tells us, whether books, though they may be helps to knowledge, and serviceable in diffusing it, 'are necessary ones, or much advance any other science beyond the particular records of actions or registers of time'—as if any example could be adduced of science having flourished where tradition was the only mode of handing it down! His notice of astronomy is equally ludicrous: 'There is nothing new in astronomy,' says he, 'to vie with the ancients, *unless it be the Copernican system*'—a system which overturns the whole fabric of ancient astronomical science, though Temple declares with great simplicity that it 'has made no change in the conclusions of astronomy.' In comparing 'the great wits among the moderns' with the authors of antiquity, he mentions no Englishmen except Sir Philip Sidney, Bacon, and Selden, leaving Shakspeare and Milton altogether out of view. How little he was qualified to judge of the comparative merits of ancient and modern authors, is evident not only from his total ignorance of the Greek language, but from the very limited knowledge of English literature evinced by his considering Sir Philip Sidney to be 'both the greatest poet and the noblest genius of any that have left writings behind them, and published in ours or any other modern language.' He further declares, that after Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, he 'knows none of the moderns that have made any achievements in heroic poetry worth recording.'

Descartes and Hobbes are 'the only new philosophers that have made entries upon the noble stage of the sciences for fifteen hundred years past,' and these 'have by no means eclipsed the lustre of Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, and others of the ancients.' Bacon, Newton, and Boyle are not regarded as philosophers at all. But the most unlucky blunder committed by Temple on this occasion was his adducing the Greek Epistles of Phalaris in support of the proposition, that 'the oldest books we have are still in their kind the best.' These Epistles, says he, 'I think to have more grace, more spirit, more force of wit and genius, than any others I have seen, either ancient or modern.' Some critics, he admits, have asserted that they are not the production of Phalaris—who lived in Sicily more than five centuries before Christ—but of some writer in the declining age of Greek literature. In reply to these sceptics, he enumerates such transcendent excellences of the Epistles, that any man, he thinks, 'must have little skill in painting that cannot find out this to be an original.' The celebrity given to these Epistles by the publication of Temple's Essay, led to the appearance of a new edition of them at Oxford, under the name of Charles Boyle as editor. Boyle, while preparing it for the press, got into a quarrel with the celebrated critic, Richard Bentley, a man deeply versed in Greek literature; on whom he inserted a bitter reflection in his preface. Bentley, in reply, demonstrated the Epistles to be a forgery, taking occasion at the same time to speak somewhat irreverently of Sir William Temple. Boyle, with the assistance of Aldrich, Atterbury, and other Christ-church doctors—who, indeed, were the real combatants—sent forth a reply, the plausibility of which seemed to give him the advantage; till Bentley, in a most triumphant rejoinder, exposed the gross ignorance which lay concealed under the wit and assumption of his opponents. To these parties, however, the controversy was not confined. Boyle and his friends were backed by the sarcastic powers, if not by the learning, of Pope, Swift, Garth, Middleton, and others. Swift, who came into the field on behalf of his patron, Sir William Temple, published on this occasion his famous 'Battle of the Books,' and to the end of his life continued to speak of Bentley in the language of hatred and contempt. In the work just mentioned, Swift has ridiculed not only that scholar, but also his friend, the Rev. William Wotton, who had opposed Temple in a treatise entitled 'Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning,' published in 1694. To some parts of that treatise Sir William wrote a reply, the following passage in which perhaps suggested the satirical account given long afterwards by Swift, in 'Gulliver's Travels,' of the experimental researches of the projector at Lagodas:

Schemes of Projectors.

What has been produced for the use. benefit, or pleasure of mankind, by all the airy speculations of those who have passed for the great advancers of knowledge and learning these last fifty years—which is the date of our modern pretenders—I confess I am yet to seek, and should be very glad to find. I have indeed heard of wondrous pretensions and visions of men possessed with notions of the strange advancement of learning and sciences, on foot in this age, and the progress they are like to make in the next; as the universal medicine, which will certainly cure all that have it; the philosopher's stone, which will be found out by men that care not for riches; the transfusion of young blood into old men's veins, which will make them as gamesome as the lambs from which 'tis to be derived; a universal language, which may serve all men's turn when they have forgot their own; the knowledge of one another's thoughts without the grievous trouble of speaking; the art of flying, till a man happens to fall down, and break his neck; double-bottomed ships, whereof none can ever be cast away besides the first that was made; the admirable virtues of that noble and necessary juice called spittle, which will come to be sold, and very cheap, in the apothecaries' shops; discoveries of new worlds in the planets, and voyages between this and that in the moon to be made as frequently as between York and London: which such poor mortals as I am think as wild as those of Ariosto, but without half so much wit. or so much instruction; for there, these modern sages may know where they may hope in time to find their lost senses, preserved in phials, with those of Orlando.

SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE.

Sir George Mackenzie, lord advocate under Charles II. and James II. (1636–1691), was a native of Dundee, son of Simon Mackenzie of Lochslin, brother of the Earl of Seaforth. He was educated at St. Andrews and Aberdeen, and studied civil law at Bourges, in France. In 1660, he published 'Aretine; or the Serious Romance.' He seems to have been almost the only learned man of his time in Scotland who maintained an acquaintance with the lighter departments of contemporary English literature. Sir George was a friend of Dryden, by whom he is mentioned with great respect; and he himself composed poetry, which, if it has no other merit, is at least in pure English, and appears to have been fashioned after the best models of the time. He also wrote some moral essays, which possess the same merits. These are entitled—'On Happiness;' 'The Religious Stoic;' 'Moral Gallantry;' 'The Moral History of Frugality;' and 'Reason.'

In 1665, Sir George published at Edinburgh 'A Moral Essay, preferring Solitude to Public Employment,' which drew forth an answer from John Evelyn. Both are curious and pleasing works, and it is remarkable as illustrating the propensity of men to dwell in imagination on pleasures which they do not possess, that the writer who contended for solitude was a person busily employed in scenes of active life, the king's advocate for Scotland; while Evelyn, whose pursuits were principally those which ornament retirement—who longed to be 'delivered from the gilded impertinences of life'—stood forward as the champion of public and active employment. The arguments of Evelyn are, however, unanswerable. He ought to be a wise and good man, indeed, that dares to live alone; for ambition and malice, lust and superstition, or torpid indolence, are in solitude as in their kingdom. The most busy may find time for occasional retirement from the world, while the highest virtues lose their efficacy from being unseen. Even the love of letters—the chief delight and attraction of a secluded life—palls upon the mind, and fails to render instruction, for 'not to read men, and converse with living libraries, is to deprive ourselves of the most useful and profitable of studies.' The literary efforts of Sir George Mackenzie were but holiday recreations. His business was law. He was author of 'Institute of the *Law of Scotland*,' and 'Laws and Customs in Matters Criminal;' also '*A Defence of the* Royal Line of Scotland,' in which he gravely supports the story of the forty fabulous kings deduced from Gathelus, son-in-law of Pharaoh, and his spouse Scota! An important historical production of his pen, entitled 'Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland, from the Restoration of Charles II.' lay undiscovered in manuscript till the present century, and was not printed till 1821. Sir George disgraced himself by subserviency to the court, and by the inhumanity and cruelty which, as Lord Advocate, he was instrumental in perpetrating against the Covenanters. He is distinguished as the founder of the Library of the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh. At the Revolution, he retired to England, where his death took place in 1691.

Sir George Mackenzie was less successful in verse than in prose:

Praise of a Country Life.

O happy country life! pure like its air;
Free from the rage of pride, the pangs of care.
Here happy souls lie bathed in soft content,
And are at once secure and innocent.
No passion here but love: here is no wound
But that by which lovers their names confound
On barks of trees, whilst with a smiling face
They see those letters as themselves embrace.
Here the kind myrtles pleasant branches spread;
And sure no laurel casts so sweet a shade.
Yet all these country pleasures, without love,
Would but a dull and tedious prison prove.
But oh! what woods [and] parks [and] meadows lie
In the blest circle of a mistress' eye!
What courts, what camps, what triumphs may one find
Displayed in Cælia, when she will be kind!
What a dull thing this lower world had been,
If heavenly beauties were not sometimes seen!
For when fair Cælia leaves this charming place,
Her absence all its glories does deface.

Against Envy.

We may cure envy in ourselves either by considering how useless or how ill these things were for which we envy our neighbours; or else how we possess as much or as good things. If I envy his greatness, I consider that he wants my quiet: as also I consider that he possibly envies me as much as I do him; and that when I begun to examine exactly his perfections, and to balance them with my own, I found myself as happy as he was. And though many envy others, yet very few would change their condition even with those whom they envy, all being considered. And I have oft admired why we have suffered ourselves to be so cheated by contradictory vices, as to contemn this day him whom we envied the last; or why we envy so many, since there are so few whom we think to deserve as much as we do. Another great help against envy is, that we ought to consider how much the thing envied costs him whom we envy, and if we would take it at the price. Thus, when I envy a man for being learned, I consider how much of his health and time that learning consumes: if for being great, how he should flatter and serve for it; and if I would not pay his price, no reason I ought to have what he has got. Sometimes, also, I consider that there is no reason for my envy: he whom I envy deserves more than he has, and I less than I possess. And by thinking much of these, I repress their envy, which grows still from the contempt of our neighbour and the overrating ourselves. As also I consider that the perfections envied by me may be advantageous to me; and thus I check myself for envying a great pleader, but am rather glad that there is such a man, who may defend my innocence: or to envy a great soldier, because his valour may defend my estate or country. And when any of my countrymen begin to raise envy in me, I alter the scene, and begin to be glad that Scotland can boast of so fine a man; and I remember, that though now I am angry at him when I compare him with myself, yet, if I were discoursing of my nation abroad, I would be glad of that merit in him which now displeases me. Nothing is envied but what appears beautiful and charming: and it is strange that I should be troubled at the sight of what is pleasant. I endeavor also to make such my friends as deserve my envy; and no man is so base as to envy his friend. Thus, whilst others look on the angry side of merit, and thereby trouble themselves, I am pleased in admiring the beauties and charms which burn them as a fire, whilst they warm me as the sun.

Fame.

I smile to see underling pretenders, and who live in a country scarce designed in the exactest maps, sweat and toil for so unmassy a reputation, that, when it is hammered out to the most stretching dimensions, will not yet reach the nearest towns of a neighbouring country: whereas, examine such as have but lately returned from travelling in most flourishing kingdoms, and though curiosity was their greatest errand, yet ye will find that they scarce know who is chancellor or president in these places; and in the exactest histories we hear but few news of the famousest pleaders, divines, or physicians; and by soldiers these are undervalued as pedants, and these by them as madcaps, and both by philosophers as fools.

The True Path to Esteem.

I have remarked in my own time that some, by taking too much care to be esteemed and admired, have by that course missed their aim; whilst others of them who shunned it, did meet with it, as if it had fallen on them whilst it was flying from the others; which proceeded from the unfit means these able and reasonable men took to establish their reputation. It is very strange to hear men value themselves upon their honour, and their being men of their word in trifles, when yet that same honour cannot tie them to pay the debts they have contracted upon solemn promise of secure and speedy repayment; starving poor widows and orphans to feed their lusts; and adding thus robbery and oppression to the dishonourable breach of trust. And how can we think them men of honour, who, when a potent and foreign monarch is oppressing his weaker neighbours, hazard their very lives to assist him, though they would rail at any of their acquaintance, that, meeting a strong man fighting with a weaker, should assist the stronger in his oppression?

The surest and most pleasant path to universal esteem and true popularity is to be just; for all men esteem him most who secures most their private interest, and protects best their innocence. And all who have any notion of a Deity, believe that justice is one of his chief attributes; and that, therefore, whoever is just, is next in nature to Him, and the best picture of Him, and to be reverenced and loved. But yet how few trace this path! most men choosing rather to toil and vex themselves, in seeking popular applause, by living high, and in profuse prodigalities, which are entertained by injustice and oppression; as if rational men would pardon robbers because they feasted them upon a part of their own spoils; or did let them see fine and glorious shows, made for the honour of the giver upon the expense of the robbed spectators. But when a virtuous person appears great by his merit, and obeyed only by the charming force of his reason, all men think him descended from that heaven which he serves, and to him they gladly pay the noble tribute of deserved praises.

JOHN EVELYN.

JOHN EVELYN (1620–1706), a gentleman of easy fortune, and the most amiable personal character, distinguished himself by several scientific works written in a popular style. His 'Sylva, or a Discourse of Forest Trees, and the Propagation of Timber in his Majesty's Dominions,' published in 1664, was written in consequence of an application to the Royal Society by the commissioners of the navy, who dreaded a scarcity of timber in the country. This work, aided by the king's example, stimulated the landholders to plant an immense number of oak trees, which, a century after, proved of the greatest service to the nation in the construction of ships of war. 'Terra; a Discourse of the earth, relating to the Culture and Improvement of it, for Vegetation and the Propagation of Plants,' appeared in 1675; and a treatise on medals is another production of the venerable author. There has been printed, also, a volume of his 'Miscellanies.' Evelyn was one of the first in this country to treat gardening and planting scientifically; and his grounds at Sayes-Court, near Deptford, where he resided during a great part of his life, attracted much admiration, on account of the number of foreign plants which he reared in them, and the fine order in which they were kept. The czar Peter was tenant of that mansion after the removal of Evelyn to another estate; and the old man was mortified by the gross manner in which his house and garden were abused by the Russian potentate and his retinue It was one of Peter's amusements to demolish a 'most glorious and impenetrable holly-hedge,' by riding through it on a wheelbarrow.

Evelyn travelled abroad in 1646, and visited the magnificent scenery of the Alps, which he considered horrid and melancholy. Nature, he thought, had 'swept up the rubbish of the earth in the Alps, to form and clear the plains of Lombardy'—so little, at that time, was wild picturesque scenery appreciated! The unromantic cavalier, throughout the greater part of his life, kept a diary, in which he entered every remarkable event in which he was in any way concerned. This was published in 1818 (two volumes quarto), and proved to be a most valuable addition to our store of historical materials respecting the latter half of the seventeenth century. Evelyn chronicles familiar as well as important circumstances; but he does it without loss of dignity, and everywhere preserves the tone of an educated and reflecting observer. It is curious to read, in this work, of great men going *after dinner* to attend a council of state, or the business of their particular offices, or the bowling-green, or even the church; of an hour's sermon being of moderate length; of ladies painting their faces being a novelty; or of their receiving visits from gentlemen whilst dressing, after having just risen out of bed; of the female attendant of a lady of fashion travelling on a pillion behind one of the footmen, and the footmen riding with swords In his notices of the court, Evelyn passes quickly, but with austere dignity, over the scenes of folly and vice exhibited by Charles. On one occasion he writes: 'I thence walked through St. James's Park to the garden, when I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between (the king) and Mrs. Nelly, as they called an impudent comedian [Nell Gwynne]; she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and (the king) standing on the green walk under it. I was heartily sorry for this scene. Thence the king walked to the Duchess of Cleveland, another lady of pleasure, and curse of our nation.' The following is a striking picture of the court of Charles II. on the Sunday preceding his death, February 6, 1685:

The Last Sunday of Charles II.

I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God—it being Sunday evening—which this day se'ennight I was witness of—the king sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarin, &c.; a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust.

Of the following extracts from the 'Diary,' the first is given in the original spelling:

The Great Fire in London.

1666. 2d Sept. This fatal night about ten began that deplorable fire near Fish Streete in London.

3d. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and sonn and went to the Bank side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole citty in dreadful flames near ye water side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapeside, downe to the Three Cranes, were now consum'd.

The fire having continu'd all this night—if I may call that night which was light as day for 10 miles round about, after a dreadful manner—when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very drie season, I went on foote to the same place, and saw the whole south part of ye citty burning from Cheapside to ye Thames, and all along Cornehill—for it kindl'd back against ye wind as well as forward—Tower Streete, Fenchurch Streete, Gracious Streete, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paule's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonish'd, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirr'd to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, publiq halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at greate distances one from ye other; for ye heate with a long set of faire and warme weather had even ignited the air, and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire, which devour'd, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and boates laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on ye other, ye carts, &c. carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seene the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seene above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame: the noise, and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, ye shricking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd, that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let ye flames burn on, wch they did for neere two miles in length and one in bredth. The clouds of smoke were dismall, and reach'd upon computation neer 50 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage—*non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem:* the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus, I returned.

4th. The burning still rages, and it is now gotten as far as the Inner Temple: all Fleete Streete, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Streete, now flaming, and most of it reduc'd to ashes; the stones of Paules flew like granados, ye mealting lead running downe the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously drove the flames forward. Nothing but ye Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was ye help of man.

5th. It crossed towards Whitehall: but oh! the confusion there was then at that court! It pleased his Maty to command me among ye rest to looke after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve, if possible, that part of Holburn, whilst the rest of ye gentlemen tooke their several posts—for now they began to bestir themselves. and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands acrosse—and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses, as might make a wider gap than any had yet ben made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines; this some stout seamen propos'd early enough to have sav'd near ye whole citty, but this some tenacious and avaritious men, aldermen, &c. would not permit, because their houses must have ben of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practis'd, and my concern being particularly for the hospital of St. Bartholomew, neere Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it, nor was my care for the Savoy lesse. It now pleas'd God, by abating the wind, and by the industrie of ye people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noone, so as it came no farther than ye Temple westward, nor than ye entrance of Smithfield north. But continu'd all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the tower, as made us all despaire; it also broke out againe in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soone made, as with the former three day's consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing neere the burning and glowing ruines by neere a furlong's space.

The coale and wood wharfes and magazines of oyle, rosin, &c. did infinite mischiefe, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Maty, and publish'd, giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the citty, was look'd on as a prophecy.

The poore inhabitants were dispers'd about St. George's Fields, and Moorefields, as far as Highgate, and severall miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable hutts and hovells, many without a rag or any necessary utensills, bed or board, who, from delicatenesse, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnish'd houses, were now reduc'd to extremest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition, I return'd with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruine was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound. . . .

7th. I went this morning on foot fm Whitehall as far as London Bridge, thro' the late Fleete Street, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paules, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorefields, thence thro' Cornehill, &c. with extraordinary difficulty. clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feete was so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime his Maty got to the Tower by water, to demolish y houses about the graff, which being built intirely about it, had they taken fire and attack'd the White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroy'd all ye bridge, but sunke and torne the vessells in ye river, and render'd ye demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the countrey.

At my return, I was infinitely concern'd to find that goodly church, St. Paules, now a sad ruine, and that beautiful portico—for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repair'd by the late king—now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stones split asunder, and nothing remaining intire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defac'd! It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcin'd, so that all ye ornaments, columns, freezes, and projectures of massic Portland stone flew off, even to ye very roofe, where a sheet of lead covering a great space was totally mealted; the ruines of the vaulted roofe falling broken into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of bookes belonging to ye stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consum'd, burning for a weeke following. It is also observable, that the lead over ye altar at ye east end was untouch'd, and among the divers monuments, the body of one bishop remain'd intire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most antient pieces of early piety in ye Christian world, besides neere 100 more. The lead, yron worke, bells, plate, &c. mealted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers Chapell, the sumptuous Exchange, ye august fabriq of Christ Church, all ye rest of the Companies Halls, sumptuous buildings, arches, all in dust; the fountaines dried up and ruin'd, whilst the very waters remain'd boiling; the vorago's of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in 5 or 6 miles, in traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsum'd, nor many stones but what were calcin'd white as snow. The people who now walk'd about ye ruines appear'd like men in a dismal desart, or rather in some greate citty laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poore creatures bodies, beds, &c. Sir Tho. Gressham's statue, tho' fallen from its nich in the Royal Exchange, remain'd intire, when all those of ye kings since ye Conquest were broken to pieces, also the standard in Cornehill, and Q. Elizabeth's effigies, with some armes on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast yron chaines of the citty streetes, hinges, barrs, and gates of prisons, were many of them mealted and reduc'd to cinders by ye vehement heate. I was not able to passe through any of the narrow streetes, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoake and fiery vapour continu'd so intense, that my haire was almost sing'd, and my feete unsufferably sur-heated. The bie lanes and narrower streetes were quite fill'd up with rubbish, nor could one have knowne where he was, but by ye ruines of some church or hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seene 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispers'd and lying along by their heapes of what they could save from the fire, deploring their losse; and tho' ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appear'd a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeede tooke all imaginable care for their reliefe, by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In ye midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarme begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not onely landed, but even entering the citty. There was, in truth, some days before, greate suspicion of those 2 nations joining; and now that they had ben the occasion of firing the towne. This report did so terrifie, that on a suddaine there was such an uproare and tumult, that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopp'd from falling on some of those nations, whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive, that it made the whole court amaz'd, and they did with infinite paines and greate difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into ye fields againe, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repaire into ye suburbs about the citty, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Matys proclamation also invited them.

A Fortunate Courtier not Envied.

Sept. 6 [1680].—I dined with Sir Stephen Fox, now one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury. This gentleman came first a poor boy from the choir of Salisbury, then was taken notice of by Bishop Duppa, and afterwards waited on my Lord Percy, brother to Algernon, Earl of Northumberland, who procured for him an inferior place amongst the clerks of the kitchen and green cloth side, where he was found so humble, diligent, industrious, and prudent in his behaviour, that his majesty being in exile, and Mr. Fox waiting, both the king and lords about him frequently employed him about their affairs; and trusted him both with receiving and paying the little money they had. Returning with his majesty to England, after great wants and great sufferings, his majesty found him so honest and industrious, and withal so capable and ready, that being advanced from clerk of the kitchen to that of the green cloth, he procured to be paymaster to the whole army; and by his dexterity and punctual dealing, he obtained such credit among the bankers, that he was in a short time able to borrow vast sums of them upon any exigence. The continual turning thus of money, and the soldiers' moderate allowance to him for his keeping touch with them, did so enrich him, that he is believed to be worth at least £200,000 honestly gotten and unenvied, which is next to a miracle. With all this he continues as humble and ready to do a courtesy as ever he was. He is generous, and lives very honourably; of a sweet nature, well-spoken, well-bred, and is so highly in his majesty's esteem, and so useful, that, being long since made a knight, he is also advanced to be one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and has the reversion of the cofferer's place after Harry Brounker. He has married his eldest daughter to my Lord Cornwallis, and gave her £12,000, and restored that entangled family besides. He matched his eldest son to Mrs. Trollope, who brings with her, besides a great sum, near, if not altogether, £2000 per annum. Sir Stephens's lady, an excellent woman, is sister to Mr. Whittle, one of the king's chirurgeons. In a word, never was man more fortunate than Sir Stephen; he is a handsome person, virtuous, and very religious.*

Frost Fair on the Thames.

1683-4. *1st January*. The weather continuing intolerably severe, streets of booths were set upon the Thames; the air was so very cold and thick, as of many years there had not been the like.

9th. I went across the Thames on the ice, now become so thick as to bear not only streets of booths, in which they roasted meat, and had divers shops of wares, quite across as in a town, but coaches, carts, and horses passed over. So I went from Westminster-stairs to Lambeth, and dined with the archbishop: where I met my Lord Bruce, Sir George Wheeler, Colonel Cooke, and several divines. After dinner and discourse with his Grace till evening prayers, Sir George Wheeler and I walked over the ice from Lambeth-stairs to the Horse-ferry.

16th January. The Thames was filled with people and tents, selling all sorts of wares as in the City.

24th. The frost continuing more and more severe, the Thames before London was still planted with booths in formal streets, all sorts of trades and shops furnished, and full of commodities, even to a printing-press, where the people and ladies took a fancy to have their names printed, and the day and year set down when printed on the Thames: this humour took so universally, that it was estimated the printer gained £5 a day, for printing a line only, at sixpence a name, besides what he got by ballads, &c. Coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple, and from several other stairs to and fro, as in the streets, sleds, sliding with skates, a bull-baiting, horse and coach-races, puppet-plays and interludes, cooks, tippling, and other lewd places, so that it seemed to be a bacchanalian triumph, or carnival on the water, whilst it was a severe judgment on the land. the trees not only splitting as if lightning-struck, but men and cattle perishing in divers places, and the very seas so locked up with ice, that no vessels could stir out or come in. The fowls, fish, and birds, and all our exotic plants and greens, universally perishing. Many parks of deer were destroyed, and all sorts of fuel so dear, that there were great contributions to preserve the poor alive. Nor was this severe weather much less intense in most parts of Europe, even as far as Spain and the most southern tracts. London, by reason of the excessive coldness of the air hindering the ascent of the smoke, was so filled with the fuliginous steam of the sea-coal, that hardly could one see across the streets, and this filling the lungs with its gross particles, exceedingly obstructed the breast, so as one could scarcely breathe. Here was no water to be had from the pipes and engines, nor could the brewers and divers other tradesmen work, and every moment was full of disastrous accidents.

5th February. It began to thaw, but froze again. My coach crossed from Lambeth to the Horse-ferry at Milbank, Westminster. The booths were almost all taken down; but there was first a map or landscape cut in copper representing all the manner of the camp, and the several actions, sports, and pastimes thereon, in memory of so signal a frost.

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* Sir Stephen *Fox was the progenitor of the* noble house of Holland, so remarkable *for the line of distinguished statesmen which it has given to England.*

Evelyn's Account of his Daughter Mary.

March 7 [1685].—My daughter Mary [in the nineteenth year of her age] was taken with the small-pox, and there was soon found no hope of her recovery. A great affliction to me, but God's holy will be done!

March 10.—She received the blessed sacrament; after which, disposing herself to suffer what God should determine to inflict, she bore the remainder of her sickness with extraordinary patience and piety, and more than ordinary resignation and blessed frame of mind. She died the 14th, to our unspeakable sorrow and affliction; and not to ours only, but that of all who knew her, who were many of the best quality, greatest and most virtuous persons. The justness of her stature, person, comeliness of countenance, gracefulness of motion, unaffected, though more than ordinarily beautiful, were the least of her ornaments, compared with those of her mind. Of early piety, singularly religious, spending a part of every day in private devotion, reading, and other virtuous exercises; she had collected and written out many of the most useful and judicious periods of the books she read in a kind of commonplace, as out of Dr. Hammond on the New Testament, and most of the best practical treatises. She had read and digested a considerable deal of history and of places [geography]. The French tongue was as familiar to her as English; she understood Italian, and was able to render a laudable account of what she read and observed, to which assisted a most faithful memory and discernment; and she did make very prudent and discreet reflections upon what she had observed of the conversations among which she had at any time been, which being continually of persons of the best quality, she thereby improved. She had an excellent voice, to which she played a thorough base on the harpsichord. . . . What shall I say, or rather not say, of the cheerfulness and agreeableness of her humour? Condescending to the meanest servant in the family, or others, she still kept up respect, without the least pride. She would often read to them, examine, instruct, and pray with them if they were sick, so as she was exceedingly beloved of everybody. She never played at cards without extreme importunity. No one could read prose or verse better or with more judgment; and, as she read, so she writ, not only most correct orthography, with that maturity of judgment and exactness of the periods, choice of expressions, and familiarity of style, that some letters of hers have astonished me and others. Nothing was so delightful to her as to go into my study, where she would willingly have spent whole days, for, as I said, she had read abundance of history, and all the best poets; even Terence, Plautus, Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid; all the best romances and modern poems; she could compose happily, as in the 'Mundus Muliebris,' wherein is an enumeration of the immense variety of the modes and ornaments belonging to her sex; but all these are vain trifles to the virtues that adorned her soul; she was sincerely religious, most dutiful to her parents, whom she loved with an affection tempered with great esteem, so as we were easy and free, and never were so well pleased as when she was with us, nor needed we other conversation. She was kind to her sisters, and was still improving them by her constant course of piety. O dear, sweet, and desirable child! how shall I part with all this goodness and virtue without the bitterness of sorrow and reluctance of a tender parent? Thy affection, duty, and love to me was that of a friend as well as a child. Nor less dear to thy mother, whose example and tender care of thee was unparalleled; nor was thy return to her less conspicuous. Oh, how she mourns thy loss! how desolate hast thou left us! to the grave shall we both carry thy memory.

Fashions in Dress.—From 'Tyrannus, or the Mode.'

'Twas a witty expression of Malvezzi, *I vestimenti negli animali sono molto sicuri segni della loro natura; negli huomini del lor ceruello*—garments, says he, in animals are infallible signs of their nature; in men, of their understanding. Though I would not judge of the monk by the hood he wears, or celebrate the humour of Julian's court, where the philosophic mantle made all his officers appear like so many conjurors, 'tis worth the observing yet, that the people of Rome left off the *toga*, an ancient and noble garment, with their power, and that the vicissitude of their habit was little better than a presage of that of their fortune; for the military *saga*, differencing them from their slaves, was no small indication of the declining of their courage, which shortly followed. And I am of opinion that when once we shall see the Venetian senate quit the gravity of their vests, the state itself will not long subsist without some considerable alteration. I am of opinion that the Swiss had not been now a nation but for keeping to their prodigious breeches.

Be it excusable in the French to alter and impose the mode on others, 'tis no less a weakness and a shame in the rest of the world, who have no dependence on them, to admit them, at least to that degree of levity as to turn into all their shapes without discrimination; so as when the freak takes our Monsieurs to appear like so many farces or Jack Puddings on the stage, all the world should alter shape, and play the pantomimes with them.

Methinks a French tailor, with his ell in his hand, looks the enchantress Circe over the companions of Ulysses, and changes them into as many forms. One while we are made to be loose in our clothes, and by and by appear like so many malefactors sewed up in sacks, as of old they were wont to treat a parricide, with a dog, an ape, and a serpent. Now, we are all twist, and at a distance look like a pair of tongs, and anon stuffed out behind like a Dutchman. This gallant goes so pinched in the waist, as if he were prepared for the question of the fiery plate in Turkey; and that so loose in the middle, as if he would turn insect, or drop in two; now, the short waists and shirts in Pye-court is the mode; then the wide hose, or a man in coats again. Methinks we should learn to handle distaff too; Hercules did so when he courted Omphale; and those who sacrificed to Ceres put on the petticoat with much confidence. . . .

It was a fine silken thing which I spied walking tother day through Westminster Hall, that had as much ribbon about him as would have plundered six shops, and set up twenty country pedlers. All his body was dressed like a May-pole, or a Tom-a-Bedlam's cap. A frigate newly rigged kept not half such a clatter in a storm, as this puppet's streamers did when the wind was in his shrouds; the motion was wonderful to behold, and the well-chosen colours were red, orange, blue, and well gummed satin, which argued a happy fancy; but so was our gallant overcharged, [that] whether he did wear this garment, or as a porter bear it only, was not easily to be resolved. . . .

For my part, I profess that I delight in a cheerful gaiety, affect and cultivate variety. The universe itself were not beautiful to me without it: but as that is in constant and uniform succession in the natural, where men do not disturb it, so would I have it also in the artificial. If the kings of Mexico changed four times a day, it was but an upper vest, which they were used to honour some meritorious servant with. Let men change their habits as oft as they please, so the change be for the better. I would have a summer habit, and a winter; for the spring and for the autumn. Something I would indulge to youth; something to age and humour. But what have we to do with these foreign butterflies? In God's name, let the change be our own, not borrowed of others; for why should I dance after a Monsieur's flageolet, that have a set of English viols for my concert? We need no French inventions for the stage, or for the back.

SAMUEL PEPYS.

Very different from the diary of good and grave John Evelyn is that of his friend SAMUEL PEPYS (1632–1703), who was Secretary of the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. Though not undistinguished in his official career, Pepys would have been slightly remembered had he not left behind him, in short-hand, a diary extending over above nine years—from January 1659–60 to May 1669—which being deciphered and published by Lord Braybrooke in 1825, gave the world a curious and faithful picture of the times, including almost every phase of public and social life, from the gaieties of the court to the pettiest details of domestic economy, business, and amusements. The character of Pepys himself, and his gradual rise in the world, with all his recorded foibles, weaknesses, and peculiarities, as displayed in his daily intercourse with society of all classes, form a highly amusing and instructive study, quite dramatic in its lights and shades, and of never-failing interest. He had excellent opportunities for observation, and nothing appeared too minute for notice in his diary, while his system of short-hand writing gave him both facility and secrecy in recording his memoranda of passing events. Pepys was of humble origin, the son of a London tailor, who had retired to Brampton, near Huntingdon, where he died.

Samuel had a powerful and wealthy cousin, Sir Edward Montagu, afterwards the first Earl of Sandwich, to whose good offices he owed his advancement. Having studied at the university of Cambridge as a sizar, Pepys, in his twenty-third year, married a young lady of fifteen, who had just left a convent, and had no fortune. The consequences of this imprudent step might have been serious had not Sir Edward Montagu afforded an asylum in his house to the youthful pair. When the patron sailed upon his expedition to the Sound, in 1658, he took Pepys with him; and on their return, the latter was employed as a clerk in one of the government offices—living, he says, 'in Axe Yard, having my wife, and servant Jane, and no other in family than us three.' The times, however, were stirring—the restoration of monarchy was at hand, and Pepys's patron, Montagu, was employed to bring home Charles II. He took his cousin with him as secretary to the generals of the fleet; and when Montagu was rewarded for his loyal zeal and services with an earldom and public office, Pepys was appointed Clerk of the Acts of the Navy. This situation he afterwards exchanged for the higher one of Secretary to the Admiralty, which he held until the accession of William and Mary. He lived afterwards in a sort of dignified retirement, well earned by faithful public services, and by a useful and meritorious life.

The diary of Pepys can only be well understood or appreciated by longer extracts than our limits will permit. At the period of its commencement, his fortunes were at a low ebb; but after his voyage with Montagu, in June 1660, he records that on casting up his accounts he found that he was worth £100, 'for which,' he piously adds, 'I bless Almighty God, it being more than I hoped for so soon, being, I believe, not clearly worth £25 when I come to sea, besides my house and goods.' The emoluments and perquisites of his office soon added to his riches, and the Clerk of the Acts gradually soared into that region of fashion and gaiety which he had contemplated with wonder and admiration from a distance. On the 10th of July, he put on his first silk suit; and the subsequent additions to his wardrobe—camlet cloaks, with gold and silver buttons, &c.—are all carefully noted. His wife (whom he is never tired of praising) also shares in this finery, and her first grand appearance is thus recorded:

Mrs. Pepys in a New Dress.

August 18.—Towards Westminster by water. I landed my wife at Whitefriars with £5 to buy her a petticoat, and my father persuaded her to buy a most fine cloth, of 26s. a yard, and a rich lace, that the petticoat will come to £5; but she doing it very innocently, I could not be angry. Captain Ferrers took me and Creed to the Cockpit play, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from sea, 'The Loyall Subject' where one Kinaston, a boy, acted the Duke's sister, but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life. After the play done, we went to drink, and, by Captain Ferrers' means, Kinaston, and another that acted Archas the General, came and drank with us.

19. (Lord's Day.)—This morning Sir W. Batten, Pen, and myself, went to church to the churchwardens, to demand a pew, which at present could not be given us; but we are resolved to have one built. So we staid, and heard Mr. Mills, a very good minister. Home to dinner, where my wife had on her new petticoat that she bought yesterday, which indeed is a very fine cloth and a fine lace; but that being of a light colour, and the lace all silver, it makes no great show.

Of this gossiping complexion are most of Pepys's entries. The severe morality and deeper feeling of Evelyn would have suppressed much of what his friend set down without comment or scruple, but the picture thus presented of the court, and of the manners of the time, would have been less lively and less true. We subjoin, almost at random, a few passages from Pepys's faithful and minute chronicle:

Charles II. and the Queen in the Park.

Hearing that the King and Queene are rode abroad with the Ladies of Honour to the Park; and seeing a great crowd of gallants staying here to see their return, I also staid, walking up and down. By and by the King and Queene, who looked in this dress, a white laced waistcoate and a crimson short petticoat, and her hair dressed *a la negligence*, mighty pretty; and the King rode hand in hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine, [who] rode among the rest of the ladies; but the king took, methought, no notice of her; nor when she 'light, did anybody press, as she seemed to expect, and staid for it, to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentleman. She looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat, which all took notice of, and yet is very handsome, but very melancholy; nor did anybody speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to anybody. I followed them up into Whitehall, and into the Queene's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beautys and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But, above all, Mrs. Stewart [afterwards Duchess of Richmond] in this dresse, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life; and, if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress: nor do I wonder if the king changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine.

Mr. Pepys sets up a Carriage.

November 5, 1668.—With Mr. Povy spent all the afternoon going up and down among the coachmakers in Cow Lane, and did see several, and at last did pitch upon a little chariott, whose body was framed, but not covered, at the widow's, that made Mr. Lowther's fine coach; and we are mightily pleased with it, it being light, and will be very genteel and sober: to be covered with leather, but yet will hold four. Being much satisfied with this, I carried him to Whitehall. Home, where I give my wife a good account of my day's work.

30.—My wife, after dinner, went the first time abroad in her coach, calling on Roger Pepys, and visiting Mrs. Creed, and my cosen Turner. Thus ended this month with very good content, but most expenseful to my purse on things of pleasure, having furnished my wife's closet and the best chamber, and a coach and horses, that ever I knew in the world: and I am put into the greatest condition of outward state that ever I was in, or hoped ever to be, or desired.

December 2.—Abroad with my wife, the first time that ever I rode in my own coach, which do make my heart rejoice, and praise God, and pray him to bless it to me and continue it. So she and I to the King's playhouse, and there saw 'The Usurper;' a pretty good play, in all but what is designed to resemble Cromwell and Hugh Peters, which is mighty silly. The play done, we to Whitehall; where my wife staid while I up to the Duchesse's and Queene's side, to speak with the Duke of York: and here saw all the ladies, and heard the silly discourse of the King, with his people about him.

April 11, 1669.—Thence to the Park, my wife and I; and here Sir W. Coventry did first see me and my wife in a coach of our own; and so did also this night the Duke of York, who did eye my wife mightily. But I begin to doubt that my being so much seen in my own coach at this time may be observed to my prejudice; but I must venture it now.

May 1.—Up betimes. Called by my tailor, and there first put on a summer suit this year; but it was not my fine one of flowered tabby vest, and coloured camelott tunique, because it was too fine with the gold lace at the bands, that I was afraid to be seen in it; but put on the stuff suit I made the last year, which is now repaired; and so did go to the Office in it, and sat all the morning, the day looking as if it would be fowle. At noon, home to dinner, and there find my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced exceeding pretty; and, indeed, was fine all over; and mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reines, that people did mightily look upon us; and, the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours, all the day. But we set out, out of humour—I because Betty, whom I expected, was not come to go with us; and my wife that I would sit on the same seat with her, which she likes not, being so fine: and she then expected to meet Sheres, which we did in the Pell Mell, and, against my will, I was forced to take him into the coach, but was sullen all day almost, and little complaisant: the day being unpleasing, though the Park full of coaches, but dusty, and windy, and cold, and now and then a little dribbling of rain; and, what made it worse, there were so many hackney-coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's; and so we had little pleasure. But here was W. Batelier and his sister in a borrowed coach by themselves, and I took them and we to the lodge; and at the door did give them a syllabub, and other things, cost me 12*s.* and pretty merry.

Mr. Pepys tries to admire Hudibras.

December 26, 1662.—To the Wardrobe. Hither come Mr. Battersby: and we falling into discourse of a new book of drollery in use, called 'Hudibras,' I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple: cost me 2*s.* 6*d.* But when I come to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter Knight going to the warrs, that I am ashamed of it; and by and by meeting at Mr. Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18*d.*

February 6.—To Lincoln's Inn Fields; and it being too soon to go to dinner, I walked up and down, and looked upon the outside of the new theatre building in Covent Garden, which will be very fine. And so to a bookseller's in the Strand, and there bought 'Hudibras' again, it being certainly some ill-humour to be so against that which all the world cries up to be the example of wit; for which I am resolved once more to read him, and see whether I can find it or no.

November 28.—To Paul's Church-yard, and there looked upon the second part of 'Hudibras,' which I buy not, but borrow to read, to see if it be as good as the first, which the world cried so mightily up, though it hath not a good liking in me, though I had tried but twice or three times reading to bring myself to think it witty.

Mr. Pepys at the Theatre.

March 2, 1667.—After dinner, with my wife, to the King's house to see 'The Maiden Queen,' a new play of Dryden's mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit; and, the truth is, there is a comical part done by Nell Gwynne, which is Florimell, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again, by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at the play. But so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this both as a mad girle, then most and best of all, when she comes in like a young gallant; and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her.

October 5.—To the King's house; and there, going in, met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tireing-rooms: and to the woman's shift, where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And into the scene-room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit: and here I read the questions to Knipp, while she answered me through all her part of 'Flora Figarys,' which was acted to-day. But, Lord! to see how they were both painted would make a man mad, and did make me loath them; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk! and how poor the men are in clothes, and yet what a show they make on the stage by candle-light, is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed for having so few people in the pit, was pretty; the other house carrying away all the people at the new play, and is said, now-a-days, to have generally most company, as being better players. By and by into the pit, and there saw the play, which is pretty good.

December 28.—To the King's house, and there saw 'The Mad Couple,' which is but an ordinary play; but only Nell's and Hart's mad parts are most excellent done, but especially hers: which makes it a miracle to me to think how ill she do any serious part, as, the other day, just like a fool or changeling; and in a mad part do beyond imitation almost. It pleased us mightily to see the natural affection of a poor woman, the mother of one of the children, brought on the stage: the child crying, she by force got upon the stage, and took up her child, and carried it away off of the stage from Hart. Many fine faces here to-day.

February 27, 1667-8.—With my wife to the King's house, to see 'The Virgin Martyr,' the first time it hath been acted a great while: and it is mighty pleasant; not that the play is worth much, but it is finely acted by Beck Marshall. But that which did please me beyond anything in the whole world was the wind-musick when the angel comes down, which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife; that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of anything, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any musick hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me: and makes me resolve to practise wind-musick, and to make my wife do the like.

Mr. Pepys at Church.

May 26, 1667.—My wife and I to church, where several strangers of good condition come to our pew. After dinner, I by water alone to Westminster to the parish church, and there did entertain myself with my perspective glass up and down the church, by which I had the great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women; and what with that, and sleeping, I passed away the time till sermon was done. I away to my boat, and up with it as far as Barne Elmes, reading of Mr. Evelyn's late new book against Solitude, in which I do not find much excess of good matter, though it be pretty for a bye discourse.

August 18.—To Cree Church, to see it how it is: but I find no alteration there, as they say there was, for my Lord Mayor and Aldermen to come to sermon, as they do every Sunday, as they did formerly to Paul's. There dined with me Mr. Turner and his daughter Betty. Betty is grown a fine young lady as to carriage and discourse. We had a good haunch of venison, powdered and boiled, and a good dinner. I walked towards Whitehall, but, being wearied, turned into St. Dunstan's Church, where I heard an able sermon of the minister of the place; and stood by a pretty, modest maid, whom I did labour to take by the hand; but she would not, but got further and further from me; and, at last, I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again—which, seeing, I did forbear, and was glad I did spy her design. And then I fell to gaze upon another pretty maid, in a pew close to me, and she on me; and I did go about to take her by the hand, which she suffered a little and then withdrew. So the sermon ended.

Domestic Scene between Mr. and Mrs. Pepys.

May 11, 1667.—My wife being dressed this day in fair hair did make me so mad that I spoke not one word to her, though I was ready to burst with anger. After that, Creed and I into the Park, and walked, a most pleasant evening, and so took coach, and took up my wife, and in my way home discovered my trouble to my wife for her white locks, swearing several times, which I pray God forgive me for, and bending my fist that I would not endure it. She, poor wretch, was surprised with it, and made me no answer all the way home; but there we parted, and I to the office late, and then home, and without supper to bed, vexed.

12. (Lord's day.)—Up and to my chamber, to settle some accounts there, and by and by down comes my wife to me in her night-gown, and we begun calmly, that, upon having money to lace her gown for second mourning, she would promise to wear white locks no more in my sight, which I, like a severe fool, thinking not enough, begun to except against, and made her fly out to very high terms and cry, and in her heat, told me of keeping company with Mrs. Knipp, saying, that if I would promise never to see her more—of whom she hath more reason to suspect than I had heretofore of Pembleton—she would never wear white locks more. This vexed me, but I restrained myself from saying anything, but do think never to see this woman—at least, to have her here more; and so all very good friends as ever. My wife and I bethought ourselves to go to a French house to dinner, and so inquired out Monsieur Robins, my perriwigg-maker, who keeps an ordinary, and in an ugly street in Covent Garden, did find him at the door, and so we in; and in a moment almost had the table covered, and clean glasses, and all in the French manner, and a mess of potage first, and then a piece of bœuf-a-la-mode, all exceeding well seasoned, and to our great liking; at least it would have been anywhere else but in this bad street, and in a perriwigg-maker's house; but to see the pleasant and ready attendance that we had, and all things so desirous to please, and ingenious in the people, did take me mightily. Our dinner cost us 6s.

Mr. Pepy's makes a Great Speech at the Bar of the House of Commons in defence of the Navy Board.

March 5, 1668.—I full of thoughts and trouble touching the issue of this day; and, to comfort myself, did go to the Dog, and drink half a pint of mulled sack, and in the hall did drink a dram of brandy at Mrs. Hewlett's; and with the warmth of this did find myself in better order as to courage, truly. So we all up to the lobby; and, between eleven or twelve o'clock, were called in, with the mace before us, into the House, where a mighty full House; and we stood at the bar—namely, Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, Sir T. Harvey, and myself, W. Penn being in the House, as a member. I perceive the whole House was full of expectation of our defence what it would be, and with great prejudice. After the Speaker had told us the dissatisfaction of the House, and read the Report of the Committee, I began our defence most acceptable and smoothly, and continued at it without any hesitation or loss, but with full scope, and all my reason free about me, as if it had been at my own table, from that time till past three in the afternoon; and so ended, without any interruption from the Speaker; but we withdrew. And there all my fellow-officers, and all the world that was within hearing, did congratulate me, and cry up my speech as the best thing they ever heard. To my wife, whom W. Hewer had told of my success, and she overjoyed; and, after talking a while, I betimes to bed, having had no quiet rest a good while.

6.—Up betimes, and with Sir D. Gauden to Sir W. Coventry's chamber; where the first word he said to me was: 'Good-morrow, Mr. Pepys, that must be Speaker of the Parliament-house:' and did protest I had got honour for ever in Parliament. He said that his brother, that sat by him, admires me; and another gentleman said that I could not get less than £1000 a year, if I would put on a gown and plead at the Chancery-bar; but what pleases me most, he tells me that the Solicitor-general did protest that he thought I spoke the best of any man in England. After several talks with him alone touching his own businesses, he carried me to Whitehall, and there parted; and I to the Duke of York's lodgings, and find him going to the Park, it being a very fine morning, and I after him; and, as soon as he saw me, he told me, with great satisfaction, that I had converted a great many yesterday, and did, with great praise of me, go on with the discourse with me. And, by and by, overtaking the King, the King and Duke of York came to me both; and he [the King] said: 'Mr. Pepys, I am very glad of your success yesterday;' and fell to talk of my well speaking; and many of the Lords there. My Lord Barkeley did cry me up for what they had heard of it; and others, Parliament-men there, about the King, did say

ey never heard such a speech in their lives delivered in that manner. Progers,
Bedchamber, swore to me afterwards before Brouncker, in the afternoon, that
tell the King that he thought I might match the Solicitor-general. Everybody
aw me almost came to me, as Joseph Williamson and others, with such eulogies
not be expressed. From thence I went to Westminster Hall, where I met Mr.
ntagu, who came to me and kissed me, and told me that he had often hereto-
issed my hands, but now he would kiss my lips; protesting that I was another
o, and said, all the world said the same of me.

pys, like Evelyn, records the daily devastation of the Great Fire,
with less minuteness. He had, however, watched the poor people
ring about their houses and furniture until the fire touched them;
then running into boats, or clambering by the waterside from one
of stairs to another; 'and among other things, the poor pigeons
loth to leave their houses, and hovered about the windows and
onies till they burned their wings and fell down.'

SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

R ROGER L'ESTRANGE (1616–1704) enjoyed in the reigns of
rles II. and James II. great notoriety as a political writer. Dur-
he Civil War, he had fought as a Royalist soldier; being cap-
l by the Parliamentary army, he was tried and condemned to
h, and lay in prison almost four years, constantly expecting to
d forth to execution. A poem ascribed to him, entitled 'the
rty of the Imprisoned Royalists,' must have been written at this
. The following are a few of the stanzas:

Beat on, proud billows! Boreas, blow!
  Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof!
Your incivility shall shew
  That innocence is tempest-proof.
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm;
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a gaol,
  A private closet is to me,
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
  And innocence my liberty.
Locks, bars, walls, leanness, though together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret. . . .

My soul is free as ambient air,
  Although my baser parts be mewed;
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
  To company my solitude;
And though rebellion may my body bind,
My king can only captivate my mind.

Have you not seen the nightingale
  A pilgrim cooped into a cage,
And heard her tell her wonted tale,
  In that her narrow hermitage?
Even then her charming melody doth prove
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am the bird whom they combine
  Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corps confine,
  Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free;
And though I 'm mewed, yet I can chirp and sing,
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king!

L'Estrange was at length set free, and lived in almost total obscurity till the Restoration. In 1663, he published a pamphlet, entitled 'Considerations and Proposals in order to the Regulation of the Press,' for which he was rewarded by being appointed licenser or censor of the press, and also the sole privilege of printing and publishing news. In August 1663 appeared his newspaper, 'The Public Intelligencer.' From this time, till a few years before his death, he was constantly occupied in editing newspapers and writing pamphlets, mostly in behalf of the court, from which he at last received the honour of knighthood. As a controversialist, L'Estrange was bold, lively, and vigorous, but coarse, impudent, abusive, and by no means a scrupulous regarder of truth. He is known also as a translator, having produced versions of Æsop's 'Fables,' Seneca's 'Morals,' Cicero's 'Offices,' Erasmus's 'Colloquies,' Quevedo's 'Visions,' and the works of Josephus. In 1687, he published 'A Brief History of the Times,' relating chiefly to the Popish Plot. The following is a chapter of his life of Æsop, prefixed to the translation of the 'Fables':

Æsop's Invention to bring his Mistress back again to her Husband after she had left him.

The wife of Xanthus was well born and wealthy, but so proud and domineering withal, as if her fortune and her extraction had entitled her to the breeches. She was horribly bold, meddling and expensive, as that sort of women commonly are, easily put off the hooks, and monstrous hard to be pleased again; perpetually chattering at her husband, and upon all occasions of controversy threatening him to be gone. It came to this at last, that Xanthus's stock of patience being quite spent, he took up a resolution of going another way to work with her, and of trying a course of severity, since there was nothing to be done with her by kindness. But this experiment, instead of mending the matter, made it worse; for, upon harder usage, the woman grew desperate, and went away from him in earnest. She was as bad, 'tis true, as bad might well be, and yet Xanthus had a kind of hankering for her still; beside that, there was matter of interest in the case; and a pestilent tongue she had, that the poor husband dreaded above all things under the sun. But the man was willing, however, to make the best of a bad game, and so his wits and his friends were set at work, in the fairest manner that might be, to get her home again. But there was no good to be done in it, it seems; and Xanthus was so visibly out of humour upon it, that Æsop in pure pity bethought himself immediately how to comfort him. 'Come, master,' says he, 'pluck up a good heart, for I have a project in my noddle, that shall bring my mistress to you back again, with as good a will as ever she went from you.' What does my Æsop, but away immediately to the market among the butchers, poulterers, fishmongers, confectioners, &c., for the best of everything that was in season. Nay, he takes private people in his way too, and chops into the very house of his mistress's relations, as by mistake. This way of proceeding set the whole town agog to know the meaning of all this bustle; and Æsop innocently told everybody that his master's wife was run away from him, and he had married another; his friends up and down were all invited to come and make merry with him, and this was to be the wedding-feast. The news flew like lightning, and happy were they that could carry the first tidings of it to the runaway lady—for everybody knew Æsop to be a servant in that family. It gathered in the rolling, as all other stories do in the telling, especially where women's tongues and passions have the spreading of them. The wife, that was in her nature violent and unsteady, ordered her chariot to be made ready immediately, and away she posts back to her husband, falls upon him with outrages of looks and language; and after the easing of her mind a little—'No, Xanthus,' says she, 'do not you flatter yourself with the hopes of enjoying another woman while I am alive.' Xanthus looked upon this as one of Æsop's master-pieces; and for that bout all was well again betwixt master and mistress.

The Popish Plot.

At the first opening of this plot, almost all people's hearts took fire at it, and nothing was heard but the bellowing of execrations and revenge against the accursed bloody Papists. It was imputed at first, and in the general, to the principles of the religion; and a Roman Catholic and a regicide were made one and the same thing. Nay, it was a saying frequent in some of our great and holy mouths, that they were confident there was not so much as one soul of the whole party, within his majesty's dominions, that was not either an actor in this plot, or a friend to 't. In this heat, they fell to picking up of priests and Jesuits as fast as they could catch 'em, and so went on to consult their oracles the witnesses—with all formalities of sifting and examining—upon the particulars of place, time, manner, persons, &c.; while Westminster Hall and the Court of Requests were kept warm, and ringing still of new men come in, corroborating proofs, and further discoveries, &c. Under this train and method of reasoning, the managers advanced, decently enough, to the finding out of what they themselves had laid and concerted beforehand; and, to give the devil his due, the whole story was but a farce of so many parts, and the noisy informations no more than a lesson that they had much ado to go through with, even with the help of diligent and careful tutors, and of many and many a prompter, to bring them off at a dead lift. But popery was so dreadful a thing, and the danger of the king's life and of the Protestant religion so astonishing a surprise, that people were almost bound in duty to be inconsiderate and outrageous upon 't; and loyalty itself would have looked a little cold and indifferent if it had not been intemperate: insomuch that zeal, fierceness, and jealousy were never more excusable than upon this occasion. And now, having excellent matter to work upon, and the passions of the people already disposed for violence and tumult, there needed no more than blowing the coal of Oates's narrative, to put all into a flame; and in the meantime, all arts and accidents were improved, as well toward the entertainment of the humour, as to the kindling of it. The people were first haired out of their senses with tales and jealousies, and then made judges of the danger, and consequently of the remedy; which, upon the main, and briefly, came to no more than this: The plot was laid all over the three kingdoms; France, Spain, and Portugal taxed their quotas to 't; we were all to be burnt in our beds, and rise with our throats cut; and no way in the world but exclusion and union to help us. The fancy of this exclusion spread immediately, like a gangrene, over the whole body of the monarchy; and no saving the life of his majesty without cutting off every limb of the prerogative: the device of union passed insensibly into a league of conspiracy; and, instead of uniting Protestants against Papists, concluded in an association of subjects against their sovereign, confounding policy with religion.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

The fame of the author of 'Hudibras' led to a general desire after his death for the publication of such literary remains as he might have left behind him. Two spurious compilations were issued (1715–1720), but out of fifty pieces thus thrust upon the world only three were genuine. At length, in 1759, two volumes of 'Remains in Verse and Prose' were published from the original MSS. which Butler had left to his friend Longueville, and which had come into the possession of Mr. R. Thyer, Manchester. The most interesting of these relics are 'Characters,' in prose resembling in style those of Overbury, *Earle, and Hall.*

A Small Poet

Is one that would fain make himself that which nature never meant him; like a fanatic that inspires himself with his own whimsies. He sets up haberdasher of small poetry, with a very small stock and no credit. He believes it is invention enough to find out other men's wit; and whatsoever he lights upon, either in books or company, he makes bold with as his own. This he puts together so untowardly, that you may perceive his own wit as the rickets, by the swelling disproportion of the joints. You may know his wit not to be natural, 'tis so unquiet and troublesome in him: for as those that have money but seldom, are always shaking their pockets when they have it, so does he, when he thinks he has got something that will make him appear. He is a perpetual talker; and you may know by the freedom of his discourse that he came lightly by it, as thieves spend freely what they get. He is like an Italian thief, that never robs but he murders, to prevent discovery; so sure is he to cry down the man from whom he purloins, that his petty larceny of wit may pass unsuspected. He appears so over-concerned in all men's wits, as if they were but disparagements of his own; and cries down all they do, as if they were encroachments upon him. He takes jests from the owners and breaks them, as justices do false weights, and pots that want measure. When he meets with anything that is very good, he changes it into small money, like three groats for a shilling, to serve several occasions. He disclaims study, pretends to take things in motion, and to shoot flying, which appears to be very true, by his often missing of his mark. As for epithets, he always avoids those that are near akin to the sense. Such matches are unlawful and not fit to be made by a Christian poet; and therefore all his care is to choose out such as will serve, like a wooden leg, to piece out a maimed verse that wants a foot or two, and if they will but rhyme now and then into the bargain, or run upon a letter, it is a work of supererogation. For similitudes, he likes the hardest and most obscure best; for as ladies wear black patches to make their complexions seem fairer than they are, so when an illustration is more obscure than the sense that went before it, it must of necessity make it appear clearer than it did; for contraries are best set off with contraries. He has found out a new sort of poetical Georgics—a trick of sowing wit like clover-grass on barren subjects, which would yield nothing before. This is very useful for the times, wherein, some men say, there is no room left for new invention. He will take three grains of wit like the elixir, and, projecting it upon the iron age, turn it immediately into gold. All the business of mankind has presently vanished, the whole world has kept holiday; there has been no men but heroes and poets, no women but nymphs and shepherdesses: trees have borne fritters, and rivers flowed plum-porridge. When he writes, he commonly steers the sense of his lines by the rhyme that is at the end of them, as butchers do calves by the tail. For when he has made one line, which is easy enough, and has found out some sturdy hard word that will but rhyme, he will hammer the sense upon it, like a piece of hot iron upon an anvil, into what form he pleases. There is no art in the world so rich in terms as poetry; a whole dictionary is scarce able to contain them; for there is hardly a pond, a sheep-walk, or a gravel-pit in all Greece, but the ancient name of it is become a term of art in poetry. By this means, small poets have such a stock of able hard words lying by them, as dryades, hamadryades, aönides, fauni, nymphæ, sylvani, &c. that signify nothing at all; and such a world of pedantic terms of the same kind, as may serve to furnish all the new inventions and 'thorough reformations' that can happen between this and Plato's great year.

A Vintner

Hangs out his bush to shew he has not good wine; for that, the proverb says, needs it not. He had rather sell bad wine than good, that stands him in no more; for it makes men sooner drunk, and then they are the easier over-reckoned. By the knaveries he acts above-board, which every man sees, one may easily take a measure of those he does underground in his cellar; for he that will pick a man's pocket to his face, will not stick to use him worse in private, when he knows nothing of it. He does not only spoil and destroy his wines, but an ancient reverend proverb, with brewing and racking, that says, 'In vino veritas;' for there is no truth in his, but *all false and* sophisticated; for he can counterfeit wine as cunningly as Apelles did *grapes, and cheat* men with it, as he did birds. He is an anti-Christian cheat, for

Christ turned water into wine, and he turns wine into water. He scores all his reckonings upon two tables, made like those of the Ten Commandments, that he may be put in mind to break them as oft as possibly he can; especially that of stealing and bearing false witness against his neighbour, when he draws him bad wine, and swears it is good, and that he can take more for the pipe than the wine will yield him by the bottle—a trick that a Jesuit taught him to cheat his own conscience with. When he is found to over-reckon notoriously, he has one common evasion for all, and that is, to say it was a mistake; by which he means, that he thought they had not been sober enough to discover it; for if it had passed, there had been no error at all in the case.

A Prater

Is a common nuisance, and as great a grievance to those that come near him, as a pewterer is to his neighbours. His discourse is like the braying of a mortar, the more impertinent, the more voluble and loud, as a pestle makes more noise when it is rung on the sides of a mortar, than when it stamps downright, and hits upon the business. A dog that opens upon a wrong scent will do it oftener than one that never opens but upon a right. He is as long-winded as a ventiduct, that fills as fast as it empties; or a trade-wind, that blows one way for half a year together, and another as long, as if it drew in its breath for six months, and blew it out again for six more. He has no mercy on any man's ears or patience that he can get within his sphere of activity, but tortures him, as they correct boys in Scotland, by stretching their lugs without remorse. He is like an earwig, when he gets within a man's ear, he is not easily to be got out again. He is a siren to himself, and has no way to escape shipwreck but by having his mouth stopped instead of his ears. He plays with his tongue as a cat does with her tail, and is transported with the delight he gives himself of his own making.

An Antiquary

Is one that has his being in this age, but his life and conversation is in the days of old. He despises the present age as an innovation, and slights the future; but has a great value for that which is past and gone, like the madman that fell in love with Cleopatra.

All his curiosities take place of one another according to their seniority, and he values them not by their abilities, but their standing. He has a great veneration for words that are stricken in years, and are grown so aged that they have outlived their employments. These he uses with a respect agreeable to their antiquity, and the good services they have done. He is a great time-server, but it is of time out of mind, to which he conforms exactly, but is wholly retired from the present. His days were spent and gone long before he came into the world; and since, his only business is to collect what he can out of the ruins of them. He has so strong a natural affection to anything that is old, that he may truly say to dust and worms, 'You are my father,' and to rottenness, 'Thou art my mother.' He has no providence nor foresight, for all his contemplations look backward upon the days of old, and his brains are turned with them, as if he walked backwards. He values things wrongfully upon their antiquity, forgetting that the most modern are really the most ancient of all things in the world, like those that reckon their pounds before their shillings and pence, of which they are made up. He esteems no customs but such as have outlived themselves, and are long since out of use; as the Catholics allow of no saints but such as are dead, and the fanatics, in opposition, of none but the living.

WALTER CHARLETON.

Another lively describer of human character, who flourished in this period, was DR. WALTER CHARLETON (1619–1707), physician to Charles II. a friend of Hobbes, and for several years President of the College of Physicians in London He wrote many works on theology, natural history, natural philosophy, medicine, and antiquities; in which last department his most noted production is a treatise published in 1663, *maintaining the Danish* origin of Stonehenge, on

Salisbury Plain, in opposition to Inigo Jones, who attributed that remarkable structure to the Romans. The work, however, which seems to deserve more particularly our attention in this place is 'A Brief Discourse concerning the different Wits of Men,' published by Dr. Charleton in 1675. It is interesting, both on account of the lively and accurate sketches of character which it contains, and because the author attributes the varieties of talent which are found among men to differences in the form, size and quality of their brains. We shall give two of his happiest sketches.

The Ready and Nimble Wit.

Such as are endowed wherewith have a certain extemporary acuteness of conceit, accompanied with a quick delivery of their thoughts, so as they can at pleasure entertain their auditors with facetious passages and fluent discourses even upon slight occasions; but being generally impatient of second thoughts and deliberations, they seem fitter for pleasant colloquies and drollery than for counsel and design; like fly-boats, good only in fair weather and shallow waters, and then, too, more for pleasure than traffic. If they be, as for the most part they are, narrow in the hold, and destitute of ballast sufficient to counterpoise their large sails, they reel with every blast of argument, and are often driven upon the sands of a 'nonplus;' but where favoured with the breath of common applause, they sail smoothly and proudly, and, like the City pageants, discharge whole volleys of squibs and crackers, and skirmish most furiously. But take them from their familiar and private conversation into grave and severe assemblies, whence all extemporary flashes of wit, all fantastic allusions, all personal reflections, are excluded, and there engage them in an encounter with solid wisdom, not in light skirmishes, but a pitched field of long and serious debate concerning any important question, and then you shall soon discover their weakness, and contemn that barrenness of understanding which is incapable of struggling with the difficulties of apodictical knowledge, and the deduction of truth from a long series of reasons. Again, if those very concise sayings and lucky repartees, wherein they are so happy, and which at first hearing were entertained with so much of pleasure and admiration, be written down, and brought to a strict examination of their pertinency, coherence, and verity, how shallow, how frothy, how forced will they be found! how much will they lose of that applause, which their tickling of the ear and present flight through the imagination had gained! In the greatest part, therefore, of such men, you ought to expect no deep or continued river of wit, but only a few plashes, and those, too, not altogether free from mud and putrefaction.

The Slow but Sure Wit.

Some heads there are of a certain close and reserved constitution, which makes them at first sight to promise as little of the virtue wherewith they are endowed, as the former appear to be above the imperfections to which they are subject. Somewhat slow they are, indeed, of both conception and expression; yet no whit the less provided with solid prudence. When they are engaged to speak, their tongue doth not readily interpret the dictates of their mind, so that their language comes, as it were, dropping from their lips, even where they are encouraged by familiar entreaties, or provoked by the smartness of jests, which sudden and nimble wits have newly darted at them. Costive they are also in invention; so that when they would deliver somewhat solid and remarkable, they are long in seeking what is fit, and as long in determining in what manner and words to utter it. But after a little consideration, they penetrate deeply into the substance of things and marrow of business, and conceive proper and emphatic words by which to express their sentiments. Barren they are not, but a little heavy and retentive. Their gifts lie deep and concealed; but being furnished with notions, not airy and umbratil ones borrowed from the pedantism of the schools, but true and useful—and if they have been manured with good learning, and the habit of exercising their pen—oftentimes they produce many excellent conceptions, worthy to be transmitted to posterity. Having, however, an aspect very like to narrow and dull capacities, at first sight most men take them to be really such, and strangers look upon them with the eyes of neglect and contempt. Hence it comes, that excellent parts remaining unknown, often want the favour and patronage of great persons, whereby they might be redeemed from obscurity, and raised to employments answerable to their faculties, and crowned with honours proportionate to their merits. The best course, therefore, for these to overcome that eclipse which prejudice usually brings upon them, is to contend against their own modesty, and either, by frequent converse with noble and discerning spirits, to enlarge the windows of their minds, and dispel those clouds of reservedness that darken the lustre of their faculties; or, by writing on some new and useful subject, to lay open their talent, so that the world may be convinced of their intrinsic value.

In 1670, Dr. Charleton published a vigorous translation of Epicurus's 'Morals.'

LUCY HUTCHINSON.

There is a group of ladies of the seventeenth century whose Memoirs and Letters are of very great interest.

Lucy Hutchinson (1620–1659) was a daughter of Sir Allan Apsley, and widow of Colonel John Hutchinson, governor of Nottingham Castle, and one of the judges of Charles I. Mr. Hutchinson wrote Memoirs of her husband's life and of her own, which were first published by their descendant, the Rev. Julius Hutchinson, in 1806. Few books are more interesting than this biographical narrative, which, besides adding to our knowledge of the period of the Civil War and the Commonwealth, furnishes information as to the domestic life, the position of women in society, the state of education, manners, &c. all related in a frank, lively, and engaging style. The lady was a person of great spirit and talent, of strong feelings, and of unbounded devotion to her husband and his political views. Though concurring in the sentence which condemned Charles I. to the scaffold, Colonel Hutchinson testified against Cromwell's usurpation, and lived in retirement till the Restoration. He was afterwards included in the act of amnesty. In the debate on the treatment to be dealt to the regicides, Colonel Hutchinson, as his faithful wife relates, shewed great address and firmness.

Col. Hutchinson Defends his Condemnation of Charles I.

When it came to Inglesby's turn, he, with many tears, professed his repentance for that murther; and told a false tale, how Cromwell held his hand, and forced him to subscribe the sentence! And made a most whining recantation; after which he retired, and another had almost ended, when Colonel Hutchinson, who was not there at the beginning, came in, and was told what they were about, and that it would be expected he should say something. He was surprised with a thing he expected not, yet neither then nor in any the like occasion, did he ever fail himself, but told them, 'that for his actings in those days, if he had erred, it was the inexperience of his age, and the defect of his judgment, and not the malice of his heart, which had ever prompted him to pursue the general advantage of his country more than his own; and if the sacrifice of him might conduce to the public peace and settlement, he should freely submit his life and fortune to their dispose: that the vain expense of his age, and the great debts his public employments had run him into, as they were testimonies that neither avarice nor any other interest had carried him on, so they yielded him just cause to repent that he ever forsook his own blessed quiet to embark in such a troubled sea, where he had made shipwreck of all things but a good [illegible] science. And as to that particular action of the king, he desired them to believe he had that sense of it that befitted an Englishman, a Christian, and a gentleman. As soon as the colonel had spoken, he retired into a room where Inglesby was, with his eyes yet red, who had called up a little spirit to succeed his whinings, and embracing Colonel Hutchinson: 'O colonel,' said he, 'did I ever imagine we could be brought to this! Could I have suspected it when I brought them Lambert in the other day, this sword should have redeemed us from being dealt with as criminals, by that people, for whom we had so gloriously exposed ourselves.' The colonel told him he had foreseen, ever since those usurpers thrust out the lawful authority of the land to enthrone themselves, it could end in nothing else; but the integrity of his heart in all he had done made him as cheerfully ready to suffer as to triumph in a good cause. The result of the House that day was to suspend Colonel Hutchinson and the rest from sitting in the House. Monk, after all his great professions, now sate still, and had not one word to interpose for any person, but was as forward to set vengeance on foot as any man.

LADY FANSHAWE.

ANNE HARRISON FANSHAWE (1625–1679) was the daughter of Sir John Harrison, and wife of Sir Richard Fanshawe, ambassador from Charles II. to the court of Madrid in 1665. Lady Fanshawe wrote Memoirs of her own life, to which were added extracts from the correspondence of her husband. They were published in 1829, edited by Sir E. Harris Nicholas, but unfortunately from a very imperfect and inaccurate copy of the original manuscript. The original is extant in the possession of J. G. Fanshawe of Parsons, Essex, and as the Memoirs are of historical and general interest, the work should be re-edited and correctly printed.

Lady Fanshawe sees a Ghost in Ireland.

We went to the Lady Honor O'Brien's. She was the youngest daughter of the Earl of Thomond. There we staid three nights—the first of which I was surprised by being laid in a chamber, when, about one o'clock, I heard a voice that awakened me. I drew the curtain, and, on the casement of the window, I saw, by the light of the moon, a woman leaning into the window through the casement, in white, with red hair, and pale and ghastly complexion. She spake loud, and in a tone I had never heard, thrice, 'A horse!' and then with a sigh more like the wind than breath, she vanished, and to me her body looked more like a thick cloud than substance. I was so much frightened, that my hair stood on end, and my night-clothes fell off. I pulled and pinched your father, who never woke during the disorder I was in; but at last was much surprised to see me in this fright, and more so when I related the story and shewed him the window opened. Neither of us slept more that night, but he entertained me with telling me how much more these apparitions were usual in this country than in England! and we concluded the cause to be the great superstition of the Irish, and the want of that knowing faith which should defend them from the power of the devil, which he exercises among them very much.

About five o'clock the lady of the house came to see us, saying she had not been in bed all night, because a cousin O'Brien of hers, whose ancestors had owned that house, had desired her to stay with him in his chamber, and that he died at two o'clock, and she said: 'I wish you had no disturbance, for 'tis the custom of the place, that, when any of the family are dying, the shape of a woman appears in the window every night till they be dead. This woman was many ages ago got with child by the owner of this place, who murdered her in his garden, and flung her into the river under the window; but truly I thought not of it when I lodged you here, it being the best room in the house.' We made little reply to her speech, but disposed ourselves to be gone suddenly.

A Domestic Scene, A.D. 1645.

My husband had provided very good lodgings for us [at Bristol], and as soon as he could come home from the council, where he was at my arrival, he, with all expressions of joy, received me in his arms, and gave me a hundred pieces of gold, saying: 'I know thou that keeps my heart so well will keep my fortune, which from this I will ever put into thy hands as God shall bless me with increase;' and now I thought myself a perfect queen, and my husband so glorious a crown, that I more valued myself to be called by his name than born a princess; for I knew him very wise and very good, and his soul doted on me—upon which confidence I will tell you what happened. My Lady Rivers, a brave woman, and one that had suffered many thousand pounds loss for the king, and whom I had a great reverence for, and she a kindness for me as a kinswoman, in discourse she tacitly commended the knowledge of state affairs, and that some women were very happy in a good understanding thereof, as my Lady Aubigny, Lady Isabel Thynne, and divers others, and yet none was at first more capable than I; that in the night she knew there came a post from Paris from the queen, and that she would be extremely glad to hear what the queen commanded the king in order to his affairs, saying if I would ask my husband privately he would tell me what he found in the packet, and I might tell her. I, that was young and innocent, and to that day had never in my mouth 'What news?' began to think there was more inquiring into public affairs than I thought of, and that it being a fashionable thing would make me more beloved of my husband, if that had been possible, than I then was. When my husband returned home from council, and went with his handful of papers into his study for an hour or more, I followed him; he turned hastily and said: 'What wouldst thou have, my life?' I told him, I heard the prince had received a packet from the queen, and I guessed it was that in his hand, and I desired to know what was in it. He smilingly replied: 'My love, I will immediately come to thee; pray thee, go, for I am very busy.' When he came out of his closet, I revived my suit; he kissed me, and talked of other things. At supper I would eat nothing; he as usual sat by me, and drank often to me, which was his custom, and was full of discourse to company that was at table. Going to bed, I asked again, and said I could not believe he loved me if he refused to tell me all he knew: but he answered nothing, but stopped my mouth with kisses. So we went to bed; I cried, and he went to sleep. Next morning early, as his custom was, he called to rise, but began to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply; he rose, came on the other side of the bed, and kissed me, and drew the curtains softly and went to court. When he came home to dinner, he presently came to me as usual, and when I had him by the hand, I said: 'Thou dost not care to see me troubled;' to which he, taking me in his arms, answered: 'My dearest soul, nothing upon earth can afflict me like that; but when you asked me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee: for my life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart in which the trust I am in may not be revealed; but my honour is my own; which I cannot preserve if I communicate the prince's affairs; and pray thee, with this answer rest satisfied.' So great was his reason and goodness, that, upon consideration, it made my folly appear to me so vile, that from that day until the day of his death, I never thought fit to ask him any business, but what he communicated freely to me in order to his estate or family.

LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.

The letters of this lady have secured her a place in literature, though less elevated than that niche in history which she has won by heroism and conjugal attachment. Rachel Wriothesley was the second daughter and co-heiress of the Earl of Southampton. In 1667, when widow of Lord Vaughan, she married Lord William Russell, a son of the first Duke of Bedford. She was the senior of her second husband by five years, and it is said that her amiable and prudent character was the means of reclaiming him from youthful follies into which he had plunged at the time of the Restoration. His subsequent political career is known to every reader of English history. If ever a man opposed the course of a government in a pure and unselfish spirit, *that man was Lord* William Russell. The suspicious correspondence with Barillon, alluded to in the notice of Algernon Sidney (*ante*), leaves him unsullied, for the ambassador distinctly mentions Russell and Lord Hollis as two who would not accept bribes. When brought to trial (July 1683), under the same circumstances as those which have been related in Sidney's case—with a packed jury and a brutal judge—and refused a counsel to conduct his defence, the only grace that was allowed him was to have an amanuensis.

LORD RUSSELL. May I have somebody to write, to assist my memory?

MR. ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Yes, a servant.

LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE. Any of your servants shall assist you in writing anything you please for you.

LORD RUSSELL. My wife is here, my lord, to do it.

And when the spectators, we are told, turned their eyes and beheld the devoted lady, the daughter of the virtuous Earl of Southampton, rising up to assist her lord in his uttermost distress, a thrill of anguish ran through the assembly. Lady Russell, after the condemnation of her husband, personally implored his pardon without avail. He loved her as such a wife deserved to be loved; and when he took his final farewell of her, remarked: 'The bitterness of death is now past!' Her ladyship died in 1723, at the age of eighty-seven. Fifty years afterwards, appeared that collection of her Letters which gives her a name in our literary history.

To Dr. Fitzwilliam—On her Sorrow.

WOBORNE ABBEY, 27*th Nov.* 1685.

As you profess, good doctor, to take pleasure in your writings to me, from the testimony of a conscience to forward my spiritual welfare, so do I to receive them as one to me of your friendship in both worldly and spiritual concernments; doing so, I need not waste my time nor yours to tell you they are very valuable to me. That you are so contented to read mine, I make the just allowance for; not for the worthiness of them, I know it cannot be; but, however, it enables me to keep up an advantageous conversation without scruple of being too troublesome. You say something sometimes, by which I should think you seasoned or rather tainted with being so much where compliment or praising is best learned; but I conclude, that often what one heartily wishes to be in a friend, one is apt to believe is so. The effect is not nought towards me, whom it animates to have a true, not false title to the least virtue you are disposed to attribute to me. Yet I am far from such a vigour of mind as surmounts the secret discontent so hard a destiny as mine has fixed in my breast; but there are times the mind can hardly feel displeasure, as while such friendly conversation entertained it; then a grateful sense moves one to express the courtesy.

If I could contemplate the conducts of Providence with the uses you do, it would give ease indeed, and no disastrous events should much affect us. The new scenes of each day make me often conclude myself very void of temper and reason, that I still shed tears of sorrow and not of joy, that so good a man is landed safe on the happy shore of a blessed eternity; doubtless he is at rest, though I find none without him, so true a partner he was in all my joys and griefs; I trust the Almighty will pass by this my infirmity; I speak it in respect to the world, from whose enticing delights I can now be better weaned. I was too rich in possessions whilst I possessed him: all relish is now gone, I bless God for it, and pray, and ask of all good people—do it for me from such you know are so—also to pray that I may more and more turn the stream of my affections upwards, and set my heart upon the ever-satisfying perfections of God; not starting at his darkest providences, but remembering continually either his glory, justice, or power is advanced by every one of them, and that mercy is over all his works, as we shall one day with ravishing delight see: in the meantime, I endeavour to suppress all wild imaginations a melancholy fancy is apt to let in; and say with the man in the gospel: 'I believe; help thou my unbelief.'

To the Earl of Galway—On Friendship.

I have before me, my good lord, two of your letters, both partially and tenderly kind, and coming from a sincere heart and honest mind—the last a plain word, but, if I mistake not, very significant—are very comfortable to me, who, I hope, have no proud thoughts of myself as to any sort. The opinion of an esteemed friend, that one is not very wrong, assists to strengthen a weak and willing mind to do her duty towards that Almighty Being, who has, from infinite bounty and goodness, so checkered my days on this earth, as I can thankfully reflect I felt many, I may say as many years of pure and, I trust, innocent, pleasant content, and happy enjoyments as this world can afford, particularly that biggest blessing of loving and being loved by those I loved and respected; on earth no enjoyment certainly to be put in the balance with it. All other are like wine, which intoxicates for a time, but the end is bitterness, at least not profitable. Mr. Waller, whose picture you look upon, has, I long remember, these words:

All we know they do above
Is, that they sing, and that they love.

The best news I have heard is, you have two good companions with you, which, I trust, will contribute to divert you this sharp season, when, after so sore a fit as I apprehend you have felt, the air even of your improving pleasant garden cannot be enjoyed without hazard.

To Lord Cavendish—Bereavement.

Though I know my letters do Lord Cavendish no service, yet, as a respect I love to pay him, and to thank him also for his last from Limbeck, I had not been so long silent, if the death of two persons, both very near and dear to me, had not made me so uncomfortable to myself, that I knew I was utterly unfit to converse where I would never be ill company. The separation of friends is grievous. My sister Montague was one I loved tenderly; my Lord Gainsborough was the only son of a sister I loved with too much passion; they both deserved to be remembered kindly by all that knew them. They both began their race long after me, and I hoped should have ended it so too; but the great and wise Disposer of all things, and who knows where it is best to place his creatures, either in this or in the other world, has ordered it otherwise. The best improvement we can make in these cases, and you, my dear lord, rather than I, whose glass runs low, while you are young, and I hope have many happy years to come, is, I say, that we should all reflect there is no passing through this to a better world without some crosses; and the scene sometimes shifts so fast, our course of life may be ended before we think we have gone half-way, and that a happy eternity depends on our spending well or ill that time allotted us here for probation.

Live virtuously my lord, and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long. I hope the last shall be your lot, with many blessings attending it.

SIR THOMAS URQUHART.

A translation of 'Rabelais,'[*] partly executed in this period, and which still maintains it place as a faithful rendering of the sense and style of the original, is deserving of notice. The first three books of the 'History of Gargantua and Pantagruel' were translated by SIR

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[*] Francis Rabelais, born in 1483 at Chinon, in Touraine, was sometime a churchman, but ran away from his convent and studied medicine. He obtained the Pope's absolution for the breach of his monastic vows, and died cure or rector of Meudon, about 1553. In his satirical romance, Rabelais, under an allegorical veil, lashes the vices of his age, especially the vices of the clergy. His work is stained with grossness and buffoonery, which were perhaps necessary, as Coleridge argues, 'as an amulet against the monks and legates.'

Thomas Urquhart in 1653; two books were published in his lifetime; and **Peter Anthony Motteux** (1660–1718)—a Frenchman by birth, but known as a dramatic writer in English—republished the work of Urquhart, and added the three remaining books translated by himself. This joint production was again published by **John Ozell** (died in 1743), with corrections of the text of Urquhart and Motteux, and notes by a French editor, **Jacob le Duchat** (1658–1735), who is said to have spent forty years in composing annotaticns on Rabelais.

Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty was a man of lively fancy, wit, and learning, but on some points hopelessly crazed. He traces the genealogy of his family up to Adam, from whom he was the 153d in descent, and by the mother's side he ascends to Eve. The first of the family who settled in Scotland was one Nomostor, married to Diosa (daughter of Alcibiades), who took his farewell of Greece and arrived at Cromarty, or *Portus Salutis*, 389 years before Christ! Sir Thomas was knighted by Charles I. and having proceeded with Charles II. into England, was present at the battle of Worcester, and there taken prisoner. He is said to have died of an inordinate fit of laughter, combined with the effect of 'flowing cups,' on hearing of the restoration of Charles II. Besides his excellent translation of Rabelais, the eccentric knight was author of a treatise on Trigonometry, (1650), 'Epigrams, Divine and Moral' (1646); 'Introduction to the Universal Language' (1653); 'The Discovery of a most exquisite Jewel, more precious than Diamonds inchased in Gold, the like whereof was never seen in any age; found in the Kennel of Worcester Streets the day after the Fight and six before the Autumnal Equinox,' *anno* 1651. This 'Jewel' is a vindication of the honour of Scotland from the 'infamy' cast upon it by the rigid Presbyterian party. It contains the adventures of the Admirable Crichton and other brave and eminent Scotsmen. The following is one of Sir Thomas's epigrams:

Take *man* from *woman*, all that she can shew,
Of her own proper, is nought else but *wo*.

NEWSPAPERS.

We have referred in a previous page (*ante*), to the rise of newspapers. Down to the middle of the seventeenth century, and even later, intelligence of public events was chiefly conveyed by means of news-letters. 'To prepare such letters,' says Macaulay, 'became a calling in London, as it now is among the natives of India. The newswriter rambled from coffee-room to coffee-room, collecting reports; squeezed himself into the Sessions House at the Old Bailey, if there was an interesting trial; nay, perhaps obtained admission to the gallery of Whitehall, and noticed how the king and duke [Charles II. and the Duke of York] looked. In this way he gathered materials for weekly epistles, destined to enlighten some county town or some bench of rustic magistrates. Such were the sources from which the inhabitants of the largest provincial cities, and the great body of the gentry and clergy, learned almost all that they knew of the history of their own time.'

At this period, there existed a censorship of the press. In 1637, the Star Chamber of Charles I. issued a decree prohibiting the printing of all books, pamphlets, &c. that were not specially licensed and authorised. The Long Parliament continued the restriction by an Order, dated June 14, 1643, which prompted the 'Areopagitica' of Milton, published the following year. But the newspapers appear to have been unmolested. During the civil war, 'Diurnals' and 'Mercuries,' in small quarto, began to be disseminated by the different parties into which the state was divided. Nearly a score are said to have been started in 1643, when the war was at its height. Peter Heylin, in the preface to his 'Cosmography,' mentions that 'the affairs of each town or war were better presented in the weekly newsbooks.' Accordingly, we find some papers, entitled 'News from Hull,' 'Truths from York,' 'Warranted Tidings from Ireland,' and 'Special Passages' from other places. As the contest proceeded, the impatience of the public for early intelligence led to the shortening of the intervals of publication; and papers began to be distributed twice or thrice in every week. Among these were the 'French Intelligencer,' the 'Dutch Spy,' the 'Irish Mercury,' the 'Scots Dove,' the 'Parliament Kite,' and the 'Secret Owl.' There were likewise weekly papers of a humorous character, such as 'Mercurius Acherontcus,' or 'News from Hell;' 'Mercurius Democritus,' bringing wonderful news from the world in the moon; the 'Laughing Mercury,' with perfect news from the antipodes; and 'Mercurius Mastix,' faithfully lashing all Scouts, Mercuries, Posts, Spies, and other intelligencers. On one side was the 'Weekly Discoverer,' and on the other, the 'Weekly Discoverer Stripped Naked.' So important an auxiliary was the press considered, that each of the rival armies carried a printer along with it.

The most conspicuous of the journalists and political writers of that period were MARCHMONT NEEDHAM (1620–1678), SIR JOHN BIRKENHEAD (1615–1679), and SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE, already noticed as author and translator (*ante*). Needham was a servile politician. With his 'Mercurius Britannicus' he supported the parliamentarians from 1643 to 1647; with his 'Mercurius Pragmaticus' he defended the king and royalists from 1647 till 1649; and with his 'Mercurius Politicus' he was the champion of the Independents and Commonwealth till the Restoration in 1660. Birkenhead was a consistent, unscrupulous royalist, with considerable talent for satire and ridicule. His 'Mercurius Aulicus,' or Court Mercury, was the medium of communication between the court at Oxford and the country at large.

Cromwell, with characteristic magnanimity, abolished the office of *licenser; but it was restored* by the government of Charles II. in 1662.

In 1663, L'Estrange was appointed licenser; and in August of that year, he started his 'Public Intelligencer,' which was continued till November 1665, when the 'Oxford Gazette' appeared. The court had retired to Oxford, in consequence of the plague in London, and when this malady had ceased and the court returned to the metropolis, the title of 'Oxford Gazette' was changed to that of 'London Gazette.' L'Estrange afterwards defended the arbitrary measures of the court from 1679 to 1687 in his journal, 'The Observator.' He had many rivals, but was never eclipsed, in ready wit or raillery, or as a purveyor of news. In his character of licenser, L'Estrange issued a 'proclamation for suppressing the printing and publishing unlicensed news-books and pamphlets of news, because it has become a common practice for evil-disposed persons to vend to his majesty's people all the idle and malicious reports that they could collect or invent contrary to law; the continuance whereof would in a short time endanger the peace of the kingdom; the same manifestly tending thereto, as has been declared by all his majesty's subjects unanimously.' The charge for inserting advertisements, as appears from the 'Jockey's Intelligencer,' 1683, was then a shilling for a horse or coach, for notification, and sixpence for 'renewing;' also in the 'Observator Reformed,' it is announced that advertisements of *eight lines* are inserted for one shilling; and Morphew's 'County Gentleman's Courant,' two years afterwards, says, that 'seeing promotion of trade is a matter that ought to be encouraged, the price of advertisements is *advanced* to 2d. per line.' The publishers at this time, however, seem to have been sorely puzzled for news to fill their sheets, small as they were; and a few of them got over the difficulty in a sufficiently ingenious manner. Thus, the 'Flying Post,' in 1695, announces, that 'if any gentleman has a mind to oblige his country friend or correspondent with this account of public affairs, he may have it for 2d. of J. Salisbury, at the Rising Sun in Cornhill, on a sheet of fine paper; *half of which being blank*, he may thereon write his own private business, or the material news of the day.' And again, 'Dawkes's News-letter—'This letter will be done up on good writing paper, and blank space left, that any gentleman may write his own private business. It will be useful to improve the younger sort in writing a curious hand!' Between 1661 and 1688, it appears that no less than seventy newspapers were published—none oftener than twice a week, and some of them very short-lived. In 1709, the first morning paper appeared, under the title of the 'Daily Courant,' and the discussion of political topics in newspapers is referred to this period. Hallam says: 'I find very little expression of political feelings till 1710, after the trial of Sacheverell and change of ministry. The "Daily Courant" and "Postman" then begin to attack the Jacobites, and the "Postboy" the Dissenters. But *these newspapers* were less important than the periodical sheets, such *as the "Examiner"* and "Medley," which were solely devoted to party controversy.' Swift and Bolingbroke were among the writers for these periodical publications. The Tory ministers, in 1712, put a stamp-duty of a half-penny on every printed half-sheet, and a penny on a whole sheet, besides a duty of one shilling on every advertisement. Many of the papers were immediately stopped: 'all Grub Street is ruined by the Stamp Act,' said Swift; but the periodical press continued to do battle for popular rights, though subjected to restrictions and persecution. From the accession of George I. may be dated the publication of parliamentary reports, though they were at first but general outlines, and the speakers were indicated by names drawn from Roman history. Even in 1740, Walpole was 'Tullius Cicero,' and Chesterfield 'Piso.' The real liberty of the press is of very recent date, the result of a long succession of struggles.

The first newspaper printed in Scotland was issued under the auspices of a party of Cromwell's troops at Leith, who caused their attendant printer to furnish impressions of a London Diurnal for their information and amusement. This was Needham's 'Mercurius Politicus,' and the first number of the Scotch reprint appeared on the 26th of October 1653. In November of the following year, the establishment was transferred to Edinburgh, where this reprinting system was continued till the 11th of April 1660. About nine months afterwards appeared the 'Mercurius Caledonius,' of which the ten numbers published contain some curious traits of the extravagant feeling of joy occasioned by the Restoration, along with many poor attempts at wit and cleverness.* It was succeeded by the 'Kingdom's Intelligencer,' which continued about seven years. After this, there were only reprints of the English newspapers till 1699, when the 'Edinburgh Gazette' was established.

In Ireland, the rebellion of 1641 called forth a news-sheet, entitled 'Warranted Tidings from Ireland.' It was soon dropped; and it was not until 1685 that a regular newspaper, 'The Dublin News-letter,' was published. This was followed by 'Pue's Occurrences,' a small daily journal printed in Dublin, which was popular, and had vitality enough to exist for half a century.

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* For example: 'March 1, 166'.—A Report from London of a new gallows, the supporters to be of stones, and beautified with statues of the three grand traitors, Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton.'

'As our old laws are renewed, so likewise are our good honest customs, for nobility in streets are known by brave retinues of their relations; when, during the Captivity [the Commonwealth], a lord was scarcely to be distinguished from a commoner. Nay, the old hospitality returns; for that laudable custom of suppers, which was covenanted out with raisins and roasted cheese, is again in fashion; and where before a peevish nurse would have been seen tripping up-stairs and down-stairs, with a posset for the lord or the lady, you shall now see sturdy jackmen, groaning with the weight of sirloins of beef, and chargers loaden with wild-fowl and capon.'

'But of all our bontadoes and capriccios [on the day of the coronation of Charles II.], that of the immortal Janet Geddes, princess of the Tron adventurers [herb-women] was the most pleasant; for she was not only content to assemble all her creels, baskets, creepies, forms, and other ingredients that composed her shop, but even her weather chair of state, where she used to dispense justice to her lang-kale vassals, which were all very orderly burnt, *she herself countenancing* the action, with a high-flown spirit and *vermilion majesty.*'

FIFTH PERIOD.

——(1689—1727.)——

ADDISON—SWIFT—POPE.

THE course of English literature was now becoming more correct, regular, and artificial, descending from Dryden, as from a new fountain of English thought, expression, and harmony, but losing in its progress some of the old native power and freedom. To be refined and critical, rather than original and inventive, was the ambition of our authors. The poets enjoyed a degree of worldly prosperity and importance in society that has too rarely blessed the general community of authors. Some filled high diplomatic and other official situations, or were engaged in schemes of politics and ambition. The reigns of Queen Anne and George I. have been designated the Augustan age of English literature, but excepting in the amount of patronage extended to authors, this eulogy has not been confirmed by later generations. The writings preceding the Restoration and those of our own times are more original, more imaginative, and at the same time more natural. The poetry of this period, exquisite as much of it is in the works of Prior and Pope, possesses none of the lyrical grandeur and enthusiasm which redeem so many errors in the elder poets. Where excellence is attained, it is seldom in the delineation of strong passion, and never in bold fertility of invention. Pope was at the head of this school of artificial life and manners. He was master of higher powers; he had access to the haunted ground of imagination, but it was not his favourite or ordinary walk. Others were content with humbler worship, with propitiating a minister or a mistress, reviving the forms of classic mythology, or satirising without seeking to reform the fashionable follies of the day. Several authors, however, were, each in his own line, masters. Satire, conveyed in language forcible and copious, was certainly carried to its utmost pitch of excellence by Swift. The wit of Arbuthnot is not yet eclipsed. The art of describing the manners and discussing the morals of the passing time was practised with unrivalled felicity by Steele and Addison; and with all the licentiousness of Congreve and Farquhar, it may fairly be said that English comedy was in their hands what it had never been before, and what it has scarcely in any instance but that of Sheridan subsequently attained.

POETS.

WALSH—CHARLES MONTAGU.

Among the minor poets, contemporaries of Dryden, may be mentioned **William Walsh** (1663–1708), who was popular as a critic and scholar, and author of some miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse. These are now all forgotten, and Walsh is remembered only as the friend of Dryden and Pope. He directed the youthful studies of Pope, invited him to his seat of Abberley, in Worcestershire—which country Walsh represented in parliament—and generally extended to the young poet a degree of favour and kindness which was generous and never forgotten. The great patron of poetry at this time was **Charles Montagu**, Earl of Halifax (1661–1715), who first distinguished himself by some verses on the death of Charles II. and by joining with Prior in a burlesque poem, 'The City Mouse and the Country Mouse,' written in ridicule of Dryden's 'Hind and Panther.' Becoming a member of the House of Commons, Montagu evinced a knowledge of public affairs and talents for business which soon raised him to honours and emoluments. He filled some of the highest offices of the state; in 1700 he was created Baron Halifax, and on the accession of George I. he was made Earl of Halifax, Knight of the Garter, and first commissioner of the Treasury. Halifax was, as Pope says, 'fed with soft dedication all day long.' Steele, Congreve, Rowe, Tickell, and numerous other authors, dedicated works to the literary statesman; Swift solicited his patronage, but was disappointed; Pope said Halifax was one of the first to favour him, but the poet afterwards satirised him in the character of Bufo; Addison—whom Halifax nobly patronised—inscribed to him his best poetical production, 'A Letter from Italy.' Thus Halifax continued the liberal patronage of literature begun in the previous reign by the Earl of Dorset; and the Tory leaders, Harley and Bolingbroke, 'vied with the chiefs of the Whig party,' as Macaulay remarks, 'in zeal for the encouragement of letters.' This fostering influence declined under the House of Hanover; but during the period now before us. the change was little felt.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Joseph Addison, the son of an English dean, was born at Milston, Wiltshire, in 1672. His prose works constitute the chief source of his fame; but his muse proved the architect of his fortune, and led him first to distinction. From his character, station, and talents, no man of his day exercised a more extensive or beneficial influence on literature. He distinguished himself at Oxford by his Latin poetry, and appeared first in English verse by an address to Dryden, written in his twenty-second year. It opens thus:

How long, great poet! shall thy sacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and transcend our praise!
Can neither injuries of time or age
Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?
Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote;
Grief chilled his breast, and checked his rising thought;
Pensive and sad, his drooping muse betrays
The Roman genius in its last decays.

The youthful poet's praise of his great master is confined to his translations, works which a modern eulogist would scarcely select as the peculiar glory of Dryden. Addison also contributed an Essay on Virgil's 'Georgics,' prefixed to Dryden's translation. His remarks are brief, but finely and clearly written. At the same time, he translated the fourth 'Georgic,' and it was published in Dryden's 'Miscellany,' issued in 1693, with a warm commendation from the aged poet on the 'most ingenious Mr. Addison of Oxford.' Next year, he ventured on a bolder flight—'An Account of the Greatest English Poets,' addressed to Mr. H. S. (the famous Dr. Henry Sacheverell), April 3, 1694. This 'Account' is a poem of about 150 lines, containing sketches of Chaucer, Spenser, Cowley, Milton, Waller, &c. We subjoin the lines on the author of the 'Faery Queen,' though, if we are to believe Spence, Addison had not then read the poet he ventured to criticise:

Old Spencer next, warmed with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amused a barbarous age;
An age, that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursued
Through pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale, that pleased of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well pleased, at distance, all the sights
Of arms and palfreys, battles, fields, and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights.
But when we look too near, the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.

This subdued and frigid character of Spenser shews that Addison wanted both the fire and the fancy of the poet. And, strange to say, he does not mention Shakspeare! His next production is equally tame and commonplace, but the theme was more congenial to his style: it is 'A Poem to his Majesty, Presented to the Lord-keeper.' Lord Somers, then the keeper of the great seal, was gratified by this compliment, and became one of the steadiest patrons of Addison. In 1699, he procured for him a pension of £300 a year, to enable him to make a tour in Italy. The government patronage was never better bestowed. The poet entered upon his travels, and resided abroad two years, writing from thence a poetical 'Letter from Italy to Charles Lord Halifax,' 1701. This is the most elegant and animated of all his poetical productions. The classic ruins of Rome, the 'heavenly figures' of Raphael, the river Tiber, and streams 'immortalised in song,' and all the golden groves and flowery meadows of Italy, seem, as was justly remarked, 'to have raised his fancy, and brightened his expressions.' There was also, as Goldsmith observed, a strain of political thinking in the 'Letter,' that was then new to our poetry. He returned to England in 1703.

The death of King William deprived him of his pension, and appeared to crush his hopes and expectations; but being afterwards engaged to celebrate in verse the battle of Blenheim, Addison so gratified the lord-treasurer, Godolphin, by his 'gazette in rhyme,' that he was appointed a commissioner of appeals. This successful poem, 'The Campaign,' was published in 1705, and the same year appeared the account of the poet's travels, entitled 'Remarks on several Parts of Italy,' &c. dedicated to Lord Somers. Early in 1706, Addison, by the recommendation of Lord Godolphin, was appointed Under Secretary of State, and about a twelvemonth afterwards (March 4, 1706–7) his dramatic poem or opera, 'Rosamond,' was produced at Drury Lane, but acted only for three nights. The story of fair Rosamond would seem well suited for dramatic representation; and in the bowers and shades of Woodstock, the poet had materials for scenic description and display. The genius of Addison, however, was not adapted to the drama; and his opera being confined in action, and written wholly in rhyme, possesses little to attract either readers or spectators. He wrote afterwards a comedy, 'The Drummer, or the Haunted House,' which Steele brought out after the death of the author. This play contains a fund of quiet natural humour, but has not strength or breadth enough of character or action for the stage. In 1709, when the Marquis of Wharton was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Addison accompanied him as secretary, and was made keeper of records, with a salary of £300 a year. In the summer of that year he was elected M P. for Cavan, and in the journals of two sessions his name frequently appears—occasionally as a debater in the Irish Parliament. He had also entered upon his brilliant career as an essayist.

The 'Tatler' was commenced by Steele on the 12th of April 1709; Addison's first contribution to it appeared on the 26th of May. By his papers in the 'Tatler,' 'Spectator,' and 'Guardian,' Addison left all his contemporaries far behind in this delightful department of literature. In these papers, he first displayed that chaste and delicate humour, refined observation, and knowledge of the world, which now form his most distinguishing characteristics; and in his 'Vision of Mirza,' his 'Reflections in Westminster Abbey,' and other of his graver essays, he evinced a more poetical imagination and deeper vein of feeling than his previous writings had at all indicated. In 1713, his tragedy of 'Cato' was brought upon the stage. Pope thought the piece deficient in dramatic interest, and the world has confirmed his judgment; but he wrote a prologue for the tragedy in his happiest manner, and it was performed with almost unexampled success. Party-spirit ran high: the Whigs applauded the liberal sentiments in the play, and their cheers were echoed back by the Tories, to shew that they did not apply them as censures on themselves. After all the Whig enthusiasm, Lord Bolingbroke sent for Booth the actor, who personated the character of Cato, and presented him with fifty guineas, in acknowledgment, as he said, of his defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator (a hit at the Duke of Marlborough). Poetical eulogiums were showered upon the author, Steele, Hughes, Young, Tickell, and Ambrose Phillips being among the writers of these encomiastic verses. The queen expressed a wish that the tragedy should be dedicated to her, but Addison had previously designed this honour for his friend Tickell; and to avoid giving offence either to his loyalty or his friendship, he published it without any dedication. It was translated into French, Italian, and German, and was performed by the Jesuits in their college at St. Omer. 'Being,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'in form and essence rather a French than an English play, it is one of the few English tragedies which foreigners have admired.' The unities of time and place have been preserved, and the action of the play is consequently much restricted. Cato abounds in generous and patriotic sentiments, and contains passages of great dignity and sonorous diction; but the poet fails to unlock the sources of passion and natural emotion. It is a splendid and imposing work of art, with the grace and majesty, and also the lifelessness of a noble antique statue.

Addison was now at the height of his fame. He had long aspired to the hand of the Countess-dowager of Warwick, whom he had first known by becoming tutor to her son, and he was united to her in 1716. The poet is said to have 'married discord in a noble wife.' His marriage was reported to be as unhappy as Dryden's with Lady Elizabeth Howard, and that both ladies awarded to their husbands the 'heraldry of hands, not hearts,' but in the case of Addison we have no direct trustworthy information on the subject. Addison received his highest political honour in 1717, when he was made secretary of state; but he held the office only for a short time. He wanted the physical boldness and ready resources of an effective public speaker, and was unable to defend his measures in parliament. He is also said to have been slow and fastidious in the discharge of the ordinary duties of office. When he held the situation of under-secretary, he was employed to send word to Prince George at Hanover of the death of the queen, and the vacancy of the throne; but the critical nicety of the author overpowered his official experience, and Addison was so distracted by the choice of expression, that the task was given to a clerk, who boasted of having done what was too hard for Addison. The vulgar love of wonder may have exaggerated the poet's inaptitude for business, but it is certain he was no orator. He retired from the principal Secretaryship with a pension of £1500 per annum, and during his retirement, engaged himself in writing a work on the 'Evidences of the Christian Religion,' which he did not live to complete. He was oppressed by asthma and dropsy, and was conscious that he should die at comparatively an early age. Two anecdotes are related of his death-bed. He sent, as Pope relates (but Pope is a very bad authority for any circumstance reflecting upon Addison, or indeed for any question of fact), a message by the Earl of Warwick to Gay, desiring to see him. Gay obeyed the summons; and Addison begged his forgiveness for an injury he had done him, for which, he said, he would recompense him if he recovered. The nature or extent of the injury he did not explain, but Gay supposed it referred to his having prevented some preferment designed for him by the court. At another time, he requested an interview with the Earl of Warwick, whom he was anxious to reclaim from a dissipated and licentious life. 'I have sent for you,' he said, 'that you may see in what peace a Christian can die.' The event thus calmly anticipated took place in Holland House on the 17th June, 1719.

A minute or critical review of the daily life of Addison, and his intercourse with his literary associates, is calculated to diminish our reverence and affection. He appears to have been jealous and taciturn, until thawed by wine; and the fact of his putting an execution into Steele's house to recover a sum of money he had lent him—a fact which seems to rest on good authority—forms a disagreeable incident in his life. Though reserved in general society, his conversation was peculiarly fascinating among his friends, and he was highly popular with the public. With Swift he maintained throughout life, notwithstanding their political differences, a warm and cordial friendship. The quarrel between Addison and Pope is well known. Addison preferred Tickell's version of the first book of the 'Iliad,' and sought to make the fortune of the translator. Pope resented this as a personal injury, and wrote his memorable satire on Atticus, in which some truth is mingled with bitterness and malignity. The charge that Addison could 'bear no rival near the throne' seems to have had some foundation in fact, but as respects Pope's insinuations against his illustrious contemporary, recent investigations have considerably shaken that poet's character for veracity. With all deductions from the idolatry of friends and the servility of flatterers, enough remains to establish Addison's title to the character of a good man and a sincere Christian. The uniform tendency of all his writings is his best and highest eulogium. No man can dissemble upon paper through years of literary exertion, or on topics calculated to disclose the nature of his tastes and feelings, and the qualities of his heart and temper. The display of these by Addison is so fascinating and unaffected, that the impression made by his writings, as has been finely remarked, is 'like being recalled to a sense of something like that original purity from which man has been long estranged.'

A '*Life of Addison*,' in two volumes, by Lucy Aiken, published in

1843, contains several letters supplied by a descendant of Tickell. The most interesting of the letters were written by Addison during his early travels; and though brief and careless, contain touches of his inimitable pen. He thus records his impressions of France:

The French People in 1699.

Truly, by what I have yet seen, they are the happiest nation in the world. 'Tis not in the power of want or slavery to make 'em miserable. There is nothing to be met with in the country but mirth and poverty. Every one sings, laughs, and starves. Their conversation is generally agreeable; for if they have any wit or sense, they are sure to shew it. They never mend upon a second meeting, but use all the freedom and familiarity at first sight that a long intimacy or abundance of wine can scarce draw from an Englishman. Their women are perfect mistresses in this art of shewing themselves to the best advantage. They are always gay and sprightly, and set off the worst faces in Europe with the best airs. Every one knows how to give herself as charming a look and posture as Sir Godfrey Kneller could draw her in. . . .

I have already seen, as I informed you in my last, all the king's palaces, and have now seen a great part of the country; I never thought there had been in the world such an excessive magnificence or poverty as I have met with in both together. One can scarce conceive the pomp that appears in everything about the king; but at the same time it makes half his subjects go barefoot. The people are, however, the happiest in the world, and enjoy, from the benefit of their climate and natural constitution, such a perpetual mirth and easiness of temper, as even liberty and plenty cannot bestow on those of other nations. Devotion and gravity are everywhere at their greatest height, but learning seems to run very low, especially in the younger people; for all the rising geniuses have turned their ambition another way, and endeavoured to make their fortunes in the army. The *belles-lettres* in particular seem to be but short-lived in France.

In acknowledging a present of a snuff-box, we see traces of the easy wit and playfulness of the 'Spectator:' 'About three days ago, Mr. Bocher put a very pretty snuff-box in my hand. I was not a little pleased to hear that it belonged to myself, and was much more so when I found it was a present from a gentleman that I have so great an honour for. You do not probably foresee that it would draw on you the trouble of a letter, but you must blame yourself for it. For my part, I can no more accept of a snuff-box without returning my acknowledgements, than I can take snuff without sneezing after it. This last, I must own to you, is so great an absurdity, that I should be ashamed to confess it, were not I in hopes of correcting it very speedily. I am observed to have my box oftener in my hand than those that have been used to one these twenty years, for I can't forbear taking it out of my pocket whenever I think of Mr. Dashwood. You know Mr. Beyes recommends snuff as a great provocative to wit, but you may produce this letter as a standing evidence against him. I have, since the beginning of it, taken above a dozen pinches, and still find myself much more inclined to sneeze than to jest. From whence I conclude, that wit and tobacco are not inseparable; or, to make a pun of it, though a man may be master of a snuff-box,

Non cuicunque datum est habere Nasum.

I should be afraid of being thought a pedant for my quotation, did not I know that the gentleman I am writing to always carries a Horace in his pocket.'

The same taste which led Addison, as we have seen, to censure as fulsome the wild and gorgeous genius of Spenser, made him look with indifference, if not aversion, on the splendid scenery of the Alps. 'I am just arrived at Geneva,' he says, 'by a very troublesome journey over the Alps, where I have been for some days together shivering among the eternal snows. My head is still giddy with mountains and precipices, and you can't imagine how much I am pleased with the sight of a plain, that is as agreeable to me at present as a shore was about a year ago, after our tempest at Genoa.'

The matured powers of Addison shew less of this tame prosaic feeling. The higher of his essays, and his criticism on the 'Paradise Lost,' evince no insensibility to the nobler beauties of creation, or the sublime effusions of genius. His conceptions were enlarged, and his mind expanded by that literary study and reflection from which his political ambition never divorced him, even in the busiest and most engrossing period of his life.

From the 'Letter from Italy.'

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravished eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise;
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground; (1)
For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
Renowned in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows. . . .
  See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle;
Or when transplanted and preserved with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mountain juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents;
Even the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride;
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies. . . .
  How has kind heaven adorned the happy land,
And scattered blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange, and the swelling grain:

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1 Malone states that this was the first time the phrase *classic ground*, since so common, was ever used. It was *ridiculed by some* contemporaries as very quaint and affected.

Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
Starves in the midst of nature's bounty curst,'
And in the loaded vineyard dies for thirst.
  O Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eased of her load, subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.
  Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought?
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice and mellow it to wine;
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies;
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

Ode.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
  How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
  Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
  Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I passed unhurt,
  And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetened every soil,
  Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,
  And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul devoutly think,
  How with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
  In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt on every face,
  And fear in every heart,
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
  O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord!
  Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst in the confidence of prayer
  My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
  High on the broken wave,*
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
  Not impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
  Obedient to thy will;
The sea that soared at thy command,
  At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
  Thy goodness I'll adore:
I'll praise thee for for thy mercies past,
  And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
  Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
  Shall join my soul to thee.

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* 'The earliest composition that I recollect taking any pleasure in was the *Vision of Mirza*, and a hymn of Addison's, beginning, "How are thy servants blest, O Lord!" I particularly remember one half-stanza, which was music to my boyish ear:

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave.'

BURNS—Letter to Dr. Moore.

Ode.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'[*]

The Battle of Blenheim.—From 'The Campaign.'

But now the trumpet terrible from far,
In shriller clangours animates the war;
Confed'rate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud standards to Bavaria's joined,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind,
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled host he views
Stretched out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the grieved world had long desired in vain;
States that their new captivity bemoaned,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groaned,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul preferred;
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assailed,
And Anna's ardent vows, at length prevailed;
The day was come when Heav'n designed to shew
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold, in awful march and dread array
The long extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching, terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control;
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,

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[*] A fine passage in Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici* (Part II. sec. 9) resembles this, and probably suggested it: 'There is a music wherever there is a harmony, order, or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres: for those well-ordered motions, and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony. Whatsoever is harmonically composed delights in harmony, which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church music. For myself, not only from my obedience but my particular genius I do embrace it: for even that vulgar and tavern music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer. There is something in it of divinity more than the ear discovers: it is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world and creatures of God—such a melody to the ear as the whole world, well understood, would ord the understanding. *In brief, it is a sensible* fit of that harmony which intellectu- y *sounds in the ears of God.*'

O'erlook the foe, advantaged by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host:
Though fens and floods possessed the middle space,
That unprovoked they would have feared to pass;
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe ranged on their borders stands.

But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle joined?
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound:
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And, pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

The concluding simile of the angel has been much celebrated, and was so admired by the lord treasurer, that on seeing it, without waiting for the completion of the poem, he rewarded the poet by appointing him, in the place of Locke—who had been promoted—a commissioner of appeals.

From the Tragedy of Cato.

Act IV.—Scene 4.—Re-enter PORTIUS.

PORTIUS. Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus——
CATO. Ha! what has he done?
Has he forsook his post? has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let them pass?
PORTIUS. Scarce had I left my father, but I met him,
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and covered o'er with wounds.
Long at the head of his few faithful friends
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes;
Till obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Oppressed with multitudes, he greatly fell.
CATO. I'm satisfied.
PORTIUS. Nor did he fall before
His sword had pierced through the false heart of Syphax.
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.
CATO. Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.
Portius, when I am dead, be sure thou place
His urn near mine.
PORTIUS. Long may they keep asunder.
LUCIUS. O Cato! arm thy soul with all its patience;
See where the corse of thy dead son approaches!

The citizens and senators, alarmed,
Have gathered round it, and attend it weeping.
  CATO. [*meeting the corpse*]
Welcome, my son! here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
How beautiful is death, when earned by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? what pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
I should have blushed if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourished in a civil war.
Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own when Rome demands it.
  JUBA. Was ever man like this! [*Aside.*]
  CATO. Alas! my friends,
Why mourn you thus? let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears.
The mistress of the world. the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!
  JUBA. Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes
With tears that flowed not o'er his own dead son. [*Aside.*
  CATO. Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdued.
The sun's whole course, the day and year, are Cæsar's.
For him the self-devoted Decii died,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquered:
Even Pompey fought for Cæsar. Oh! my friends!
How is the toil of fate the work of ages.
The Roman empire fallen! O curst ambition!
Fallen into Cæsar's hands! our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.
  JUBA. While Cato lives, Cæsar will blush to see
Mankind enslaved, and be ashamed of empire.
  CATO. Cæsar ashamed! has not he seen Pharsalia?
  LUCIUS. Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.
  CATO. Lose not a thought on me, I'm out of danger.
Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæsar shall never say: 'I conquered Cato.'
But oh! my friends, your safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts: a thousand secret terrors
Rise in my soul: how shall I save my friends!
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee!
  LUCIUS. Cæsar has mercy, if we ask it of him.
  CATO. Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.
Add, if you please, that if I request it of him,
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunished.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,
Or seek the conqueror?
  JUBA. If I forsake thee
Whilst I have life, may Heaven abandon Juba!
  CATO. Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one day make thee great; at Rome, hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.
Portius, draw near! My son, thou oft has seen
Thy sire engaged in a corrupted state.
Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou seest me
Spent, overpowered, despairing of success:

Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
Where the great Censor toiled with his own hands,
And all our frugal ancestors were blest
In humble virtues and a rural life.
There live retired; pray for the peace of Rome;
Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.
PORTIUS. I hope my father does not recommend
A life to Portius that he scorns himself.
CATO. Farewell, my friends! if there be any of you
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know, there are ships prepared by my command—
Their sails already opening to the winds—
That shall convey you to the wished-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.
[Pointing to his dead son.
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,
Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
Shall know he conquered. The firm patriot there—
Who made the welfare of mankind his care—
Though still, by faction, vice, and fortune crossed,
Shall find the generous labour was not lost.

Act V.—Scene 1.

[CATO, alone, sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn sword on the table by him.]

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there 's a power above us—
And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works—he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures. This must end them.
[Laying his hand on his sword.
Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.
  What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppressed, and harassed out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awakened soul may take her flight,
Renewed in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest: Cato knows neither of them;
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

Matthew Prior was born at a place called Abbot Street, one mile from Wimborne-Minster, Dorsetshire, on the 21st of July 1664. He was, as Swift told Stella, of mean birth; but fortunately a superior education was within his reach. His uncle, Samuel Prior, who kept the Rummer Tavern at Charing Cross, took the charge of bringing up his nephew, and he placed him at Westminster School. It is said he was afterwards taken home to assist in the business of the inn, and whilst there, was one day seen by the Earl of Dorset reading Horace. The earl generously undertook the care of his education; and in his eighteenth year, Prior was entered of St. John's College, Cambridge. He distinguished himself during his academical career, and amongst other copies of verses, produced (1687), in conjunction with the Honourable Charles Montagu, the 'City Mouse and Country Mouse,' in ridicule of Dryden's 'Hind and Panther.' The Earl of Dorset did not forget the poet he had snatched from obscurity. He invited him to London, and obtained for him an appointment as secretary to the Earl of Berkeley, ambassador to the Hague. In this capacity, Prior obtained the approbation of King William, who made him one of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber. In 1697, he was appointed secretary to the embassy on the treaty of Ryswick, at the conclusion of which he was presented with a considerable sum of money by the lords-justices. Next year he was ambassador at the court of Versailles. Johnson relates that as the poet was one day surveying the apartments at Versailles, being shewn the victories of Louis painted by Le Brun, and asked whether the King of England's palace had any such decorations: 'The monuments of my master's actions,' said he, 'are to be seen everywhere but in his own house.' On his return to England the poet was appointed a Commissioner of Trade. In 1701, he entered the House of Commons as representative for the borough of East Grinstead, and abandoning his former friends, the Whigs, joined the Tories in impeaching Lord Somers. This came with a peculiarly bad grace from Prior, for the charge against Somers was, that he had advised the partition treaty, in which treaty the poet himself had acted as agent. He evinced his patriotism, however, by afterwards celebrating in verse the battles of Blenheim and Ramilies (1706).

When the Whig government was at length overturned, Prior became attached to Harley's administration, and went with Bolingbroke to France in 1711, to negotiate a treaty of peace. He lived in splendour in Paris, was a favourite of the French monarch, and enjoyed all the honours of ambassador. He returned to London in 1715. Queen Anne was then dead (August 1, 1714); and the Whigs being again in office, Prior was committed to custody on a charge of high treason. The accusation against him was, that he had held clandestine conferences with the French plenipotentiary, though, as he justly replied, no treaty was ever made without private interviews and preliminaries. The Whigs were indignant at the disgraceful treaty of Utrecht; but Prior only shared in the culpability of the government. The able but profligate Bolingbroke was the master-spirit that prompted the humiliating concession to France. After two years' confinement, the poet was released without a trial. He had in the interval written his poem of 'Alma;' and being now left without any other support than his fellowship of St. John's College, he continued his studies, and produced his 'Solomon,' the most elaborate of his works. He had also recourse to the publication of a collected edition of his poems (1718), which was sold to subscribers for two guineas each copy, and which realised four thousand guineas. An equal sum was presented to Prior by the Earl of Oxford, and thus he had laid up a provision for old age. He was ambitious only of comfort and private enjoyment. These, however, he did not long possess; for he died on the 18th of September 1721, at Lord Oxford's seat at Wimpole, being at the time in the fifty-seventh year of his age. The Duchess of Portland, Lord Oxford's daughter, said Prior made himself beloved by every living thing in the house—master, child, and servant, human creature or animal. He is, however, described as having been fond of low company, and at the time of his death, was, according to Arbuthnot, on the point of marrying a certain Bessy Cox, who kept an alehouse in Long Acre. To this worthless female and to his man-servant, Prior left his estate. Arbuthnot, writing to a friend the month after Prior's death, says: 'We are to have a bowl of punch at Bessy Cox's. She would fain have put it upon Lewis that she was his (Prior's) Emma: she owned Flanders Jane was his Chloe.' To this doubtful Chloe some of his happiest effusions were devoted. The fairest and most high-born lady in the land might have envied such complimentary strains as the following:

What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I write, shews
  The difference there is betwixt nature and art;
I court others in verse, but I love thee in prose;
  And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

The god of us verse-men—you know, child—the Sun,
  How after his journey he sets up his rest;
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
  At night he reclines on his Thetis's breast.

So when I am wearied with wandering all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come;
No matter what beauties I saw in my way,
They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

To Chloe was inscribed his 'Henry and Emma,' a poem upon the model of the 'Nut-brown Maid;' but Prior, in discarding the rude simplicity of the original, sacrificed a great portion of its charm.

The works of Prior range over a variety of styles and subjects—odes, songs, epistles, epigrams, and tales. His longest poem, 'Solomon,' is of a serious character, and was considered by its author to be his best production, in which opinion he is supported by Cowper. It is the most moral, and perhaps the most correctly written; but the tales and lighter pieces of Prior are undoubtedly his happiest efforts. In these he displays that 'charming ease' with which Cowper says he embellished all his poems, added to the lively illustration and colloquial humour of his master, Horace. No poet ever possessed in greater perfection the art of graceful and fluent versification. His narratives flow on like a clear stream, without break or fall, and interest us by their perpetual good-humour and vivacity, even when they wander into metaphysics, as in 'Alma,' or into licentiousness, as in his tales. His expression was choice and studied, abounding in classical allusions and images—which were then the fashion of the day—but without any air of pedantry or constraint. Like Swift, he loved to versify the common occurrences of life, and relate his personal feelings and adventures. He had, however, no portion of the dean's bitterness or misanthropy, and employed no stronger weapons of satire than raillery and arch allusion. He sported on the surface of existence, noting its foibles, its pleasures, and eccentricities, but without the power of penetrating into its recesses, or evoking the higher passions of our nature. He was the most natural of artificial poets—a seeming paradox, yet as true as the old maxim, that the perfection of art is the art of concealing it.

For My Own Monument.

As doctors give physic by way of prevention,
Matt, alive and in health, of his tomb-stone took care:
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfilled by his heir.

Then take Matt's word for it, the sculptor is paid;
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye;
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

Yet counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are;
High hopes he conceived, and he smothered great fears,
In a life party-coloured, half pleasure, half care.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make int'rest and freedom agree;
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, Lord! how merry was he.

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;
And whirled in the round as the wheel turned about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.

This verse, little polished, though mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;
It says that his relics collected lie here,
And no mortal yet knows if this may be true.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,
So Matt may be killed, and his bones never found;
False witness at court, and fierce tempest at sea,
So Matt may yet chance to be hanged or be drowned.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To fate we must yield, and the thing is the same;
And if passing thou giv'st him a smile or a tear,
He cares not—yet, prithee, be kind to his fame.

Epitaph Extempore.

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve;
Can Stuart or Nassau claim higher?

An Epitaph.

Interred beneath this marble stone,
Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.
While rolling threescore years and one
Did round this globe their courses run;
If human things went ill or well,
If changing empires rose or fell,
The morning past, the evening came,
And found this couple just the same.
They walked and ate, good folks: What then?
Why, then they walked and ate again;
They soundly slept the night away;
They did just nothing all the day.
Nor sister either had nor brother;
They seemed just tallied for each other.
Their moral and economy
Most perfectly they made agree;
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespassed on the other's ground.
Nor fame nor censure they regarded;
They neither punished nor rewarded.
He cared not what the footman did;
Her maids she neither praised nor chid:
So every servant took his course,
And, bad at first, they all grew worse.
Slothful disorder filled his stable,
And sluttish plenty decked her table,
Their beer was strong, their wine was port;
Their meal was large, their grace was short.
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.
They paid the church and parish rate,
And took, but read not the receipt;
For which they claimed their Sunday's due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew.
No man's defects sought they to know,
So never made themselves a foe.
No man's good deeds did they commend,
So never raised themselves a friend.
Nor cherished they relations poor,
That might decrease their present store;
Nor barn nor house did they repair,
That might oblige their future heir.
They neither added nor confounded;
They neither wanted nor abounded.
Nor tear nor smile did they employ
At news of public grief or joy.
When bells were rung and bonfires made,
If asked, they ne'er denied their aid;
Their jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either died or married.
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was deposed or crowned.
Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise,
They would not learn, nor could advise;
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were;
Nor wished, nor cared, nor laughed, nor cried;
And so they lived, and so they died.

To a Child of Quality, Five Years Old, 1704, *the Author then Forty.*

Lords, knights, and squires, the numerous band
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command
To shew their passion by their letters.

My pen amongst the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality nor reputation
Forbid me yet my flame to tell.
Dear five-years-old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

For, while she makes her silkworms' beds
With all the tender things I swear;
Whilst all the house my passion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair;

She may receive and own my flame,
For though the strictest prudes should know it,
She 'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then, too, alas! when she shall hear
The lines some younger rival sends;
She 'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For, as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordained (would Fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love,
When she begins to comprehend it.

Abra's Love for Solomon.

Another nymph, amongst the many fair,
That made my softer hours their solemn care,
Before the rest affected still to stand,
And watched my eye, preventing my command.
Abra—she so was called—did soonest haste
To grace my presence; Abra went the last;
Abra was ready ere I called her name;
And, though I called another, Abra came.
Her equals first observed her growing zeal,
And laughing, glossed that Abra served so well.
To me her actions did unheeded die,
Or were remarked but with a common eye;
Till, more apprised of what the rumour said,
More I observed peculiar in the maid.
The sun declined had shot his western ray,
When tired with business of the solemn day,
I purposed to unbend the evening hours,
And banquet private in the women's bowers.
I called before I sat to wash my hands—
For so the precept of the law commands—
Love had ordained that it was Abra's turn
To mix the sweets, and minister the urn.
With awful homage, and submissive dread,
The maid approached, on my declining head
To pour the oils; she trembled as she poured;
With an unguarded look she now devoured
My nearer face, and now recalled her eye,
And heaved, and strove to hide, a sudden sigh.
'And whence,' said I, 'canst thou have dread or pain?
What can thy imagery of sorrow mean?
Secluded from the world and all its care,
Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?
For sure,' I added, 'sure thy little heart
Ne'er felt love's anger, or received his dart.'
Abashed she blushed, and with disorder spoke;
Her rising shame adorned the words it broke:
'If the great master will descend to hear
The humble series of his handmaid's care;
O! while she tells it, let him not put on

The look that awes the nations from the throne!
O! let not death severe in glory lie
In the king's frown and terror of his eye!
Mine to obey, thy part is to ordain;
And, though to mention be to suffer pain,
If the king smile whilst I my wo recite,
If weeping, I find favour in his sight,
Flow fast my tears, full rising his delight,
O! witness earth beneath, and heaven above!
For can I hide it? I am sick of love;
If madness may the name of passion bear,
Or love be called what is indeed despair.
'Thou Sovereign Power, whose secret will controls
The inward bent and motion of our souls!
Why hast thou placed such infinite degrees
Between the cause and cure of my disease?
The mighty object of that raging fire,
In which unpitied, Abra must expire.
Had he been born some simple shepherd's heir,'
The lowing herd or fleecy sheep his care,
At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,
Scornful of winter's frost and summer's sun,
Still asking where he made his flock to rest at noon;
For him at night, the dear expected guest,
I had with hasty joy prepared the feast;
And from the cottage, o'er the distant plain,
Sent forth my longing eye to meet the swain,
Wavering, impatient, tossed by hope and fear,
Till he and joy together should appear,
And the loved dog declare his master near.
On my declining neck and open breast
I should have lulled the lovely youth to rest,
And from beneath his head, at dawning day,
With softest care have stol'n my arm away,
To rise, and from the fold release his sheep,
Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep.
Or if kind heaven, propitious to my flame—
For sure from heaven the faithful ardour came—
Had blest my life, and decked my natal hour
With height of title, and extent of power;
Without a crime my passion had aspired,
Found the loved prince, and told what I desired.
Then I had come, preventing Sheba's queen,
To see the comeliest of the sons of men,
To hear the charming poet's amorous song,
And gather honey falling from his tongue,
To take the fragrant kisses of his mouth,
Sweeter than breezes of her native South,
Likening his grace, his person, and his mien,
To all that great or beauteous I had seen.' . .
Here o'er her speech her flowing eyes prevail.
O foolish maid! and oh, unhappy tale!
I saw her; 'twas humanity; it gave
Some respite to the sorrows of my slave.
Her fond excess proclaimed her passion true,
And generous pity to that truth was due.
Well I entreated her, who well deserved;
I called her often, for she always served.
Use made her person easy to my sight,
And ease insensibly produced delight.
Whene'er I revelled in the women's bowers—
For first I sought her but at looser hours—

The apples she had gathered smelt most sweet,
The cake she kneaded was the savoury meat;
But fruits their odour lost, and meats their taste,
If gentle Abra had not decked the feast.
Dishonoured did the sparkling goblet stand,
Unless received from gentle Abra's hand.
And, when the virgins formed the evening choir,
Raising their voices to the master lyre,
Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill,
One shewed too much, and one too little skill;
Nor could my soul approve the music's tone,
Till all was hushed, and Abra sung alone.
Fairer she seemed distinguished from the rest,
And better mien disclosed, as better drest.
A bright tiara round her forehead tied,
To juster bounds confined its rising pride.
The blushing ruby on her snowy breast
Rendered its panting whiteness more confessed;
Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm,
And every gem augmented every charm.
Her senses pleased, her beauty still improved,
And she more lovely grew, as more beloved.

Written in Mezeray's History of France.

Whate'er thy countrymen have done
By law and wit, by sword and gun,
In thee is faithfully recited;
And all the living world that view
Thy work, give thee the praises due,
At once instructed and delighted.

Yet for the fame of all these deeds,
What beggar in the Invalides,
With lameness broke, with blindness smitten,
Wished ever decently to die,
To have been either Mezeray
Or any monarch he has written?

It's strange, dear author, yet it true is,
That down, from Pharamond to Louis,
All covet life, yet call it pain:
All feel the ill, yet shun the cure.
Can sense this paradox endure?
Resolve me, Cambray, or Fontaine.

The man in graver tragic known
(Though his best part long since was done)
Still on the stage desires to tarry;
And he who played the Harlequin,
After the jest still loads the scene,
Unwilling to retire, though weary.[*]

The Thief and the Cordelier.—A Ballad.—To the tune of 'King John' and the 'Abbot of Canterbury.'

Who has e'er been at Paris, must needs know the Grève,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave;
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute
To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the shackles which force had put on,
And the hangman completes what the judge but begun;
There the 'squire of the pad, and the knight of the post,
Find their pains no more balked, and their hopes no more crossed.
Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are known;
And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his own;

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[*] Sir Walter Scott, about a year before his death, repeated the above when on a Border tour with Mr. Lockhart. 'They met two beggars, old soldiers, one of whom recognised the baronet, and bade God bless him. 'The mendicants went on their way and we stood breathing on the knoll. Sir Walter followed them with his eye, and, planting his stick firmly on the sod, repeated without break or hesitation Prior's verses to the historian Mezeray. That he applied them to himself was touchingly obvious.'

But my hearers cry out: 'What a deuce dost thou ail?
Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.'
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there, then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,
A Norman, though late, was obliged to appear;
And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier?
Derry down, &c.

The 'squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,
Seemed not in great haste that the show should begin;
Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart;
And often took leave, but was loath to depart.
Derry down, &c.

'What frightens you thus, my good son?' says the priest;
'You murdered, are sorry, and have been confessed.'
'O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon;
For 'twas not that I murdered, but that I was taken.'
Derry down, &c.

'Pooh, prithee ne'er trouble thy head with such fancies;
Rely on the aid you shall have from St. Francis;
If the money you promised be brought to the chest,
You have only to die; let the church do the rest.'
Derry down, &c.

'And what will folks say, if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade.
Courage, friend, for to-day is your period of sorrow;
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.'
Derry down, &c.

'To-morrow!' our hero replied in a fright;
'He that's hanged before noon, ought to think of to-night.'
'Tell your beads,' quoth the priest, 'and be fairly trussed up,
For you surely to-night shall in paradise sup.'
Derry down, &c.

'Alas!' quoth the 'squire, 'howe'er sumptuous the treat,
Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat;
I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace,
Would you you be so kind as to go in my place.'
Derry down, &c.

'That I would,' quoth the father, 'and thank you to boot;
But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit;
The feast I proposed to you, I cannot taste,
For this night by our order, is marked for a fast.'
Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the hangman, he said:
'Despatch me, I prithee, this troublesome blade;
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie,
And we live by the gold for which other men die.'
Derry down, &c.

Ode to a Lady: She refusing to Continue a Dispute with me, and leaving me in the argument.

Spare, generous victor, spare the slave,
Who did unequal war pursue;
That more than triumphs he might have
In being overcome by you!

In the dispute, whate'er I said,
My heart was by my tongue belied:
And in my looks you might have read
How much I argued on your side.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have sustained an open fight;
For seldom your opinions err,
Your eyes are always in the right.

Why, fair one, would you not rely
On reason's force with beauty's joined?
Could I their prevalence deny,
I must at once be deaf and blind.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the fight aspired;
To keep the beauteous foe in view,
Was all the glory I desired.

But she, howe'er of victory sure,
Contemns the wreath so long delayed;
And, armed with more immediate power,
Calls cruel silence to her aid.

Deeper to wound, she shuns the fight:
She drops her arms, to gain the field:
Secures her conquest by her flight;
And triumphs when she seems to yield.

So when the Parthian turned his steed,
And from the hostile camp withdrew,
With cruel skill, the backward reed
He sent, and as he fled he slew.

Theory of the Mind—From 'Alma.'

I say, whatever you maintain
Of Alma (1) in the heart or brain,
The plainest man alive may tell ye
Her seat of empire is the belly.
From hence she sends out those supplies
Which make us either stout or wise;
Your stomach makes the fabric roll
Just as the bias rules the bowl.
The great Achilles might employ
The strength designed to ruin Troy;
He dined on lion's marrow, spread
On toasts of ammunition bread;
But, by his mother sent away
Amongst the Thracian girls to play,
Effeminate he sat and quiet—
Strange product of a cheese-cake diet!
Observe the various operations
Of food and drink in several nations.
Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
Upon the strength of water-gruel?
But who shall stand his rage or force
If first he rides, then eats his horse?
Salads, and eggs, and lighter fare,
Tune the Italian spark's guitar;
And, if I take Dan Congreve right,
Pudding and beef make Britons fight.
Tokay and coffee cause this work
Between the German and the Turk:
And both, as they provisions want,
Chicane, avoid, retire, and faint.

As, in a watch's fine machine,
Though many artful springs are seen;
The added movements which declare
How full the moon, how old the year,
Derive their secondary power
From that which simply points the hour;
For though these gimcracks were away—
Quare (2) would not swear, but Quare would say—
However more reduced and plain,
The watch would still a watch remain:
But if the horal orbit ceases,
The whole stands still or breaks to pieces,
Is now no longer what it was,
And you may e'en go sell the case.
So, if unprejudiced you scan
The goings of this clockwork, man,
You find a hundred movements made
By fine devices in his head;
But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke
That tells his being what's o'clock.
If you take off this *rhetoric* trigger.
He talks no more in trope and figure;
Or clog his *mathematic* wheel,
His buildings fall, his ship stands still:
Or, lastly, break his *politic* weight,
His voice no longer rules the state:
Yet, if these finer whims are gone,
Your clock, though plain, will still go on;
But, spoil the organ of digestion,
And you entirely change the question
Alma's affairs no power can mend;
The jest, alas! is at an end;
Soon ceases all the worldly bustle,
And you consign the corpse to Russell. (3)

REV. JAMES BRAMSTON.

Two satirical poems by the Rev. James Bramston (*circa* 1694–1744), included in Dodsley's 'Collection,' were much admired in their day. These are: 'The Art of Politics; in imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry,' 1729; and 'The Man of Taste; occasioned by Pope's Epistle on that Subject,' 1731. Bramston also wrote an imitation of Philips's 'Splendid Shilling,' entitled 'The Crooked Sixpence.' In

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1 The mind.
2 A noted watchmaker of the day.
3 An undertaker.

1707, Bramston was admitted at Westminster School; in 1713, he was elected to a studentship at Christ Church, Oxford, and in 1725 he became vicar of Harting, in Sussex. His two principal poems are good imitations of the style of Young's and Pope's satires. The following is the conclusion of his 'Art of Politics:'

Parliamenteering is a sort of itch,
That will too oft unwary knights bewitch.
Two good estates Sir Harry Clodpole spent;
Sate thrice, but spoke not once, in Parliament.
Two good estates are gone—who 'll take his word?
Oh. should his uncle die, he 'll spend a third;
He 'd buy a house his happiness to crown,
Within a mile of some good borough-town;
Tag-rag and bobtail to Sir Harry's run,
Men that have votes, and women that have none;
Sons, daughters, grandsons, with his Honour dine;
He keeps a public-house without a sign.
Cobblers and smiths extol th' ensuing choice,
And drunken tailors boast their right of voice.
Dearly the free-born neighborhood is bought,
They never leave him while he 's worth a groat
So leeches stick, nor quit the bleeding wound,
Till off they drop with skinfuls to the ground.

In 'The Man of Taste' he thus ironically expatiates:

Swift's whims and jokes for my resentment call,
For he displeases me that pleases all.
Verse without rhyme I never could endure,
Uncouth in numbers, and in sense obscure.
To him as nature, when he ceased to see,
Milton's an universal blank to me.
Confirmed and settled by the nation's voice,
Rhyme is the poet's pride and people's choice,
Always upheld by national support,
Of market, university, and court:
Thomson, write blank; but know that for that reason
These lines shall live when thine are out of season.
Rhyme binds and beautifies the poet's lays,
As London ladies owe their shape to stays.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

JONATHAN SWIFT, one of the most remarkable men of the age, was born in Dublin, November 30, 1667. He was of English parentage—a fact which he never forgot, conceiving that there was a great distinction (as he wrote to Pope) 'between the English gentry of Ireland and the savage old Irish.' His grandfather was vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordshire, who lost his fortune through his zeal and activity for Charles I. during the Civil war. Three of the vicar's sons settled in Ireland; and Jonathan Swift, father of the celebrated author, was bred to the law in Dublin He was steward to the society of the King's Inns, but died in great poverty before the birth of his distinguished son. Swift was supported by his uncle; and the circumstances of want and dependence with which he was early familiar, seem to have sunk deep into his haughty soul. 'Born a posthumous child,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'and bred up an object of charity, he early adopted the custom of observing his birthday as a term, not of joy, but of sorrow, and of reading, when it annually recurred, the striking passage of Scripture in which Job laments and execrates the day upon which it was said in his father's house "that a man-child was born."' Swift was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, which he left in his twenty-first year—having only received his degree by special favour—and was received into the house of Sir William Temple, a distant relation of his mother. Here Swift met King William, and indulged hopes of preferment, which were never realised. In 1692, he repaired to Oxford, for the purpose of taking his degree of M.A; and shortly after obtaining this distinction, he resolved to quit the establishment of Temple, and take orders in the Irish Church. He procured the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, but was soon disgusted with the life of an obscure country clergyman with an income of £100 a year. He returned to Moor Park, the house of Sir William Temple, and threw up his living at Kilroot. Temple died in 1699, and the poet was glad to accompany Lord Berkeley to Ireland in the capacity of chaplain. From this nobleman he obtained the rectory of Aghar, and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathveggan; to which was afterwards added the prebend of Dunlavin, making his income only about £200 per annum. At Moor Park, Swift had (as stated in our notice of Temple) contracted an intimacy with Miss Esther Johnson, nominally the daughter of Sir William Temple's housekeeper; but her face, her position in the family, and Sir William's treatment of her, seemed to some to proclaim the fact that she was Temple's natural child. He left her £1000. She went, with a female friend, to reside in Ireland, to be near Swift, her early instructor, but they never were alone together.

In 1701, Swift became a political writer on the side of the Whigs, and on his visits to England, he associated with Addison, Steele, and Halifax. In 1704 was published his 'Tale of a Tub,' the wildest and wittiest of all polemical or controversial works. In 1710, conceiving that he was neglected by the ministry, he quarreled with the Whigs, and united with Harley and the Tory administration. He was received with open arms. 'I stand with the new people,' he writes to Stella, 'ten times better than ever I did with the old, and forty times more caressed.' He carried with him shining weapons for party warfare—irresistible and unscrupulous satire, steady hate, and a dauntless spirit. From his new allies, he received, in 1713, the deanery of St. Patrick's. During his residence in England, he had engaged the affections of another young lady, Esther Vanhomrigh, who, under the name of Vanessa, rivalled Stella in poetical celebrity, and in personal misfortune. After the death of her father, this young lady and her sister retired to Ireland, where their father had left a small property near Dublin. Human nature has, perhaps, never before or since presented the spectacle of a man of such transcendent powers as Swift involved in such a pitiable labyrinth of the affections. His pride or ambition led him to postpone indefinitely his marriage with Stella, to whom he was early attached. Though, he said, he 'loved her better than his life a thousand millions of times,' he kept her hanging on in a state of hope deferred, injurious alike to her peace and reputation. Did he fear the scorn and laughter of the world, if he should marry the obscure daughter of Sir William Temple's housekeeper? He dared not afterwards, with manly sincerity, declare his situation to Vanessa, when this second victim avowed her passion. He was flattered that a girl of eighteen, of beauty and accomplishments, 'sighed for a gown of forty-four,' and he did not stop to weigh the consequences. The removal of Vanessa to Ireland, as Stella had gone before, to be near the presence of Swift—her irrepressible passion, which no coldness or neglect could extinguish—her life of deep seclusion, only checkered by the occasional visits of Swift, each of which she commemorated by planting with her own hand a laurel in the garden where they met—her agonising remonstrances, when all her devotion and her offerings had failed, are touching beyond expression.

'The reason I write to you,' she says, 'is because I cannot tell it to you, should I see you. For when I begin to complain, then you are angry; and there is something in your looks so awful, that it strikes me dumb. Oh! that you may have but so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can. Did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you to forgive me, and believe that I cannot help telling you this and live.'

To a being thus agitated and engrossed with the strongest passion, how poor, how cruel, must have seemed the return of Swift!

Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every scene had kept his heart;
Had sighed and languished, vowed and writ,
For pastime, or to shew his wit;
But books, and time, and state affairs,
Had spoiled his fashionable airs;
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love:
His conduct might have made him styled
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.

The tragedy continued to deepen as it approached the close. Eight years had Vanessa nursed in solitude the hopeless attachment. At length she wrote to Stella, to ascertain the nature of the connection between her and Swift; the latter obtained the fatal letter, and rode instantly to Marley Abbey, the residence of the unhappy Vanessa. 'As he entered the apartment,' to adopt the picturesque language of Scott in recording the scene, 'the sternness of his countenance, which was peculiarly formed to express the stronger passions, struck the unfortunate Vanessa with such terror, that she could scarce ask whether he would not sit down. He answered by flinging a letter on the table; and instantly leaving the house, mounted his horse, and returned to Dublin. When Vanessa opened the packet, she only found her own letter to Stella. It was her death-warrant. She sunk at once under the disappointment of the delayed yet cherished hopes which had so long sickened her heart, and beneath the unrestrained wrath of him for whose sake she had indulged them. How long she survived this last interview is uncertain, but the time does not seem to have exceeded a few weeks.' *

Even Stella, though believed by her friends to have been ultimately united to Swift, dropped into the grave without any public recognition of the tie; they were married, it is said, in secrecy in the garden of the deanery, when on her part all but life had faded away. The fair sufferers were deeply avenged. But let us adopt the only charitable—perhaps the just—interpretation of Swift's conduct; the malady which at length overwhelmed his reason might then have been lurking in his frame; and consciousness of the fact kept him single. Some years before Vanessa's death, a scene occurred which has been related by Young, the author of the 'Night Thoughts.' Swift was walking with some friends in the neighbourhood of Dublin. 'Perceiving he did not follow us,' says Young, 'I went back, and found him fixed as a statue, and earnestly gazing upward at a noble elm, which in its uppermost branches was much decayed. Pointing at it, he said: "I shall be like that tree; I shall die at the top."' The same presentiment finds expression in his exquisite imitation of Horace (Book ii. Satire 6), made in conjunction with Pope:

I've often wished that I had clear
For life six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.
  Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.
  If I ne'er got or lost a groat
By any trick or any fault;
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools,
As thus: 'Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!

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* The talents of Vanessa may be seen from her letters to Swift. They are further evinced in the following *Ode to Spring*, in which she alludes to her unhappy attachment:

Hail, blushing goddess, beauteous Spring!
Who in thy jocund train dost bring
Loves and graces—smiling hours—
Balmy breezes—fragrant flowers;
Come, with tints of roseate hue,
Nature's faded charms renew!
  Yet why should I thy presence hail?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with sweets, no more the rose
With such transcendent beauty blows,
As when Cadenus blest the scene,
And shared with me those joys serene.
When, unperceived, the lambent fire
Of friendship kindled new desire;
Still listening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths which angels might have sung,
Divine imprest their gentle sway,
And sweetly stole my soul away.
My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
Dear names, in one idea blend;
Oh! still conjoined, your incense rise,
And waft sweet odours to the skies!

To grant me this and t'other acre;
Or if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure!'
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits;
Preserve, Almighty Providence!
Just what you gave me, competence,
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose.

Swift was at first disliked in Ireland, but the 'Drapier's Letters' and other works gave him unbounded popularity. His wish to serve Ireland was one of his ruling passions; yet it was something like the instinct of the inferior animals towards their offspring; waywardness, contempt, and abuse were strangely mingled with affectionate attachment and ardent zeal. Kisses and curses were alternately on his lips. Ireland, however, gave Swift her own heart—he was more than king of the rabble. After various attacks of deafness and giddiness, his temper became ungovernable, and his reason gave way. Truly and beautifully has Scott said, 'the stage darkened ere the curtain fell.'

The sad story of his latter days melts and overawes the imagination. Fits of lunacy were succeeded by the *dementia* of old age. For three years he uttered only a few words and broken interjections. He would often attempt to speak, but could not recollect words to express his meaning, upon which he would sigh heavily. Babylon in ruins (to use a simile of Addison's) was not a more melancholy spectacle than this wreck of a mighty intellect! In speechless silence his spirit passed away, October 19, 1745. He was interred in St. Patrick's Cathedral, amidst the tears and prayers of his countrymen. An inscription on his tomb, composed by himself, records his exertions for liberty and his detestation of oppression.* 'The *sæva indignatio* of which he spoke as lacerating his heart,' says Thackeray, 'and which he dares to inscribe on his tombstone, as if the wretch who lay under that stone, waiting God's judgment, had a right to be angry, breaks out from him in a thousand pages of his writing, and tears and rends him.' Swift believed he *had* a right to be angry—angry against oppression, against triumphant wrong, corruption, and hypocrisy. 'Doest thou well to be angry?' was the question asked of the Hebrew prophet of old, and he answered: 'I do well.' So thought Swift, often self-deluded, mistaking hatred for duty, faction for patriotism; misled by passion, by egotism, and caprice.

Swift's fortune, amounting to about £10,000, he left chiefly to found a lunatic asylum in Dublin.

He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
To shew, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.

'Gulliver's Travels' and the 'Tale of a Tub' must ever be the chief corner-stones of Swift's fame. The purity of his prose style renders it a model of English composition. He could wither with his irony and invective; excite to mirth with his wit and invention; transport as with wonder at his marvellous powers of grotesque and ludicrous combination, his knowledge of human nature—piercing quite through the deeds of men—and his matchless power of feigning reality, and assuming at pleasure different characters and situations in life. He is often disgustingly coarse and gross in his style and subjects; but he is never licentious; his grossness is always repulsive, not seductive.

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* *Hic depositum est corpus* JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P., hujus ecclesiæ Cathedralis *Decani, ubi sæva indignatio* ulterius cor lacerare nequit. Abi viator et imitare, si poteris *strenuum pro virili libertatis* vindicem, &c.

Swift's poetry is perfect, exactly as the old Dutch artists were perfect painters. He never attempted to rise above this 'visible diurnal sphere.' He is content to lash the frivolities of the age, and to depict its absurdities. In his too faithful representations, there is much to condemn and much to admire. Who has not felt the truth and humour of his 'City Shower,' and his description of 'Morning?' Or the liveliness of his 'Grand Question Debated,' in which the knight, his lady, and the chambermaid, are so admirably drawn? His most ambitious flight is his 'Rhapsody on Poetry,' and even this is pitched in a pretty low key. Its best lines are easily remembered:

Not empire to the rising sun,
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound,
So large to grasp the circle round,
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the Muses' lyre.
Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedler Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stews;
Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges
Of gipsies littering under hedges,
Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in church, or law, or state,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Hath blasted with poetic fire.

Swift's Verses on his own Death are the finest example of his peculiar poetical vein. He predicts what his friends will say of his illness, his death, and his reputation, varying the style and the topics to suit each of the parties. The versification is easy and flowing, with nothing but the most familiar and common-place expressions. There are some little touches of homely pathos, which are felt like trickling tears, and the effect of the piece altogether is electrical: it carries with it the strongest conviction of its sincerity and truth; and we see and feel—especially as years creep on—how faithful a depicter of human nature, in its frailty and weakness, was the misanthropic Dean of St. Patrick's.

A Description of the Morning.

Now hardly here and there a hackney-coach
Appearing showed the ruddy morn's approach. . . .
The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
Had pared the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirled her mop with dexterous airs,
Prepared to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps begun to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.

The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drowned in shriller notes of chimney-sweep:
Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet,
And brick-dust Moll had screamed through half the street.
The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees;
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

A Description of a City Shower.

Careful observers may foretell the hour
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine;
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming shower your shooting corns presage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage:
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.
  Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swilled more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope;
Such is that sprinkling, which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop—but not so clean;
You fly, invoke the gods; then turning, stop
To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunned the unequal strife,
But aided by the wind, fought still for life,
And wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
Sole coat, where dust cemented by the rain
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain!
  Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The Templar spruce, while every spout 's a-broach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tucked-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs,
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Boxed in a chair the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits;
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed—
Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, run them through—
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,

And each imprisoned hero quaked for fear.
  Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they sailed from by their sight and smell.
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield or St. 'Pulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluence joined at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn Bridge.
Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drowned puppies, stinking sprats, all drenched in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

Baucis and Philemon.—Imitated from the Eighth Book of Ovid—Written about 1708.

In ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.
  It happened on a winter night—
As authors of the legend write—
Two brother-hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Disguised in tattered habits, went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where, in the stroller's canting strain,
They begged from door to door in vain;
Tried every tone might pity win,
But not a soul would let them in.
  Our wandering saints in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village past,
To a small cottage came at last,
Where dwelt a good old honest yeoman,
Called in the neighborhood Philemon,
Who kindly did the saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night.
And then the hospitable sire
Bid Goody Baucis mend the fire,
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fried;
Then stepped aside to fetch them drink,
Filled a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet—what was wonderful—they found
'Twas still replenished to the top,
As if they ne'er had touched a drop.
The good old couple were amazed,
And often on each other gazed:
For both were frightened to the heart,
And just began to cry: 'What art?'
Then softly turned aside to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims soon aware on't,
Told them their calling and their errant:
'Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but saints,' the hermits said;
'No hurt shall come to yon or *yours*;
But, for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drowned:
While you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes.'
  They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft,
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter,
The heavy wall climbed slower after.
  The chimney widened and grew higher;
Became a steeple with a spire.
  The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fastened to a joist;
But with the up-side down, to shew
Its inclination for below:
In vain; for some superior force,
Applied at bottom, stops its course;
Doomed ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
  A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increased by new intestine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower;
The flier, though it had leaden feet,
Turned round so quick you scarce could see't;
But, slackened by some secret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near allied,
Had never left each other's side:
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone,
But, up against the steeple reared,
Became a clock, and still adhered:
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares;
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast meat, which it cannot turn.
  The groaning chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And with small change a pulpit grew.
  The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering show,

To a less noble substance changed,
Were now but leathern buckets ranged.
The ballads pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now seemed to look abundance better,
Improved in picture, size, and letter;
And, high in order placed, describe
The heraldry of every tribe.
A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load;
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphised into pews;
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.
The cottage, by such feats as these,
Grown to a church by just degrees;
The hermits then desire their host
To ask for what he fancied most.
Philemon, having paused awhile,
Returned them thanks in homely style;
Then said: 'My house is grown so fine,
Methinks I still would call it mine:
I'm old, and fain would live at ease:
Make me the parson, if you please.'
He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding sleeve:
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assumed a sable hue;
But, being old, continued just
As threadbare and as full of dust.
His talk was now of tithes and dues;
Could smoke his pipe, and read the news:
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamped in the preface and the text:
At christenings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart:
Wished women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrowed last:
Against Dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for right divine:
Found his head filled with many a system,
But classic authors—he ne'er missed them.
Thus having furbished up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they played their farce on:
Instead of homespun coifs, were seen
Good pinners, edged with Colberteen:
Her petticoat, transformed apace,
Became black satin flounced with lace.
Plain Goody would no longer down;
'Twas Madam, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes:
Amazed to see her look so prim;
And she admired as much at him.
Thus, happy in their change of life,
Were several years the man and wife:
When on a day, which proved their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amidst their talk,
To the churchyard to take a walk;
When Baucis hastily cried out:
'My dear, I see your forehead sprout!'
'Sprout,' quoth the man, 'what 's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous?
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And really yours is budding too—
Nay—now I cannot stir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.'
Description would but tire my muse;
In short, they both were turned to yews.
Old Goodman Dobson, of the green,
Remembers he the trees has seen;
He'll talk of them from noon to night,
And goes with folks to shew the sight;
On Sundays, after evening-prayer,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either yew,
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew.
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which 'tis hard to be believed,
How much the other tree was grieved;
Grew scrubby, died a-top, was stunted;
So the next parson stubbed and burnt it.

From 'Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift,' Nov. 1731. [*]

As Rochefoucault his Maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
'In all distresses of our friends
We first consult our private ends;
While nature kindly bent to ease us.
Points out some circumstance to please us.'
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal raised above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show

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[*] Occasioned by reading the following maxim in Rochefoucault: 'Dans l'adversite *de nos meilleurs amis, nous* trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous deplait pas.' *(In the adversity of our best friends,* we always find something that does not displease us).

Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you;
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post;
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion killed, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be overtopt,
Would you not wish his laurels cropt?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies racked with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he?
But, rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell?
Her end when emulation misses,
She turns to envy, stings, and hisses:
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain human kind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and station,
'Tis all on me an usurpation.
I have no title to aspire;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher;
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six,
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry: 'Pox take him and his wit.'
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and shewed its use.
St. John (1), as well as Pulteney (2), knows
That I had some repute for prose;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside;
If with such talents heaven hath blest 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?
To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first;
But this with envy makes me burst.
Thus much may serve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.
And time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends;
And, though 'tis hardly understood,
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak
'See, how the dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman! he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him, till he 's dead.
Besides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where last he dined;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith, he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round,
There must another set be found.
'For poetry, he's past his prime;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
His fire is out, his wit decayed,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen—
But there 's no talking to some men.'
And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years:
'He 's older than he would be reckoned,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach, too, begins to fail;
Last year we thought him strong and hale;
But now he's quite another thing;
I wish he may hold out till spring.'
They hug themselves and reason thus:
'It is not yet so bad with us.'
In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess—
When daily How-d'ye's come of course,
And servants answer: 'Worse and worse!'—
Would please them better than to tell,
That, 'God be praised! the dean is well."
Then he who prophesied the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest:
'You know I always feared the worst,
And often told you so at first.'
He 'd rather choose that I should die,
Than his prediction prove a lie.
Not one foretells I shall recover,

---

1 Viscount Bolingbroke. 2 William Pulteney, afterwards created Earl of Bath.

But all agree to give me over.
Yet should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain,
How many a message would he send!
What hearty prayers that I should mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept?
What gave me ease, and how I slept?
And more lament when I was dead.
Than all the snivellers round my bed.
My good companions, never fear;
For, though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.
Behold the fatal day arrive!
How is the dean? 'He 's just alive.'
Now the departing prayer is read;
He hardly breathes. The dean is dead.
Before the passing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run;
'Oh! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who 's his heir?'
I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeathed to public uses.
'To public uses! there 's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
He gave it all—but first he died.
And had the dean in all the nation
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood!' . . .
Now Curll (1) his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's Remains!
And then to make them pass the glibber,
Revised by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber. (2)
He 'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters; (3)
Revive the libels born to die,
Which Pope must bear, as well as I.
Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry:
'I 'm sorry—but we all must die!' . . .
One year is past; a different scene!
No further mention of the dean,
Who now, alas! no more is missed,
Than if he never did exist.
Where 's now the favourite of Apollo?
Departed: and his works must follow;
Must undergo the common fate:
His kind of wit is out of date.
Some country squire to Lintot goes, (4)
Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
Says Lintot: 'I have heard the name;
He died a year ago.' 'The same.'
He searches all the shop in vain;
'Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane. (5)
I sent them, with a load of books,
Last Monday to the pastry-cooks.
To fancy they could live a year!
I find you 're but a stranger here.
The dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
His way of writing now is past;
The town has got a better taste.
I keep no antiquated stuff,
But spick-and-span I have enough.
Pray, do but give me leave to shew 'em:
Here's Colley Cibber's birthday poem;
This ode you never yet have seen
By Stephen Duck upon the queen. (6)
Then here's a letter finely penned
Against the Craftsman and his friend;
It clearly shews that all reflection
On ministers is disaffection.
Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,
And Mr. Henley's (7) last oration.
The hawkers have not got them yet;
Your honour please to buy a set?'
Suppose me dead; and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose,
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.
And while they toss my name about,
With favour some, and some without,
One, quite indifferent in the cause,
My character impartial draws:
'The dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill received at court.
Although ironically grave,
He shamed the fool and lashed the knave.
To steal a hint was never known,

---

1 An infamous bookseller, who published pieces in the dean's name, which he never wrote.

2 Louis Theobald, the editor of Shakspeare: James Moore Smythe (a forgotten dramatist satirised in the *Dunciad*); and Colley Cibber the actor, dramatist, and poet-laureate.

3 For some of these practices he was brought before the House of Lords. Arbuthnot humorously styled Curll one of the new terrors of death.

4 Bernard Lintot, a bookseller. See Pope's *Dunciad* and Letters.

5 A place where old books are sold.

6 *Stephen* Duck was a humble rhymester—a thrasher, or agricultural labourer—whom *Queen Caroline patronised. His* works are now utterly forgotten.

7 *Commonly called Orator* Henley, a quack preacher in London, of great notoriety in *his day.*

But what he writ was all his own.'
'Sir, I have heard another story;
He was a most confounded Tory,
And grew, or he is much belied,
Extremely dull, before he died.'
'Can we the Drapier then forget?
Is not our nation in his debt?
'Twas he that writ the Drapier's Letters!'
'He should have left them for his betters;
We had a hundred abler men,
Nor need depend upon his pen.
Say what you will about his reading,
You never can defend his breeding;
Who, in his satires running riot
Could never leave the world in quiet;
Attacking, when he took the whim,
Court, city, camp—all one to him.
But why would he, except he slobbered,
Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert,
Whose counsels aid the sovereign power
To save the nation every hour?
What scenes of evil he unravels,
In satires, libels, lying travels!
Not sparing his own clergy-cloth,
But eats into it, like a moth!'
'Perhaps I may allow, the dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seemed determined not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Vice, if it e'er can be abashed,
Must be or ridiculed or lashed.
If you resent it, who's to blame?
He neither knew you, nor your name.
Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
Because its owner is a duke?
His friendships, still to few confined,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed,
Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a withered flower.
He would have deemed it a disgrace,
If such a wretch had known his face. . . .
'He never thought an honour done him,
Because a peer was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside, and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Chartres. (1)
He kept with princes due decorum,
Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
He followed David's lesson just;
In princes never put his trust:
And, would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The Irish Senate if you named,
With what impatience he declaimed!
Fair Liberty was all his cry;
For her he stood prepared to die;
For her he boldly stood alone;
For her he oft exposed his own.
Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head;
But not a traitor could be found
To sell him for six hundred pound. (2) . . .
'Alas, poor dean! his only scope
Was to be held a misanthrope.
This into general odium drew him,
Which, if he liked, much good may 't do him.
His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
But discontent against the times;
For had we made him timely offers
To raise his post, or fill his coffers,
Perhaps he might have truckled down,
Like other brethren of his gown,
For party he would scarce have bled:
I say no more—because he 's dead.'
'What writings has he left behind?'
'I hear they 're of a different kind:
A few in verse; but most in prose:
Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose:
All scribbled in the worst of times,
To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes;
To praise Queen Anne, nay, more, defend her,
As never favouring the Pretender:
Or libels yet concealed from sight,
Against the court, to shew his spite:
Perhaps his Travels, part the third;
A lie at every second word——
Offensive to a loyal ear:—
But—not one sermon, you may swear.'
'He knew a hundred pleasant stories,
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories;
Was cheerful to his dying day,
And friends would let him have his way.
As for his works in verse or prose,
I own myself no judge of those.
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em;
But this I know, all people bought 'em;
As with a moral view designed,
To please, and to reform mankind:
And, if he often missed his aim,
The world must own it to their shame,
The praise is his, and theirs the blame.
He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
To shew, by one satiric touch,

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1 Colonel Francis Chartres or Charteris, of infamous character, on whom a severe indignant epitaph was written by Arbuthnot.

2 In 1713 the Queen was prevailed upon to issue a proclamation offering £300 for the discovery of the author of a pamphlet called *The Public Spirit of the Whigs*: and in Ireland, in the year 1724, Lord Carteret, as Viceroy of Ireland, offered the like reward of £300 to any person who would discover the author of *The Drapier*'s Fourth Letter.

No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he hath left his debtor;
I wish it soon may have a better:
And since you dread no further lashes,
Methinks you may forgive his ashes.'

The Grand Question Debated:—Whether Hamilton's Bawn should be turned into a Barrack or a Malt-house. 1729.*

Thus spoke to my lady the knight (1) full of care:
'Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
This Hamilton's Bawn, (2) whilst it sticks on my hand,
I lose by the house what I get by the land;
But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
For a *barrack* or *malt-house*, we now must consider.
'First, let me suppose I make it a malt-house,
Here I have computed the profit will fall to us:
There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;
A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three dishes a day, and three hogsheads a year:
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stored;
No little scrub joint shall come on my board;
And you and the dean no more shall combine
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;
Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
A stone and a quarter of beef from my sirloin.
If I make it a barrack, the Crown is my tenant;
My dear, I have pondered again and again on't:
In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent,
Whatever they give me, I must be content,
Or join with the court in every debate;
And rather than that I would lose my estate.'
Thus ended the knight: thus began his meek wife;
'It *must* and it *shall* be a barrack, my life.
I'm grown a mere mopus; no company comes,
But a rabble of tenants and rusty dull rums. (3)
With parsons what lady can keep herself clean?
I'm all over daubed when I sit by the dean.
But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,
The captain, I'm sure, will always come here;
I then shall not value his deanship a straw,
For the captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert;
That men of his coat should be minding their prayers,
And not among ladies to give themselves airs.'
Thus argued my lady, but argued in vain;
The knight his opinion resolved to maintain.
But Hannah, (4) who listened to all that was past,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
As soon as her ladyship called to be dressed,

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* Swift spent almost a whole year (1728–9) at Gosford, in the north of Ireland, the seat of Sir Arthur Acheson, assisting Sir Arthur in his agricultural improvements, and lecturing, as usual, the lady of the manor upon the improvement of her health by walking, and her mind by reading. The circumstance of Sir Arthur letting a ruinous building, called Hamilton's Bawn, to the crown for a barrack, gave rise to one of the dean's most lively pieces of fugitive humour.—*Scott's Life of Swift.* A bawn is strictly a place near a house, inclosed with mud or stone walls, to keep the cattle.

1 Sir Arthur Acheson, an intimate friend of the poet. Sir Arthur was ancestor of the present Earl of Gosford.

2 A large old house belonging to Sir Arthur, two miles from his residence.

3 A cant word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman.

4 My lady's waiting-maid.

Cried: 'Madam, why, surely my master's possessed.
Sir Arthur the malster! how fine it will sound!
I'd rather the bawn were sunk under ground.
But, madam, I guessed there would never come good,
When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood. (1)
And now my dream's out; for I was a-dreamed
That I saw a huge rat; O dear, how I screamed!
And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes;
And Molly she said I should hear some ill news.
  'Dear madam, had you but the spirit to tease,
You might have a barrack whenever you please:
And, madam, I always believed you so stout,
That for twenty denials you would not give out.
If I had a husband like him, I *purtest*,
'Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest;
And rather than come in the same pair of sheets
With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets.
But, madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
And worry him out, till he gives his consent.
  'Dear madam, whene'er of a barrack I think,
An' I were to be hanged, I can't sleep a wink:
For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
I can't get it out, though I'd never so fain.
I fancy already a barrack contrived,
At Hamilton's Bawn, and the troop is arrived;
Of this, to be sure, Sir Arthur, has warning,
And waits on the captain betimes the next morning.
  'Now see when they meet how their honours behave;
Noble captain, your servant—Sir Arthur, your slave;
You honour me much—The honour is mine—
'Twas a sad rainy night—But the morning is fine.
Pray, how does my lady?—My wife's at your service.
I think I have seen her picture by Jervas.
Good-morrow, good captain—I'll wait on you down—
You shan't stir a foot—You'll think me a clown—
For all the world, captain, not half an inch farther—
You must be obeyed—your servant, Sir Arthur;
My humble respects to my lady unknown—
I hope you will use my house as your own.'
  'Go, bring me my smock, and leave off your prate;
Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate.'
'Pray, madam, be quiet: what was it I said?
You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
  'Next day, to be sure, the captain will come
At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum;
Now, madam, observe how he marches in state;
The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate;
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
Tantara, tantara, while all the boys halloo.
See now comes the captain all daubed with gold-lace;
O la! the sweet gentleman, look in his face;
And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand;
And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears,
With ribbons and knots at its tail and its ears;
At last comes the troop, by the word of command,
Drawn up in our court, when the captain cries "Stand."
Your ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen
(For sure I had dizened you out like a queen);
The captain, to shew he is proud of the favour,

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1 Two of Sir Arthur's managers.

Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver.
(His beaver is cocked; pray, madam, mark that,
For a captain of horse never takes off his hat;
Because he has never a hand that is idle,
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the bridle);
Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady so fair;
(How I tremble to think of the blood it hath spilt!)
Then he lowers down the point and kisses the hilt.
Your ladyship smiles, and thus you begin:
" Pray, captain, be pleased to alight and walk in."
The captain salutes you with congee profound,
And your ladyship curtsies half-way to the ground.
" Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us;
I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us;
And, captain, you'll do us the favour to stay,
And take a short dinner here with us to-day;
You're heartily welcome; but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worst time of the year.
If I had expected so worthy a guest "——
" Lord, madam! your ladyship sure is in jest;
You banter me, madam, the kingdom must grant "——
" You officers, captain, are so complaisant." '
' Hist, hussy; I think I hear somebody coming;'——
' No, madam; 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.
' To shorten my tale (for I hate a long story),
The captain at dinner appears in his glory;
The dean and the doctor (1) have humbled their pride,
For the captain's entreated to sit by your side;
And, because he's their betters, you carve for him first.
The parsons for envy are ready to burst;
The servants amazed are scarce ever able
To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table;
And Molly and I have thrust in our nose
To peep at the captain in all his fine clothes;
Dear madam, be sure he's a fine-spoken man;
Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran;
" And, madam," says he, " if such dinners you give,
You'll never want parsons as long as you live:
I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose,
But the devil's as welcome wherever he goes.
G— d—— me, they bid us reform and repent,
But, zounds, by their looks they never keep Lent.
Mister curate, for all your grave looks, I'm afraid
You cast a sheep's eye on her ladyship's maid;
I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
In mending your cassock, and smoothing your band;
(For the dean was so shabby, and looked like a ninny,
That the captain supposed he was curate to Jenny).
Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
A hundred to one but it covers a clown;
Observe how a parson comes into a room;
G— d—— me, he hobbles as bad as my groom.
A scholard, when just from his college broke loose,
Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a goose;
Your *Noveds* and *Bluturks* and *Omurs* (2) and stuff,
By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
To give a young gentleman right education,
The army 's the only good school in the nation;

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1 *Dr. Jenny*, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

2 Ovids, Plutarchs,

My schoolmaster called me a dunce and a fool,
But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school;
I never could take to my book for the blood o' me,
And the puppy confessed he expected no good o' me.
He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
But he mauled me; I ne'er was so mauled in my life;
So I took to the road, and what 's very odd,
The first man I robbed was a parson, by G—.
Now, madam, you 'll think it a strange thing to say,
But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day."
'Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
And, madam, I laughed till I thought I should split.
So then you looked scornful, and sniffed at the dean,
As who should say, *Now am I Skinny and Lean*? (1)
But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
And the doctor was plaguily down in the hips.'
Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till she heard the dean call: 'Will your ladyship walk?'
Her ladyship answers: 'I'm just coming down.'
Then turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
Cried: 'Hussy! why sure the wench is gone mad;
How could these chimeras get into your brains?
Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
But the dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers.
For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye;
Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy.'

ALEXANDER POPE.

United with Swift in friendship and in fame, but possessing far higher powers as a poet, and more refined taste as a satirist, was **Alexander Pope**, born in London, May 21, 1688. He claimed to be of 'gentle blood,' and stated that his father was of a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe; his mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esq. of York. To this information, a relative of the poet added, that Pope's grandfather was a clergyman in Hampshire, who had two sons, the younger of whom, Alexander, the poet's father, was sent to Lisbon to be placed in a mercantile house, and that there he became a Roman Catholic. Recent researches have been directed to the poet's personal history, and it has been found that at the proper period (from 1631 to 1645), there was a Hampshire clergyman of the name of Alexander Pope, rector of Thruxton, and holding two other livings in the same county; but as there is no memorial of him in the church, and no entry in the register of his having had children, it is still doubtful whether this rector of Thruxton was an ancestor of the poet. The poet's maternal descent has been clearly traced.* His grandfather, Mr. William Turner, held property in Yorkshire, including the manor of Towthorpe, which he inherited from his uncle. He was wealthy, but did not take rank amongst the gentry, as there is no mention of the

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1 Nicknames for my lady.

* *Critical and Historical Tracts*, by Joseph Hunter, No. 5. London, 1851.

Turner family in the 'Herald's Visitations.' Of the reputed alliance with the Earls of Downe there is no proof; if the poet's family was of the same stock, it must have been two centuries before his birth, when the Popes, afterwards ennobled as Earls of Downe, were in the rank of humble yeomen. In 1677 the poet's father is found carrying on business as a linen-merchant in London, and having acquired a respectable competency by trade, and additional property by his marriage with Edith Turner—who enjoyed £70 per annum, a rent-charge on an estate in Yorkshire—he retired from business about the year 1688, to a small estate which he had purchased at Binfield, near Windsor. The poet was partly educated by the family priest. He was afterwards sent to a Catholic seminary at Twyford, near Winchester, where he lampooned his teacher, was severely whipped, and then removed to a small school in London, where he learned little or nothing In his twelfth or thirteenth year, he returned home to Binfield, and devoted himself to a course of self-instruction, and to the enthusiastic pursuit of literature. He delighted to remember that he had seen Dryden; and as Dryden died on the 1st of May 1700, his youthful admirer could not have been quite twelve years of age. But Pope was then a poet.

As yet a child, and all unknown to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

At the age of sixteen, he had commenced his 'Pastorals,' translated part of Statius, and written imitations of Waller and other English poets. He soon became acquainted with some of the most eminent persons of the age—with Walsh, Wycherley, Congreve, Lansdowne, and Garth; and from this time his life was that of a popular poet enjoying high social distinction. His 'Pastorals' were published in Tonson's 'Miscellany' in 1709. In 1711 appeared his 'Essay on Criticism,' which is said to have been composed two years before publication, when Pope was only twenty-one. The ripeness of judgment which it displays is remarkable. Addison commended the 'Essay' warmly in the 'Spectator,' and it soon rose into great popularity. The style of Pope was now formed and complete. His versification was that of his master, Dryden, but he gave the heroic couplet a peculiar terseness, correctness, and melody. The 'Essay' was shortly afterwards followed by the 'Rape of the Lock' (1712). The stealing of a lock of hair from a beauty of the day, Miss Arabella Fermor, by her lover, Lord Petre, was taken seriously, and caused an estrangement between the families, and Pope wrote his poem to make a jest of the affair, 'and laugh them together again.' In this he did not succeed, but he added greatly to his reputation by the effort. The *machinery* of the poem, founded upon the Rosicrucian theory, that the elements are inhabited by spirits, which they called sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders, was added in 1713, and published in the spring of 1714. The addition forms the most perfect work of Pope's genius and art. Sylphs had been previously mentioned as invisible attendants on the fair, and the idea is shadowed out in Shakspeare's Ariel, and the amusements of the fairies in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' But Pope has blended the most delicate satire with the most lively fancy, and produced the finest and most brilliant mock-heroic poem in the world. 'It is,' says Johnson, 'the most airy, the most ingenious, and the most delightful of all Pope's compositions.' In 1713 appeared his 'Windsor Forest,' evidently founded on Denham's 'Cooper's Hill,' which it far excels. Pope was, properly speaking, no mere descriptive poet. He made the picturesque subservient to views of historical events, or to sketches of life and morals. But most of the 'Windsor Forest' being composed in his earlier years, amidst the shades of those noble woods which he selected for the theme of his verse, there is in this poem a greater display of sympathy with external nature and rural objects than in any of his other works. The lawns and glades of the forest, the russet plains, and blue hills, and even the 'purple dyes' of the 'wild heath,' had struck his young imagination. His account of the dyin pheasant is a finished picture—

> See from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
> And mounts exulting on triumphant wings;
> Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
> Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
> Ah! what avail his glossy varying dyes,
> His purple crest and scarlet-circled eyes;
> The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
> His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Another fine painting of external nature, as picturesque as any to be found in the purely descriptive poets, is the winter-piece in the 'Temple of Fame'—a vision after Chaucer, published by Pope, in 1715—

> So Zembla's rocks—the beauteous work of frost—
> Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
> Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
> And on the impassive ice the lightnings play;
> External snows the growing mass supply,
> Till the bright mountains prop the incumbent sky:
> As Atlas fixed, each hoary pile appears,
> The gathered winter of a thousand years.

Pope now commenced his translation of the 'Iliad,' for which he ued proposals in 1713. It was published at intervals between 1715 l 1720. At first, the gigantic task oppressed him with its difficul- He was but an indifferent Greek scholar; but gradually he grew e familiar with Homer's images and expressions, and in a short was able to despatch fifty verses a day. Great part of the manpt was written upon the backs and covers of letters, evincing it was not without reason Swift called him *paper-sparing* Pope. oet obtained a clear sum of £5320, 4*s*. by this translation. His nation—

And thanks to Homer, since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive—

was, however, scarcely just, if we consider that this large sum was in part a 'benevelence' from the upper classes of society, designed to reward his literary merit. The fame of Pope was not advanced in an equal degree with his fortune by his labours as a translator. The 'fatal facility' of his rhyme, the additional false ornaments which he imparted to the ancient Greek, and his departure from the nice discrimination of character and speech which prevails in Homer, are faults now universally admitted. Cowper—though he failed himself in Homer—justly remarks, that the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' in Pope's hands 'have no more the air of antiquity than if he had himself invented them.' They still, however, maintain their popularity with the great mass of readers, and are unequalled in splendid versification.

The 'Odyssey' was not published until 1725, and Pope on this occasion called in the assistance of his poetical friends Broome and Fenton. These two coadjutors translated twelve books, and the notes were compiled by Broome, who received from Pope a sum of £500, besides being allowed the subscriptions collected from personal friends, amounting to £70, 4s. Fenton's share was only £200. Deducting the sums paid to his co-translators, Pope realised by the 'Odyssey' upwards of £3500; and together the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' had brought to the poet a fortune of from eight to nine thousand pounds—a striking instance of the princely patronage then extended to literature.

While engaged with the 'Iliad,' Pope removed from Binfield, his father having sold his estate there, and resided, from April 1716 till the beginning of 1718, at Chiswick. Here he collected and published his poetical works; and in this volume first appeared the most picturesque, melodious, and passionate of all his productions, the 'Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady,' and the 'Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard.' The delicacy of the poet in veiling over the story of Abelard and Eloisa, and at the same time preserving the ardour of Eloisa's passion; the beauty of his imagery and descriptions; the exquisite melody of his versification, rising and falling like the tones of an Eolian harp, as he successively portrays the tumults of guilty love, the deepest penitence, and the highest devotional rapture, have never been surpassed. If less genial tastes and a love of satire withdrew Pope from those fountain-springs of the muse, it was obviously from no want of power in the poet to display the richest hues of imagination, or the finest impulses of the heart. At Chiswick, Pope's father died (October 23, 1717), and shortly afterwards the poet removed with his aged mother to Twickenham, where he had taken a lease of a house and grounds, and where he continued to reside during the remainder of his life. This classic spot, which Pope *delighted to improve,* and where he was visited by ministers of state, rits, poets, and beauties, is now greatly defaced—his house pulled lown, and his pleasure-grounds broken up and vulgarised.*

Having completed the 'Iliad,' the poet's next great undertaking was an edition of Shakspeare, published in 1725, in six quarto volumes. The preface to this work is the best of his prose productions, but Pope failed as an editor. He wanted the requisite knowledge of Elizabethan literature, and the diligence necessary to collate copies and fix and illustrate the text. Fenton gave assistance in this edition of Shakspeare, for which he received £30, 14*s*. Pope's remuneration as editor was £217, 12*s*. In 1727 and 1728, Pope published, in conjunction with his friend Swift, three volumes of 'Miscellanies,' which drew down upon the authors a torrent of invective, lampoons, and libels, and led to the 'Dunciad.' This elaborate and splendid satire was first printed in an imperfect form in May 1728, then enlarged with notes, the 'Prolegomena' of Scriblerus, &c. and published in April 1729. The work displays the fertile invention of the poet, the variety of illustration at his command, and the unrivalled force and facility of his diction; but it is often indelicate, and still oftener unjust towards the miserable poets and critics against whom he waged war. 'I have often wondered,' says Cowper, 'that the same poet who wrote the "Dunciad" should have written these lines:

> That mercy I to others shew,
> That mercy shew to me.

Alas for Pope, if the mercy he shewed to others was the measure of the mercy he received!' Sir Walter Scott has justly remarked, that Pope must have suffered the most from these wretched contentions. His propensity to satire was, however, irresistible; he was eminently sensitive, vain, and irritable, and implacable in his resentment towards all who had questioned or slighted his poetical supremacy.

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* Pope's house was not large, but sufficiently commodious for the wants of an English gentleman whose friends visited himself rather than his dwelling, and who were superior to the necessity of stately ceremonial. On one side it fronted to the road, which it closely adjoined, on the other, to a narrow lawn sloping to the Thames. A piece of pleasure-ground, including a garden, was cut off by the public road; an awkward and unpoetical arrangement, which the proprietor did his best to improve, by constructing his grotto or passage below the highway. After the poet's death, the villa was purchased by Sir William Stanhope, and subsequently occupied by Lord Mendip; but, being in 1807 sold to the Baroness Howe, it was by that lady taken down, that a larger house might be built near its site. The grounds have suffered a complete change since Pope's time, and an obelisk which he erected to the memory of his mother, at their further extremity, has been removed. The only certain remnants of the poet's mansion are the vaults upon which it was built, three in number, the central one being connected with a tunnel, which, passing under the road, gives admission to the grounds; while the side ones are of the character of grottos, paved with square bricks, and stuck over with shells. It is curious to find over the central stone of the entrance into the left of these grottos, a large ammonite; and over the other, the piece of hardened clay in which its cast was left. Pope must have regarded these merely as curiosities or *lusus naturæ*, little dreaming of the wonderful tale of the early condition of our globe which they assist in telling. A short narrow piazza in front of the grottos is probably 'the evening colonnade' of the lines on the absence of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. The taste with which Pope laid out his grounds at Twickenham (five acres in all), had a marked effect on English landscape-gardening. The Prince of Wales took the design of his garden from the poet's; and Kent, the improver and embellisher of pleasure-grounds, received his best lessons from Pope. He aided materially in banishing the stiff formal Dutch style.

His next works were more worthy of his fame. Between the years 1731 and 1735, he had published his Epistles to Burlington, Bathurst, Cobham, and Arbuthnot, and also his greatest ethical work, his 'Essay on Man,' being part of a course of moral philosophy in verse which he projected. The 'Essay' is now read, not for its philosophy, but for its poetry. Its metaphysical distinctions are neglected for those splendid passages and striking incidents which irradiate the poem. In lines like the following, he speaks with a mingled sweetness and dignity superior to his great master Dryden:

Hope.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

The Poor Indian.

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given
Behind the cloud-topped hill an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Happiness.

O Happiness! our being's end and aim,
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content, whate'er thy name;
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlooked, seen double by the fool and wise!
Plant of celestial seed! if dropped below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair opening to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reaped in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows!—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fixed to no spot is Happiness sincere;
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And, fled from monarchs, ST. JOHN! dwells with thee.
Ask of the learned the way! The learned are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease;
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some swelled to gods, confess e'en virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in everything, or doubt of all.

The 'Essay on' Man' is in four Epistles, the first of which was published anonymously in February 1733, and the second about three months afterwards. The third and fourth appeared in the winter of 1733-4. The right to print these Epistles *for one year* was bought by a publisher, Gilliver, for £50 an epistle.

Pope's future labours were chiefly confined to satire. Misfortunes were also now gathering round him. Swift was fast verging on imbecility, and was lost to the world; Atterbury and Gay died in 1732; and next year his venerable mother, whose declining years he had watched with affectionate solicitude, also expired. Between the years 1735 and 1739, Pope published his inimitable 'Imitations of Horace,' satirical, moral, and critical, containing the most noble and generous sentiments, mixed up with withering invective and the fiercest denunciations. In 1742, he added a fourth book to the 'Dunciad,' displaying the final advent of the goddess to destroy order and science, and to substitute the kingdom of the dull upon earth. The point of his individual satire, and the richness and boldness of his general design, attest the undiminished powers and intense feeling of the poet. Next year, Pope prepared a new edition of the four books of the 'Dunciad,' and elevated Colley Cibber to the situation of hero of the poem. This unenviable honour had previously been enjoyed by Theobald, a tasteless critic but successful commentator on Shakspeare; and in thus yielding to his personal dislike of Cibber, Pope injured the force of his satire. The laureate, as Warton justly remarks, 'with a great stock of levity, vanity, and affectation, had sense, and wit, and humour; and the author of the "Careless Husband" was by no means a proper king of the dunces.' Cibber was all vivacity and conceit—the very reverse of personified dulness,

Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound.

Political events came in the rear of this accumulated and vehement satire to agitate the last days of Pope. The anticipated approach of the Pretender led the government to issue a proclamation prohibiting every Roman Catholic from appearing within ten miles of London. The poet complied with the proclamation; and he was soon afterwards too ill to be in town. This 'additional proclamation from the Highest of all Powers,' as he terms his sickness, he submitted to without murmuring. A constant state of excitement, added to a life of ceaseless study and contemplation, operating on a frame naturally delicate and deformed from birth, had completely exhausted the powers of Pope. He complained of his inability to think; yet, a short time before his death, he said: 'I am so certain of the soul's being immortal, that I seem to feel it within me as it were by intuition.' Another of his dying remarks was: 'There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship; and, indeed, friendship itself is only a part of virtue.' He died at Twickenham on the 30th of May, 1744.

The character and genius of Pope have given rise to abundance of comment and speculation. The occasional fierceness and petulance of his satire cannot be justified, and must be ascribed to his extreme sensibility, to over-indulged vanity, and to a hasty and irritable temper. His sickly constitution debarring him from active pursuits, he placed too high a value on mere literary fame, and was deficient in the manly virtues of sincerity and candour. There was no artifice to which he was not willing to stoop to elevate his own reputation or lower that of an opponent. The most elaborate of his stratagems was that by which he published his correspondence, charging the publication upon some unknown literary burglar in alliance with Curll the bookseller. The whole of his literary history is indeed full of small plots and manœuvring, and no reliance can be placed on his statements. He appreciated moral excellence—the feeling and the admiration were there—but the lower part of his nature was constantly dragging him down to little meannesses and duplicity. At the same time he was a public benefactor, by stigmatising the vices of the great, and lashing the absurd pretenders to taste and literature. He was a fond and steady friend; and in all our literary biography, there is nothing finer than his constant undeviating affection and reverence for his venerable parents.

> Me let the tender office long engage,
> To rock the cradle of reposing age;
> With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
> Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
> Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
> And keep at least one parent from the sky.
>
> *Prologue to the Satires.*

As a poet, it would be absurd to rank Pope with the greatest masters of the lyre. He was the poet of artificial life and manners rather than the poet of nature. He was a nice observer and an accurate describer of the phenomena of the mind and of the varying shades and gradations of vice and virtue, wisdom and folly. He was too fond of point and antithesis, but the polish of the weapon was equalled by its keenness. 'Let us look,' says Campbell, 'to the spirit that points his antithesis, and to the rapid precision of his thoughts, and we shall forgive him for being too antithetic and sententious.' His wit, fancy, and *good sense* are as remarkable as his satire. His elegance has never been surpassed, or perhaps equalled: it is a combination of intellect, imagination, and taste, under the direction of an independent spirit and refined moral feeling. If he had studied more in the school of nature and of Shakspeare, and less in the school of Horace and Boileau; if he had cherished the frame and spirit in which he composed the 'Elegy' and the 'Eloisa,' and forgot his too exclusive devotion to that which inspired the 'Dunciad,' the world would have hallowed his memory with a still more affectionate and permanent interest than even that which waits on him as one of our most brilliant and accomplished English poets. Mr. Campbell in his

Specimens' has given an eloquent estimate of the general powers f Pope, with reference to his position as a poet: 'That Pope was either so insensible to the beauties of nature, nor so indistinct in describing them, as to forget the character of a genuine poet, is what I mean to urge, without exaggerating his picturesqueness. But before speaking of that quality in his writings, I would beg leave to observe, in the first place, that the faculty by which a poet luminously describes objects of art, is essentially the same faculty which enables him to be a faithful describer of simple nature; in the second place, that nature and art are to a greater degree relative terms in poetical description than is generally recollected; and, thirdly, that artificial objects and manners are of so much importance in fiction, as to make the exquisite description of them no less characteristic of genius than the description of simple physical appearances. The poet is "creation's heir." He deepens our social interest in existence. It is surely by the liveliness of the interest which he excites in existence, and not by the class of subjects which he chooses, that we most fairly appreciate the genius or the life of life which is in him. It is no irreverence to the external charms of nature to say, that they are not more important to a poet's study than the manners and affections of his species. Nature is the poet's goddess; but by nature, no one rightly understands her mere inanimate face, however charming it may be, or the simple landscape painting of trees, clouds, precipices, and flowers. Why, then, try Pope, or any other poet, exclusively by his powers of describing inanimate phenomena? Nature, in the wide and proper sense of the word, means life in all its circumstances—nature, moral as well as external. As the subject of inspired fiction, nature includes artificial forms and manners. Richardson is no less a painter of nature than Homer. Homer himself is a minute describer of works of art; and Milton is full of imagery derived from it. Satan's spear is compared to the pine that makes "the mast of some great ammiral;" and his shield is like the moon, but like the moon artificially seen through the glass of the Tuscan artist. The "spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, the royal banner, and all the quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," are all artificial images. When Shakspeare groups into one view the most sublime objects of the universe, he fixes on "the cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples." Those who have ever witnessed the spectacle of the launching of a ship-of-the-line, will perhaps forgive me for adding this to the examples of the sublime objects of artificial life. Of that spectacle I can never forget the impression, and of having witnessed it reflected from the faces of ten thousand spectators. They seem yet before me. I sympathise with their deep and silent expectation, and with their final burst of enthusiasm. It was not a vulgar joy, but an affecting national solemnity. When the vast bulwark *sprang from* her cradle, the calm water on *which she swung majestically round*, gave the imagination a contrast of the stormy element in which she was soon to ride. All the days of battle and nights of danger which she had to encounter, all the ends of the earth which she had to visit, and all that she had to do and to suffer for her country, rose in awful presentiment before the mind; and when the heart gave her a benediction, it was like one pronounced on a living being.'

Pope has had numerous editors and annotators. Warburton's authorized edition, containing the poet's last corrections, was published in nine volumes, 1751. In 1797, appeared an enlarged edition, with memoir, notes, and illustrations, by Joseph Warton, in nine volumes; in 1806, the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles edited another edition, in ten volumes, which contained some additional letters and notes, and an original memoir of the poet, which led to some controversy; and in 1871, the Rev. Whitwell Elwin commenced an edition, also to extend to ten volumes, and to include several hundred unpublished letters and other new materials, collected in part by the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker. Of the poetical works (apart from the prose treatises and correspondence) editions have been published by the Rev. A. Dyce (1835), the Rev. Dr. George Croly (1835), the Rev. H. F. Cary (1853), and Adolphus W. Ward, M.A. (1869). Of these, the last is incomparably the best.

*The Messiah: A Sacred Eclogue. Composed of Several Passages of Isaiah the Prophet. Written in Imitation of Virgil's 'Pollio.'**

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire,
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
  Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower.
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh, spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring!
See lofty Lebanon his head advance!
See nodding forests on the mountains dance!
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!

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* First published in the *Spectator* for May 14, 1712.

Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo! earth receives him from the bending skies;
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys, rise;
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised Father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more:
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.
The swain, in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On drifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flowering palm succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead:
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn!
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!

See barbarous nations at thy gate attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabæan springs;
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

The Toilet.—From 'The Rape of the Lock.

And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid;
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eye she rears;
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and these divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown,
And Betty 's praised for labours not her own.

Description of Belinda and the Sylphs.—From the same

Not with more glories, in the ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than issuing forth, the rival of his beams,
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-drest youths around her shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those.
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;

Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide;
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you 'll forget them all.
This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck,
With shining ringlets, the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
The advent'rous baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends.
For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
Propitious heaven, and every power adored;
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize;
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer;
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.
But now secure the painted vessel glides
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph, with careful thoughts oppressed,
The impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair.
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipped in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;
While every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head was Ariel placed;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus begun:
'Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear!

Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and dæmons, hear!
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assigned
By laws eternal to the aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky;
Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.
'Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let the imprisoned essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;
To steal from rainbows ere they drop in showers
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.'

From 'Eloisa to Abelard.'

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.
Dear, fatal name! rest ever unrevealed,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence sealed:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mixed with God's, his loved idea, lies:
O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns shagged with horrid thorn!
Shrines, where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmoved and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh, name for ever sad, for ever dear!
Still breathed in sighs, still ushered with a tear.

I tremble, too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern religion quenched the unwilling flame,
There died the best of passions, love and fame.
Yet write, oh, write me all, that I may join
Grief to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine!
Nor foes nor fortune take this power away:
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare;
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer:
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banished lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires.
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole. . . .
Ah, think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer;
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led,
You raised these hallowed walls; the desert smiled,
And Paradise was opened in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors:
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here bribed the rage of ill-requited heaven:
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls—their day's eternal bound—
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crowned,
Where awful arches make a noonday night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffused a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brightened all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness or continual tears.
See how the force of others' prayers I try,
O pious fraud of amorous charity!
But why should I on others' prayers depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclined,
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind;
The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and dusty caves,
Long sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,

Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A deathlike silence, and a dread repose:
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods. . . .
What scenes appear where'er I turn my view!
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin-lamp in sighs for thee;
Thy image steals between my God and me;
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight;
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drowned,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.
While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind virtuous drops just gathering in my eye;
While praying, trembling in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my soul:
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to heaven; dispute my heart:
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears;
Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me! far as pole from pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long loved, adored ideas, all adieu!
O grace serene! O virtue heavenly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh-blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!

Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.

What beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gored?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh, ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye else, ye powers! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;

The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like Eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
And, close confined to their own palace, sleep.
From these perhaps—ere nature bade her die—
Fate snatched her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warmed the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates:
There passengers shall stand, and, pointing say—
While the long funerals blacken all the way—
Lo! these were they, whose souls the Furies steeled
And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learned to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.
What can atone—Oh, ever-injured shade!—
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier;
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show;
What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polished marble emulate thy face;
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallowed dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb;
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dressed,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the Morn her earliest tears bestow;
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by the relics made.
So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,

Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Even he whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou beloved no more!

Happiness depends, not on Riches, but on Virtue.—From the 'Essay on Man,' Epistle IV.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health consists with temperance alone;
And Peace, O virtue! Peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether blest or cursed,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all the advantage prosperous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.
  O blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blessed.
But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust!
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife![*]
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more though Heaven ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby![†] sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the sire?
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When nature sickened, and each gale was death?[‡]
Or why so long—in life if long can be—
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me? . . .
  Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.
'What differ more,' you cry, 'than crown and cowl!'
I'll tell you, friend—a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk;

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[*] Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, fell fighting under the royal standard, in the battle of Newbury, Sept. 20, 1643 (see *ante*). Marshal Turenne was killed by a cannon-ball at Salzbach in Baden, July 26, 1675. Sir Philip Sidney was mortally wounded at Zutphen, Sept. 22, 1586 (see *ante*).

[†] The Hon. Robert Digby, third son of Lord Digby, who died in 1724.

[‡] M. de Belsunce was made Bishop of Marseilles in 1709. He died in 1755. During the plague in Marseilles, in the year 1720, he distinguished himself by his activity.

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The rest is all but leather or prunella.[*] . . .
But by your father's worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies:
'Where, but among the heroes and the wise?'
Heroes are much the same, the point 's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives to find,
Or make, an enemy of all mankind! . . .
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
Or ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame!
If all united thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honoured, famed, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy! those to ruin, these betray:
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that raised the hero, sunk the man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stained with blood, or ill exchanged for gold:
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plundered provinces.
O wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame!
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophied arches, storied halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noontide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their shame![†]
Know then this truth—enough for man to know—
'Virtue alone is happiness below.'
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequalled, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so blessed,
And but more relished as the more distressed:
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good from each object, from each place acquired,

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[*] Prunella was a species of woollen stuff, of which clergymen's gowns were often made.

[†] *The allusion in this splendid passage* is to the great Duke of Marlborough and his *'imperious' duchess.*

For ever exercised, yet never tired;
Never elated, while one man 's oppressed;
Never dejected, while another 's blessed;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

From 'The Prologue to the Satires,' addressed to Dr. Arbuthn

P. Shut up the door, good John! fatigued I said,
Tie up the knocker; say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide.
By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Even Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me;
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme
Happy to catch me just at dinner time.[*]
Is there a parson, much bemused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross?
Is there, who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain. . . .
Who shames a scribbler? Break one cobweb through,
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew;
Destroy his fib or sophistry: in vain!
The creature 's at his dirty work again. . . .
One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grub Street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud: 'Subscribe, subscribe!'
There are, who to my person pay their court:
I cough like Horace, and though lean, am short.
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and, 'Sir! you have an eye!'
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgraced my betters, met in me.
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed:
'Just so immortal Maro held his head;'
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.
Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipped me in ink; my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobeyed:
The muse but served to ease some friend, not wife;
To help me through this long disease, my life;
To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved, to bear. . . .
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;

---

[*] *The Mint in* Southwark was a sanctuary for insolvent debtors.

But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify ? for who can guess ?
The bard whom pilfered Pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a year; [*]
He who, still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he, whose fustian 's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these my modest satire bade translate,
And owned that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not Addison himself was safe.
  Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise.
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he? [†]
  Let Sporus tremble [‡]—— A. What! that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of asses' milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
  P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way;
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad.
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,

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[*] Ambrose Philips.

[†] The jealousy betwixt Addison and Pope, originating in literary and political rivalry, s been rendered memorable by the above highly finished and poignant satire. When terbury read it, he saw that Pope's strength lay in satirical poetry, and he wrote to n not to suffer that talent to be unemployed.

[‡] Lord Hervey.

Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies;
His wit all seesaw, between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expressed:
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
  Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool;
Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool:
Not proud nor servile: be one poet's praise,
That, if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways;
That flattery even to kings he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;
That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
But stooped to truth, and moralised his song;
That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laughed at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head;
The blow, unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
The imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
The morals blackened when the writings 'scape
The libelled person, and the pictured shape;
Abuse on all he loved, or loved him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear.
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue, all the past;
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome even the last!

The Man of Ross.[*]*—From 'Moral Essays, Epistle III.'*

But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tossed,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost;
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain,
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught the heaven-directed spire to rise?
'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread;
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:

---

[*] *The Man of Ross was* Mr. John Kyrle. who died in 1724, aged ninety, and was in*terred in the church of Ross*, in Herefordshire. Mr. Kyrle was enabled to effect many of *his benevolent purposes by* the assistance of friends to whom he acted as almoner.

Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blessed,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, and med'cine makes and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balked are the courts, and contest is no more:
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now an useless race.
  B. Thrice happy man, enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
O say, what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?
  P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possessed—five hundred pounds a year!
Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays.
  B. And what! no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?
  P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that virtue filled the space between;
Proved by the ends of being to have been.

Death of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies *—alas! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring

---

*George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham. For Dryden's character of Villiers, see *ante*. Pope has over-coloured the picture of the duke's death; he did not die in an inn, but in the house of one of his tenants in Yorkshire, at Kirby-Moorside. The event took place in 1688, when Villiers was in his sixty-first year. Pope alludes to Cliefden and the Countess of Shrewsbury. Cliefden was a villa on the banks of the Thames, in which the countess and Buckingham resided for some time. 'The Countess of Shrewsbury,' says Pope, 'was a woman abandoned to gallantries. The Earl, her husband, was killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel, and it has been said, that during the combat, she held the Duke's horse in the habit of a page.' Burnet says the Duke had great liveliness of wit, with a peculiar faculty of turning all thing into ridicule. Of this faculty the farce of the *Rehearsal* (see *ante*) is an example. But in the composition of the piece, the Duke was assisted by Butler, Sprat, Clifford, and others. Davenant, under the character of 'Bilboa,' was the original hero of the farce, and after his death, Dryden, as 'Bayes,' was substituted. The extravagances of the rhyming, heroic plays were parodied, and Dryden's dress, manner, and usual expressions copied on the stage. Some of the phrases are still current. Thus the new play-writers were said to be 'fellows that scorn to imitate nature: but are given altogether to elevate and surprise.' When Bayes is reminded that the plot stands still, he breaks out: 'Plot stands still! why what a devil is the plot good for, but to bring in fine things?' Dryden was a great snuffer, and when about to engage in any considerable work, he took medicine and observed a cooling diet. Bayes alludes to this: 'If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets, to Armida, and the like, I make use of stewed prunes only; but when I have a grand design in hand I ever take physic, and let blood; for when you would have pure swiftness of thought and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part; in fine, you must purge the belly.' Sheridan's *Critic* was evidently suggested by the *Rehearsal*.

Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit to flatter, left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
'Sister spirit, come away!'
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes: it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting? [*]

We may quote, as a specimen of the melodious versification of Pope's Homer, the well-known moonlight scene in the 'Iliad' (Book viii.), which has been both extravagantly praised and censured. Wordsworth and Southey unite in considering the lines and imagery as contradictory and false. It will be found in this case, as in many passages of Dryden that, though natural objects be incorrectly described, the beauty of the language and versification elevates the whole into poetry of a high imaginative order:

The troops exulting sat in order round,
And beaming fires illumined all the ground,
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light;
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellow verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays;
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umbered arms, by fits, thick flashes send:

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[*] Pope was indebted to an obscure rhymester, THOMAS FLATMAN (1632-1672), for some of the ideas in this ode. For example:

When on my sick-bed I languish
Full of sorrow, full of anguish;
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying;
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
'Be not fearful, come away!'

Flatman was an artist. He was author of some Pindaric odes and other poems, of which *a volume was published in 1674.*

Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

Pope followed the old version of Chapman;

And spent all night in open fields; fires round about them shined,
As when about the silver moon, when air is free from wind,
And stars shine clear, to whose sweet beams, high prospects, and the brows
Of all steep hills and pinnacles, thrust up themselves for shows;
And even the lowly valleys joy to glitter in their sight,
When the unmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her light,
And all the signs in heaven are seen, that glad the shepherd's heart:
So many fires disclosed their beams, made by the Trojan part,
Before the face of Ilion, and her bright turrets showed.
A thousand courts of guard kept fires, and every guard allowed
Fifty stout men, by whom their horse eat oats, and hard-white corn,
And all did wistfully expect the silver-thronèd morn.

Cowper's translation is brief, but vivid and distinct:

And when around the clear bright moon, the stars
Shine in full splendour, and the winds are hushed,
The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland heights
Stand all apparent, not a vapour streaks
The boundless blue, but ether opened wide
All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is cheered.
So numerous seemed those fires, between the stream
Of Xanthus blazing, and the fleet of Greece,
In prospect all of Troy, a thousand fires,
Each watched by fifty warriors seated near;
The steeds beside the chariot stood, their corn
Chewing, and waiting till the golden-throned
Aurora should restore the light of day.

Associated with Pope in his Homeric labours were, as already stated, Fenton and Broome. **ELIJAH FENTON** (1683–1730) was an amiable scholar and man of letters; a native of Shelton, near Stoke in Staffordshire; took his degree of B.A. in Jesus College, Cambridge, in 1704, but being a Nonjuror in principle, he was, as Johnson says, 'driven out a commoner of nature,' and subsisted chiefly by teaching. In 1717, he published a volume of poems; in 1723, a tragedy, entitled 'Mariamne,' by which, Dr. Young says, he made £1500; and in 1729 he annotated the works of Waller. One of Fenton's poetical productions, a Pindaric Ode, addressed to Lord Gower, was greatly admired by Pope and Akenside.—**WILLIAM BROOME** (1689–1745) was a native of Haslington, county of Chester, took his degree of M.A. in St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1716. He entered the church, married a wealthy widow, and died rector of Pulham, in Norfolk. He collected and published his poems in 1739. He was happier as a translator than as an original poet, and his annotations on the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' evince his learning.

MINOR POETS SATIRISED IN THE DUNCIAD.

The satire of Pope has invested with literary interest many names that would otherwise have long since passed to oblivion. The bad poets outwitted him, as Swift predicted, and provoked him to transmit their names to posterity. The first hero of the 'Dunciad,' **LEWIS**

THEOBALD (who died in 1744), procured the enmity of Pope by criticising his edition of Shakspeare, and editing a more valuable edition himself. Being well versed in the Elizabethan writers, and in dramatic literature generally, Theobald excelled Pope as a commentator. He also wrote some poetical and dramatic pieces, but they are feeble performances.—**JOHN DENNIS** (1657–1734) was known as 'the critic,' and some of his critical disquisitions evince an acute but narrow and coarse mind. He had received a learned education, and was well read in ancient and modern literature; but his intolerable vanity, irritable temper—heightened by intemperance—and the want of literary success, seem to have led him into absurdities, and rendered his whole life a scene of warfare. His critiques on Addison's 'Cato' and Pope's Homer are well known. He wrote several plays, for one of which—a tragedy called 'Appius and Virginia' (1709) —he invented a new species of thunder, which was approved of in the theatres. His play was not successful; and some time afterwards being present at the representation of 'Macbeth,' he heard his own thunder made use of, on which he exclaimed: 'See how these rascals use me; they will not let my play run, and yet they steal my thunder!' Many other ludicrous stories are told of Dennis, whose self-importance amounted to a disease. Southey has praised Dennis's critical powers; and no doubt vigorous, discriminative passages may be selected from his works. They are, in general, however, heavy, and destitute of any fine perception or well-regulated judgment.—**CHARLES GILDON** (1665–1724) wrote a number of works, critical and dramatic. His plays were unsuccessful, but his 'Complete Art of Poetry' (1718) is a work of considerable research and care. One volume consists of criticism on the ancient and modern poets, and a second contains selected specimens.

As Gildon preferred Tickell as a translator, and Ambrose Philips as a pastoral poet, to Pope, he was keenly satirised in the 'Dunciad' and 'Moral Essays.' **LEONARD WELSTED** (1689–1747) was the author of two volumes of miscellaneous poetry, collected and republished by Nichols in 1788. Welsted was clerk in ordinary to the Ordnance. He was an accomplished scholar and an elegant poet, but his works, not being characterised by any novelty of design or originality of style, are now almost unknown.—**THOMAS COOKE** (1702–1756) was the author of several dramatic pieces, poems, and translations. His translation of Hesiod was able and popular.—**AARON HILL** (1685–1750) wrote several poems and plays, and was conspicuous among the literary men of the first half of the eighteenth century; but his best title to distinction is his correspondence with Pope, and the allusion to him in the 'Dunciad.' The spirit with which Hill met the attack of Pope, and the victory he obtained over him in the correspondence that ensued, are creditable to him both as a man and an author. Only one of Hill's dramas, the tragedy of 'Zara,' after Voltaire, can be said to have been popular. He was an ingenious speculative man, but seldom successful in any of his schemes—Of the numerous other small victims of Pope—James Moore Smythe, Concanen, Breval, Ralph, Arnall, &c. it seems unnecessary to give any notice here. They have been preserved, like straws in amber, in the poet's satire, but had no influence on the literature of the age. In almost every instance, Pope was the aggressor. He loved satire; some fancied slight, rivalry, or political difference inspired his resentment, and he wasted on inferior objects powers fitted for the higher and nobler purposes of the moral Muse.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

One of Pope's assistants, though in a very undignified capacity, was **Richard Savage**, who supplied the 'private intelligence and secret incidents' which add poignancy to the satire of the 'Dunciad.' Savage is better known for his misfortunes, as related by Johnson, than for any peculiar novelty or merit in his poetry. The latter rarely rises or continues long above the level of mediocrity; the former seem a romance in real life. It is almost certain, however, that Johnson's memoir, derived directly or indirectly from Savage himself, is little else than a romance, and its hero an impostor. Savage was born in London, January 16, 1696–7, the reputed issue of an adulterous connection between the wife of Charles Lord Brandon, afterwards Earl of Macclesfield, and Richard Savage, Earl Rivers. Lady Brandon had been separated from her husband about ten years when she formed a *liaison* with Lord Rivers, by whom she had two children, a female child (that lived only a short time, and was christened after the father and mother, 'Ann Savage'), and a male child, baptised as 'Richard Smith.' Richard Smith, like the preceding child, was removed and placed at nurse, being taken away by a baker's wife, named Portlock, who said the child was her own, and from this time all trace of the infant is lost. 'If we are to believe Savage's story, the countess, from the hour of his birth, discovered a resolution of disowning him, and would never see her child again; suffered a large legacy left to him by his godmother to be embezzled for want of some one to prosecute his claim; told Earl Rivers, his father, on his death-bed (1712) that his child was dead, with the express object of depriving him of another legacy of £6000; endeavoured to have him kidnapped and transported; and finally interfered to the utmost of her power, and by means of an "atrocious calumny," to prevent his being saved from the hangman.'* Most of these assertions have been disproved. Indeed, the story of the legacy is palpably untrue, for, as Mr. Croker has remarked, if Savage had a title to the legacy, he could not have found any difficulty in recovering it. If the executors had resisted his claims, the whole costs, as well as the legacy, must have been paid by them, if he had been the child to whom it was given.

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* See *Notes and Queries* for 1858, where the case is fully investigated by Mr. Moy Thomas.

Savage or (Smith) is first heard of in 1717, when was published 'The Convocation, or a Battle of Pamphlets, a Poem, written by Mr. Richard Savage.' Next year (1718) he produced a comedy, 'Love in a Veil,' which was published by Curll, and stated on the title-page to be 'written by Richard Savage, Gent, son of the late Earl Rivers.' In Jacob's 'Lives of the Poets' (1717), the same story is repeated with additions; and Aaron Hill in his periodical, 'The Plain Dealer,' inserted letters and statements to the same effect, which were furnished by Savage. His remarkable history thus became known, but, unfortunately, the vices and frailties of his character began also to be displayed. Savage was not destitute of a love of virtue and principles of piety, but his habits were low and sensual. His temper was irritable and capricious; and whatever money he received, was instantly spent in obscure haunts of dissipation. In a tavern brawl, in 1727, he had the misfortune to kill a Mr. James Sinclair, for which he was tried and condemned to death, but was pardoned by Queen Caroline, and set at liberty. He published various poetical pieces as a means of support; and having addressed a birthday ode to the queen, calling himself the 'Volunteer Laureate'—to the annoyance, it is said, of Colley Cibber, the legitimate inheritor of the laurel—her majesty sent him £50, and continued the same sum to him every year. His threats and menaces induced Lord Tyrconnel, a friend of his mother, to take him into his family, where he lived on equal terms, and was allowed a sum of £200 per annum. This, as Johnson remarks, was the 'golden period' of Savage's life. As might have been foreseen, however, the habits of the poet differed very widely from those of the peer; they soon quarrelled, and the former was again set adrift on the world. The death of the queen also stopped his pension; but his friends made up an annuity for him of equal amount, to which Pope generously contributed £20. Savage agreed to withdraw to the country to avoid the temptations of London. He selected Swansea, but stopping at Bristol, was treated with great kindness by the opulent merchants and other inhabitants, whom he afterwards libelled in a sarcastic poem. In Swansea he resided about a year; but on revisiting Bristol, he was arrested for a small debt, and being unable to find bail, was thrown into prison. His folly, extravagance, and pride, though it was 'pride that licks the dust,' had left him almost without a friend. He made no vigorous effort to extricate or maintain himself. Pope continued his allowance; but being provoked by some part of his conduct, he wrote to him, stating that he was 'determined to keep out of his suspicion by not being officious any longer, or obtruding into any of his concerns' Savage felt the force of this rebuke from the steadiest and most illustrious of his friends. He was soon *afterwards taken ill*, and his condition not enabling him to procure *medical assistance*, he was found dead in his bed on the morning of the 1st of August, 1743. The keeper of the prison, who had treated him with great kindness, buried the unfortunate poet at his own expense.

Savage was the author of two plays, and a volume of miscellaneous poems. Of the latter, the principal piece is 'The Wanderer' (1729), written with greater care than most of his other productions, as it was the offspring of that happy period of his life when he lived with Lord Tyrconnel. Amidst much puerile and tawdry description, 'The Wanderer' contains some impressive passages. The versification is easy and correct. 'The Bastard' (1728) is also a superior poem, and bears the impress of true and energetic feeling. One couplet is worthy of Pope. Of the bastard, he says:

He lives to build, not boast, a generous race:
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.

The concluding passage, in which he mourns over the fatal act by which he deprived a fellow-mortal of life, and over his own distressing condition, possesses genuine and manly pathos:

Is chance of guilt, that my disastrous heart,
For mischief never meant, must ever smart?
Can self-defence be sin? Ah, plead no more!
What though no purposed malice stained thee o'er,
Had Heaven befriended thy unhappy side,
Thou hadst not been provoked—or thou hadst died.
  Far be the guilt of homeshed blood from all
On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall!
Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
To me! through Pity's eye condemned to see.
Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate;
Grieved I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
Young and unthoughtful then; who knows, one day,
What ripening virtues might have made their way!
He might have lived till folly died in shame,
Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame.
He might perhaps his country's friend have proved;
Both happy, generous, candid, and beloved;
He might have saved some worth, now doomed to fall,
And I, perchance, in him, have murdered all.
  O fate of late repentance! always vain:
Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
Where shall my hope find rest? No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer;
No father's guardian hand my youth maintained,
Called forth my virtues, or from vice restrained;
Is it not thine to snatch some powerful arm,
First to advance, then screen from future harm?
Am I returned from death to live in pain?
Or would imperial pity save in vain?
Distrust it not. What blame can mercy find,
Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?
  Mother, miscalled, farewell—of soul severe,
This sad reflection yet may force one tear;
All I was wretched by to you I owed;
Alone from strangers every comfort flowed!
  Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
And now adopted, who was doomed before,

New born, I may a nobler mother claim,
But dare not whisper her immortal name;
Supremely lovely, and serenely great,
Majestic mother of a kneeling state;
Queen of a people's heart, who ne'er before
Agreed—yet now with one consent adore!
One contest yet remains in this desire,
Who most shall give applause where all admire.

From the Wanderer.

Yon mansion, made by beaming tapers gay,
Drowns the dim night, and counterfeits the day;
From 'lumined windows glancing on the eye.
Around, athwart, the frisking shadows fly,
There midnight riot spreads illusive joys,
And fortune, health, and dearer time destroys.
Soon death's dark agent to luxuriant ease
Shall wake sharp warnings in some fierce disease.
O man! thy fabric's like a well-formed state;
Thy thoughts, first ranked, were sure designed the great
Passions plebeians are, which factions raise;
Wine, like poured oil, excites the raging blaze;
Then giddy anarchy's rude triumphs rise:
Then sovereign Reason from her empire flies:
That ruler once deposed, wisdom and wit,
To noise and folly, place and power, submit;
Like a frail bark thy weakened mind is tossed,
Unsteered, unbalanced, till its wealth is lost.
The miser-spirit eyes the spendthrift heir,
And mourns, too late, effects of sordid care.
His treasures fly to cloy each fawning slave,
Yet grudge a stone to dignify his grave.
For this, low-thoughted craft his life employed;
For this, though wealthy, he no wealth enjoyed;
For this he griped the poor, and alms denied,
Unfriended lived, and unlamented died.
Yet smile, grieved shade! when that unprosperous store
Fast lessens, when gay hours return no more;
Smile at thy heir, beholding, in his fall,
Men once obliged, like him, ungrateful all!
Then thought-inspiring woe his heart shall mend,
And prove his only wise, unflattering friend.
Folly exhibits thus unmanly sport,
While plotting Mischief keeps reserved her court.
Lo! from that mount, in blasting sulphur broke,
Stream flames voluminous, enwrapped with smoke!
In chariot-shape they whirl up yonder tower,
Lean on its brow, and like destruction lower!
From the black depth a fiery legion springs;
Each bold bad spectre claps her sounding wings:
And straight beneath a summoned, traitorous band,
On horror bent, in dark convention stand:
From each fiend's mouth a ruddy vapour flows,
Glides through the roof, and o'er the council glows:
The villains, close beneath the infection pent,
Feel, all possessed, their rising galls ferment;
And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire,
For rapine, blood, and devastation dire!
But Justice marks their ways: she waves in air
The sword, high-threatening, like a comet's glare.
While here dark Villainy herself deceives,

There studious Honesty our view relieves.
A feeble taper from yon lonesome room,
Scattering thin rays, just glimmers through the gloom;
There sits the sapient bard in museful mood,
And glows impassioned for his country's good!
All the bright spirits of the just combined,
Inform, refine, and prompt his towering mind!

A prose pamphlet, 'The Author to be Let,' written under the name of Iscariot Hackney, is ascribed by Johnson to Savage; but it was undoubtedly the work of Pope. It is a satire on the petty writers of that period. It has also been confidently stated, that both the 'Volunteer Laureate' and 'The Bastard' were written by Aaron Hill to serve the cause of his friend or protégé.

SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

Sir Samuel Garth, an eminent physician, was a native of Yorkshire, and educated at Peterhouse, Cambridge, of which he was admitted Fellow in 1693. Garth published in 1699 his poem of 'The Dispensary,' to aid the College of Physicians in a war they were then waging with the apothecaries. The latter had ventured to *prescribe* as well as *compound* medicines; and the physicians, to outbid them in popularity, advertised that they would give advice *gratis* to the poor, and establish a dispensary of their own for the sale of cheap medicines. The College triumphed; but in 1703 the House of Lords decided that apothecaries were entitled to exercise the privilege which Garth and his brother-physicians resisted. Garth was a popular and benevolent man, a firm Whig, yet the early encourager of Pope; and when Dryden died, he pronounced a Latin oration over the poet's remains. With Addison, he was, politically and personally, on terms of the closest intimacy. On the accession of George I. he was knighted with Marlborough's sword, and received the double appointment of Physician in ordinary to the King, and Physician-general to the Army. He edited Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' 'Translated by the most eminent hands,' in 1717. In that irreligious age, Garth seems to have partaken of the general scepticism and voluptuousness. Several anecdotes of him were related by Pope to Spence, and he is said to have remarked in his last illness, that he was glad he was dying, for he was weary of having his shoes pulled off and on! Yet, if the date assigned to his birth (1670) be correct, he could then have been only forty-nine years of age. He died January 18, 1718-19, and was buried in the chancel of the church at Harrow-on-the-Hill. 'The Dispensary' is a mock-heroic poem in six cantos. Some of the leading apothecaries of the day are happily ridiculed; but the interest of the satire has passed away, and it does not contain enough of the *life* of poetry to preserve it. A few lines will give a specimen of the manner and the versification of the poem. It opens in the following strain:

Extract from the 'Dispensary.'

Speak, goddess! since 'tis thou that best canst tell
How ancient leagues to modern discord fell;
And why physicians were so cautious grown
Of others' lives, and lavish of their own;
How by a journey to the Elysian plain,
Peace triumphed, and old time returned again.
Not far from that most celebrated place (1)
Where angry Justice shews her awful face;
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state;
There stands a dome, (2) majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe, placed high with artful skill,
Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill;
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Raised for a use as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learned society decline
The propagation of that great design;
In all her mazes, Nature's face they viewed,
And, as she disappeared, their search pursued.
Wrapt in the shade of night the goddess lies,
Yet to the learned unveils her dark disguise,
But shuns the gross access of vulgar eyes.
Now she unfolds the faint and dawning strife
Of infant atoms kindling into life;
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And slender trains of twisting fibres makes;
And how the viscous seeks a closer tone,
By just degrees to harden into bone;
While the more loose flow from the vital urn,
And in full tides of purple streams return;
How lambent flames from life's bright lamps arise,
And dart in emanations through the eyes;
How from each sluice a gentle torrent pours,
To slake a feverish heat with ambient showers;
Whence their mechanic powers the spirits claim;
How great their force, how delicate their frame;
How the same nerves are fashioned to sustain
The greatest pleasure and the greatest pain;
Why bilious juice a golden light puts on,
And floods of chyle in silver currents run;
How the dim speck of entity began
To extend its recent form, and stretch to man; . . .
Why Envy oft transforms with wan disguise,
And why gay Mirth sits smiling in the eyes; . . .
Whence Milo's vigour at the Olympic's shewn,
Whence tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane;
How matter, by the varied shape of pores
Or idiots frames, or solemn senators.
Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous cause to find,
How body acts upon impassive mind;
How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
Past hopes revive, and present joys inspire;
Why our complexions oft our soul declare,
And how the passions in the features are;
How touch and harmony arise between
Corporeal figure and a form unseen:
How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,

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1 *Old Bailey.* 2 The College of Physicians.

And act at every summons of the will:
With mighty truths, mysterious to descry,
Which in the womb of distant causes lie.
  But now no grand inquiries are descried;
Mean faction reigns where knowledge should preside;
Feuds are increased, and learning laid aside;
Thus synods oft concern for faith conceal,
And for important nothings shew a zeal:
The drooping sciences neglected pine,
And Pæan's beams with fading lustre shine.
No readers here with hectic looks are found,
Nor eyes in rheum, through midnight watching drowned:
The lonely edifice in sweats complains
That nothing there but sullen silence reigns.
  This place, so fit for undisturbed repose,
The god of Sloth for his asylum chose;
Upon a couch of down in these abodes,
Supine with folded arms, he thoughtless nods;
Indulging dreams his godhead lull to ease,
With murmurs of soft rills, and whispering trees:
The poppy and each numbing plant dispense
Their drowsy virtue and dull indolence;
No passions interrupt his easy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain:
But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs hang lingering o'er his head.

On Death.

'Tis to the vulgar death too harsh appears;
The ill we feel is only in our fears.
To die, is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar:
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.
The wise through thought the insults of death defy;
The fools through blessed insensibility.
'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave;
Sought by the wretch, and vanquished by the brave.
It eases lovers, sets the captive free:
And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.

rote the epilogue to Addison's tragedy of 'Cato,' which the following pleasing lines:

Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvied things,
And courts less coveted than groves and springs!
Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains,
And Constancy feel transport in his own chains;
Sighs with success their own soft language tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And Beauty fear no enemy but time;
The fair shall listen to desert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

HARD BLACKMORE was one of the most fortunate physicians persecuted poets of the age. He was born of a good fam- shire, and took the [illegible] of M. A. at Oxford in 1676. He was in extensive medical practice, was knighted by King William III. and afterwards made censor of the College of Physicians. In 1695, he published 'Prince Arthur,' an epic poem, which he says he wrote amidst the duties of his profession, in coffee-houses, or in passing up and down the streets! Dryden, whom he had attacked for licentiousness, satirised him for writing 'to the rumbling of his chariot-wheels.' Blackmore continued writing, and published a series of epic poems on King Alfred, Queen Elizabeth, the Redeemer, the Creation, &c. All have sunk into oblivion; but Pope has preserved his memory in various satirical allusions. Addison extended his friendship to the Whig poet, whose private character was exemplary and irreproachable. Dr. Johnson included Blackmore in his edition of the poets, but restricted his publication of his works to the poem of 'Creation,' which, he said, 'wants neither harmony of numbers, accuracy of thought, nor elegance of diction.' Blackmore died in 1729. The design of 'Creation' was to demonstrate the existence of a Divine Eternal Mind. He recites the proofs of a Deity from natural and physical phenomena, and afterwards reviews the systems of the Epicureans and the Fatalists, concluding with a hymn to the Creator of the world. The piety of Blackmore is everywhere apparent in his writings; but the genius of poetry too often evaporates amidst his commonplace illustrations and prosing declamation. One passage of 'Creation'—addressed to the disciples of Lucretius—will suffice to show the style of Blackmore, in its more select and improved manner:

The Scheme of Creation.

You ask us why the soil the thistle breeds;
Why its spontaneous birth are thorns and weeds;
Why for the harvest it the harrow needs?
The Author might a nobler world have made,
In brighter dress the hills and vales arrayed,
And all its face in flowery scenes displayed:
The glebe untilled might plenteous crops have borne,
And brought forth spicy groves instead of thorn:
Rich fruit and flowers, without the gardener's pains,
Might every hill have crowned, have honoured all the plains:
This Nature might have boasted, had the Mind
Who formed the spacious universe designed
That man, from labour free, as well as grief,
Should pass in lazy luxury his life.
But He his creature gave a fertile soil,
Fertile, but not without the owner's toil,
That some reward his industry should crown,
And that his food in part might be his own.
But while insulting you arraign the land,
Ask why it wants the plough, or labourer's hand;
Kind to the marble rocks, you ne'er complain
That they, without the sculptor's skill and pain,
No perfect statue yield, no basse relieve,
Or finished column for the palace give.
Yet if from the hills unlaboured figures came,
Man might have ease enjoyed, though never fame.
You may the world of more defect upbraid,

That other works by Nature are unmade:
That she did never, at her own expense,
A palace rear, and in magnificence
Out-rival art, to grace the stately rooms;
That she no castle builds, no lofty domes.
Had Nature's hand these various works prepared,
What thoughtful care, what labour had been spared!
But then no realm would one great master shew,
No Phidias Greece, and Rome no Angelo.
With equal reason, too, you might demand
Why boats and ships require the artist's hand;
Why generous Nature did not these provide,
To pass the standing lake, or flowing tide.
  You say the hills, which high in air arise,
Harbour in clouds, and mingle with the skies,
That earth's dishonour and encumbering load,
Of many spacious regions man defraud;
For beasts and birds of prey a desolate abode.
But can the objector no convenience find
In mountains, hills, and rocks, which gird and bind
The mighty frame, that else would be disjoined!
Do not those heaps the raging tide restrain,
And for the dome afford the marble vein?
Do not the rivers from the mountains flow,
And bring down riches to the vale below?
See how the torrent rolls the golden sand
From the high ridges to the flatter land!
The lofty lines abound with endless store
Of mineral treasure and metallic ore.

THOMAS PARNELL.

the brilliant circle of wits and poets, and a popular author of period, was THOMAS PARNELL (1679–1718). His father pos- d considerable estates in Ireland, but was descended of an Eng- family long settled at Congleton, in Cheshire. The poet was and educated in Dublin, went into sacred orders, and was ap- ed Archdeacon of Clogher, to which was afterwards added, gh the influence of Swift, the vicarage of Finglass, estimated by smith (extravagantly) at £400 a year. Parnell, like Swift, dis- Ireland, and seems to have considered his situation there a less and irksome banishment. As permanent residence at their gs was not then insisted upon on the part of the clergy, Parnell chiefly in London. He married a young lady of beauty and t, Miss Anne Minchin, who died a few years after their union. grief for her loss preyed upon his spirits—which had always been ual—and hurried him into intemperance. He died at Chester, is way to Ireland, and was interred there (as the register of ty Church states) on the 18th of October, 1718. Parnell was an nplished scholar and a delightful companion. His Life was en by Goldsmith, who was proud of his distinguished country- considering him the last of the great school that had modelled upon the ancients. Parnell's works are of a miscellaneous re—translations, songs, hymns, epistles, &c. His most celebrated is '*The Hermit*,' *familiar to* most readers from their infancy.

Pope pronounced it to be 'very good;' and its sweetness of dict and picturesque solemnity of style must always please. His 'Nig piece on Death' was indirectly preferred by Goldsmith to Gra celebrated 'Elegy;' but few men of taste or feeling will subscribe such an opinion. In the 'Night-piece,' Parnell meditates among t tombs. Tired with poring over the pages of schoolmen and sages, sallies out at midnight to the churchyard.

A Night-piece—The Churchyard.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumbered lie;
While through their ranks, in silver pride,
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds, which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass, with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
'Time was, like thee, they life possessed,
And time shall be that thou shalt rest.'
Those with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumb ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose
Where toil and poverty repose.
The flat smooth stones that bear a nam
The chisel's slender help to fame—
Which, ere our set of friends decay,
Their frequent steps may wear away—
A middle race of mortals own,
Men half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculpture stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones;
These all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great,
Who, while on earth in fame they live
Are senseless of the fame they give.

The Hermit.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;
Remote from men, with God he passed his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
  A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose—
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey;
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway;
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
So, when a smooth expanse receives impressed
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow;
But, if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right—
For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew—
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fixed the scallop in his hat before;
Then, with the rising sun, a journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But, when the southern sun had warmed the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair;
Then, near approaching, 'Father, hail!' he cried,
And, 'Hail, my son!' the reverend sire replied.
Words followed words, from question answer flowed,
And talk of various kind deceived the road:
Till each with other pleased, and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus useful ivy clasps an elm around.
Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature, in silence, bid the world repose,
When, near the road, a stately palace rose.
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides with grass.
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive; the liveried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate;
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and, at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call,
An early banquet decked the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
His cup was vanished; for in secret guise,
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.
As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seemed the sire, when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner shewed.
He stopped with silence, walked with trembling heart,
And much he wished, but durst not ask to part;
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a base reward.
While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warned by the signs, the wandering pair retreat
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimproved around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy door they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning, mixed with showers, began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran;
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and battered by the rain.
At length some pity warmed the master's breast—
'Twas then his threshold first received a guest—
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
And Nature's fervour through their limbs recalls;
Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine—
Each hardly granted—served them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With still remark, the pondering hermit viewed,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such—within himself he cried—
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon take place
In every settling feature of his face,
When, from his vest, the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord owned before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl,
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!
  But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging, opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from their poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the weary gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought:
His partner's acts without their cause appear;
'Twas there a vice, and seemed a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.
Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;
Again the wanderers want a place to lie;
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great;
It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue, kind.
Hither the walkers turn their weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.
Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:
  'Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From Him you come, for Him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer!'
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talked of virtue till the time of bed;
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warned by a bell, and close the hour with prayer.
At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near a closed cradle where an infant slept,
And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride,

O strange return! grew black, and gasped, and died!
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How looked our hermit when the fact was done!
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed;
His steps the youth pursues: the country lay
Perplexed with roads; a servant shewed the way;
A river crossed the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find! the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath them bending glide.
The youth, who seemed to watch a time to sin,
Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising, lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
While sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries:
'Detested wretch!'—but scarch his speech began,
When the strange partner seemed no longer man!
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glittered on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.
Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do!
Surprise, in secret chains, his word suspends,
And in a calm, his settling temper ends;
But silence here the beauteous angel broke—
The voice of music ravished as he spoke:
'Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this, commissioned, I forsook the sky:
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.
Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.
The Maker justly claims that world He made;
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends.
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts his attributes on high;
Your action uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.
The great vain man, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door

Ne'er moved in pity to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead.
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.
Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-weaned his heart from God—
Child of his age—for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God to save the father took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seemed to go,
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.'
  On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew;
Thus looked Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.
  The bending Hermit here a prayer begun:
'Lord, as in heaven, on earth thy will be done.'
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

JOHN GAY.

The Italian opera and English pastorals—both sources of fashionable and poetical affectation—were driven out of the field at this time by the easy, indolent, good-humoured JOHN GAY (1688–1732), who seems to have been the most artless and the best-beloved of all the Pope and Swift circle of wits and poets. Gay was born in Devonshire, the second son of John Gay, Esq., of Frithelstock, near Great Torrington. The family was reduced in circumstances, and both parents dying when the poet was about six years of age, he was, after receiving his education in the town of Barnstaple, put apprentice to a silk-mercer in the Strand, London. He disliked this employment, and at length obtained his discharge from his master. In 1708, he published a poem in blank verse, entitled 'Wine;' and in 1713 appeared his 'Rural Sports,' a descriptive poem, dedicated to Pope, in which we may trace his joy at being emancipated from the drudgery of a shop:

But I, who ne'er was blessed by Fortune's hand,
Nor brightened ploughshares in paternal land;
Long in the noisy town have been immured,
Respired its smoke, and all its cares endured.
Fatigued at last, a calm retreat I chose,

And soothed my harassed mind with sweet repose,
Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing clime
Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.

The same year, Gay obtained the appointment of domestic secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth. He also brought out a comedy, 'The Wife of Bath,' which was not successful. In 1714, he published his 'Shepherd's Week, in six Pastorals,' written to throw ridicule on those of Ambrose Philips; but containing so much genuine comic humour, and entertaining pictures of country-life, that they became popular, not as satires, but on account of their intrinsic merits, as affording 'a prospect of his own country.' In an address to the 'courteous reader,' Gay says: 'Thou wilt not find my shepherdesses idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves; or if the hogs are astray, driving them to their sties. My shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our fields; he sleepeth not under myrtle shades, but under a hedge; nor doth he vigilantly defend his flock from wolves, because there are none.' This matter-of-fact view of rural life has been admirably followed by Crabbe, with a moral aim and effect to which Gay never aspired. His next attempt was dramatic. In February 1714–15 appeared 'What d' ye Call It?' a tragi-comic pastoral farce, which the audience had 'not wit enough to take;' and next year he produced his 'Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London,' and 'The Fan,' a poem in three books. The former of these is in the mock-heroic style, in which he was assisted by Swift, and gives a graphic account of the dangers and impediments then encountered in traversing the narrow, crowded, ill-lighted, and vice-infested thoroughfares of the metropolis. His paintings of city-life are in the Dutch style, low and familiar, but correctly and forcibly drawn. The following sketch of the frequenters of book-stalls in the streets may still be verified:

Volumes on sheltered stalls expanded lie,
And various science lures the learned eye;
The bending shelves with ponderous scholiasts groan,
And deep divines, to modern shops unknown;
Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing
Collects the various odours of the spring,
Walkers at leisure learning's flowers may spoil,
Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil;
May morals snatch from Plutarch's tattered page,
A mildewed Bacon, or Stagyra's sage:
Here sauntering 'prentices o'er Otway weep,
O'er Congreve smile, or over D'Urfey sleep;
Pleased sempstresses the Lock's famed Rape unfold;
And Squirts* read Garth till apozems grow cold.

The poet gives a lively and picturesque account of the great frost in London, in 1716, when a fair was held on the river Thames:

O roving Muse! recall that wondrous year
When winter reigned in black Britannia's air;

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* Squirt is the name of an apothecary's boy in Garth's *Dispensary*.

When hoary Thames, with frosted osiers crowned,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound.
The waterman, forlorn, along the shore,
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar:
See harnessed steeds desert the stony town,
And wander roads unstable, not their own,
Wheels o'er the hardened water smoothly glide,
And raze with whitened tracks the slippery tide;
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire;
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear,
And numerous games proclaim the crowded fair.
So, when a general bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain,
Thick-rising tents a canvas city build,
And the loud dice resound through all the field.

Gay was always sighing for public employment, for which he was eminently unfit, and in 1714 he had obtained a short glimpse of this fancied happiness. He wrote with joy to Pope: 'Since you went out of the town, my Lord Clarendon was appointed envoy-extraordinary to Hanover, in the room of Lord Paget; and by making use of those friends which I entirely owe to you, he has accepted me for his secretary.' The poet accordingly quitted his situation in the Monmouth family, and accompanied Lord Clarendon on his embassy. He seems, however, to have held it only for about two months; for on the 23d of September of the same year, Pope welcomes him to his native soil, and counsels him, now that the queen was dead, to write something on the king, or prince, or princess. Gay was an anxious expectant of court favor, and he complied with Pope's request. He wrote a poem on the princess, and the royal family went to see his play of 'What d'ye Call It?' Gay was stimulated to another dramatic attempt (1717), and produced a piece entitled 'Three Hours After Marriage.' Some personal satire and indecent dialogue, together with the improbability of the plot, sealed its fate with the public. It soon fell into disgrace; and its author, being afraid that Pope and Arbuthnot would suffer injury from their supposed connection with it, took 'all the shame on himself.' The trio of wits, however, were attacked in two pamphlets, and Pope's quarrel with Cibber originated in this unfortunate drama. Gay was silent and dejected for some time; but in 1720 he published his poems by subscription, and realised a sum of £1000. He received, also, a present of South Sea stock, and was supposed to be worth £20,000, all of which he lost by the explosion of that famous delusion. This serious calamity, to one fond of finery in dress and of luxurious living, almost overwhelmed him, but his friends were zealous, and he was prompted to further literary exertion. In 1724, Gay brought out another drama, 'The Captives,' which was acted with moderate success; and in 1726 he wrote a volume of 'Fables,' designed for the *special improvement* of the Duke of Cumberland, who certainly did *not learn mercy* or humanity from them. The accession of the prince and princess to the throne seemed to augur well for the fortunes of Gay; but he was only offered the situation of gentleman-usher to one of the young princesses, and considering this an insult, he rejected it. In 1726, Swift came to England, and resided two months with Pope at Twickenham. Among other plans, the Dean of St. Patrick suggested to Gay the idea of a Newgate pastoral, in which the characters should be thieves and highwaymen; and the 'Beggars' Opera' was the result. When finished, the two friends were doubtful of the success of the piece; but it was received with unbounded applause. The songs and music aided greatly its popularity, and there was also the recommendation of political satire; for the quarrel between Peachum and Lockit was an allusion to a personal collision between Walpole and his colleague, Lord Townshend. The spirit and variety of the piece, in which song and sentiment are so happily intermixed with vice and roguery, still render the 'Beggars' Opera' a favourite with the public; but as Gay has succeeded in making highwaymen agreeable, and even attractive, it cannot be commended for its moral tendency. Of this, we suspect, the Epicurean author thought little. The opera had a run of sixty-two nights, and became the rage of town and country. Its success had also the effect of giving rise to the English opera, a species of light comedy enlivened by songs and music, which for a time supplanted the Italian opera, with all its exotic and elaborate graces. By this successful opera, Gay, as appears from the manager's account book, cleared £693,13s. 6d. besides what he derived from its publication. He tried a sequel to the 'Beggars' Opera,' under the title of 'Polly;' but as it was supposed to contain sarcasms on the court, the lord chamberlain prohibited its representation. The poet had recourse to publication; and such was the zeal of his friends, and the effect of party-spirit, that 'Polly' produced a profit of £1100 or £1200. The Duchess of Marlborough gave £100 as her subscription for a copy. Gay had now amassed £3000 by his writings, which he resolved to keep 'entire and sacred.' He was at the same time received into the house of his kind patrons the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, with whom he spent the remainder of his life. His only literary occupation was composing additional fables, and corresponding occasionally with Pope and Swift. A sudden attack of inflammatory fever hurried him out of life in three days. He died on the 4th of December 1732, aged 44. Pope's letter to Swift announcing the event was endorsed: 'On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death. Received, December 15th, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse foreboding some misfortune.' The friendship of these eminent men seems to have been sincere and tender; and nothing in the life of Swift is more touching or honourable to his memory than those passages in his letters where the recollection of Gay melted his haughty stoicism, and awakened his deep though unavailing sorrow. Pope was equally grieved by the loss of him whom he has characterised as

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit, a man, simplicity, a child.

Gay was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a handsome monument was erected to his memory by the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry. The works of this easy and genial son of the Muses have lost much of their popularity. He has the licentiousness, without the elegance of Prior. His 'Fables' are still, however, the best we possess; and if they have not the nationality or rich humour and archness of La Fontaine's, they are light and pleasing, and the versification always smooth and correct. 'The Hare with Many Friends' is doubtless drawn from Gay's own experience. In the 'Court of Death,' he aims at a higher order of poetry, and marshals his 'diseases dire' with a strong and gloomy power. His song of 'Black-eyed Susan,' and the ballad beginning ''Twas when the seas were roaring,' are full of characteristic tenderness and lyrical melody. The latter is said by Cowper to have been the joint production of Arbuthnot, Swift, and Gay, but the tradition is not supported by evidence.

The Country Ballad-singer.—From 'The Shepherd's Week.'

Sublimer strains, O rustic Muse! prepare;
Forget awhile the barn and dairy's care;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays;
With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.
'Twas in the season when the reapers' toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;
Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
Clean damsels bound the gathered sheaves about;
The lads with sharpened hook and sweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter plough. . . .
When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spied,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside;
That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
Or with the rosined bow torment the string;
That Bowzybeus who, with fingers' speed,
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;
That Bowzybeus who, with jocund tongue,
Ballads, and roundelays, and catches sung:
They loudly laugh to see the damsels' fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight.
Ah, Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong!
Thou shouldst have left the fair before 'twas night,
But thou sat'st toping till the morning light. . . .
No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,
But lads and lasses round about him throng.
Not ballad-singer placed above the crowd
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud;
Nor parish-clerk, who calls the psalm so clear,
Like Bowzybeus soothes the attentive ear.
Of Nature's laws his carols first begun—
Why the grave owl can never face the sun.
For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night.
How turnips hide their swelling heads below,

And how the closing coleworts upwards grow;
How Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.
Of stars he told that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glowworm's light that gilds his tail.
He sung where woodcocks in the summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed—
Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend—
Where swallows in the winter's season keep,
And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep;
How Nature does the puppy's eyelids close
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose:
(For huntsmen by their long experience find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind).
  Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs, before his eyes arose.
How pedlers' stalls with glittering toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country maid.
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine.
How the tight lass knives, combs, and scissors spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
Of lotteries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold.
The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
And all the fair is crowded in his song.
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the venturous maiden swings;
Jack Pudding, in his party-coloured jacket,
Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet.
Of raree-shows he sung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets picked in crowds, and various cheats.

Walking the Streets of London.—From 'Trivia.'

Through winter streets to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night;
How jostling crowds with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing; thou, Trivia, goddess, aid my song,
Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along;
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way;
The silent court and opening square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.
To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays:
For thee the sturdy pavior thumps the ground,
Whilst every stroke his labouring lungs resound;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name;
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a civic crown:
But more my country's love demands my lays;
My country's be the profit, mine the praise!
  When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And 'Clean your shoes' resounds from every voice;
When late their miry sides stage-coaches shew,

And their stiff horses through the town move slow;
When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster-cries;
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide;
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scalloped top his step be crowned:
Let firm, well-hammered soles protect thy feet
Through freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet.
Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,
Each stone will wrench the unwary step aside;
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain;
And when too short the modish shoes are worn,
You 'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.
 Nor should it prove thy less important care
To choose a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,
The silken drugget ill can fence the cold;
The frieze's spongy nap is soaked with rain,
And showers soon drench the camblet's cockled grain;
True Witney (1) broadcloth, with its shag unshorn,
Unpierced is in the lasting tempest worn:
Be this the horseman's fence, for who would wear
Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear?
Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
Hands, that, stretched forth, invading harms prevent.
Let the looped bavaroy the fop embrace,
Or his deep cloak bespattered o'er with lace.
That garment best the winter's rage defends,
Whose ample form without one plait depends;
By various names in various counties known,
Yet held in all the true surtout alone;
Be thine of kersey firm, though small the cost,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchilled the frost.
 If thy strong cane support thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command;
Even sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
And rattling coaches stop to make thee way:
This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
Let beaux their canes, with amber tipt, produce;
Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
And lazily insure a life's disease;
While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
To Court, to White's,(2) assemblies, or the play;
Rosy-complexioned Health thy steps attends,
And exercise thy lasting youth defends.

Song.

Sweet woman is like the fair flower in its lustre,
 Which in the garden enamels the ground;
Near it the bees, in play, flutter and cluster,
 And gaudy butterflies frolic around.

But when once plucked, 'tis no longer alluring,
 To Covent Garden 'tis sent (as yet sweet),
There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,
 Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.(3)

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1 *A town in Oxfordshire.* 2 A chocolate-house in St. James's Street.
3 '*I thought o'* the bonny bit thorn that our father rooted out o' the yard

The Court of Death.

Death, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terror sate:
The attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, a ghastly train!
Crowd the vast court. With hollow tone,
A voice thus thundered from the throne:
'This night our minister we name;
Let every servant speak his claim;
Merit shall bear this ebon wand.'
All, at the word, stretched forth their hand.
Fever, with burning heat possessed,
Advanced, and for the wand addressed:
'I to the weekly bills appeal;
Let those express my fervant zeal;
On every slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere.'
Next Gout appears with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place;
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And every joint and sinew plies;
Still working when he seems suppressed,
A most tenacious stubborn guest.
A haggard spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due:
''Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of love destroy.
My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
Prove my pretension to the place.'
Stone urged his overgrowing force;
And, next, Consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferred:
'Let none object my lingering way;
I gain, like Fabius, by delay;
Fatigue and weaken every foe
By long attack, secure, though slow.'
Plague represents his rapid power,
Who thinned a nation in an hour.
All spoke their claim, and hoped the wand.
Now expectation hushed the band,
When thus the monarch from the throne:
'Merit was ever modest known.
What! no physician speak his right?
None here! but fees their toils requite.
Let, then, Intemperance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest—
Whom wary men as foes detest—
Forego your claim. No more pretend
Intemperance is esteemed a friend;
He shares their mirth, their social joys,
And as a courted guest destroys.
The charge on him must justly fall,
Who finds employment for you all.'

The Hare with Many Friends.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendship; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
A Hare, who, in a civil way,
Complied with everything, like GAY,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was never to offend,
And every creature was her friend.
As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies:
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear she gasping lay;
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appeared in view!
'Let me,' says she, 'your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship every burden 's light.
The Horse replied: 'Poor Honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus;
Be comforted; relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear.'
She next the stately Bull implored,
And thus replied the mighty lord:
'Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a favourite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady 's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the Goat is just behind.'
The Goat remarked her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
'My back,' says he, 'may do you harm;
The Sheep 's at hand, and wool is warm.'

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when it had a' the flush o' blossoms on it; and then it lay in the court till the beasts had trod them a' to pieces wi' their feet. I little thought when I was wae for the bit silly green bush and its flowers, that I was to gang the same gate mysell.'—Effie Deans in *'Heart of Mid-Lothian.'*

The Sheep was feeble, and complained
His sides a load of wool sustained:
Said he was slow, confessed his fears,
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.
She now the trotting Calf addressed,
To save from death a friend distressed.
'Shall I,' says he, 'of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler passed you by;
How strong are those, how weak a
Should I presume to bear you hen
Those friends of mine may take
Excuse me, then. You know my
But dearest friends, alas! must p
How shall we all lament! Adieu!
For, see, the hounds are just in v

Song.—Black-eyed Susan.

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When Black-eyed Susan came aboard,
'Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew?'

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast—
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear—
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

'O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

'Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

'If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

'Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.'

The boatswain gave the dreadful word;
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kissed—she sighed—he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
'Adieu!' she cries, and waved her lily hand.

A Ballad.—From 'What d' ye Call It?'

'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclined.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crowned with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

'Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou, venturous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

'The merchant, robbed of pleasure,
Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure,
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

'How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why, then, beneath the water,
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep.'

All melancholy lying,
Thus wailed she for her dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear.
When o'er the white wave stooping
His floating corpse she spied,
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bowed her head, and died.

THOMAS TICKELL.

The friendship of Addison has shed a reflected light on some of his contemporaries, and it elevated them, in their own day, to considerable importance. Amongst these was THOMAS TICKELL (1686–1740), born at Bridekirk, near Carlisle, son of a clergyman, and educated at Queen's College, Oxford. He was a writer in the 'Spectator' and 'Guardian;' and when Addison went to Ireland as secretary to Lord Sunderland, Tickell accompanied him, and was employed in public business. He published a translation of the first book of the 'Iliad' at the same time with Pope. Addison and the Whigs pronounced it to be the best, while the Tories ranged under the banner of Pope. The circumstance led to a breach of the friendship betwixt Addison and Pope, which was never healed. Addison continued his patronage, and when made Secretary of State in 1717, he appointed his friend under-secretary. He also left him the charge of publishing his works, and on his death-bed recommended him to Secretary Craggs. Tickell prefixed to the collected works of Addison an elegy on his deceased friend, which is justly considered one of the most pathetic and sublime poems in the language. In 1722, Tickell published a poem, chiefly allegorical, entitled 'Kensington Gardens;' and being in 1724 appointed secretary to the lords-justices of Ireland, he seems to have abandoned the Muses. He died at Bath in 1740, but was buried at Glasneven, near Dublin, where he had long resided. The monumental tablet in Glasneven Church to the memory of Tickell records that 'his highest honour was that of having been the friend of Addison.' His elegy, and his beautiful ballad of 'Colin and Lucy,' would have served, however, to per-

petuate his name, while even his opponent Pope admitted
was an 'honest man.'

From the Lines 'To the Earl of Warwick, on the Death of Addison.'

Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave?
How silently did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid:
And the last words that dust to dust conveyed!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace, next thy loved Montague.
To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untuned my tongue,
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee!
  Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where speaking marbles shew
What worthies form the hallowed mould below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled;
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints who taught and led the way to heaven;
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.
  In what new region, to the just assigned,
What new employments please th' unbodied mind?
A winged virtue, through th' ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled, and the dragon fell;
Or, mixed with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essayed below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,

And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart:
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.
  That awful form, which, so the heavens decree,
Must still be loved and still deplored by me,
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, roused by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemished statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there;
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'Twas there of just and good he reasoned strong,
Cleared some great truth, or raised some serious song:
There patient shewed us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live; and—oh! too high
The price for knowledge—taught us how to die.
  Thou hill whose brow the antique structures grace,
Reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears?
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noontide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allayed,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noonday shade.

Colin and Lucy.—A Ballad.

Of Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
  Bright Lucy was the grace,
Nor e'er did Liffey's limpid stream
  Reflect so sweet a face;

Till luckless love and pining care
  Impaired her rosy hue.
Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
  And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale
  When beating rains descend?
So drooped the slow-consuming maid,
  Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warned, of flattering swains
  Take heed, ye easy fair!
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
  Ye perjured swains! beware.

Three times all in the dead of night
  A bell was heard to ring,
And shrieking, at her window thrice
  The raven flapped his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
  The solemn boding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke
  The virgins weeping round:

'I hear a voice you cannot hear,
  Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
  Which beckons me away.

'By a false heart and broken vows
  In early youth I die.
Was I to blame because his bride
  Was thrice as rich as I?

'Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
  Vows due to me alone;
Nor thou, fond maid! receive his kiss
  Nor think him all thy own.

'To-morrow in the church to wed,
  Impatient both prepare;
But know, fond maid! and know, false man!
  That Lucy will be there.

'Then bear my corpse, my comrades! bear,
  This bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding trim so gay,
  I in my winding-sheet.'

She spoke; she died. Her corpse was borne

The bridegroom blithe to meet
He in his wedding trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjured Colin's thoughts?
How were these nuptials kept?
The bridesmen flocked round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell;
The damps of death bedewed his brow;
He shook—he groaned—he fell!

From the vain bride—ah! bride no more!—
The varying crimson fled
When stretched before her rival's corpse
She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave
Conveyed by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay and true-love knots
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn! whoe'er thou art,
This hallowed spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

Tickell occasionally tried satire, and the following piece shews a stronger and bolder hand than the bulk of his verses. It was written to ridicule the Jacobite Earl of Mar and his rash enterprise in 1715-16 in favour of the Chevalier.

An Imitation of the Prophecy of Nereus—From Horace, Book iii. Ode 25.

As Mar his round one morning took—
Whom some call earl, and some call duke—
And his new brethren of the blade,
Shivering with fear and frost, surveyed,
On Perth's bleak hills he chanced to spy
An aged wizard six foot high,
With bristled hair and visage blighted,
Wall-eyed, bare haunched, and second-sighted
The grisly sage in thought profound
Beheld the chief with back so round,
Then rolled his eyeballs to and fro
O'er his paternal hills of snow,
And into these tremendous speeches
Brake forth the prophet without breeches:
'Into what ills, betrayed by thee
This ancient kingdom do I see!
Her realms unpeopled and forlorn—
Wae's me! that ever thou wert born!
Proud English loons—our clans o'ercome—
On Scottish pads shall amble home;
I see them dressed in bonnet blue—
The spoils of thy rebellious crew—
I see the target cast away,
And checkered plaid become their prey—
The checkered plaid to make a gown
For many a lass in London town.
'*In vain the hungry mountaineers
Come forth in all their warlike gears—
The shield, the pistol, dirk,* and dagger,
In which they daily wont to swagger,
And oft have sallied out to pillage
The hen-roosts of some peaceful village;
Or, while their neighbors were asleep,
Have carried off a Lowland sheep.
'What boots thy high-born host of beggars,
Macleans, Mackenzies, and Macgregors?
Inflamed with bagpipe and with brandy,
In vain thy lads around thee bandy.
Doth not bold Sutherland the trusty,
With heart so true, and voice so rusty—
A loyal soul!—thy troops affright
While hoarsely he demands the fight?
Dost thou not generous Islay dread,
The bravest hand, the wisest head;
Undaunted dost thou hear th' alarms
Of hoary Athole sheathed in arms?
'Douglas, who draws his lineage down
From thanes and peers of high renown,
Fiery and young, and uncontrolled,
With knights and squires and barons bold—
His noble household band—advances
And on his milk-white courser prances.
Thee Forfar to the combat dares,
Grown swarthy in Iberian wars,
And Monro kindled into rage,
Sourly defies thee to engage;
He'll rout thy foot, though ne'er so many,
And horse to boot—if thou hadst any!
'But see, Argyle, with watchful eyes,

Lodged in his deep intrenchments lies;
Couched like a lion in thy way,
He waits to spring upon his prey;
While, like a herd of timorous deer,
Thy army shakes and pants with fear
Led by their doughty general's skill
From frith to frith, and hill to hill.
'Is this thy haughty promise paid
That to the Chevalier was made,
When thou didst oaths and duty barter
For dukedom, generalship, and garter?
Three moons thy Jamie shall command,
With Highland sceptre in his hand,
Too good for his pretended birth—
Then down shall fall the King of Perth!
'Tis so decreed, for George shall reign,
And traitors be forsworn in vain.
Heaven shall for ever on him smile,
And bless him still with an Argyle;
While thou, pursued by vengeful foes,
Condemned to barren rocks and snows,
And hindered passing Inverlochy,
Shall burn thy clan, and curse poor Jocky!'

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

Among the poets of the day whom Addison's friendship and Pope's enmity raised to temporary importance, was **Ambrose Philips** (1671–1749). He was a native of Shropshire, and educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. He made his appearance as a poet in the same year and in the same volume as Pope—the 'Pastorals' of Philips being the first poem, and the 'Pastorals' of Pope, the last in Tonson's 'Miscellany' for 1709. They had been printed the year previous. Tickell injudiciously praised Philip's Pastorals as the finest in the language, and Pope resented this unjust depreciation of his own poetry by an ironical paper in the 'Guardian,' calculated to make Philips appear ridiculous. Pretending to criticise the rival 'Pastorals,' and compare them, Pope gives the preference to Philips, but quotes all his worst passages as his best, and places by the side of them his own finest lines, which he says want rusticity and deviate into downright poetry. Philips felt the satire keenly, and even vowed to take personal vengeance on his adversary, by whipping him with a rod, which he hung up for the purpose in Button's Coffee-house. Pope—faithful to the maxim that a man never forgives another whom he has injured—continued to pursue Philips with his hatred and satire to the close of his life. The pastoral poet had the good sense not to enter the lists with his formidable assailant, and his character and talents soon procured him public employment. In 1715, he was appointed paymaster of the Lottery; he afterwards was selected by Archbishop Boulter, primate of Ireland, as his secretary, and sat for the county of Armagh in the Irish parliament. In 1734, he was made registrar of the Prerogative Court. From these appointments, Philips was able to purchase an annuity of £400 per annum, with which he hoped, as Johnson says, 'to pass some years of life (in England) in plenty and tranquility; but his hope deceived him; he was struck with a palsy, and died, June 18, 1749.' The 'Pastorals' of Philips are certainly poor productions; but he was an elegant versifier, and Goldsmith has eulogised the opening of his 'Epistle to the Earl of Dorset' as 'incomparably fine.' A fragment of Sappho, translated by Philips, is a poetical gem so brilliant, that it is thought Addison must have assisted in its composition:

Fragment from Sappho.

Blessed as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast;
For while I gazed in transport tossed,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost;

My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled,
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled;
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

Philips produced three tragedies, but only one—'The Distressed Mother,' from the 'Andromaque' of Racine—was successful; he wrote in the Whig journal the 'Freethinker' (1718–19), and he translated some Persian tales. Certain short complimentary pieces, by which Philips paid court, as Johnson says, 'to all ages and characters, from Walpole, the steerer of the realm, to Miss Pulteney in the nursery,' procured him the nickname of 'Namby Pamby;' first given, it is said, by Harry Carey, the dramatist and song-writer, and cordially adopted by Pope as suited to Philips's 'eminence in the infantile style.' The following is a specimen of this style:

To Miss Charlotte Pulteney, in her Mother's Arms, May 1, 1724.

Timely blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn, and every night,
Their solicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing, without skill to please;
Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue.
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandoned to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill.
Yet too innocent to blush,
Like the linnet in the bush,
To the mother linnet's note
Moduling her slender throat,
Chirping forth thy petty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys,
Like the linnet green, in May,
Flitting to each bloomy spray.
Wearied then, and glad of rest,
Like the linnet in the nest.
This thy present happy lot,
This, in time, will be forgot:
Other pleasures, other cares,
Ever busy Time prepares;
And thou shalt in thy daughter see
This picture once resembled thee.

Epistle to the Earl of Dorset.

Copenhagen, *March* 9, 1709.

From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects which to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguised, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.
No gentle-breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing.
The ships, unmoved, the boisterous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.

The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain;
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.
  And yet but lately have I seen, even here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear,
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasured snow,
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow:
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclosed at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brightened every object to my eyes:
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seemed wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns shew,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes yield,
Seemed polished lances in a hostile field.
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise:
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine
Glazed over, in the freezing ether shine,
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.
  When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies;
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends:
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees:
Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads
Through fragrant bowers, and through delicious meads
While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
His wandering feet the magic paths pursue,
And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear.
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

From the First Pastoral—Lobbin.

If we, O Dorset! quit the city throng,
To meditate in shades the rural song,
By your command, be present; and, O bring
The Muse along! The Muse to you shall sing.
Her influence, Buckhurst, let me there obtain,
And I forgive the famed Sicilian swain.
  Begin.—In unluxurious times of yore,
When flocks and herds were no inglorious store,
Lobbin, a shepherd boy, one evening fair,
As western winds had cooled the sultry air,
His numbered sheep within the fold now pent,
Thus plained him of his dreary discontent;
Beneath a hoary poplar's whispering boughs,

He, solitary, sat, to breathe his vows.
Venting the tender anguish of his heart.
As passion taught, in accents free of art;
And little did he hope, while, night by night,
His sighs were lavished thus on Lucy bright.
'Ah! well-a-day, how long must I endure
This pining pain? Or who shall speed my cure?
Fond love no cure will have, seek no repose,
Delights in grief, nor any measure knows:
And now the moon begins in clouds to rise;
The brightening stars increase within the skies;
The winds are hushed; the dews distil; and sleep
Hath closed the eyelids of my weary sheep;
I only, with a prowling wolf, constrained
All night to wake: with hunger he is pained,
And I with love. His hunger he may tame;
But who can quench, O cruel love! thy flame?
Whilome did I, all as this poplar fair,
Upraise my heedless head. then void of care,
'Mong rustic routs the chief for wanton game;
Nor could they merry make, till Lobbin came.
Who better seen than I in shepherd's arts,
To please the lads and win the lasses' hearts?
How deftly, to mine oaten reed so sweet,
Wont they upon the green to shift their feet!
And, wearied in the dance, how would they yearn
Some well-devisèd tale from me to learn!
For many songs and tales of mirth had I,
To chase the loitering sun adown the sky.
But ah! since Lucy coy deep-wrought her spite
Within my heart, unmindful of delight,
The jolly grooms I fly, and, all alone,
To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitless moan.
Oh! quit thy wonted scorn, relentless fair,
Ere, lingering long, I perish through despair,
Had Rosalind been mistress of my mind,
Though not so fair, she would have proved more kind
O think, unwitting maid, while yet is time,
How flying years impair thy youthful prime!
Thy virgin bloom will not for ever stay,
And flowers, though left ungathered, will decay:
The flowers, anew, returning seasons bring,
But beauty faded has no second spring.
My words are wind! She, deaf to all my cries,
Takes pleasure in the mischief of her eyes.
Like frisking heifer, loose in flowery meads,
She gads where'er her roving fancy leads;
Yet still from me. Ah me! the tiresome chase!
Shy as the fawn, she flies my fond embrace.
She flies, indeed, but ever leaves behind,
Fly where she will, her likeness in my mind.'

GEORGE GRANVILLE, LORD LANSDOWNE.

Pope has commemorated among his early friends and patrons 'Granville the polite.' He was early distinguished and commended by Waller, of whom he was an imitator. His poems in praise of 'Mira'—the Countess of Newburgh—were popular at the time of their production, and he was the author of several dramatic pieces now forgotten. He stood high in the favour of Queen Anne, was elevated to the peerage in 1711, and was successively comptroller and treasurer of the household. In the reign of George I. he fell into disgrace, and was committed to the Tower, on a charge of disloyalty to the Hanover succession. He was released after a confinement of about a year and a half, and was restored to his seat in parliament. In 1732, he published his works in two volumes. He died January 30, 1734-35, aged about seventy. Though occasionally a pleasing versifier, Granville cannot be considered a poet.

ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

'It is remarkable,' says Wordsworth, 'that excepting the "Nocturnal Reverie," and a passage or two in the "Windsor Forest" of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of "Paradise Lost" and the "Seasons," does not contain a single new image of external nature.' The 'Nocturnal Reverie' was written by **Anne, Countess of Winchelsea**, the daughter of Sir William Kingsmill, Southampton, who died in 1720, aged about sixty. Her lines are smoothly versified, and possess a tone of calm and contemplative observation.

A Nocturnal Reverie.

In such a night, when every louder wind
Is to its distant cavern safe confined,
And only gentle zephyr fans his wings,
And lonely Philomel still waking sings;
Or from some tree, famed for the owl's delight,
She, holloaing clear, directs the wanderer right:
In such a night, when passing clouds give place,
Or thinly veil the heaven's mysterious face;
When in some river overhung with green,
The waving moon and trembling leaves are seen;
When freshened grass now bears itself upright,
And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,
Whence springs the woodbine, and the bramble rose,
And where the sleepy cowslip sheltered grows;
Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,
Yet checkers still with red the dusky brakes;
When scattered glowworms, but in twilight fine,
Shew trivial beauties watch their hour to shine;
Whilst Salisbury stands the test of every light,
In perfect charms and perfect virtue bright:
When odours which declined repelling day,
Through temperate air uninterrupted stray;
When darkened groves their softest shadows wear,
And falling waters we distinctly hear;
When through the gloom more venerable shews
Some ancient fabric, awful in repose;
While sunburnt hills their swarthy looks conceal,
And swelling haycocks thicken up the vale:
When the loosed horse now, as his pasture leads,
Comes slowly grazing through the adjoining meads,
Whose stealing pace and lengthened shade we fear,
Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear;
When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,
And unmolested kine rechew the cud;
When curlews cry beneath the village walls,

And to her straggling brood the partridge calls;
Their short-lived jubilee the creatures keep,
Which but endures whilst tyrant man does sleep;
When a sedate content the spirit feels,
And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals;
But silent musings urge the mind to seek
Something too high for syllables to speak;
Till the free soul to a composedness charmed,
Finding the elements of rage disarmed,
O'er all below a solemn quiet grown,
Joys in the inferior world, and thinks it like her own:
In such a night let me abroad remain,
Till morning breaks, and all's confused again;
Our cares, our toils, our clamours are renewed,
Or pleasures, seldom reached, again pursued.

The following is another specimen of the correct and smooth versification of the countess, and seems to us superior to the 'Nocturnal Reverie:'

Life's Progress.

How gaily is at first begun
Our life's uncertain race!
Whilst yet that sprightly morning sun,
With which we just set out to run,
Enlightens all the place.

How smiling the world's prospect lies!
How tempting to go through!
Not Canaan to that prophet's eyes.
From Pisgah, with a sweet surprise,
Did more inviting shew.

How soft the first ideas prove
Which wander through our minds!
How full the joys, how free the love,
Which does that early season move,
As flowers the western winds!

Our sighs are then but vernal air,
But April drops our tears,
Which swiftly passing, all grows fair,
Whilst beauty compensates our care,
And youth each vapour clears.

But oh, too soon, alas! we climb,
Scarce feeling we ascend
The gently rising hill of Time,
From whence with grief we see that prime,
And all its sweetness end.

The die now cast, our station known,
Fond expectation past:
The thorns which former days had sown,
To crops of late repentance grown,
Through which we toil at last.

Whilst every care 's a driving harm
That helps to bear us down;
Which faded smiles no more can charm,
But every tear 's a winter storm,
And every look 's a frown.

SCOTTISH POETS.

FRANCIS SEMPILL of Beltrees (son of Robert Sempill, see *ante*), who died between 1680 and 1685, wrote some excellent rustic songs—'Fy, let us a' to the Bridal,' 'She raise and loot me in,' and 'Maggie Lauder.'

In the years 1706, 1709, and 1711, was published in Edinburgh, in three parts, 'A Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems, both Ancient and Modern,' by James Watson. In this collection appeared the oldest known version of 'Auld Langsyne,' though probably founded on one of earlier date. The following is the first stanza:

Should old acquaintance be forgot,
And never thought upon?
The flames of love extinguished,
And freely past and gone?

Is thy kind heart now grown so cold,
In that loving breast of thine,
That thou canst never once reflect
On old longsyne?

Another stanza seems to fix the date of the song to the time of the civil war, about the middle of the 17th century:

If e'er I have a house, my dear,
That truly is called mine,
And can afford but country cheer,
Or ought that's good therein:

Though thou wert rebel to the king,
And beat with wind and rain,
Assure thyself of welcome, love,
For old long-yne.

This poem or song of 'Old Longsyne' has been ascribed (though only from supposed internal evidence) to Sir Robert Ayton (see *ante*) and also to Francis Sempill, but we have no doubt it is of later date. Another version (also ascribed to Francis Sempill) is given in Herd's collection, 1776. It begins:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Though they return with scars?
These are the noble heroes' lot
Obtained in glorious wars.

Welcome, my Varo, to my breast;
Thy arms about me twine,
And mak me ance again as blest,
As I was langsyne.

It is needless to point out how immeasurably superior is Burns's 'Auld Langsyne.' James Watson, in 1719, gave to the world a pretended fragment of an old heroic ballad entitled 'Hardyknute.' This imitation was greatly admired by Gray and Percy—who believed it to be ancient, though retouched by some modern hand—and by Sir Walter Scott, who said it was the first poem he ever learned, the last he should forget. It is understood to have been written by ELIZABETH, daughter of SIR CHARLES HALKET, Bart. of Pitferran, who was married in 1696 to SIR HENRY WARDLAW, Bart. of Pitreavie, in Fife. Lady Wardlaw died in 1727, aged fifty. 'Hardyknute' is a fine martial and pathetic ballad, though irreconcilable, as Scott acknowledged, with all chronology; 'a chief with a Norwegian name is strangely introduced as the first of the nobles brought to resist a Norse invasion at the battle of Largs.' The ballad extends to forty-two stanzas, and opens thus picturesquely:

Stately stept he east the wa',
And stately stept he west,
Full seventy years he now had seen,
With scarce seven years of rest.
He lived when Britons' breach of faith
Wrought Scotland mickle wae;
And aye his sword tauld to their cost,
He was their deadly fae.

High on a hill his castle stood,
With ha's and towers a height,
And goodly chambers fair to see,
Where he lodged mony a knight.
His dame sae peerless ance and fair,
For chaste and beauty deemed,
Nae marrow had in a'l the land,
Save Eleanor the Queen.

The following also is very spirited:

The king of Norse in summer tide,
Puffed up with power and might,
Landed in fair Scotland the isle
With mony a hardy knight.
The tidings to our good Scots king
Came, as he sat at dine,
With noble chiefs in brave array,
Drinking the bluid-red wine.

'To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
Your faes stand on the strand,
Full twenty thousand glittering spears
The king of Norse commands.'
'Bring me my steed Madge dapple gray,'
Our good king rose and cried;
'A trustier beast in a' the land,
A Scots king never tried.

'Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on hill sae hie,
To draw his sword, the dread of faes,
And haste and follow me.'
The little page flew swift as dart
Flung by his master's arm:
'Come down, come down. Lord Hardyknute,
And rid your king frae harm.'

Then red, red grew his dark-brown cheeks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow;
His looks grew keen, as they were wont
In dangers great to do;
He 's ta'en a horn as green as glass,
And gi'en five sounds sae shrill,
That trees in greenwood shook thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

The genius of the country was at length revived in all its force and nationality, its comic dialogue, Doric simplicity, and tenderness, by ALLAN RAMSAY, whose very name is now an impersonation of Scottish scenery and character. The religious austerity of the Covenanters still hung over Scotland, and damped the efforts of poets and dramatists; but a freer spirit found its way into the towns, along with the increase of trade and commerce. The higher classes were in the habit of visiting London, though the journey was still performed on horseback; and the writings of Pope and Swift were circulated over the north. Clubs and taverns were rife in Edinburgh, in which the assembled wits loved to indulge in a pleasantry that often degenerated to excess. Talent was readily known and appreciated; and when Ramsay appeared as an author, he found the nation ripe for his native humour, his 'manners-painting strains,' and his lively original sketches of Scottish life. Allan Ramsay was born in 1686, in the village of Leadhills, Lanarkshire, where his father held the situation of manager of Lord Hopetoun's mines. When he became a poet, he boasted that he was of the 'auld descent' of the Dalhousie family, and also collaterally 'sprung from a Douglas loin.' His mother, Alice Bower, was of English parentage, her father having been brought from Derbyshire to instruct the Scottish miners in their art. Those who entertain the theory that men of genius usually partake largely of the qualities and dispositions of their mother, may perhaps recognise some of the Derbyshire blood in Allan Ramsay's frankness and joviality of character. His father died while the poet was in his infancy; but his mother marrying again in the same district, Allan was brought up at Leadhills, and put to the village school, where he acquired learning enough to enable him, as he tells us, to read Horace 'faintly in the original.' His lot might have been a hard one, but it was fortunately spent in the country till he had reached his fifteenth year; and his lively temperament enabled him, with cheerfulness—

To wade through glens wi' chorking (1) feet,
When neither plaid nor kilt could fend the weet;
Yet blithely wad he bang out o'er the brae,
And stend (2) o'er burns as light as ony rae,
Hoping the morn might prove a better day.

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1 *Chorking* or *chirking*, the noise made by the feet when the shoes are full of water.
2 *Spring*.

At the age of fifteen, Allan was put apprentice to a wig-maker in Edinburgh—a light employment, suited to his slender frame and boyish *smartness*, but not very congenial to his literary taste. His poetical talent, however, was more observant than creative, and he did not commence writing till he was about twenty-six years of age. He then penned an address to the 'Easy Club,' a convivial society of young men, tinctured with Jacobite predilections, which were also imbibed by Ramsay, and which probably formed an additional recommendation to the favour of Pope and Gay, a distinction that he afterwards enjoyed. Allan was admitted a member of this 'blithe society,' and became their poet-laureate. He wrote various light pieces, chiefly of a local and humorous description, which were sold at a penny each, and became exceedingly popular. He also sedulously courted the patronage of the great, subduing his Jacobite feelings, and never selecting a fool for his patron. In this mingled spirit of prudence and poetry, he contrived

To theek the out, and line the inside,
Of many a douce and witty pash,
And baith ways gathered in the cash.

In the year 1712 he married a writer's daughter, Christian Ross, who was his faithful partner for more than thirty years. He greatly extended his reputation by writing a continuation to King James's 'Christ's Kirk on the Green,' executed with genuine humour, fancy, and a perfect mastery of the Scottish language. Nothing so rich had appeared since the strains of Dunbar or Lindsay. What an inimitable sketch of rustic-life, coarse, but as true as any by Teniers, is presented in the first stanzas of the third canto!—

Now frae the east nook of Fife the dawn
Speeled (1) westlins up the lift;
Carls wha heard the cock had craw'n,
Begoud to rax and rift;
And greedy wives, wi' girning thrawn,
Cried lasses up to thrift;
Dogs barked, and the lads frae hand
Banged to their breeks like drift
By break of day.

Ramsay now left off wig-making, and set up a bookseller's shop, 'opposite to Niddry's Wynd.' He next appeared as an editor, and published two works, 'The Tea-table Miscellany,' being a collection of songs, partly his own; and 'The Evergreen,' a collection of Scottish poems written before 1600. He was not well qualified for the task of editing works of this kind, being deficient both in knowledge and taste. In the 'Evergreen,' he published, as ancient poems, two pieces of his own, one of which, 'The Vision,' exhibits high powers of poetry. The genius of Scotland is drawn with a touch of the old heroic Muse:

Great daring darted frae his ee,
A braid-sword shogled at his thie,
On his left arm a targe;
A shining spear filled his right hand,
Of stalwart make in bane and brawnd,
Of just proportions large;
A various rainbow-coloured plaid
Owre his left spawl (2) he threw,

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1 *Climbed.*

2 Limb.

Down his braid back, frae his white head,
The silver wimplers (3) grew.
Amazed, I gazed,
To see, led at command,
A stampant and rampant
Fierce lion in his hand.

In 1725, appeared his celebrated pastoral drama, 'The Gentle Shepherd,' of which two scenes had previously been published under the titles of 'Patie and Roger,' and 'Jenny and Meggy.' It was received with universal approbation, and was republished both in London and Dublin. When Gay visited Scotland in company with his patrons, the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, he used to lounge in Allan Ramsay's shop, and obtain from him explanations of some of the Scottish expressions, that he might communicate them to Pope, who was a great admirer of the poem. This was a delicate and marked compliment, which Allan must have felt, though he had previously represented himself as the vicegerent of Apollo, and equal to Homer! He now removed to a better shop, and instead of the Mercury's head which had graced his sign-board, he put up 'the presentment of two brothers' of the Muse, Ben Jonson and Drummond. He next established a circulating library, the first in Scotland. He associated on familiar terms with the leading nobility, lawyers, wits, and literati. His son, afterwards a distinguished artist, he sent to Rome for instruction. But the prosperity of poets seems liable to an uncommon share of crosses. He was led by the promptings of a taste then rare in Scotland to expend his savings in the erection of a theatre, for the performance of the regular drama. He wished to keep his 'troop' together by the 'pith of reason;' but he did not calculate on the pith of an act of parliament in the hands of a hostile magistrate. The statute for licensing theatres prohibited all dramatic exhibitions without special licence and the royal letters-patent; and on the strength of this enactment the magistrates of Edinburgh shut up Allan's theatre, leaving him without redress. To add to his mortification, the envious poetasters and strict religionists of the day attacked him with personal satires and lampoons, under such titles as—'A Looking-glass for Allan Ramsay;' 'The Dying Words of Allan Ramsay,' &c. Allan endeavoured to enlist President Forbes and the judges on his side by a poetical address in which he prays for compensation from the legislature—

Syne, for amends for what I've lost,
Edge me into some canny post.

His circumstances and wishes at this crisis are more particularly explained in a letter to the president, which now lies before us:

'Will you,' he writes, 'give me something to do? Here I pass a sort of half-idle scrimp life, tending a trifling trade, that scarce affords me the needful. Had I not got a parcel of guineas from you, and such as you, who were pleased to patronise my subscriptions, I should not have had a grey groat. I think shame—but why should I, when

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1 Waving locks of hair.

I open my mind to one of your goodness?—to hint that I want to have some small commission, when it happens to fall in your way to put me into it.' (1)

It does not appear that he either got money or a *post*, but he applied himself attentively to his business, and soon recruited his purse. A citizen-like good sense regulated the life of Ramsay. He gave over poetry 'before,' he prudently says, 'the coolness of fancy that attends advanced years should make me risk the reputation I had acquired.'

Frae twenty-five to five and forty,
My muse was nowther sweer nor dorty; (2)
My Pegasus wad break his tether
E'en at the shagging of a feather,
And through ideas scour like drift,
Streaking his wings up to the lift;
Then, then, my soul was in a lowe,
That gart my numbers safely row.
But eild and judgment 'gin to say,
Let be your sangs, and learn to pray.

About the year 1743, his circumstances were sufficiently flourishing to enable him to build himself a small octagon-shaped house on the north side of the Castle-hill, which he called Ramsay Lodge, but which some of his waggish friends compared to a goose-pie. He told Lord Elibank one day of this ludicrous comparison. 'What!' said the witty peer, 'a goose-pie! In good faith, Allan, now that I see you in it, I think the house is not ill named.' He lived in this singular-looking mansion—which has since been much improved—twelve years, and died of a complaint that had long afflicted him, scurvy in the gums, on the 7th of January, 1658, at the age of seventy-two. So much of pleasantry, good-humour, and worldly enjoyment is mixed up with the history of Allan Ramsay, that his life is one of the 'green and sunny spots' in literary biography. His genius was well rewarded; and he possessed that turn of mind which David Hume says it is more happy to possess than to be born to an estate of ten thousand a year—a disposition always to see the favourable side of things.

Ramsay's poetical works are sufficiently various; and one of his editors has ambitiously classed them under heads of serious, elegiac, comic, satiric, epigrammatical, pastoral, lyric, epistolary, fables and tales. His tales are quaint and humorous, though, like those of Prior, they are too often indelicate. 'The Monk and Miller's Wife,' founded on a humorous old Scottish poem, is as happy an adaptation as any of Pope's or Dryden's from Chaucer. His lyrics want the grace, simplicity, and beauty which Burns breathed into these 'wood notes wild,' designed alike for cottage and hall; yet some of those in the 'Gentle Shepherd' are delicate and tender; and others, such as 'The Last Time I came o'er the Moor,' and 'The Yellow-haired Laddie,' are still favourites with all lovers of Scottish song. In one of the least happy of the lyrics there occurs this beautiful image:

How joyfully my spirits rise,
  When dancing she moves finely, O:
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
  Which sparkle so divinely, O.

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1 From the manuscript collections in Culloden House. 2 Neither slow nor pettish.

His 'Lochaber no More' is a strain of manly feeling and unaffected pathos. The poetical epistles of Ramsay were undoubtedly the prototypes of those by Burns, and many of the stanzas may challenge comparison with them. He makes frequent classical allusions, especially to the works of Horace, with which he seems to have been well acquainted, and whose gay and easy turn of mind harmonised with his own. In an epistle to Mr. James Arbuckle, the poet gives a characteristic and minute painting of himself:

Imprimis, then, for tallness, I
Am five foot and four inches high;
A black-a-viced (1) snod dapper fellow,
Nor lean, nor overlaid wi' tallow;
With phiz of a morocco cut,
Resembling a late man of wit,
Auld gabbet Spec, (2) who was so cunning
To be a dummie ten years running.
Then for the fabric of my mind,
'Tis mair to mirth than grief inclined:
I rather choose to laugh at folly,
Than shew dislike by melancholy;
Well judging a sour heavy face
Is not the truest mark of grace.
I hate a drunkard or a glutton,
Yet I 'm nae fae to wine and mutton:
Great tables ne'er engaged my wishes
When crowded with o'er mony dishes;
A healthfu' stomach, sharply set,
Prefers a back-sey (3) piping het.
I never could imagine 't vicious
Of a fair fame to be ambitious:
Proud to be thought a comic poet,
And let a judge of numbers know it,
I court occasion thus to shew it.

Ramsay addressed epistles to Gay and Somerville, and the latter paid him *in kind*, in very flattering verses. In one of Allan's answers is the following picturesque sketch, in illustration of his own contempt for the stated rules of art:

I love the garden wild and wide,
Where oaks have plum-trees by their side;
Where woodbines and the twisting vine
Clip round the pear-tree and the pine;
Where mixed jonquils and gowans grow,
And roses 'midst rank clover blow
Upon a bank of a clear strand,
In wimplings led by nature's hand;
Though docks and brambles here and there
May sometimes cheat the gardener's care,
Yet this to me's a paradise
Compared with prime cut plots and nice,
Where nature has to art resigned,
Till all looks mean, stiff, and confined.
Heaven Homer taught; the critic draws
Only from him and such their laws:
The native bards first plunge the deep
Before the artful dare to leap.

The 'Gentle Shepherd' is the greatest of Ramsay's works, and perhaps the finest pastoral drama in the world. It possesses that air of primitive simplicity and seclusion which seems indispensable in compositions of this class, at the same time that its landscapes are filled with lifelike beings, who interest us from their character, situation, and circumstances. It has none of that studied pruriency and unnatural artifice which are intruded into the 'Faithful Shepherdess' of Fletcher, and is equally free from the tedious allegory and forced conceits of most pastoral poems. It is a genuine picture of Scottish life, but of life passed in simple rural employments, apart from the guilt and fever of large towns, and reflecting only the pure and un-

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1 *Dark complexioned.* From *black* and Fr. *vis*, the visage.
2 *The Spectator*, No. 1, by Addison.
3 A Sirloin.

sophisticated emotions of our nature. The affected sensibilities and feigned distresses of the 'Corydons' and 'Delias' find no place in Ramsay's clear and manly page. He drew his shepherds from the life, placed them in scenes which he actually saw, and made them speak the language which he every day heard—the free idiomatic speech of his native vales. His art lay in the beautiful selection of his materials—in the grouping of his well-defined characters—the invention of a plot, romantic, yet natural—the delightful appropriateness of every speech and auxiliary incident—and in the tone of generous sentiment and true feeling which sanctifies this scene of humble virtue and happiness. The love of his 'gentle' rustics is at first artless and confiding, though partly disguised by maiden coyness and arch humour; and it is expressed in language and incidents alternately amusing and impassioned. At length the hero is elevated in station above his mistress, and their affection assumes a deeper character from the threatened dangers of a separation. Mutual distress and tenderness break down reserve. The simple heroine, without forgetting her natural dignity and modesty, lets out her whole soul to her early companion; and when assured of his unalterable attachment, she not only, like Miranda, 'weeps at what she is glad of,' but, with the true pride of a Scottish maiden, she resolves to study 'gentler charms,' and to educate herself to be worthy of her lover. Poetical justice is done to this faithful attachment, by both the characters being found equal in birth and station. The poet's taste and judgment are evinced in the superiority which he gives his hero and heroine, without debasing their associates below their proper level; while a ludicrous contrast to both is supplied by the underplot of Bauldy and his courtships. The elder characters in the piece afford a fine relief to the youthful pairs, besides completing the rustic picture. While one scene discloses the young shepherds by 'craigy bields' and 'crystal springs,' or presents Peggy and Jenny on the bleaching-green—

> A trotting burnie wimpling through the ground—

another shews us the snug thatched cottage with its barn and peat-stack, or the interior of the house, with a clear *ingle* glancing on the floor, and its inmates happy with innocent mirth and rustic plenty. The drama altogether makes one proud of peasant-life and the virtues of a Scottish cottage. In imitation of Gay in his 'Beggar's Opera,' Ramsay interspersed songs throughout the 'Gentle Shepherd,' which tend to interrupt the action of the piece, and too often merely repeat, in a diluted form, the sentiments of the dialogue. These songs in themselves, however, are simple and touching lyrics, and added greatly to the effect of the drama on the stage. In reading it, the songs may be advantageously passed over, leaving undisturbed the most perfect delineation of rural life and manners, without vulgar humility or affectation, that was ever drawn.

Ode from Horace.

Look up to Pentland's towering tap,
  Buried beneath great wreaths of snaw,
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scaur, and slap, (1)
  As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their ba's frae whins or tee,
  There 's no ae gowfer to be seen,
Nor douser fouk wysing ajee
  The biassed bowls on Tamson's green.

Then fling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
  And beek the house baith but and ben;
That mutchkin-stoup it hauds but dribs,
  Then let 's get in the tappit hen. (2)

Good claret best keeps out the cauld,
  And drives away the winter soon;
It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
  And heaves his saul beyond the moon.

Leave to the gods your ilka care,
  If that they think us worth their while;
They can a rowth of blessings spare,
  Which will our fashous fears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,
  That will they do, should we gang wud;
If they command the storms to blaw,
  Then upo' sight the hailstanes thud.

But soon as e'er they cry, 'Be quiet,'
  The blattering winds dare nae mair move,
But cour into their caves, and wait
  The high command of supreme Jove.

Let neist day come as it thinks fit,
  The present minute 's only ours;
On pleasure let 's employ our wit,
  And laugh at fortune's feckless pow[illegible]

Be sure ye dinna quat the grip
  Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
  And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth 's a blithe and heartsom[illegible] time;
  Then lads and lasses, while it 's May,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
  Before it wither and decay.

Watch the saft minutes of delight,
  When Jenny speaks beneath her breath;
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
  On you, if she kep ony skaith.

'Haith, ye 're ill-bred,' she 'll smiling say;
  'Ye 'll worry me, you greedy rook;'
Syne frae your arms she 'll rin away,
  And hide hersell in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place,
  Where lies the happiness you want,
And plainly tells you to your face,
  Nineteen naysays are half a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
  And sweetly toolie for a kiss,
Frae her fair finger whup a ring,
  As token of a future bliss.

These benisons, I 'm very sure,
  Are of the gods' indulgent grant;
Then surly carles, whisht, forbear
  To plague us with your whining cant.

In this instance, the felicitous manner in which Ramsay has preserved the Horatian ease and spirit, and at the same time clothed the whole in a true Scottish garb, renders his version superior even to Dryden's English one. For comparison two stanzas of the latter are subjoined:

Secure those golden early joys,
  That youth unsoured with sorrow bears,
Ere withering time the taste destroys
  With sickness and unwieldy years.
For active sports, for pleasing rest,
This is the time to be possest;
The best is but in season best.
The appointed hour of promised bliss,
  The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half-unwilling willing kiss,
  The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph would coyness feign,
And hides but to be found again;
These, these are joys the gods for youth ordain.

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1 *Cleugh*, a hollow between hills; *scaur*, a bare hill-side; *slap*, a narrow pass between two hills.
2 A large bottle of claret holding three *magnums* or Scots pints.

Song.—Tune, 'Bush Aboon Traquair.'

t setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
'll ask of Heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
'll visit aft the birken bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
weet tales of love, and hid thy blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood shaw or fountain;
Or where the summer day I 'd share
With thee upon yon mountain:
There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unfeigned and tender;
By vows you 're mine, by love is yours
A heart that cannot wander.

Lochaber no More.

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I've mony day been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir;
Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
They'll ne'er mak a tempest like that in my mind;
Though loudest o' thunder on louder waves roar,
That 's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained;
By ease that 's inglorious no fame can be gained;
And beauty and love 's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

Rustic Courtship —From the 'Gentle Shepherd.'—Act I.

Hear how I served my lass I lo'e as weel
As ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as leal.
Last morning I was gye and early out,
Upon a dike I leaned, glow'ring about;
I saw my Meg come linkin' o'er the lea;
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me;
For yet the sun was wading through the mist,
And she was close upon me ere she wist;
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs, that whiter were than snaw.
Her cockernony snooded up fu' sleek,
Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek;
Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her een sae clear;
And oh! her mouth 's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
Blithsome, I cried: 'My bonny Meg, come here,
I ferly wherefore ye 're so soon asteer;
But I can guess; ye 're gaun to gather dew.'
She scoured away, and said: 'What 's that to you?
'Then, fare-ye-well, Meg Dorts, and e'en 's ye like,'

I careless cried, and lap in o'er the dike.
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
She came with a right thieveless errand back.
Misca'd me first; then bade me hound my dog,
To wear up three waff ewes strayed on the bog.
I leugh; and sae did she; then wi' great haste
I clasped my arms about her neck and waist;
About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
O' sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
My very saul came louping to my lips.
Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.
Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb.
Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wud.

Dialogue on Marriage.

PEGGY *and* JENNY.

JENNY. Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
This shining day will bleach our linen clean;
The water clear, the lift unclouded blue,
Will mak them like a lily wet wi' dew.
PEGGY. Gae far'er up the burn to Habbie's How,
There a' the sweets o' spring and summer grow:
There 'tween twa birks, out ower a little linn,
The water fa's and maks a singin' din;
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear a glass,
Kisses wi' easy whirls the bordering grass. . . .
We're far frae ony road, and out o' sight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height.
But tell me, now, dear Jenny, we're our lane,
What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain?
The neebours a' tent this as weel as I,
That Roger lo'es ye, yet ye carena by,
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's worthy you the best day e'er ye saw.
JENNY. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end;
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
He kames his hair, indeed, and gaes right snug,
Wi' ribbon knots at his blue bannet lug,
Whilk pensily he wears a thought a-jee,
And spreads his gartens diced beneath his knee;
He falds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,
And few gang trigger to the kirk or fair:
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, 'How d' ye?'—or, 'There's a bonny day.'
PEGGY. Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting pride,
Hatred for love is unco sair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld—
What likes 's a dorty maiden when she's auld? . . .
JENNY. I never thought a single life a crime.
PEGGY. Nor I: but love in whispers let's us ken,
That men were made for us, and we for men. . . .
Yes, it's a heartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall hae delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee; . . .

When a' they ettle at—their greatest wish,
Is to be made o', and obtain a kiss?
Can there be toil in tending day and night
The like o' them, when love maks care delight?
JENNY. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst o' a';
Gif o'er your heads ill-chance should begg'ry draw,
But little love or canty cheer can come
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die—the spate may bear away
Frae aff the holms your dainty rucks o' hay.
The thick-blawn wreaths o' snaw, or blashy thows,
May smoor your wethers, and may rot your ewes.
A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheese,
But, or the day o' payment, breaks, and flees.
Wi' gloomin' brow, the laird seeks in his rent;
It's no to gie; your merchant's to the bent.
His honour maunna want—he poinds your gear;
Syne, driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer?
Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life;
Troth, it 's nae mows to be a married wife.
PEGGY. May sic ill-luck befa' that silly she
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
Let fouk bode weel, and strive to do their best;
Nae mair 's required: let Heaven mak out the rest.
I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
That lads should a' for wives that 's virtuous pray;
For the maist thrifty man could never get
A weel-stored room, unless his wife wad let:
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart:
Whate'er he wins, I 'll guide wi' canny care,
And win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
Shall first be sald to pay the laird his due;
Syne a' behind 's our ain. Thus without fear,
Wi' love and rowth, we through the warld will steer;
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.
JENNY. But what if some young giglet on the green,
Wi' dimpled cheeks and twa bewitching een,
Should gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
And her kenned kisses, hardly worth a feg?
PEGGY. Nae mair o' that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we:
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Hast blest them wi' solidity o' mind.
They'll reason calmly, and wi' kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile:
Sae, whenso'er they slight their maiks at hame,
It's ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.
Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
To keep him cheerfu', and secure his heart.
At e'en, when he come weary frae the hill,
I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will;
In winter, when he toils through wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearthstane;
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pat's be ready to tak aff;
Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him wi' the best we can afford;
Good-humour and white bigonets shall be

Guards to my face to keep his love for me.
  Jenny. A dish o' married love right soon grows cauld,
And dosens down to nane, as fouk grow auld.
  Peggy But we'll grow auld thegither, and n'er find
The loss o' youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns mak sure a firmer tie,
Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
See you twa elms that grow up side by side,
Suppose them some year syne bridegroom and bride:
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increast,
And in their mixture now are fully blest:
This shields the ither frae the eastlin blast,
That, in return, defends it frae the wast.
Sic as stand single—a state sae liked by you!—
Beneath ilk storm, frae every airt, maun bow.
  Jenny. I've done—I yield, dear lassie; I maun yield;
Your better sense has fairly won the field.

DRAMATISTS.

The dramatic literature of this period was, like its general poetry, polished and artificial. In tragedy, the highest name is that of Southerne, who may claim, with Otway, the power of touching the passions, yet his language is feeble compared with that of the great dramatists, and his general style low and unimpressive. Addison's 'Cato' is more properly a classical poem than a drama—as cold and less vigorous than the tragedies of Jonson. In comedy, the national taste is apparent in its faithful and witty delineations of polished life, of which Wycherley and Congreve had set the example, and which was well continued by Farquhar and Vanbrugh. Beaumont and Fletcher first introduced what may be called comedies of intrigue, borrowed from the Spanish drama; and the innovation appears to have been congenial to the English taste, for it still pervades our comic literature. The vigorous exposure of the immorality of the stage by Jeremy Collier, and the essays of Steele and Addison, improving the taste and moral feeling of the public, a partial reformation took place of those nuisances of the drama which the Restoration had introduced. The Master of the Revels, by whom all plays had to be licensed, also aided in this work of retrenchment; but a glance at even those *improved* plays of the reign of William III. and his successors, will shew that ladies frequenting the theatres had still occasion to wear masks, which Colley Cibber says they usually did on the production of a new play.

THOMAS SOUTHERNE.

Thomas Southerne (1659–1746) may be classed either with the last or the present period. His life was long, extended, and prosperous. He was a native of Dublin, but came to England, and enrolled himself in the Middle Temple as a student of law. He afterwards *entered* the army, and held the rank of captain under the Duke of

York, at the time of Monmouth's insurrection. His latter days were spent in retirement, and in the possession of a considerable fortune.

Southerne wrote ten plays, but only two exhibit his characteristic powers, namely 'Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage,' and 'Oroonoko.' The latter is founded on an actual occurrence; Oroonoko, an African prince, having been stolen from his native kingdom of Angola, and carried to one of the West India islands. The impassioned grandeur of Oroonoko's sufferings, his burst of horror and indignation at the slave-trade, and his unhappy passion for Imoinda, are powerful and pathetic. In the following scene, the hero and heroine unexpectedly meet after a long absence:

OROONOKO. My soul steals from my body through my eyes;
All that is left of life I 'll gaze away,
And die upon the pleasure.
LIEUT. This is strange!
OROO. If you but mock me with her image here:
If she be not Imoinda—
[She looks upon him and falls into a swoon; he runs to her.
Ha! she faints!
Nay, then, it must be she—it is Imoinda!
My heart confesses her, and leaps for joy,
To welcome her to her own empire here. *[Kisses her.*
Imoinda! oh, thy Oroonoko calls.
IMOINDA (*recovering*). My Oroonoko! Oh! I can't believe
What any man can say. But if I am
To be deceived, there 's something in that name,
That voice, that face— *[Stares at him.*
Oh! if I know myself, I cannot be mistaken. *[Embraces him.*
OROO. Never here:
You cannot be mistaken: I am yours,
Your Oroonoko, all that you would have;
Your tender, loving husband.
IMO. All, indeed,
That I would have: my husband! then I am
Alive, and waking to the joys I feel:
They were so great, I could not think 'em true;
But I believe all that you say to me:
For truth itself, and everlasting love
Grows in this breast, and pleasure in these arms.
OROO. Take, take me all; inquire into my heart
You know the way to every secret there—
My heart, the sacred treasury of love:
And if, in absence, I have disemployed
A mite from the rich store; if I have spent
A wish, a sigh, but what I sent to you,
May I be cursed to wish and sigh in vain,
And you not pity me.
IMO. Oh! I believe,
And know you by myself. If these sad eyes,
Since last we parted, have beheld the face
Of any comfort, or once wished to see
The light of any other heaven but you,
May I be struck this moment blind, and lose
Your blessed sight, never to find you more.
OROO. Imoinda! Oh! this separation
Has made you dearer, if it can be so,
Than you were ever to me. You appear
Like a kind star to my benighted steps,

To guide me on my way to happiness:
I cannot miss it now. Governor, friend,
You think me mad: but let me bless you all,
Who anyways have been the instruments
Of finding her again. Imoinda 's found!
And everything that I would have in her. [*Embraces her.*
Bland. Sir, we congratulate your happiness; I do most heartily.
Lieut. And all of us: but how it comes to pass——
Oroo. That would require
More precious time than I can spare you now.
I have a thousand things to ask of her,
And she as many more to know of me.
But you have made me happier, I confess,
Acknowledge it, much happier than I
Have words or power to tell you. Captain, you,
Even you, who most have wronged me, I forgive.
I will not say you have betrayed me now:
I 'll think you but the minister of fate,
To bring me to my loved Imoinda here.
Imo. How, how shall I receive you? how be worthy
Of such endearments, all this tenderness?
These are the transports of prosperity,
When fortune smiles upon us.
Oroo. Let the fools
Who follow fortune live upon her smiles;
All our prosperity is placed in love;
We have enough of that to make us happy.
This little spot of earth you stand upon
Is more to me than the extended plains
Of my great father's kingdom. Here I reign
In full delights, in joys to power unknown;
Your love my empire, and your heart my throne. [*Exeunt.*

Mr. Hallam says that Southerne was the first English writer who denounced (in this play) the traffic in slaves and the cruelties of their West Indian bondage. This is an honour which should never be omitted in any mention of the dramatist. 'Isabella' is more correct and regular than 'Oroonoko,' and the part of the heroine affords scope for a tragic actress, scarcely inferior in pathos to Belvidera. Otway, however, has more depth of passion, and more vigorous delineation of character. The plot of 'Isabella' is simple. In abject distress, and believing her husband, Biron, to be dead, Isabella is hurried into a second marriage. Biron returns, and the distress of the heroine terminates in madness and death. Comic scenes are interspersed throughout Southerne's tragedies, which, though they relieve the sombre colouring of the main action and interest of the piece, are sometimes misplaced and unpleasant.

Return of Biron.

A Chamber—Enter Isabella.

Isabella. I've heard of witches, magic spells, and charms,
That have made nature start from her old course;
The sun has been eclipsed, the moon drawn down
From her career, still paler, and subdued
To the abuses of this under world.
Now I believe all possible. This ring,
This little ring, with necromantic force,

Has raised the ghost of pleasure to my fears;
Conjured the sense of honour and of love
Into such shapes, they fright me from myself!
I dare not think of them.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam, the gentleman 's below.
Isa. I had forgot; pray, let me speak with him. [*Exit Nurse.*
This ring was the first present of my love
To Biron, my first husband; I must blush
To think I have a second. Biron died
(Still to my loss) at Candy; there's my hope.
Oh, do I live to hope that he died there?
It must be so: he's dead, and this ring left,
By his last breath, to some known faithful friend,
To bring me back again;
That's all I have to trust to.

Enter Biron—(Isabella *looking at him.*)

My fears were woman's—I have viewed him all;
And let me let me say to myself,
I live again, and rise but from his tomb.
Biron. Have you forgot me quite?
Isa. Forgot you!
Bir. Then farewell my disguise, and my misfortunes!
My Isabella! [*He goes to her; she shrinks, and faints.*
Isa. Ha!
Bir. Oh! come again;
Thy Biron summons thee to life and love;
Thy once-loved, ever-loving husband calls—
Thy Biron speaks to thee.
Excess of love and joy, for my return,
Has overpowered her. I was to blame
To take thy sex's softness unprepared;
But sinking thus, thus dying in my arms,
This ecstacy has made my welcome more
Than words could say. Words may be counterfeit,
False coined, and current only from the tongue,
Without the mind; but passion 's in the soul,
And always speaks the heart.
Isa. Where have I been? Why do you keep him from me?
I know his voice; my life, upon the wing,
Hears the soft lure that brings me back again;
'Tis he himself, my Biron.
Do I hold you fast,
Never to part again?
If I must fall, death 's welcome in these arms.
Bir. Live ever in these arms.
Isa. But pardon me:
Excuse the wild disorder of my soul;
The joy, the strange, surprising joy of seeing you,
Of seeing you again, distracted me.
Bir. Thou everlasting goodness!
Isa. Answer me:
What hand of Providence has brought you back
To your own home again?
Oh, tell me all,
For every thought confounds me.
Bir. My best life! at leisure all.
Isa. We thought you dead; killed at the siege of Candy.
Bir. There I fell among the dead;

But hopes of life reviving from my wounds,
I was preserved but to be made a slave.
I often writ to my hard father, but never had
An answer; I writ to thee too.
Isa. What a world of woe
Had been prevented but in hearing from you!
Bir. Alas! thou couldst not help me.
Isa. You do not know how much I could have done;
At least, I 'm sure I could have suffered all;
I would have sold myself to slavery,
Without redemption; given up my child,
The dearest part of me, to basest wants.
Bir. My little boy!
Isa. My life, but to have heard
You were alive.
Bir. No more, my love; complaining of the past,
We lose the present joy. 'Tis over price
Of all my pains, that thus we meet again!
I have a thousand things to say to thee.
Isa. Would I were past the hearing. [*Aside.*
Bir. How does my child, my boy, my father too?
I hear he 's living still.
Isa. Well, both; both well;
And may he prove a father to your hopes,
Though we have found him none.
Bir. Come, no more tears.
Isa. Seven long years of sorrow for your loss
Have mourned with me.
Bir. And all my days to come
Shall be employed in a kind recompense
For thy afflictions. Can't I see my boy?
Isa. He 's gone to bed; I 'll have him brought to you.
Bir. To-morrow I shall see him; I want rest
Myself, after this weary pilgrimage.
Isa. Alas! what shall I get for you?
Bir. Nothing but rest, my love. To-night I would not
Be known, if possible, to your family:
I see my nurse is with you; her welcome
Would be tedious at this time;
To-morrow will do better.
Isa. I 'll dispose of her, and order everything
As you would have it. [*Exit.*
Bir. Grant me but life, good Heaven, and give the means
To make this wondrous goodness some amends;
And let me then forget her, if I can.
Oh! she deserves of me much more than I
Can lose for her, though I again could venture
A father and his fortune for her love!
You wretched fathers, blind as fortune all!
Not to perceive that such a woman's worth
Weighs down the portions you provide your sons.
What is your trash, what all your heaps of gold,
Compared to this, my heartfelt happiness?
What has she, in my absence, undergone?
I must not think of that; it drives me back
Upon myself, the fatal cause of all.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. I have obeyed your pleasure;
Everything is ready for you.
Bir. I can want nothing here; possessing thee,
All my desires are carried to their aim

Of happiness; there's no room for a wish,
But to continue still this blessing to me;
I know the way, my love. I shall sleep sound.
  ISA. Shall I attend you?
  BIR. By no means;
I've been so long a slave to others' pride,
To learn, at least, to wait upon myself;
You'll make haste after?
  ISA. I'll but say my prayers, and follow you. [*Exit Biron.*
My prayers! no, I must never pray again.
Prayers have their blessings, to reward our hopes,
But I have nothing left to hope for more,
What Heaven could give I have enjoyed; but now
The baneful planet rises on my fate,
And what's to come is a long life of woe;
Yet I may shorten it
I promised him to follow—him!
Is he without a name? Biron, my husband—
My husband! Ha! What, then, is Villeroy?
Oh, Biron, hadst thou come but one day sooner! [*Weeping.*
What's to be done? for something must be done.
Two husbands! married to both,
And yet a wife to neither. Hold, my brain—
Ha! a lucky thought
Works the right way to rid me of them all·
All the reproaches, infamies, and scorns,
That every tongue and finger will find for me.
Let the just horror of my apprehensions
But keep me warm; no matter what can come.
'Tis but a blow; yet I will see him first,
Have a last look, to heighten my despair,
And then to rest forever.

NICHOLAS ROWE.

NICHOLAS ROWE was also bred to the law, and forsook it for the tragic drama. He was born in 1673 or 1674 of a good family at Little Barford, in Bedfordshire. His father had an estate at Lamerton, in Devonshire, and was a serjeant-at-law in the Temple. Nicholas, during the earlier years of manhood, lived on a patrimony of £300 a year in chambers in the Temple. His first tragedy, 'The Ambitious Stepmother,' acted in 1700, was performed with great success; and it was followed by 'Tamerlane,' 'The Fair Penitent,' 'Ulysses,' 'The Royal Convert,' 'Jane Shore,' and 'Lady Jane Grey.' Rowe, on rising into fame as an author, was munificently patronized. The Duke of Queensberry made him his secretary for public affairs. On the accession of George I. he was made poet-laureate and a surveyor of customs; the Prince of Wales appointed him clerk of his council; and the Lord Chancellor gave him the office of clerk of the presentations. Rowe was a favourite in society. It is stated that his voice was uncommonly sweet, his observations lively, and his manners so engaging, that his friends, amongst whom were Pope, Swift, and Addison, delighted in his conversation Yet it is also reported by Spence, that there was a certain levity and carelessness about him, which made Pope, on one occasion, declare him to have no heart. Rowe was the first editor of Shakspeare entitled to the name, and the first to attempt the collection of a few biographical particulars of the immortal dramatist. He was twice married, and died in 1718. His widow—who afterwards married a Colonel Dean—received a pension from the crown, 'in consideration,' not of his dramatic genius, but 'of the translation of Lucan's "Pharsalia" made by her late husband!' The widow erected a handsome monument over her husband's grave in Westminster Abbey.

In addition to the dramatic works we have enumerated, Rowe was the author of two volumes of miscellaneous poetry, which scarcely ever rises above dull and respectable mediocrity. His tragedies are passionate and tender, with an equable and smooth style of versification, not unlike that of Ford. His 'Jane Shore' is still occasionally performed, and is effective in the pathetic scenes descriptive of the sufferings of the heroine. 'The Fair Penitent' was long a popular play, and the 'gallant gay Lothario' was the prototype of many stage seducers and romance heroes. Richardson elevated the character in his Lovelace, giving at the same time a purity and sanctity to the sorrows of his Clarissa, which leave Rowe's Calista immeasurably behind. The incidents of Rowe's dramas are well arranged for stage effect; they are studied and prepared in the manner of the French school, and were adapted to the taste of the age. As the study of Shakspeare and the romantic drama has advanced in this country, Rowe has proportionally declined, and is now but seldom read or acted. His popularity in his own day is best seen in the epitaph by Pope—a beautiful and tender effusion of friendship, which, however, is perhaps not irreconcilable with the anecdote preserved by Spence:

Thy relics, Rowe, to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakspeare place thy honoured bust;
Oh! next him, skilled to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere:
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
For never Britain more disdained a slave.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Blest in thy genius, in thy love, too, blest!
And blest, that timely from our scene removed,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it loved.'

Penitence and Death of Jane Shore.

JANE SHORE, *her* HUSBAND, *and* BELMOUR.

BELMOUR. How fare you, lady?
JANE SHORE. My heart is thrilled with horror.
BEL. Be of courage;
Your husband lives! 'tis he, my worthiest friend.
JANE S. Still art thou there? still dost thou hover round me?
Oh, save me, Belmour, from his angry shade!
BEL. 'Tis he himself! he lives! look up.
JANE S. I dare not.
Oh, that my eyes could shut him out for ever!

SHORE. Am I so hateful, then, so deadly to thee,
To blast thy eyes with horror? Since I'm grown
A burden to the world, myself, and thee,
Would I had ne'er survived to see thee more.
JANE S. Oh! thou most injured—dost thou live, indeed?
Fall then, ye mountains, on my guilty head!
Hide me, ye rocks, within your secret caverns;
Cast thy black veil upon my shame. O night!
And shield me with thy sable wing for ever.
SHORE. Why dost thou turn away? Why tremble thus?
Why thus indulge thy fears, and in despair
Abandon thy distracted soul to horror?
Cast every black and guilty thought behind thee,
And let 'em never vex thy quiet more.
My arms, my heart, are open to receive thee,
To bring thee back to thy forsaken home,
With tender joy, with fond, forgiving love.
Let us haste.
Now, while occasion seems to smile upon us,
Forsake this place of shame, and find a shelter.
JANE S. What shall I say to you? But I obey.
SHORE. Lean on my arm.
JANE S. Alas! I am wondrous faint:
But that 's not strange, I have not ate these three days.
SHORE. Oh, merciless! . . . .
JANE S. Oh! I'm sick at heart!
SHORE. Thou murderous sorrow!
Would thou still drink her blood, pursue her still?
Must she then die? Oh, my poor penitent!
Speak peace to thy sad heart: she hears me not:
Grief masters every sense—help me to hold her.

Enter CATESBY *with a Guard.*

CATESBY. Seize on 'em both, as traitors to the state!
BEL. What means this violence?
[Guards lay hold on Shore and Belmour.
CATES. Have we not found you,
In scorn of the Protector's strict command
Assisting this base woman, and abetting
Her infamy?
SHORE. Infamy on thy head!
Thou tool of power, thou pander to authority!
I tell thee, knave, thou know'st of none so virtuous,
And she that bore thee was an Ethiop to her.
CATES. You 'll answer this at full: away with 'em.
SHORE. Is charity grown treason to your court?
What honest man would live beneath such rulers?
I am content that we should die together.
CATES. Convey the man to prison; but for her—
Leave her to hunt her fortune as she may.
JANE S. I will not part with him: for me!—for me!
Oh! must he die for me? *[Following him as he is carried off—she falls.*
SHORE. Inhuman villains! *[Breaks from the Guards.*
Stand off! the agonies of death are on her!
She pulls, she gripes me hard with her cold hand.
JANE S. Was this blow wanting to complete my ruin?
Oh! let me go, ye ministers of terror.
He shall offend no more, for I will die,
And yield obedience to your cruel master
Tarry a little, but a little longer,
And take my last breath with you.

Shore. Oh, my love!
Why have I lived to see this bitter moment—
This grief by far surpassing all my former?
Why dost thou fix thy dying eyes upon me
With such an earnest, such a piteous look,
As if thy heart were full of some sad meaning
Thou couldst not speak?
Jane S. Forgive me! but forgive me!
Shore. Be witness for me, ye celestial host,
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
Accords to thee, and begs of Heaven to shew thee,
May such befall me at my latest hour,
And make my portion blest or curst for ever!
Jane S. Then all is well, and I shall sleep in peace.
'Tis very dark, and I have lost you now:
Was there not something I would have bequeathed you?
But I have nothing left me to bestow,
Nothing but one sad sigh. Oh! mercy, Heaven!

Calista's Passion for Lothario.

A Hall—**Calista** *and* **Lucilla.**

Calista. Be dumb for ever, silent as the grave,
Nor let thy fond, officious love disturb
My solemn sadness with the sound of joy.
If thou wilt soothe me, tell some dismal tale
Of pining discontent and black despair;
For, oh! I've gone around through all my thoughts,
But all are indignation, love, or shame,
And my dear peace of mind is lost for ever.
Lucilla. Why do you follow still that wandering fire,
That has misled your weary steps, and leaves you
Benighted in a wilderness of woe,
That false Lothario? Turn from the deceiver;
Turn, and behold where gentle Altamont
Sighs at your feet, and woos you to be happy.
Cal. Away! I think not of him. My sad soul
Has formed a dismal, melancholy scene,
Such a retreat as I would wish to find;
An unfrequented vale, o'ergrown with trees
Mossy and old, within whose lonesome shade
Ravens and birds ill-omened only dwell:
No sound to break the silence, but a brook
That bubbling winds among the weeds: no mark
Of any human shape that had been there,
Unless the skeleton of some poor wretch
Who had long since, like me, by love undone,
Sought that sad place out to despair and die in.
Luc. Alas! for pity.
Cal. There I fain would hide me.
From the base world, from malice, and from shame;
For 'tis the solemn counsel of my soul
Never to live with public loss of honour:
'Tis fixed to die, rather than bear the insolence
Of each affected she that tells my story,
And blesses her good stars that she is virtuous.]
To be a tale for fools! Scorned by the women,
And pitied by the men. Oh! insupportable!
Luc. Oh! hear me, hear your ever-faithful creature;
By all the good I wish you, by all the ill
My trembling heart forebodes, let me entreat you

Never to see this faithless man again—
Let me forbid his coming.
  CAL. On thy life,
I charge thee, no; my genius drives me on;
I must, I will behold him once again;
Perhaps it is the crisis of my fate,
And this one interview shall end my cares.
My labouring heart, that swells with indignation,
Heaves to discharge the burden; that once done,
The busy thing shall rest within its cell,
And never beat again.
  LUC. Trust not to that:
Rage is the shortest passion of our souls;
Like narrow brooks that rise with sudden showers,
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon;
Still as it ebbs the softer thoughts flow in,
And the deceiver, Love, supplies its place.
  CAL. I have been wronged enough to arm my temper
Against the smooth delusion; but, alas!—
Chide not my weakness, gentle maid, but pity me—
A woman's softness hangs about me still;
Then let me blush, and tell thee all my folly.
I swear I could not see the dear betrayer
Kneel at my feet, and sigh to be forgiven,
But my relenting heart would pardon all,
And quite forget 'twas he that had undone me. [*Exit Lucilla.*
Ha! Altamont! Calista, now be wary,
And guard thy soul's excesses with dissembling:
Nor let this hostile husband's eyes explore
The warring passions and tumultuous thoughts
That rage within thee, and deform thy reason.

WILLIAM LILLO.

The experiment of domestic tragedy, founded on sorrows incident to real life in the lower and middling ranks, was tried with considerable success by **WILLIAM LILLO** (1693–1739), a jeweller in London. Lillo carried on business successfully for several years, dying with property to a considerable amount, and an estate worth £60 per annum. Possessing a literary taste, this industrious citizen devoted his leisure hours to the composition of three dramas, 'George Barnwell,' 'Fatal Curiosity,' and 'Arden of Feversham.' A tragedy on the latter subject had, it will be recollected, appeared about the time of Shakspeare. At this early period of the drama, the style of Lillo may be said to have been also shadowed forth in the 'Yorkshire Tragedy,' and one or two other plays founded on domestic occurrences. These, however, were rude and irregular, and were driven off the stage by the romantic drama of Shakspeare and his successors. Lillo had a competent knowledge of dramatic art, and his style was generally smooth and easy. To the masters of the drama he stands in a position similar to that of Defoe, compared with Cervantes or Sir Walter Scott. His 'George Barnwell' describes the career of a London apprentice hurried on to ruin and murder by an infamous woman, who at last delivers him up to justice and to an ignominious death. The characters are naturally delineated; and we have no doubt it was correctly said that 'George Barnwell' drew more tears than the rants of 'Alexander the Great.' His 'Fatal Curiosity' is a far higher work. Driven by destitution, an old man and his wife murder a rich stranger who takes shelter in their house, and they discover, but too late, that they have murdered their son, returned after a long absence. The harrowing details of this tragedy are powerfully depicted; and the agonies of old Wilmot, the father, constitute one of the most appalling and affecting incidents in the drama.

The execution of Lillo's plays is unequal, and some of his characters are dull and commonplace; but he was a forcible painter of the dark shades of humble life. His plays have not kept possession of the stage. The taste for murders and public executions has declined; and Lillo was deficient in poetical and romantic feeling. The question, whether the familiar cast of his subjects was fitted to constitute a more genuine or only a subordinate walk in tragedy, is discussed by Campbell in the following eloquent paragraph:

'Undoubtedly the genuine delineation of the human heart will please us, from whatever station or circumstances of life it is derived. In the simple pathos of tragedy, probably very little difference will be felt from the choice of characters being pitched above or below the line of mediocrity in station. But something more than pathos is required in tragedy; and the very pain that attends our sympathy requires agreeable and romantic associations of the fancy to be blended with its poignancy. Whatever attaches ideas of importance, publicity, and elevation to the object of pity, forms a brightening and alluring medium to the imagination. Athens herself, with all her simplicity and democracy, delighted on the stage to

Let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by.

Even situations far depressed beneath the familiar mediocrity of life, are more picturesque and poetical than its ordinary level. It is certainly on the virtues of the middling rank of life that the strength and comforts of society chiefly depend, in the same manner as we look for the harvest, not on cliffs and precipices, but on the easy slope and the uniform plain. But the painter does not, in general, fix on level countries for the subjects of his noblest landscapes. There is an analogy, I conceive, to this in the moral painting of tragedy. Disparities of station give it boldness of outline. The commanding situations of life are its mountain scenery—the region where its storm and sunshine may be portrayed in their strongest contrast and colouring.'

Fatal Curiosity.

YOUNG WILMOT, unknown, enters the house of his parents and delivers them a casket, requesting to retire an hour for rest.

AGNES *the mother, alone, with the casket in her hand.*

AGNES. Who should this stranger be? And then this casket—
He says it is of value, and yet trusts it,

As if a trifle, to a stranger's hand.
His confidence amazes me. Perhaps
It is not what he says. I'm strongly tempted
To open it and see. No; let it rest.
Why should my curiosity excite me
To search and pry into the affairs of others,
Who have to employ my thoughts so many cares
And sorrows of my own? With how much ease
The spring gives way! Surprising! most prodigious!
My eyes are dazzled, and my ravished heart
Leaps at the glorious sight. How bright's the lustre,
How immense the worth of those fair jewels!
Ay, such a treasure would expel for ever
Base poverty and all its abject train;
The mean devices we're reduced to use
To keep out famine, and preserve our lives
From day to day; the cold neglect of friends;
The galling scorn, or more provoking pity
Of an insulting world. Possessed of these,
Plenty, content, and power, might take their turn,
And lofty pride bare its aspiring head
At our approach, and once more bend before us.
A pleasing dream! 'Tis past; and now I wake
More wretched by the happiness I've lost;
For sure, it was a happiness to think,
Though but a moment, such a treasure mine.
Nay, it was more than thought. I saw and touched
The bright temptation, and I see it yet.
'Tis here—'tis mine—I have it in possession.
Must I resign it? Must I give it back?
Am I in love with misery and want,
To rob myself, and court so vast a loss?
Retain it then. But how? There is a way.
Why sinks my heart? Why does my blood run cold?
Why am I thrilled with horror? 'Tis not choice,
But dire necessity, suggests the thought.

Enter OLD WILMOT.

OLD WILMOT. The mind contented, with how little pains
The wandering senses yield to soft repose,
And die to gain new life! He's fallen asleep
Already—happy man! What dost thou think,
My Agnes, of our unexpected guest?
He seems to me a youth of great humanity:
Just ere he closed his eyes, that swam in tears,
He wrung my hand, and pressed it to his lips;
And with a look that pierced me to the soul,
Begged me to comfort thee, and—— Dost thou hear me?
What art thou gazing on? Fie, 'tis not well.
This casket was delivered to you closed:
Why have you opened it? Should this be known,
How mean must we appear!

AGNES. And who shall know it?

O. WIL. There is a kind of pride, a decent dignity
Due to ourselves, which, spite of our misfortunes,
May be maintained and cherished to the last.
To live without reproach, and without leave
To quit the world, shews sovereign comtempt
And noble scorn of its relentless malice.

AGNES. Shews sovereign madness, and a scorn of sense!
Pursue no further this detested theme:
I will not die. I will not leave the world

For all that you can urge, until compelled.
  O. Wil. To chase a shadow, when the sitting sun
Is darting his last rays, were just as wise
As your anxiety for fleeting life,
Now the last means for its support are failing:
Were famine not as mortal as the sword,
This warmth might be excused. But take thy choice:
Die how you will, you shall not die alone.
  Agnes. Nor live, I hope.
  O. Wil. There is no fear of that.
  Agnes. Then we 'll live both.
  O. Wil. Strange folly! Where's the means?
  Agnes. The means are there; those jewels.
  O. Wil. Ha! take heed:
Perhaps thou dost but try me; yet take heed
There 's nought so monstrous but the mind of man
In some condition may be brought to approve;
Theft, sacrilege, treason, and parricide,
When flattering opportunity enticed,
And desperation drove, have been committed
By those who once would start to hear them named.
  Agnes. And add to these detested suicide,
Which, by a crime much less, we may avoid.
  O. Wil. The inhospitable murder of our guest?
How couldst thou form a thought so very tempting,
So advantageous, so secure, and easy;
And yet so cruel, and so full of horror?
  Agnes. 'Tis less impiety, less against nature,
To take another's life than end our own.
  O. Wil. It is no matter, whether this or that
Be, in itself, the less or greater crime:
Howe'er we may deceive ourselves or others,
We act from inclination, not by rule,
Or none could act amiss. And that all err,
None but the conscious hypocrite denies.
Oh, what is man, his excellence and strength,
When in an hour of trial and desertion,
Reason, his noblest power, may be suborned
To plead the cause of vile assassination!
  Agnes. You're too severe: reason may justly plead
For her own preservation.
  O. Wil. Rest contented:
Whate'er resistance I may seem to make,
I am betrayed within: my will 's seduced,
And my whole soul infected. The desire
Of life returns, and brings with it a train
Of appetites, that rage to be supplied.
Whoever stands to parley with temptation
Does it to be o'ercome.
  Agnes. Then nought remains
But the swift execution of a deed
That is not to be thought on or delayed.
We must despatch him sleeping: should he wake,
'Twere madness to attempt it.
  O. Wil. True, his strength,
Single, is more, much more than ours united;
So may his life, perhaps, as far exceed
Ours in duration, should he 'scape this snare.
Generous, unhappy man! Oh, what could move thee
To put thy life and fortune in the hands
Of wretches mad with anguish!
  Agnes. By what means?

By stabbing, suffocation, or by strangling,
Shall we effect his death?
  O. Wil. Why, what a fiend!
How cruel, how remorseless, how impatient,
Have pride and poverty made thee!
  Agnes. Barbarous man!
Whose wasteful riots ruined our estate,
And drove our son, ere the first down had spread
His rosy cheeks, spite of my sad presages,
Earnest entreaties, agonies, and tears,
To seek his bread 'mongst strangers, and to perish
In some remote inhospitable land.
The loveliest youth in person and in mind
That ever crowned a groaning mother's pains!
Where was thy pity, where thy patience then?
Thou cruel husband! thou unnatural father!
Thou most remorseless, most ungrateful man!
To waste my fortune, rob me of my son;
To drive me to despair, and then reproach me.
  O. Wil. Dry thy tears:
I ought not to reproach thee. I confess
That thou hast suffered much: so have we both.
But chide no more: I'm wrought up to thy purpose.
The poor ill-fated unsuspecting victim,
Ere he reclined him on the fatal couch,
From which he 's ne'er to rise, took off the sash
And costly dagger that thou saw'st him wear;
And thus, unthinking, furnished us with arms
Against himself. What shall I use?
  Agnes. The sash.
If you make use of that, I can assist.
  O. Wil. No.
'Tis a dreadful office, and I'll spare
Thy trembling hands the guilt. Steal to the door,
And bring me word if he be still asleep. [*Exit Agnes.*]
Or I'm deceived, or he pronounced himself
The happiest of mankind. Deluded wretch!
Thy thoughts are perishing; thy youthful joys,
Touched by the icy hand of grisly death,
Are withering in their bloom. But though extinguished,
He 'll never know the loss, nor feel the bitter
Pangs of disappointment. Then I was wrong
In counting him a wretch: to die well pleased
Is all the happiest of mankind can hope for.
To be a wretch is to survive the loss
Of every joy, and even hope itself,
As I have done. Why do I mourn him then?
For, by the anguish of my tortured soul,
He 's to be envied, if compared with me.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

he comedies of Congreve abound more than any others, perhaps, he English language, in witty dialogue and lively incident, but r licentiousness has banished them from the stage. The life of eminent dramatic writer was a happy and prosperous one. He born at Bardsey, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and baptised ruary 10, 1669-70. He was of a good family, and his father held ilitary employment in Ireland, where the poet was educated—first ilkenny school, and then at Trinity College, Dublin. He studied [illegible] the Middle Temple, [illegible] began early to write for the stage. [illegible] was produced in January 1693—and acted with great [illegible] in the [illegible] per an- [illegible] 1694; [illegible] in 169[illegible]; [illegible] each [illegible] is [illegible] death [illegible] secretary for the [illegible] per [illegible] society, Congreve [illegible] Voltaire [illegible] gentleman [illegible] a gentleman,' said the witty [illegible] A complaint in [illegible] Congreve in [illegible] the 19th of January 1729 [illegible].

Dryden complimented Congreve as one whom every muse and grace adorned; and Pope [illegible] him his translation of the 'Iliad.' What higher literary honours could have been paid a poet whose laurels were all gathered, or at least planted, by the age of thirty? One incident in the history of Congreve is too remarkable to be omitted. He contracted a close intimacy with the Duchess of Marlborough, daughter of the great duke, sat at her table daily, and assisted in her household management. On his death, he left the bulk of his fortune, amounting to about £10,000, to this eccentric lady. The duchess spent seven of the ten thousand pounds in the purchase of a diamond necklace. 'How much better would it have been to have given it to Mrs. Bracegirdle,' said Young the poet and clergyman. Mrs Bracegirdle was an actress with whom Congreve had been very intimate for many years. The duchess honoured the poet's remains with a splendid funeral. The corpse lay in state under the ancient roof of the Jerusalem chamber, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. The pall was borne by the Duke of Bridgewater, Lord Cobham, the Earl of Wilmington, who had been Speaker, and was afterwards first Lord of the Treasury, and other men of high consideration. The Duchess of Marlborough, if report is to be believed, further manifested her regard for the deceased poet in a manner that spoke more for her devotedness than her taste. It is said that she had a statue of him in ivory, which moved by clock-work, and was placed daily at her table; that she had a wax-doll made in imitation of him, and that the feet of this doll were regularly blistered and anointed by the doctors, as poor Congreve's feet had been when he suffered from the gout. This idol of fashion and literature has been removed by the just award of posterity from the high place he once occupied. His plays are generally without poetry or ima tion, and his comic genius is inextricably associated with sensu and profaneness. We admire his brilliant dialogue and repartee, his exuberance of dramatic incident and character; but the t absence of the higher virtues which ennoble life—the beauty a gracefulness of female virtue, the feelings of generosity, truth, hono affection, modesty, and tenderness—leaves his pages barren and u productive of any permanent interest or popularity. His glitterin artificial life possesses but few charms to the lovers of nature or o poetry, and is not recommended by any moral purpose or sentiment. The 'Mourning Bride,' Congreve's only tragedy, possesses higher merit than most of the serious plays of that day. It has the stiffness of the French School, with no small affectation of fine writing, without passion, yet it possesses poetical scenes and language. The opening lines have often been quoted:

> Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
> To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
> I 've read that things inanimate have moved,
> And, as with living souls, have been informed
> By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

Dr. Johnson considered the following extract as forming the m poetical paragraph in the whole range of the drama—finer than one in Shakspeare!

Description of a Cathedral.

ALMERIA—LEONORA.

ALMERIA. It was a fancied noise, for all is hushed.
LEONORA. It bore the accent of a human voice.
ALM. It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle.
We 'll listen.
LEON. Hark!
ALM. No; all is hushed and still as death. 'Tis dreadful
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart,
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.
LEON. Let us return; the horror of this place
And silence will increase your melancholy.
ALM. It may my fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on; shew me Anselmo's tomb,
Lead me o'er bones and skulls and mouldering earth
Of human bodies; for I 'll mix with them;
Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corpse
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of Garcia's more detested bed: that thought
Exerts my spirits, and my present fears
Are lost in dread of greater ill.

In Congreve's comedies there is a constant stream of wit and liveliness, and quick interchange of dialogue and incident. He was a master of dramatic rules and art. Nothing shews more forcibly the taste or inclination of the present day for the poetry of nature and passion, instead of the conventional world of our ancestors in the drama, than the neglect into which the works of Congreve have fallen, even as literary productions.

Gay Young Men upon Town.—From the 'Old Bachelor.'

BELMOUR—VAINLOVE.

BELMOUR. Vainlove, and abroad so early! Good-morrow. I thought a contemplative lover could no more have parted with his bed in a morning, than he could have slept in it.

VAINLOVE. Belmour, good-morrow. Why, truth on 't is, these early sallies are not usual to me; but business, as you see, sir—[*Shewing letters*]—and business must be followed, or be lost.

BEL. Business! And so must time, my friend, be close pursued or lost. Business is the rub of life, perverts our aim, casts off the bias, and leaves us wide and short of the intended mark.

VAIN. Pleasure, I guess you mean.

BEL. Ay, what else has meaning?

VAIN. Oh, the wise will tell you——

BEL. More than they believe or understand.

VAIN. How; how, Ned? a wise man says more than he understands?

BEL. Ay, ay, wisdom is nothing but a pretending to know and believe more than we really do. You read of but one wise man, and all that he knew was—that he knew nothing. Come, come, leave business to idlers, and wisdom to fools; they have need of them. Wit be my faculty, and pleasure my occupation; and let father Time shake his glass. Let low and earthly souls grovel till they have worked themselves six foot deep into a grave. Business is not my element; I roll in a higher orb, and dwell——

VAIN. In castles i' th' air of thy own building—that 's thy element, Ned.

A Swaggering Bully and Boaster—From the same

SIR JOSEPH WITTOL—SHARPER—CAPTAIN BLUFF.

SIR JOSEPH. Oh, here he comes. Ay, my Hector of Troy; welcome, my bully, my back; egad, my heart has gone pit-a-pat for thee.

BLUFF. How now, my young knight? Not for fear, I hope? He that knows me must be a stranger to fear.

SIR JOS. Nay, egad, I hate fear ever since I had like to have died of fright. But——

BLUFF But! Look you here, boy; here 's your antidote; here 's your Jesuit's Powder for a shaking fit. But who hast thou got with ye; is he of mettle?

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

SIR JOS. Ay, bully, a smart fellow; and will fight like a cock.

BLUFF. Say you so? Then I 'll honour him. But has he been abroad? for every cock will fight upon his own dunghill.

SIR JOS. I don't know; but I 'll present you.

BLUFF. I 'll recommend myself. Sir, I honour you; I understand you love fighting. I reverence a man that loves fighting. Sir, I kiss your hilts.

SHARPER. Sir, your servant, but you are misinformed; for unless it be to serve my particular friend, as Sir Joseph here, my country, or my religion, or in some very justifiable cause, I am not for it.

BLUFF. Oh, I beg your pardon, sir; I find you are not of my palate; you can' relish a dish of fighting without some sauce. Now, I think fighting for fightin sake is sufficient cause. Fighting to me is religion and the laws!

SIR JOS. Ah, well said, my hero! Was not that great, sir? By the Lord Harry, he says true; fighting is meat, drink, and clothes to him. But, Back, this gentleman is one of the best friends I have in the world, and saved my life last night. You know I told you.

Bluff. Ay, then I honour him again. Sir, may I crave your name?

Sharper. Ay, sir, my name 's Sharper.

Sir Jos. Pray, Mr. Sharper, embrace my Back; very well. By the Lord Harry, Mr. Sharper, he is as brave a fellow as Cannibal; are you not, Bully-Back?

Sharper. Hannibal, I believe you mean, Sir Joseph?

Bluff. Undoubtedly he did, sir. Faith, Hannibal was a very pretty fellow; but, Sir Joseph, comparisons are odious. Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days, it must be granted. But alas, sir, were he alive now, he would be nothing, nothing in the earth.

Sharper. How, sir? I make a doubt if there be at this day a greater general breathing.

Bluff. Oh, excuse me, sir; have you served abroad, sir?

Sharper. Not I, really, sir.

Bluff. Oh, I thought so. Why, then, you can know nothing, sir. I am afraid you scarce know the history of the late war in Flanders with all its particulars.

Sharper. Not I, sir: no more than public papers or Gazettes tell us.

Bluff. Gazette! Why, there again now. Why, sir, there are not three words of truth, the year round, put into the Gazette. I 'll tell you a strange thing now as to that. You must know, sir, I was resident in Flanders the last campaign, had a small post there; but no matter for that. Perhaps, sir, there was scarce anything of moment done but a humble servant of yours that shall be nameless was an eye-witness of. I won't say had the greatest share in 't—though I might say that too, since I name nobody, you know. Well, Mr. Sharper, would you think it? In all this time, as I hope for a truncheon, that rascally Gazette-writer never so much as once mentioned me. Not once, by the wars! Took no more notice than as if Noll Bluff had not been in the land of the living.

Sharper. Strange!

Sir Jos. Yet, by the Lord Harry, 'tis true, Mr. Sharper; for I went every day to coffee-houses to read the Gazette myself.

Bluff. Ay, ay; no matter. You see, Mr. Sharper, after all, I am content to retire—live a private person. Scipio and others have done so.

Sharper. Impudent rogue. [*Aside.*

Sir Jos. Ay, this modesty of yours. Egad, if he would put in for 't, he might be made general himself yet.

Bluff. Oh, fie no. Sir Joseph; you know I hate this.

Sir Jos. Let me but tell Mr. Sharper a little, how you ate fire once out of the mouth of a cannon; egad, he did; those impenetrable whiskers of his have confronted flames.

Bluff. Death! What do you mean, Sir Joseph?

Sir Jos. Look you now, I tell you he is so modest, he'll own nothing.

Bluff. Pish; you have put me out; I have forgot what I was about. Pray, hold your tongue, and give me leave—— [*Angrily.*

Sir Jos. I am dumb.

Bluff. This sword I think I was telling you of, Mr. Sharper. This sword I'll maintain to be the best divine, anatomist, lawyer, or casuist in Europe; it shall decide a controversy, or split a cause,

Sir Jos. Nay, now, I must speak; it will split a hair; by the Lord Harry, I have seen it!

Bluff. Zounds! sir, it is a lie; you have not seen it, nor shan't see it: sir, I say you can't see. What d' ye say to that, now?

Sir Jos. I am blind.

Bluff. Death! had any other man interrupted me.

Sir Jos. Good Mr. Sharper, speak to him; I dare not look that way.

Sharper. Captain, Sir Joseph's penitent.

Bluff. Oh, I am calm, sir; calm as a discharged culverin. But 'twas indiscreet, when you know what will provoke me. Nay, come, Sir Joseph; you know my heat's soon over.

Sir Jos. Well, I am a fool sometimes, but I'm sorry.

Bluff. Enough.

Sir Jos. Come, we'll go take a glass to drown animosities.

Scandal and Literature in High Life—From 'The Double Dealer.'

CYNTHIA—LORD *and* LADY FROTH—BRISK.

LADY FROTH. Then you think that episode between Susan the dairy-maid and our coachman is not amiss. You know, I may suppose the dairy in town as well as in the country.

BRISK. Incomparable, let me perish! But, then, being an heroic poem, had not you better call him a charioteer? Charioteer sounds great. Besides, your ladyship's coachman having a red face, and you comparing him to the sun—and you know the sun is called 'heavens' charioteer.'

LADY F. Oh! infinitely better; I am extremely beholden to you for the hint. Stay; we'll read over those half-a-score lines again. [*Pulls out a paper.*] Let me see here: you know what goes before—the comparison you know. [*Reads.*]

For as the sun shines every day,
So of our coachman I may say.

BRISK. I am afraid that simile won't do in wet weather, because you say the sun shines *every* day.

LADY F. No; for the sun it won't, but it will do for the coachman; for you know there's most occasion for a coach in wet weather.

BRISK. Right, right; that saves all.

LADY F. Then I don't say the sun shines all the day, but that he peeps now and then; yet he does shine all the day, too, you know, though we don't see him.

BRISK. Right; but the vulgar will never comprehend that.

LADY F. Well, you shall hear. Let me see—

For as the sun shines every day,
So of our coachman I may say,
He shews his drunken fiery face
Just as the sun does, more or less.

BRISK. That's right; all's well, all's well. *More or less.*

LADY F. [*Reads.*]

And when at night his labour's done,
Then, too, like heaven's charioteer, the sun—

Ay, charioteer does better—

Into the dairy he descends,
And there his whipping and his driving ends;
There he's secure from danger of a bilk;
His fare is paid him, and he sets in milk.

For Susan, you know, is Thetis, and so—

BRISK. Incomparable well and proper, egad! But I have one exception to make: don't you think *bilk*—I know it's a good rhyme—but don't you think *bilk* and *fare* too like a hackney coachman?

LADY F. I swear and vow I'm afraid so. And yet our Jehu was a hackney coachman when my lord took him.

BRISK. Was he? I'm answered, if Jehu was a hackney coachman. You may put that in the marginal notes though, to prevent criticism; only mark it with a small asterisk, and say, 'Jehu was formerly a hackney coachman.'

LADY F. I will; you'd oblige me extremely to write notes to the whole poem.

BRISK. With all my heart and soul, and proud of the vast honour, let me perish!

LORD FROTH. Hee, hee, hee! my dear, have you done? Won't you join with us? We were laughing at my Lady Whister and Mr. Sneer.

LADY F. Ay, my dear, were you? Oh! filthy Mr. Sneer; he's a nauseous figure, a most fulsamic fop. Foh! He spent two days together in going about Covent Garden to suit the lining of his coach with his complexion.

LORD F. O silly! Yet his aunt is as fond of him as if she had brought the ape into the world herself.

BRISK. Who? my Lady Toothless? Oh, she's a mortifying spectacle; she's always chewing the cud like an old ewe.

LORD F. Foh!

LADY F. Then she's always ready to laugh when Sneer offers to speak; and sits in expectation of his no-jest, with her gums bare, and her mouth open.

BRISK. Like an oyster at low ebb, egad! Ha, ha, ha!

CYNTHIA. [*Aside.*] Well, I find there are no fools so inconsiderable in themselves, but they can render other people contemptible by exposing their infirmities.

LADY F. Then that t'other great strapping lady; I can't hit of her name; the old fat fool that paints so exorbitantly.

BRISK. I know whom you mean. But, deuce take me, I can't hit of her name either. Paints, d' ye say? Why, she lays it on with a trowel. Then she has a great beard that bristles through it, and makes her look as if she were plastered with lime and hair, let me perish!

LADY F. Oh! you made a song upon her, Mr. Brisk.

BRISK. Heh? egad, so I did. My lord can sing it.

CYNTHIA. O good, my lord; let us hear it.

BRISK. 'Tis not a song neither. It's a sort of epigram, or rather an epigrammatic sonnet. I don't know what to call it, but it's satire. Sing it, my lord.

LORD F. [*Sings.*]

Ancient Phyllis has young graces;
'Tis a strange thing, but a true one;
  Shall I tell you how?
She herself makes her own faces,
And each morning wears a new one;
  Where's the wonder now?

BRISK. Short, but there's salt in 't. My way of writing, egad!

From 'Love for Love.'

ANGELICA—SIR SAMPSON LEGEND—TATTLE—MRS. FRAIL—MISS PRUE—BEN LEGEND and SERVANT.[1]

BEN. Where's father?

SERVANT. There, sir; his back 's towards you.

SIR SAMPSON. My son, Ben! Bless thee, my dear boy; body o' me, thou art heartily welcome.

BEN. Thank you, father; and I'm glad to see you.

SIR S. Odsbud, and I'm glad to see thee. Kiss me, boy; kiss me again and again, dear Ben. [*Kisses him.*]

BEN. So, so; enough, father. Mess, I'd rather kiss these gentlewomen.

SIR S. And so thou shalt. Mrs. Angelica, my son Ben.

BEN. Forsooth, if you please. [*Salutes her.*] Nay, Mistress, I'm not for dropping anchor here; about ship i' faith. [*Kisses Frail.*] Nay, and you too, my little cock boat—so. [*Kisses Miss.*]

TATTLE. Sir, you are welcome ashore.

BEN. Thank you, thank you, friend.

SIR S. Thou hast been many a weary league, Ben, since I saw thee.

BEN. Ay, ay, been! been far enough, an that be all. Well, father, and how do you all at home? How does brother Dick and brother Val?

SIR S. Dick! body o' me, Dick has been dead these two years; I writ you word when you were at Leghorn.

BEN. Mess, that's true; marry, I had forgot. Dick's dead, as you say. Well, and how? I have a many questions to ask you. Well, you be not married again, father, be you?

SIR S. No, I intend you shall marry, Ben; I would not marry for thy sake.

BEN. Nay, what does that signify?—an you marry again, why, then, I'll go to sea again; so there's one for t' other, an that be all. Pray, don't let me be your hinderance; e'en marry a God's name, an the wind sit that way. As for my part, mayhap I have no mind to marry.

MRS. FRAIL. That would be a pity: such a handsome young gentleman.

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[1] In the character of *Ben*, Congreve gave the first humorous and natural representation of the English sailor, afterwards so fertile and amusing a subject of delineation with Smollett and other novelists and dramatists.

Ben. Handsome! hee, hee, hee; nay, foorsooth, an you be for joking, I'll joke with you, for I love my jest an the ship were sinking, as we say at sea. But I'll tell you why I don't much stand towards matrimony. I love to roam about from port to port, and from land to land: I could never abide to be port-bound, as we call it. Now, a man that is married has, as it were, d'ye see, his feet in the bilboes, and mayhap mayn't get them out again when he would.

Sir S. Ben 's a wag.

Ben. A man that is married, d'ye see, is no more like another man than a galley slave is like one of us free sailors. He is chained to an oar all his life; and mayhap forced to tug a leaky vessel into the bargain.

Sir S. A very wag! Ben 's a very wag! only a little rough; he wants a little polishing.

Mrs F. Not at all; I like his humour mightily; it 's plain and honest; I should like such a humour in a husband extremely.

Ben. Say'n you so, forsooth? Marry, and I should like such a handsome gentlewoman hugely. How say you, mistress! would you like going to sea? Mess, you're a tight vessel, and well rigged. But I 'll tell you one thing, an you come to sea in a high wind, lady, you mayn't carry so much sail o' your head. Top and topgallant, by the mess.

Mrs F. No? why so?

Ben. Why, an you do, you may run the risk to be overset, and then you 'll carry your keels above water; hee, hee, hee.

Angelica. I swear Mr. Benjamin is the veriest wag in nature—an absolute sea-wit.

Sir S. Nay, Ben has parts; but, as I told you before, they want a little polishing. You must not take anything ill, madam.

Ben. No; I hope the gentlewoman is not angry; I mean all in good part; for if I give a jest, I take a jest; and so, forsooth, you may be as free with me.

Ang. I thank you, sir; I am not at all offended. But methinks, Sir Sampson, you should leave him alone with his mistress. Mr. Tattle, we must not hinder lovers.

Tattle. Well, Miss, I have your promise. [*Aside to Miss.*

Sir S. Body o' me, madam, you say true. Look you, Ben, this is your mistress. Come, Miss, you mus' not be shame-faced; we 'll leave you together.

Miss Prue. I can't abide to be left alone; may not my cousin stay with me?

Sir S. No, no; come, let us away.

Ben. Look you, father; mayhap the young woman mayn 't take a liking to me.

Sir S. I warrant thee, boy; come, come, we 'll be gone; I 'll venture that.

Ben *and* Miss Prue.

Ben. Come, mistress, will you please to sit down? for an you stand astern a that'n, we shall never grapple together. Come, I 'll haul a chair; there, an you please to sit, I 'll sit beside you.

Miss Prue. You need not sit so near one; if you have anything to say, I can hear you farther off; I an't deaf.

Ben. Why, that 's true, as you say, nor I ain't dumb; I can be heard as far as another. I 'll heave off to please you. [*Sits further off.*] An we were a league asunder, I 'd undertake to hold discourse with you, an 'twere not a main high wind indeed, and full in my teeth. Look you, forsooth, I am as it were bound for the land of matrimony; 'tis a voyage, d'ye see, that was none of my seeking; I was commanded by father; and if you like of it, mayhap I may steer into your harbour. How say you, mistress? The short of the thing is, that if you like me, and I like you, we may chance to swing in a hammock together.

Miss P. I don't know what to say to you, nor I don't care to speak with you at all.

Ben. No? I 'm sorry for that. But pray, why are you so scornful?

Miss P. As long as one must not speak one's mind, one had better not speak at all, I think; and truly I won't tell a lie for the matter.

Ben. Nay, you say true in that; it 's but a folly to lie; for to speak one thing, and to think just the contrary way, is, as it were, to look one way and to row another.

Now, for my part, d' ye see, I 'm for carrying things above-board; I'm not for keeping anything under hatches; so that if you ben't as willing as I, say so a God's name; there 's no harm done. Mayhap you may be shame-faced; some maidens, tho'f they love a man well enough, yet they don't care to tell'n so to 's face. If that 's the case, why, silence gives consent.

Miss P. But I 'm sure it 's not so, for I 'll speak sooner than you should believe that; and I 'll speak truth, though one should always tell a lie to a man; and I don't care, let my father do what he will. I 'm too big to be whipt; so I 'll tell you plainly, I don't like you, nor love you at all, nor never will, that 's more. So there's your answer for you, and don't trouble me any more, you ugly thing

Ben. Look you, young woman, you may learn to give good words, however. I spoke you fair, d 'ye see, and civil. As for your love or your liking, I don't value it of a rope's end; and mayhap I like you as little as you do me. What I said was in obedience to father: I fear a whipping no more than you do. But I tell you one thing, if you should give such language at sea, you'd have a cat-o'-nine-tails laid across your shoulders. Flesh! who are you? You heard t' other handsome young woman speak civilly to me of her own accord. Whatever you think of yourself, I don't think you are any more to compare to her than a can of small-beer to a bowl of punch.

Miss P. Well, and there's a handsome gentleman, and a fine gentleman, and a sweet gentleman, that was here, that loves me, and I love him; and if he sees you speak to me any more, he'll thrash your jacket for you, he will; you great sea-calf.

Ben. What! do you mean that fair-weather spark that was here just now? Will he thrash my jacket? Let 'n, let 'n, let 'n—but an he comes near me, mayhap I may give him a salt-eel for 's supper, for all that. What does father mean, to leave me alone, as soon as I come home, with such a dirty dowdy? Sea-calf! I an't calf enough to lick your chalked face, you cheese-curd you. Marry thee! oons, I'll marry a Lapland witch as soon, and live upon selling contrary winds and wrecked vessels.

From the sparkling, highly wrought love-scenes of Congreve it would be perilous to quote. 'I have read two or three of Congreve's plays over before speaking of him,' said Mr. Thackeray, in one of his admirable lectures; 'and my feelings were rather like those which I daresay most of us here have had at Pompeii, looking at Sallust's house and the relics of an orgy—a dried wine-jar or two, a charred supper-table, the breast of a dancing-girl pressed against the ashes, the laughing skull of a jester, a perfect stillness round about, as the cicerone twangs his moral, and the blue sky shines calmly over the ruin. The Congreve muse is dead, and her song choked in Time's ashes. We gaze at the skeleton, and wonder at the life which once revelled in its mad veins. We take the skull up, and muse over the frolic and daring, the wit, scorn, passion, hope, desire, with which that empty bowl once fermented. We think of the glances that allured, the tears that melted; of the bright eyes that shone in those vacant sockets, and of lips whispering love and cheeks dimpling with smiles that once covered yon ghastly framework. They used to call those teeth pearls once. See! there's the cup she drank from, the gold chain she wore on her neck, the vase which held the rouge for her cheeks, her looking-glass, and the harp she used to dance to. Instead of a feast we find a grave-stone, and in place of a mistress a few bones!'*

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* *English Humorists.*

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH united what Leigh Hunt calls the 'apparently incompatible geniuses' of comic writer and architect. His Blenheim and Castle Howard have outlived the 'Provoked Wife' or the 'Relapse;' yet the latter were highly popular once; and even Pope, though he admits his want of *grace*, says that he never wanted *wit*. Vanbrugh was the son of a successful sugar-baker, who rose to be an esquire, and comptroller of the Treasury Chamber, besides marrying the daughter of Sir Dudley Carlton. It is doubtful whether the dramatist was born in the French Bastile, or the parish of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. The time of his birth was about the year 1666, when Louis XIV. declared war against England. It is certain he was in France at the age of nineteen, and remained there some years. In 1695, he was appointed secretary to the commission for endowing Greenwich Hospital; and two years afterwards appeared his play of the 'Relapse' and the 'Provoked Wife,' 'Æsop,' the 'False Friend,' the 'Confederacy,' and other dramatic pieces followed. Vanbrugh was now highly popular. He made his design of Castle Howard in 1702, and Lord Carlisle appointed him Clarencieux king-at-arms, a heraldic office which gratified Vanbrugh's vanity. In 1706, he was commissioned by Queen Anne to carry the habit and ensigns of the Order of the Garter to the Elector of Hanover; and in the same year he commenced his design for the great national structure at Blenheim. He built various other mansions, was knighted by George I. and appointed comptroller of the royal works. He died, aged sixty, in 1726. At the time of his death, Vanbrugh was engaged on a comedy, the 'Provoked Husband,' which Colley Cibber finished with equal talent. The architectural designs of Vanbrugh have been praised by Sir Joshua Reynolds for their display of imagination, and their originality of invention. Though ridiculed by Swift and other wits of the day for heaviness and incongruity of design, Castle Howard and Blenheim are noble structures, and do honour to the boldness of conception and picturesque taste of Vanbrugh.

As a dramatist, the first thing in his plays which strikes the reader is the lively ease of his dialogue. Congreve had more wit, but less nature, and less genuine unaffected humour and gaiety. Vanbrugh drew more from living originals, and depicted the manners of his times—the coarse debauchery of the country knight, the gallantry of town-wits and fortune-hunters, and the love of French intrigue and French manners in his female characters. Lord Foppington, in the 'Relapse,' is the original of most of those empty coxcombs who abound in modern comedy, intent only on dress and fashion. When he loses his mistress, he consoles himself with this reflection: 'Now, for my part, I think the wisest thing a man can do with an aching heart is to put on a serene countenance; for a philosophical air is the *most becoming thing* in the world to the face of a person of quality.

I will therefore bear my disgrace like a great man, and let the people see I am above an affront. [*Aloud.*] Dear Tom, since things are thus fallen out, prithee give me leave to wish thee joy. I do it *de bon cœur*—strike me dumb! You have married a woman beautiful in her person, charming in her airs, prudent in her conduct, constant in her inclinations, and of a nice morality—split my windpipe!'

The young lady thus eulogised, Miss Hoyden, is the lively, ignorant, romping country-girl to be met with in most of the comedies of this period. In the 'Provoked Wife,' the coarse pot-house valour and absurdity of Sir John Brute (Garrick's famous part) is well contrasted with the fine-lady airs and affectation of his wife, transported from the country to the hot-bed delicacies of London fashion and extravagance. Such were the scenes that delighted our playgoing ancestors, and which may still please us, like old stiff family portraits in their grotesque habiliments, as pictures of a departed generation.

These portraits of Vanbrugh's were exaggerated and heightened for dramatic effect; yet, on the whole, they are characteristic likenesses. The picture is not altogether a pleasing one, for it is dashed with the most unblushing licentiousness. A tone of healthful vivacity, and the absence of all hypocrisy, form its most genial features. 'The licence of the times,' as Mr. Leigh Hunt remarks, 'allowed Vanbrugh to be plain spoken to an extent which was perilous to his animal spirits;' but, like Dryden, he repented of these indiscretions; and if he had lived, would have united his easy wit and nature to scenes inculcating sentiments of honour and virtue.

Picture of the Life of a Woman of Fashion.

Sir John Brute, *in the 'Provoked Wife,' disguised in his lady's dress, joins in a drunken midnight frolic, and is taken by the Constable and Watchmen before a Justice of the Peace.*

Justice. Pray, madam, what may be your ladyship's common method of life? if I may presume so far.

Sir John. Why, sir, that of a woman of quality.

Justice. Pray, how may you generally pass your time, madam? Your morning, for example?

Sir John. Sir, like a woman of quality. I wake about two o'clock in the afternoon—I stretch, and make a sign for my chocolate. When I have drunk three cups, I slide down again upon my back, with my arms over my head, while my two maids put on my stockings. Then, hanging upon their shoulders, I'm trailed to my great chair, where I sit and yawn for my breakfast. If it don't come presently, I lie down upon my couch, to say my prayers, while my maid reads me the playbills.

Justice. Very well, madam.

Sir John. When the tea is brought in, I drink twelve regular dishes, with eight slices of bread and butter; and half an hour after, I send to the cook to know if the dinner is almost ready.

Justice. So, madam.

Sir John. By that time my head is half dressed, I hear my husband swearing himself into a state of perdition that the meat's all cold upon the table; to amend which I come down in an hour more, and have it sent back to the kitchen, to be all dressed over again.

Justice. Poor man.

Sir John. When I have dined, and my idle servants are presumptuously set down at their ease to do so too, I call for my coach, to go to visit fifty dear friends, of whom I hope I never shall find one at home while I live.

JUSTICE. So! there's the morning and afternoon pretty well disposed of. Pray, how, madam, do you pass your evenings?

SIR JOHN. Like a woman of spirit, sir; a great spirit. Give me a box and dice. Seven 's the main! Oons, sir, I set you a hundred pound! Why, do you think, women are married now-a-days to sit at home and mend napkins? Oh, the Lord help your head!

JUSTICE. Mercy on us, Mr. Constable! What will this age come to?

CONSTABLE. What will it come to indeed, if such women as these are not set in the stocks!

Fable.

A Band, a Bob-wig, and a Feather,
Attacked a lady's heart together.
The Band in a most learned plea,
Made up of deep philosophy,
Told her if she would please to wed
A reverend beard, and take, instead
  Of vigorous youth,
  Old solemn truth,
With books and morals, into bed,
 How happy she would be!

The Bob he talked of management,
What wondrous blessings Heaven sent
On care, and pains, and industry:
And truly he must be so free
To own he thought your airy beaux,
With powdered wig and dancing shoes,
Were good for nothing—mend his soul!
But prate, and talk, and play the fool.
He said 'twas wealth gave joy and mirth,
And that to be the dearest wife
Of one who laboured all his life
To make a mine of gold his own,
And not spend sixpence when he'd done,
Was heaven upon earth.

When these two blades had done, d'ye see,
The Feather—as it might be me—
Steps, sir, from behind the screen,
With such an air and such a mien—
Like you, old gentleman—in short,
He quickly spoiled the statesman's sport
 It proved such sunshine weather,
That you must know, at the first beck
The lady leaped about his neck,
 And off they went together!

GEORGE FARQUHAR.

GEORGE FARQUHAR (1678–1707) was a better artist, in stage effect and happy combinations of incident and adventure, than most of this race of comic writers. He had an uncontrollable vivacity and love of sport, which still render his comedies attractive both on the stage and in the closet. Farquhar was an Irishman, born in Londonderry, and, after some college irregularity, he took to the stage. Happening accidentally to wound a brother-actor in a fencing-scene, he left the boards at the age of eighteen, and procured a commission in the army from the Earl of Orrery. His first play, 'Love and a Bottle,' came out at Drury Lane in 1698; the 'Constant Couple' in 1700; the 'Inconstant' in 1703; the 'Stage-coach' in 1704; the 'Twin Rivals' in 1705; the 'Recruiting Officer' in 1706; and the 'Beaux' Stratagem' in 1707. Farquhar was early married to a lady who had deceived him by pretending to be possessed of a fortune, and he sunk a victim to ill health and over-exertion in his thirtieth year. A letter written shortly before his death to Wilks the actor, possesses a touching brevity of expression: 'Dear Bob, I have not anything to leave to thee to perpetuate my memory but two helpless girls. Look upon *them sometimes*, and think of him that was to the last moment of his *life thine—GEORGE* FARQUHAR.' One of these daughters, it appears, married a 'low tradesman,' and the other became a servant, while their mother died in circumstances of the utmost indigence.

The 'Beaux' Stratagem' is Farquhar's best comedy. The plot is admirably managed, and the disguises of Archer and Aimwell form a ludicrous, yet natural series of incidents. Boniface, the landlord, is still a favourite on the stage. Scrub, the servant, is equally true and amusing, and the female characters, though as free-spoken, if not as frail as the fine-bred ladies of Congreve and Vanbrugh, are sufficiently discriminated. Sergeant Kite, in the 'Recruiting Officer,' is an original picture of low life and humour rarely surpassed. Farquhar has not the ripe wit of Congreve, or of our best comic writers. He was the Smollett, not the Fielding, of the stage.

'Farquhar,' says Leigh Hunt, 'was a good-natured, sensitive, reflecting man, of so high an order of what may be called the *town* class of genius, as to sympathise with mankind at large upon the strength of what he saw of them in little, and to extract from a quintessence of good sense an inspiration just short of the romantic and imaginative; that is to say, he could turn what he had experienced in common life to the best account, but required in all cases the support of its ordinary associations, and could not project his spirit beyond them. He felt the little world too much, and the universal too little. He saw into all false pretensions, but not into all true ones; and if he had had a larger sphere of nature to fall back upon in his adversity, would probably not have died of it. The wings of his fancy were too common, and grown in too artificial an air, to support him in the sudden gulfs and aching voids of that new region, and enable him to beat his way to their green islands. His genius was so entirely social, that notwithstanding what appeared to the contrary in his personal manners, and what he took for his own superiority to it, compelled him to assume in his writings all the airs of the most received town ascendency; and when it had once warmed itself in this way, it would seem that it had attained the healthiness natural to its best condition, and could have gone on for ever, increasing both in enjoyment and in power, had external circumstances been favourable. He was becoming gayer and gayer, when death, in the shape of a sore anxiety, called him away as if from a pleasant party, and left the house ringing with his jest.'

Humorous Scène at an Inn.

BONIFACE—AIMWELL.

BONIFACE. This way, this way, sir.

AIMWELL. You're my landlord, I suppose?

BON. Yes, sir, I'm old Will Boniface; pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

AIM. Oh, Mr. Boniface, your servant.

BON. Oh, sir, what will your servant please to drink, as the saying is?

AIM. I have heard your town of Lichfield much famed for ale; I think I'll taste that.

BON. Sir. I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire; 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy, and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style.

AIM. You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

BON. As punctual, sir, as I am in the age of my children: I'll shew you such ale. Here, tapster, broach number 1706, as the saying is. Sir, you shall taste my anno domini. I have lived in Lichfield, man and boy, about eight-and-fifty years, and I believe have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

AIM. At a meal, you mean, if one may guess by your bulk?

BON Not in my life, sir; I have fed purely upon ale: I have ate my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon my ale.

Enter Tapster with a Tankard.

Now, sir, you shall see—— Your worship's health. [*Drinks.*]—Ha! delicious, delicious fancy it Burgundy; only fancy it—and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

AIM. [*Drinks.*] 'Tis confounded strong.

BON. Strong! it must be so, or how would we be strong that drink it?

AIM. And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord?

BON. Eight-and-fifty years, upon my credit, sir; but it killed my wife, poor woman, as the saying is.

AIM. How came that to pass?

BON I don't know how, sir; she would not let the ale take its natural course, sir, she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is; and an honest gentleman, that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh—but the poor woman was never well after; but, however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

AIM. Why, was it the usquebaugh that killed her?

BON. My Lady Bountiful said so. She, good lady, did what could be done; she cured her of three tympanies: but the fourth carried her off: but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

AIM. Who's that Lady Bountiful you mentioned?

BON. Odds my life, sir, we'll drink her health. [*Drinks.*] My Lady Bountiful is one of the best of women. Her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pounds a year; and I believe she lays out one-half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbors.

AIM. Has the lady any children?

BON. Yes, sir, she has a daughter by Sir Charles; the finest woman in all our county, and the greatest fortune. She has a son, too, by her first husband. 'Squire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London t'other day; if you please, sir, we'll drink his health. [*Drinks.*]

AIM. What sort of a man is he?

BON. Why, sir, the man's well enough; says little, thinks less, and does nothing at all, faith; but he's a man of great estate, and values nobody.

AIM. A sportsman, I suppose?

BON. Yes, he's a man of pleasure; he plays at whist, and smokes his pipe eight-and-forty hours together sometimes.

AIM. A fine sportsman, truly!—and married, you say?

BON. Ay; and to a curious woman, sir. But he's my landlord, and so a man you know, would not—— Sir, my humble service. [*Drinks.*] Though I value not a farthing what he can do to me; I pay him his rent at quarter day; I have a good running trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give her—— But no matter for that.

AIM. You're very happy, Mr. Boniface. Pray, what other company have you in town?

BON. A power of fine ladies; and then we have the French officers.

AIM. Oh, that's right; you have a good many of those gentlemen. Pray, how do you like their company?

BON. So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had as many more of 'em. They're full of money, and pay double for everything they have. They know, sir, that we paid good round taxes for the making of 'em; and so they are willing to reimburse us a little; one of 'em lodges in my house. [*Bell Rings.*] I beg your worship's pardon; I'll wait on you in half a minute.

From the 'Recruiting Officer.'

Scene—The Market-place.

Drum beats the Grenadiers' march. Enter SERGEANT KITE, *followed by* THOMAS APPLETREE, COSTAR PEARMAIN, *and the* MOB.

KITE. [*Making a speech.*] If any gentlemen, soldiers, or others, have a mind to serve his majesty, and pull down the French king; if any 'prentices have severe masters, any children have undutiful parents; if any servants have too little wages, or any husband a bad wife, let them repair to the noble Sergeant Kite, at the sign of the Raven, in this good town of Shrewsbury, and they shall receive present relief and entertainment. [*Drum.*] Gentlemen, I don't beat my drums here to ensnare or inveigle any man; for you must know, gentlemen, that I am a man of honour: besides I don't beat up for common soldiers; no, I list only grenadiers—grenadiers, gentlemen. Pray, gentlemen, observe this cap—this is the cap of honour—it dubs a man a gentleman in the drawing of a trigger; and he that has the good-fortune to be born six foot high, was born to be a great man. Sir, will you give me leave to try this cap upon your head?

COSTAR. Is there no harm in 't? Won't the cap list me?

KITE. No, no; no more than I can. Come, let me see how it becomes you.

COST. Are you sure there is no conjuration in it?—no gunpowder-plot upon me?

KITE. No, no, friend; don't fear, man.

COST. My mind misgives me plaguily. Let me see it. [*Going to put it on.*] It smells woundily of sweat and brimstone. Smell, Tummas.

THOMAS. Ay, wauns does it.

COST. Pray, sergeant, what writing is this upon the face of it?

KITE. The crown, or the bed of honour.

COST. Pray, now, what may be that same bed of honour?

KITE. Oh, a mighty large bed!—bigger by half than the great bed at Ware—ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

COST. But do folk sleep sound in this same bed of honour?

KITE. Sound!—ay, so sound that they never wake.

COST. Wauns! I wish that my wife lay there.

KITE. Say you so? then I find, brother——

COST. Brother! hold there, friend; I am no kindred to you that I know of yet. Look ye, sergeant, no coaxing, no wheedling, d'ye see. If I have a mind to list, why, so; if not, why 'tis not so; therefore take your cap and your brothership back again, for I am not disposed at this present writing. No coaxing, no brothering me, faith.

KITE. I coax! I wheedle! I'm above it, sir; I have served twenty campaigns; but, sir, you talk well, and I must own you are a man every inch of you; a pretty, young sprightly fellow! I love a fellow with a spirit; but I scorn to coax: 'tis base; though I must say, that never in my life have I seen a man better built. How firm and strong he treads!—he steps like a castle!—but I scorn to wheedle any man! Come, honest lad! will you take share of a pot?

COST. Nay, for that matter, I'll spend my penny with the best he that wears a head; that is, begging your pardon, sir, and in a fair way.

KITE. Give me your hand then; and now, gentlemen, I have no more to say but this—here's a purse of gold, and there is a tub of humming ale at my quarters; 'tis the king's money and the king's drink; he's a generous king and loves his subjects. I hope, gentlemen, you won't refuse the king's health?

ALL MOB. No, no, no.

KITE. Huzza, then!—huzza for the king and the honour of Shropshire.

ALL MOB. Huzza!

KITE. Beat drum. [*Exeunt shouting. Drum beating the Grenadiers' March.*

Scene—The Street.

Enter KITE, *with* COSTAR PEARMAIN *in one hand, and* THOMAS APPLETREE *in the other, drunk.*

KITE *sings.*

Our 'prentice Tom may now refuse
To wipe his scoundrel master's shoes.

For now he's free to sing and play
Over the hills and far away.
Over, &c. [*The Mob sing the chorus.*

We shall lead more happy lives
By getting rid of brats and wives,
That scold and brawl both night and day—
Over the hills and far away.
Over, &c.

KITE. Hey, boys! thus we soldiers live! drink, sing, dance, play; we live, as one should say—we live—'tis impossible to tell how we live—we are all princes; why, why you are a king, you are an emperor, and I'm a prince; now an't we?

THO. No, Sergeant, I'll be no emperor.

KITE. No!

THO. I'll be a justice-of-peace.

KITE. A justice-of peace, man!

THO. Ay, wauns will I; for since this pressing act, they are greater than any emperor under the sun.

KITE. Done; you are a justice-of-peace, and you are a king, and I'm a duke, and a rum duke, an't I?

COST. I'll be a queen.

KITE. A queen!

COST. Ay, of England; that's greater than any king of them all.

KITE. Bravely said, faith! Huzza for the queen [*Huzza.*] But harkye, you, Mr. Justice, and you, Mr. Queen, did you ever see the king's picture?

BOTH. No, no, no.

KITE. I wonder at that; I have two of them set in gold, and as like his majesty; God bless the mark!—see here, they are set in gold.
[*Taking two broad pieces out of his pocket; presents one to each.*

THO. The wonderful works of nature! [*Looking at it.*] What's this written about? here's a posy, I believe. Ca-ro-lus! what's that, sergeant?

KITE. Oh, Carolus! why, Carolus is Latin for King George; that's all.

COST. 'Tis a fine thing to be a scollard. Sergeant, will you part with this? I'll buy it on you, if it come within the compass of a crown.

KITE. A crown! never talk of buying; 'tis the same thing among friends, you know. I'll present them to ye both: you shall give me as good a thing. Put them up, and remember your old friend when I am over the hills and far away.* [*They sing and put up the money.*]

Enter PLUME, the Recruiting Officer, singing,

• Over the hills and over the main,
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain;
The king commands, and we'll obey.
Over the hills and far away.

Come on, my men of mirth, away with it; I'll make one among you. Who are these hearty lads?

KITE. Off with your hats; 'ounds! off with your hats; this is the captain; the captain.

THO. We have seen captains afore now, mun.

COST. Ay, and lieutenant-captains too. 'Sflesh! I'll keep on my nab.

THO. And I'se scarcely doff mine for any captain in England. My vether's a freeholder.

PLUME. Who are those jolly lads, sergeant?

KITE. A couple of honest brave fellows, that are willing to serve their king; I have entertained them just now as volunteers, under your honour's command.

PLUME. And good entertainment they shall have: volunteers are the men I want; those are the men fit to make soldiers, captains, generals.

COST. Wounds, Tummas, what's this! are you listed?

THO. Flesh! not I: are you, Costar?

COST. Wounds! not I.

KITE. What! not listed? ha, ha, ha! a very good jest, i' faith.

COST. Come, Tummas, we 'll go home.

THO. Ay, ay, come.

KITE. Home! for shame, gentlemen; behave yourselves better before your captain. Dear Thomas! honest Costar!

THO. No, no; we 'll be gone.

KITE. Nay, then. I command you to stay; I place you both sentinels in this place for two hours, to watch the motion of St. Mary's clock you, and you the motion of St. Chad's; and he that dares stir from his post till he be relieved, shall have my sword in his belly the next minute.

PLUME. What 's the matter, sergeant? I'm afraid you are too rough with these gentlemen.

KITE. I'm too mild, sir; they disobey command, sir; and one of them should be shot for an example to the other. They deny their being listed.

THO. Nay, sergeant, we don't downright deny it neither; that we dare not do, for fear of being shot; but we humbly conceive, in a civil way, and begging your worship's pardon, that we may go home.

PLUME. That 's easily known. Have either of you received any of the king's money?

COST. Not a brass farthing, sir.

KITE They have each of them received one-and-twenty shillings, and 'tis now in their pockets

COST. Wounds! if I have a penny in my pocket but a bent sixpence, I 'll be content to be listed and shot into the bargain.

THO. And I: look ye here, sir.

COST. Nothing but the king's picture, that the sergeant gave me just now.

KITE. See there, a guinea; one-and-twenty shillings: t' other has the fellow on 't.

PLUME. The case is plain, gentlemen: the goods are found upon you. Those pieces of gold are worth one-and-twenty shillings each.

COST. So, it seems that Carolus is one-and-twenty shillings in Latin?

THO. 'Tis the same thing in Greek, for we are listed.

COST. Flesh; but we an't, Tummas: I desire to be carried before the mayor, captain. [*Captain and Sergeant whisper the while.*

PLUME. 'Twill never do, Kite; your tricks will ruin me at last. I won't lose the fellows though, if I can help it.—Well, gentlemen, there must be some trick in this; my sergeant offers to take his oath that you are fairly listed.

THO. Why, captain, we know that you soldiers have more liberty of conscience than other folks; but for me or neighbour Coster here to take such an oath, 'twould be downright perjuration.

PLUME. Look ye, rascal, you villain! if I find that you have imposed upon these two honest fellows, I 'll trample you to death, you dog! Come, how was it?

THO. Nay, then, we 'll speak. Your sergeant, as you say, is a rogue; an 't like your worship, begging your worship's pardon; and——

COST. Nay, Tummas, let us speak; you know I can read. And so, sir, he gave us those two pieces of money for pictures of the king, by way of a present.

PLUME. How? by way of a present? the rascal! I 'll teach him to abuse honest fellows like you. Scoundrel, rogue, villain! [*Beats off the Sergeant, and follows.*

BOTH. O brave noble captain! huzza! A brave captain, faith!

COST. Now, Tummas, Carolus is Latin for a beating. This is the bravest captain I ever saw. Wounds! I've a month's mind to go with him.

Enter KITE.

KITE. An't you a couple of pretty fellows, now? Here you have complained to the captain; I am to be turned out, and one of you will be sergeant. Which of you is to have my halberd?

BOTH. I.

KITE. March, you scoundrels! [*Beats them off.*

COLLEY CIBBER—STEELE—PHILIPS—AARON HILL—MRS. CENTLIVRE.

Among the other successful writers for the stage may be instanced **COLLEY CIBBER** (1671–1757), an actor and manager, whose comedy, *the 'Careless Husband,' is still* deservedly a favourite. Cibber was a lively amusing writer, and his 'Apology for his Life,' is one of the most entertaining autobiographies in the language.—SIR RICHARD STEELE was also a dramatist, and obtained from George I. a patent, appointing him manager and governor of the royal company of comedians —The 'Distrest Mother,' translated from Racine, was brought out by AMBROSE PHILIPS, the friend of Addison, and was highly successful.—AARON HILL adapted the 'Zara' of Voltaire to the English theatre, and wrote some original dramas, which entitled him, no less than his poems, to the niche he has obtained in the 'Dunciad.'—A more legitimate comic writer appeared in MRS. SUSANNA CENTLIVRE (1667–1723), whose life and writings were immoral, but who possessed considerable dramatic skill and talent. Her comedies, the 'Busy Body,' 'The Wonder—A Woman keeps a Secret,' and 'A Bold Stroke for a Wife,' are still favourite acting plays. Her plots and incidents are admirably arranged for stage effect, and her characters well discriminated. Mrs. Centlivre had been some time an actress, and her experience had been of service to her in writing for the stage. Her plays have recently (1873) been collected and published in four volumes.

PROSE LITERATURE

ESSAYISTS.

The literature of France had the delightful essays of Mantaigne, and, a century later, the 'Characters' of La Bruyère, in which the artificial life of the court of Louis XIV. was portrayed with fidelity and satirical effect; but it was not until the reign of Queen Anne that any English writer ventured to undertake a periodical work in which he should meet the public with a paper on some topic of the day, exposing fashionable folly, or insinuating instruction in the form of tale, allegory, or anecdote. The honour of originating this branch of literature is due to Daniel Defoe, who on the 19th of February 1704 commenced a literary and political journal, entitled 'The Review,' which he continued for about nine years, publishing for the first year twice a week, and afterwards thrice—on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday—the days in which the post left London for the country. Defoe aimed at being a censor of manners; he lashed the vices of the age, wrote also light and pleasant papers, and descanted on subjects of trade and commerce. His 'Review' was highly popular. But it was not till Steele and Addison took the field that the essay assumed universal interest and importance, and exercised a great and beneficial influence on the morality, the piety, social manners, and intelligence of the British public.

SIR RICHARD STEELE—JOSEPH ADDISON.

The life of Addison we have already sketched. Steele was of English parentage, but born in Dublin. March 12, 1671–2. His father held the office of Secretary to the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, the Duke of Ormond; and through Ormond's influence Richard Steele was placed in the Charterhouse, London. There he met Addison, just the same age as himself, and a close intimacy was formed between them, one of the most memorable in literature. Steele always regarded Addison with respect approaching to veneration.

'Through the school and through the world,' as Mr. Thackeray has said, 'whithersoever his strange fortune led this erring, wayward, affectionate creature, Joseph Addison was always his head-boy.' They were together at Oxford, Steele having been entered of Merton College in 1692. He remained there three years, but left without taking a degree; and becoming enamoured of the military profession, but unable to obtain a commission, he entered as a private in the Horse Guards. A rich relation in Ireland threatened to disinherit him if he took this step, but Steele, 'preferring the state of his mind to that of his fortune,' enlisted, and *was* disinherited. In the army, he was soon a favourite; he obtained a cornetcy, became secretary to his colonel, Lord Cutts, and afterwards was promoted to the rank of captain. He then plunged into the fashionable vices and follies of the age, at the same time acquiring that knowledge of life and character which proved so serviceable to him when he exchanged the sword for the pen. As a check on his irregularities—a self-monitor—Steele wrote a treatise, called the 'Christian Hero,' which he published in 1701. His gay associates did not relish this semi-religious work (which abounds in fine characteristic passages), and not being himself very deeply impressed with his own reasoning and pious examples, he set about writing a comedy, 'The Funeral, or Grief à la Mode,' which was performed at Drury Lane in 1702 with great success. Next year he produced another play, the 'Tender Husband,' and in 1704 the 'Lying Lover,' which proved to be too grave a comedy for the public taste. The ill-success of this piece deterred him from attempting the stage again until 1722, when he achieved his great dramatic triumph by the production of the 'Conscious Lovers.'

Steele was now a popular and fashionable man upon town. The Whig minister, Harley, conferred upon him the office of Gazetteer and Gentleman-Usher to Prince George; he had married a wife who died soon afterwards, leaving him an estate in Barbadoes, and his second marriage with 'Molly Scurlock' added to his fortune. But Steele lived expensively, and was never free from pecuniary difficulties. His letters to his wife—of which about 400 have been preserved, forming the most singular correspondence ever published—shew that he was familiar with duns and bailiffs, with misery, folly, and repentance. Addison upon one occasion lent him £1000, which was repaid within a twelvemonth; but another loan from the same friend is said to have been reclaimed by an execution, and Addison has been condemned for harshness. To his friend, Benjamin Victor, Steele related the case. His bond on some expensive furniture was put in force, but from the letter he received with the surplus arising from the sale, he knew that Addison only intended a friendly warning against a manner of living altogether too costly, and, taking it as he believed it to be meant, he met him afterwards with the same gaiety of temper he had always shewn.* The warning was little heeded—Steele had a long succession of troubles and embarrassments, but nothing could depress the elastic gaiety of his spirits. In 1709, a happy project suggested itself. His office of Gazetteer gave him a command of early foreign intelligence, and following up Defoe's scheme of a thrice-a-week journal on the post-days, combining news and literature, he organised the 'Tatler,' the first number of which appeared on the 12th of April, 1709. Swift had, by his ridicule of Partridge the almanac-maker, made the name of Isaac Bickerstaff familiar; Steele adopted it for his new work, and thus, as he said, 'gained an audience of all who had any taste of wit, while the addition of the ordinary occurrences of common journals of news brought in a multitude of readers.'

Addison also came to his aid. He sent him hints from Ireland, and after the 80th number, became a regular contributor. 'I fared,' says Steele, 'like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid: I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him.' Some of the most charming of Addison's essays appear in the 'Tatler,' but Steele stamped its character on the work as a gentle censor of manners and morals, a corrector of the public taste, and a delightful exponent of English society and English feeling. He aimed at high objects—'to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour.' That the careless and jovial 'Dick Steele' should set about such a task is only another illustration of the contradictions and incongruities in his character. His happy genius, however, carried him over all difficulties. The 'Tatler' was continued regularly thrice a week, price one penny each number, until the 2d of January 1710–11. By this time the Tories were triumphant; Steele lost his appointment of Gazetteer; but his success as an essayist inspired him with ambition, and on the 1st of March 1710–11, appeared the first number of the 'Spectator,' which was to be published daily. The design was carried out, with unexampled success through 555 numbers, terminating on the 6th of December 1712. In 1714, the 'Spectator' was resumed, and eighty numbers—forming an eighth volume—added. In its most prosperous period, when Bolingbroke thought to curb the press by imposing a stamp on each sheet, the 'Spectator' doubled its price, yet maintained its popularity, and paid government on account of the half-penny stamp a sum of £29 each week. It had also a circulation of about 10,000 in volumes. Of the excellent effects produced by the essays of Steele and Addison, we possess the evidence not only of the improved state of society and literature which afterwards prevailed, but likewise the testimony of writers contemporary with the authors themselves. All speak of a decided and marked improvement. The 'Spectator' ceased in December 1712, and in the March following appeared the 'Guardian,' which was also issued daily. It extended to 175 numbers, or two volumes. Pope, Berkeley, Budgell, and other friends, aided Steele in this new work, but Addison was again his principal assistant. Of the 271 papers in the 'Tatler,' Steele wrote 188, Addison 42, and both conjoined, 36. Of 635 'Spectators,' Addison wrote 274, Steele, 240; and of 175 'Guardians,' Steele wrote 82, and Addison, 53. At various intervals during his busy life Steele attempted other periodicals on the same plan—as the 'Englishman,' (which was chiefly political, and extended to 57 numbers), the 'Lover,' the 'Reader,' the 'Plebeian,' the 'Theatre,' &c.—but these were short-lived productions, and had little influence either on his fame or fortune.

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* See Forster's *Essays*—Sir Richard Steele.

Political controversy now raged. Swift assailed Steele with witty malice and virulence, and the patriotism of Steele prevailed over his interest, for he resigned an appointment he had received as commissioner of stamps, and threw himself into political warfare with disinterested but headlong zeal. He obtained a seat in parliament as member for Stockbridge, spoke warmly in support of the Protestant succession, which he conceived to be in danger, and published a pamphlet, entitled the 'Crisis,' which contained 'some seasonable remarks on the danger of a popish successor.' For these insinuations against the Protestantism of the government, Steele was expelled the House of Commons by a majority of 245 against 152 votes. The death of Queen Anne, however, humbled his opponents; and in the new reign, Steele received a place in the household—Surveyor of the Royal Stables, Governor of the Royal Company of Comedians—was placed in the commission of the peace for Middlesex, and knighted by King George I. Through the influence of the Duke of Newcastle, he entered parliament as member for Boroughbridge, and was an active politician and debater. In 1717, he visited Edinburgh, as one of the commissioners of forfeited estates, and whilst there, he is said on one occasion to have given a splendid entertainment to a multitude of decayed tradesmen and beggars collected from the streets! In 1718, he published an account of a patent scheme he had devised, called 'The Fishpool,' for conveying salmon and other fish alive from Ireland to the London market. In 1719, he opposed the Peerage Bill, by which it was sought to fix permanently the number of peers, and prohibit the crown from making any new creations except to replace extinct families. On this question he was opposed by Addison, but Steele had the advantage in point of argument, and the bill was thrown out. In this controversy, Addison is said to have sneered at his friend under the name of 'Little Dicky.' The allusion, however, has been misunderstood, as Lord Macaulay maintains; the matter is doubtful; but the friends had parted never to meet again: Addison sunk into his premature grave before any reconciliation took place. Next year, Steele honourably distinguished himself against the South-sea Scheme; he again took an active part in theatrical affairs, and wrote his comedy of the 'Conscious Lovers' (1722); but his pecuniary difficulties increased, and he retired to a seat in Wales, left him by his second wife, where he died on the 1st of September 1729. He was almost forgotten by his contemporaries; but posterity has done justice to his talents and virtues—to his overflowing kindness of heart, and the spontaneous graces and charm of his writings.

As an essayist, Steele is remarkable for the vivacity and ease of his composition. He tried all subjects; was a humorist, a satirist, a critic, and story-teller. His Inkle and Yarico, and other tales in the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator,' are exquisite for their simple pathos. His pictures of life and society have the stamp of reality. They are often imperfectly finished, and present trival and incongruous details, but they abound in inimitable touches. His elevated conception of the female character has justly been remarked as distinguishing him from most writers of his age. His gallantry to women was a pure and chivalrous devotion. Of one lady he said that 'to love her was a liberal education'—one of the most felicitous compliments ever paid. Steele had also great fertility of invention, both as respects incident and character. His personages are drawn with dramatic spirit, and with a liveliness and airy facility that blind the reader to his defects of style. The Spectator Club, with its fine portraits of Sir Roger de Coverley, Sir Andrew Freeport, Will Honeycomb, &c., will ever remain a monument of the felicity of his fancy, and his power of seizing upon the shades and peculiarities of character. If Addison heightened the humour and interest of the different scenes, to Steele belongs the merit of the original design, and the first conception of the actors.

The following extracts will shew something of Steele's manner, though not his versatility:

Love, Grief, and Death.

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age: but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledoor in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling 'Papa,' for I know not how I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother catched me in her arms, and transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embrace, and told me, in a flood of tears, papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he would never come to us again. She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport, which methought struck me with an instinct of sorrow, which, before I was sensible what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo, and receives impressions so forcible that they are as hard to be removed by reason as any mark with which a child is born is to be taken away by any future application.

Agreeable Companions and Flatterers.

An old acquaintance who met me this morning seemed overjoyed to see me, and told me I looked as well as he had known me do these forty years; but, continued he, not quite the man you were when we visited together at Lady Brightly's. Oh! Isaac, those days are over. Do you think there are any such fine creatures now living as we then conversed with? He went on with a thousand incoherent circumstances, which, in his imagination, must needs please me; but they had the quite contrary effect. The flattery with which he began, in telling me how well I wore was not disagreeable; but his indiscreet mention of a set of acquaintance we had outlived, recalled ten thousand things to my memory, which made me reflect upon my present condition with regret. Had he indeed been so kind as, after a long absence, to felicitate me upon an indolent and easy old age, and mentioned how much he and I had to thank for, who at our time of day could walk firmly, eat heartily, and converse cheerfully, he had kept up my pleasure in myself. But of all mankind, there are none so shocking as these injudicious civil people. They ordinarily begin upon something that they know must be a satisfaction; but then, for fear of the imputation of flattery, they follow it with the last thing in the world of which you would be reminded. It is this that perplexes civil persons. The reason that there is such a general outcry among us against flatterers, is, that there are so very few good ones. It is the nicest art in this life, and is a part of eloquence which does not want the preparation that is necessary to all other parts of it, that your audience should be your well-wishers; for praise from an enemy is the most pleasing of all commendations.

It is generally to be observed, that the person most agreeable to a man for a constancy, is he that has no shining qualities, but is a certain degree above great imperfections, whom he can live with as his inferior, and who will either overlook or not observe his little defects. Such an easy companion as this, either now and then throws out a little flattery, or lets a man silently flatter himself in his superiority to him. If you take notice, there is hardly a rich man in the world who has not such a led friend of small consideration, who is a darling for his insignificancy. It is a great ease to have one in our own shape a species below us, and who, without being listed in our service, is by nature of our retinue. These dependents are of excellent use on a rainy day, or when a man has not a mind to dress; or to exclude solitude, when one has neither a mind to that nor to company. There are of this good-natured order who are so kind to divide themselves, and do these good offices to many. Five or six of them visit a whole quarter of the town, and exclude the spleen, without fees, from the families they frequent. If they do not prescribe physic, they can be company when you take it. Very great benefactors to the rich, or those whom they call people at their ease, are you persons of no consequence. I have known some of them, by the help of a little cunning, make delicious flatterers. They know the course of the town, and the general characters of persons; by this means they will sometimes tell the most agreeable falsehoods imaginable. They will acquaint you that such one of a quite contrary party said, that though you were engaged in different interests, yet he had the greatest respect for your good sense and address. When one of these has a little cunning, he passes his time in the utmost satisfaction to himself and his friends; for his position is never to report or speak a displeasing thing to his friend. As for letting him go on in an error, he knows advice against them is the office of persons of greater talents and less discretion.

The Latin word for a flatterer (*assentator*) implies no more than a person that barely consents; and indeed such a one, if a man were able to purchase or maintain him, cannot be bought too dear. Such a one never contradicts you, but gains upon you, not by a fulsome way of commending you in broad terms, but liking whatever you propose or utter; at the same time is ready to beg your pardon, and gainsay you if you chance to speak ill of yourself. An old lady is very seldom without such a companion as this, who can recite the names of all her lovers, and the matches refused by her in the days when she minded such vanities — as she is pleased to call them, though she so much approves the mention of them. It is to be noted, that a woman's flatterer is generally elder than herself, her years serving to recommend her patroness's age, and to add weight to her complaisance in all other particulars.

We gentlemen of small fortunes are extremely necessitous in this particular. I have indeed one who smokes with me often; but his parts are so low, that all the incense he does me is to fill his pipe with me, and to be out at just as many whiffs as I take. This is all the praise or assent that he is capable of, yet there are more hours when I would rather be in his company than that of the brightest man I know. It would be a hard matter to give an account of this inclination to be flattered; but if we go to the bottom of it, we shall find that the pleasure in it is something like that of receiving money which lay out. Every man thinks he has an estate of reputation, and is glad to see one that will bring any of it home to him; it is no matter how dirty a bag it is conveyed to him in, or by how clownish a messenger, so the money is good. All that we want to be pleased with flattery, is to believe that the man is sincere who gives it us. It is by this one accident that absurd creatures often outrun the most skilful in this art. Their want of ability is here an advantage, and their bluntness, as it is the seeming effect of sincerity, is the best cover to artifice.

It is, indeed, the greatest of injuries to flatter any but the unhappy, or such as are displeased with themselves for some infirmity. In this latter case we have a member of our club, that, when Sir Jeffrey falls aleep, wakens him with snoring. This makes Sir Jeffrey hold up for some moments the longer, to see there are men younger than himself among us, who are more lethargic than he is.

When flattery is practised upon any other consideration, it is the most abject thing in nature; nay, I cannot think of any character below the flatterer, except he that envies him. You meet with fellows prepared to be as mean as possible in their condescensions and expressions; but they want persons and talents to rise up to such a baseness. As a coxcomb is a fool of parts, so a flatterer is a knave of parts.

The best of this order that I know is one who disguises it under a spirit of contradiction or reproof. He told an arrant driveller the other day, that he did not care for being in company with him, because he heard he turned his absent friends into ridicule. And upon Lady Autumn's disputing with him about something that happened at the Revolution, he replied with a very angry tone: 'Pray, madam, give me leave to know more of a thing in which I was actually concerned, than you who were then in your nurse's arms.'

Quack Advertisements.

It gives me much despair in the design of reforming the world by my speculations, when I find there always arise, from one generation to another, successive cheats and bubbles, as naturally as beasts of prey and those which are to be their food. There is hardly a man in the world, one would think, so ignorant as not to know that the ordinary quack-doctors, who publish their abilities in little brown billets, distributed to all who pass by, are to a man impostors and murderers; yet such is the credulity of the vulgar, and the impudence of these professors, that the affair still goes on, and new promises of what was never done before are made every day. What aggravates the jest is, that even this promise has been made as long as the memory of man can trace it, and yet nothing performed, and yet still prevails.

There is something unaccountably taking among the vulgar in those who come from a great way off. Ignorant people of quality, as many there are of such, dote excessively this way; many instances of which every man will suggest to himself, without my enumeration of them. The ignorants of lower order, who cannot, like the upper ones, be profuse of their money to those recommended by coming from a distance, are no less complaisant than the others; for they venture their lives for the same admiration.

'The doctor is lately come from his travels, and has practised both by sea and land, and therefore cures the green-sickness, long sea-voyages, and campaigns.' Both by sea and land! I will not answer for the distempers called 'sea-voyages, and campaigns,' but I daresay that of green-sickness might be as well taken care of if the doctor stayed ashore. But the art of managing mankind is only to make them stare a little to keep up their astonishment; to let nothing be familiar to them, but ever to have something in their sleeve, in which they must think you are deeper than they are. There is an ingenious fellow, a barber, of my acquaintance, who, besides his broken fiddle and a dried sea-monster, has a twine-cord, strained with two nails at each end, over his window, and the words 'rainy, dry, wet,' and so forth, written to denote the weather, according to the rising or falling of the cord. We very great scholars are not apt to wonder at this; but I observed a very honest fellow, a chance customer, who sat in the chair before me to be shaved, fix his eye upon this miraculous performance during the operation upon his chin and face. When those and his head also were cleared of all incumbrances and excrescences, he looked at the fish, then at the fiddle, still grubbing in his pockets, and casting his eye again at the twine, and the words writ on each side; then altered his mind as to farthings, and gave my friend a silver sixpence. The business, as I said, is to keep up the amazement; and if my friend had only the skeleton and kit, he must have been contented with a less payment. There is a doctor in Mouse Alley, near Wapping, who sets up for curing cataracts upon the credit of having, as his bill sets forth, lost an eye in the emperor's service. His patients come in upon this, and he shews his muster-roll, which confirms that he was in his imperial majesty's troops; and he puts out their eyes with great success. Who would believe that a man should be a doctor for the cure of bursten children, by declaring that his father and grandfather were born bursten? But Charles Ingoltson, next door to the Harp in Barbican, has made a pretty penny by that asseveration. The generality go upon their first conception, and think no further; all the rest is granted. They take it that there is something uncommon in you, and give you credit for the rest. You may be sure it is upon that I go, when, sometimes, let it be to the purpose or not, I keep a Latin sentence in my front; and I was not a little pleased when I observed one of my readers say, casting his eye on my twentieth paper, 'More Latin still? What a prodigious scholar is this man!' But as I have here taken much liberty with this learned doctor, I must make up all I have said by repeating what he seems to be in earnest in, and honestly promise to those who will not receive him as a great man, to wit, 'That from eight to twelve, and from two till six, he attends for the good of the public to bleed for threepence.'

Story-telling.

I have often thought that a story-teller is born, as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain that some men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that they see things in another light than men of grave dispositions. Men of a lively imagination and a mirthful temper will represent things to their hearers in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them; and whereas serious spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at the sight of some odd occurrences in life, yet the very same occurrences shall please them in a well-told story, where the disagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and those only which are pleasing exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an art, but what we call a 'knack;' it doth not so much subsist upon wit as upon humour; and I will add, that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I know very well that a certain gravity of countenance sets some stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surprised in the end. But this is by no means a general rule; for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist by cheerful looks and whimsical agitations. I will go yet further, and affirm that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body, and the formation of the features, of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion ever since I criticised upon the chin of Dick Dewlap. I very often had the weakness to repine at the prosperity of his conceits, which made him pass for a wit with the widow at the coffee-house, and the ordinary mechanics that frequent it; nor could I myself forbear laughing at them most heartily, though upon examination I though most of them very flat and insipid. I found, after some time, that the merit of his wit was founded upon the shaking a fat paunch, and the tossing up of a pair of rosy jowls. Poor Dick had a fit of sickness, which robbed him of his fat and his fame at once! and it was full three months before he regained his reputation, which rose in proportion to his floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good constitution for wit.

Those who are thus adorned with the gifts of nature, are apt to shew their parts with too much ostentation. I would therefore advise all the professors of this art never to tell stories but as they seem to grow out of the subject-matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate or enliven it. Stories that are very common are generally irksome; but may be aptly introduced provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of allusion. Those that are altogether new, should never be ushered in without a short and pertinent character of the chief persons concerned, because, by that means, you may make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule, that slight and trivial accounts of those who are familiar to us, administer more mirth than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters. A little circumstance in the complexion of dress of the man you are talking of, sets his image before the hearer, if it be chosen aptly for the story. Thus, I remember Tom Lizard, after having made his sisters merry with an account of a formal old man's way of complimenting, owned very frankly that his story would not have been worth one farthing, if he had made the hat of him whom he represented one inch narrower. Besides the marking distinct characters, and selecting pertinent circumstances, it is likewise necessary to leave off in time, and end smartly; so that there is a kind of drama in the forming of a story; and the manner of conducting and pointing it is the same as in an epigram. It is a miserable thing, after one hath raised the expectation of the company by humorous characters and a pretty conceit, to pursue the matter too far. There is no retreating; and how poor is it for a story-teller to end his relation by saying, 'That's all!'

Story of Unnion and Valentine.

At the siege of Namur by the Allies, there were in the ranks of the company commanded by Captain Pincent, in Colonel Frederick Hamilton's regiment, one Unnion, a corporal, and one Valentine, a private sentinel; there happened between these two men a dispute about a matter of love, which, upon some aggravations grew to an irreconcilable hatred. Unnion being the officer of Valentine, took all opportunities even to strike his rival, and profess the spite and revenge which moved him to it. The sentinel bore it without resistance, but frequently said he would die to be revenged of that tyrant. They had spent whole months thus, one injuring, the other complaining; when in the midst of this rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the attack of the castle, where the corporal received a shot in the thigh, and fell; the French pressing on, and he, expecting to be trampled to death, called out to his enemy: 'Ah, Valentine, can you leave me here?' Valentine immediately ran back, and in the midst of a thick fire of the French, took the corporal upon his back, and brought him through all that danger, as far as the abbey of Salsine, where a cannon-ball took off his head: his body fell under his enemy whom he was carrying off. Unnion immediately forgot his wound, rose up, tearing his hair, and then threw himself upon the bleeding carcase, crying: 'Ah, Valentine, was it for me, who have so barbarously used thee, that thou hast died? I will not live after thee!' He was not by any means to be forced from the body, but was removed with it bleeding in his arms, and attended with tears by all their comrades who knew their enmity. When he was brought to a tent his wounds were dressed by force; but the next day, still calling upon Valentine, and lamenting his cruelties to him, he died in the pangs of remorse and despair.

From the essays of Addison we subjoin some extracts. We have already spoken of the prose style of Addison, and Dr. Johnson's eulogium on it has almost passed into a proverb in the history of our literature. 'Whoever wishes,' says the critic and moralist, 'to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.' There he will find a rich but chaste vein of humor and satire—lessons of morality and religion divested of all austerity and gloom—criticism at once pleasing and ingenious—and pictures of national character and manners that must ever charm from their vivacity and truth. The mind of Addison was so happily constituted, that all its faculties appear to have been in healthy vigour and due proportion, and to have been under the control of correct taste and principles. Greater energy of character, or a more determined hatred of vice and tyranny, would have curtailed his usefulness as a public censor. He led the nation gently and insensibly to a love of virtue and constitutional freedom, to a purer taste in morals and literature, and to the importance of those everlasting truths which so warmly engaged his heart and imagination. The national taste and circumstances have so much changed during the last century and a half, that these essays, inimitable as they are, have become antiquated, and are little read.

Among the other prose works of the essayist are 'Remarks on Several Parts of Italy in the years 1701, 1702, 1703,' in which he has considered the passages of the ancient poets that have any relation to the places and curiosities he saw. The style of this early work is remarkable for its order and simplicity, but seldom rises into eloquence. He wrote also 'Dialogues on the Usefulness of Ancient Medals, especially in Relation to the Latin and Greek Poets,' a treatise uniting patient research and originality of thought and conception. The learning of Addison is otherwise displayed in his unfinished treatise on the 'Evidences of the Christian Religion,' in which he reviews the heathen philosophers and historians who advert to the spread of Christianity, and also touches on a part of the subject now more fully illustrated—the fulfillment of the Scripture prophecies. The 'Whig Examiners' of Addison (five in number) are clever, witty, party productions. He ridicules his opponents without bitterness or malice, yet with a success that far outstripped competition. When we consider that this great ornament of our literature died at the age of forty-seven, and that the greater part of his manhood was spent in the discharge of important official duties, we are equally surprised at the extent of his information and the variety and richness of his genius.

The Political Upholsterer.

‘There lived some years since, within my neighbourhood, a very grave person, an upholsterer, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbors. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on matters of importance. Upon my inquiry into his life and conversation I found him to be the greatest newsmonger in our quarter; that he rose before day to read the 'Postman;' and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to see if there were any Dutch mails come in. He had a wife and several children; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in Poland than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for King Augustus's welfare than that of his nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himself in a westerly wind.

This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his shop; for about the time that his favourite prince left the crown of Poland, he broke and disappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, till about three days ago, as I was walking in St. James's Park, I heard somebody at a distance hemming after me; and who should it be but my old neighbour the upholsterer! I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dress; for notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of the year, he wore a loose greatcoat and a muff, with a long campaign wig out of curl; to which he had added the ornament of a pair of black garters buckled under the knee. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to inquire into his present circumstances, but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, whether the last letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from Bender. I told him, none that I heard of; and asked him whether he had yet married his eldest daughter. He told me no: 'But pray,' says me 'tell me sincerely, what are your thoughts of the king of Sweden?' for though his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present was for this great monarch. I told him, that I looked upon him as one of the first heroes of the age. 'But pray,' says he, 'do you think there is anything in the story of his wound?' And finding me surprised at the question, 'Nay,' says he, 'I only propose it to you.' I answered, that I thought there was no reason to doubt of it. 'But why in the heel,' says he, 'more than in any other part of the body?' 'Because,' said I, 'the bullet chanced to light there.'

This extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the north; and after having spent some time on them, he told me he was in a great perplexity how to reconcile the 'Supplement' with the 'English Post,' and had been just examining what the other papers say upon the same subject. 'The "Daily Courant,"' says he, 'has these words: We have advices from very good hands, that a certain prince has some matters of great importance under consideration. This is very mysterious; but the "Postboy" leaves us more in the dark, for he tells us that there are private intimations of measures taken by a certain prince, which time will bring to light. Now the "Postman,"' says he, 'who used to be very clear, refers to the same news in these words: the late conduct of a certain prince affords great matter of speculation. This certain prince,' says the upholsterer, 'whom they are all so cautious of naming, I take to be'——Upon which, though there was nobody near us, he whispered something in my ear, which I did not hear, or think worthy my while to make him repeat.*

We were now got to the upper end of the Mall, where were three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the bench. These I found were all of them politicians, who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner-time. Observing them to be curiosities in their kind, and my friend's acquaintance, I sat down among them.

The chief politician of the bench was a great asserter of paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern, that by some news he had lately read from Muscovy, it appeared to him that there was a storm gathering in the Black Sea, which might in time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation. To this he added, that for his part he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our woollen manufacture. He then told us, that he looked upon the extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in those parts of the world, to have risen chiefly from two persons who were not much talked of; and those, says he, are Prince Menzikoff and the Duchess of Mirandola. He backed his assertions with so many broken hints, and such a show of depth and wisdom, that we gave ourselves up to his opinions.

The discourse at length fell upon a point which seldom escapes a knot of true-born Englishmen: Whether, in case of a religious war, the Protestants would not be too strong for the Papists? This we unanimously determined on the Protestant side. One who sat on my right hand, and, as I found, by his discourse, had been in the West Indies, assured us, that it would be a very easy matter for the Protestants to beat the pope at sea; and added, that whenever such a war does break out, it must turn to the good of the Leeward Islands. Upon this, one who sat at the end of the bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the geographer of the company, said, that in case the Papists should drive the Protestants from these parts of Europe, when the worst came to the worst, it would be impossible to beat them out of Norway and Greenland, provided the northern crowns hold together, and the Czar of Muscovy stand neuter.

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* The prince here alluded to so mysteriously was the son of James II.

He further told us for our comfort, that there were vast tracts of lands about the pole, inhabited neither by Protestants nor Papists, and of greater extent than all the Roman Catholic dominions in Europe.

When we had fully discussed this point, my friend the upholsterer began to exert himself upon the present negotiations of peace, in which he deposed princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of Europe, with great justice and impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away; but had not gone thirty yards, before the upholsterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing towards me with a whisper, I expected to hear some secret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the bench; but instead of that, he desired me in my ear to lend him a half-crown. In compassion to so needy a statesman, and to dissipate the confusion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleased, I would give him five shillings, to receive five pounds of him when the great Turk was driven out of Constantinople; which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event, as the affairs of Europe now stand.

The Vision of Mirza.

When I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others, I met with one entitled 'The Visions of Mirza,' which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them, and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word, as follows:

On the 5th day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another: 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream.' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarised him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thine eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is Human Life: consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number to about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed beneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner toward the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled, and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest Human Life.'

I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain!—how is he given away to misery and mortality!—tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and—whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate—I saw the valley opening at the former end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it, but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers, and could hear a confused harmony of singing-birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats, but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through the Gates of Death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza! habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I: 'Shew me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

Sir Roger de Coverley's Visit to Westminster Abbey.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me the other night that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, 'in which,' says he, 'there are a great many ingenious fancies.' He told me, at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's 'Chronicle,' which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly, I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the abbey.

I found the knight under the butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he called for a glass of the Widow Trueby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the knight observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished, indeed, that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he stayed in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzic: when of a sudden, turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bade him call a hackney coach, and take care that it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Trueby's water, telling me that the Widow Trueby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her medicine *gratis* among all sorts of people; to which the knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; 'and truly,' says Sir Roger, 'if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.'

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axle-tree was good. Upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and upon presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked. As I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out: 'A brave man, I warrant him!' Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he flung his head that way, and cried: 'Sir Cloudesley Shovel! a very gallant man!' As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner: 'Dr. Busby! a great man! he whipped my grandfather, a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!'

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the king of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and after having regarded her finger for some time, 'I wonder,' says he, 'that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his "Chronicle."'

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's pillar, sat himself down in the chair; and looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter, 'what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland?' The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him 'that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit.' I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good-humour, and whispered in my ear, that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard, but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t' other of them.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward III.'s sword, and leaning upon the pummel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding, that in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward III. was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shewn Edward the Confessor's tomb; upon which Sir Roger acquainted us, that he was the first who touched for the evil: and afterwards Henry IV.'s; upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is a figure of one of our English kings without an head; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stole away several years since: 'Some Whig, I'll warrant you,' says Sir Roger: 'you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you do not take care.'

The glorious names of Henry V. and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, 'who,' as our knight observed with some surprise, 'had a great many kings in him, whose monuments he had not seen in the abbey.'

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight shew such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit, that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.

Genealogy of Humour.

It is indeed much easier to describe what is not humour, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwise than as Cowley has done wit, by negatives. Were I to give my own notions of it, I would deliver them after Plato's manner, in a kind of allegory, and by supposing Humour to be a person, deduce to him all his qualifications, according to the following genealogy: Truth was the founder of the family, and the father of Good Sense. Good Sense was the father of Wit, who married a lady of collateral line called Mirth, by whom he has issue Humour. Humour therefore, being the youngest of the illustrious family, and descended from parents of such different dispositions, is very various and unequal in his temper; sometimes you see him putting on grave looks and a solemn habit, sometimes airy in his behaviour and fantastic in his dress; insomuch that at different times he appears as serious as a judge and as jocular as a Merry Andrew. But as he has a great deal of the mother in his constitution, whatever mood he is in, he never fails to make his company laugh.

Ned Softly.

Ned Softly is a very pretty poet, and a great admirer of easy lines. Waller is his favourite; and as that admirable writer has the best and worst verses of any among our great English poets, Ned Softly has got all the bad ones without book, which he repeats upon occasion, to shew his reading, and garnish his conversation. Ned is indeed a true English reader, incapable of relishing the great and masterly strokes of this art; but wonderfully pleased with the little Gothic ornaments of epigrammatical conceits, turns, points, and quibbles, which are so frequent in the most admired of our English poets, and practised by those who want genius and strength to represent, after the manner of the ancients, simplicity in its natural beauty and perfection.

Finding myself unavoidably engaged in such a conversation, I was resolved to turn my pain into a pleasure, and to divert myself as well as I could with so very odd a fellow. 'You must understand,' says Ned, 'that the sonnet I am going to read to you was written upon a lady, who shewed me some verses of her own making, and is perhaps the best poet of our age. But you shall hear it.' Upon which he began to read as follows:

'To Mira, on her incomparable poems.

When dressed in laurel wreaths you shine,
  And tune your soft melodious notes,
You seem a sister of the Nine,
  Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

I fancy, when your song you sing
  (Your song you sing with so much art),
Your pen was plucked from Cupid's wing;
  For ah! it wounds me like his dart.'

'Why,' says I, 'this is a little nosegay of conceits, a very lump of salt: every verse hath something in it that piques; and then the dart in the last line is certainly as pretty a sting in the tail of an epigram (for so I think you critics call it), as ever entered into the thought of a poet.'

'Dear Mr. Bickerstaff,' says he, shaking me by the hand, 'everybody knows you to be a judge of these things: and to tell you truly, I read over Roscommon's translation of Horace's "Art of Poetry" three several times, before I sat down to write the sonnet which I have shewn you. But you shall hear it again, and pray observe every line of it, for not one of them shall pass without your approbation.

When dressed in laurel wreaths you shine,

'That is,' says he, 'when you have your garland on; when you were writing verses.'

To which I replied: 'I know your meaning; a metaphor!'

'The same,' said he, and went on:

'And tune your soft melodious notes.

'Pray, observe the gliding of that verse; there is scarce a consonant in it: I took care to *make it run upon liquids.* Give me your opinion of it.'

'Truly,' said I, 'I think it as good as the former.'

'I am very glad to hear you say so,' says he; 'but mind the next.'

You seem a sister of the Nine.

'That is,' says he, 'you seem a sister of the Muses; for if you look into ancient authors, you will find it was their opinion that there were nine of them.'
'I remember it very well,' said I; 'but pray proceed.'

'Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.'

'Phœbus,' says he, 'was the god of poetry. These few instances, Mr. Bickerstaff, shew a gentleman's reading. Then to take off from the air of learning which Phœbus and the Muses have given to this first stanza, you may observe how it falls all of a sudden into the familiar in petticoats?

'Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.'

'Let us now,' says I, 'enter upon the second stanza. I find the first line is still a continuation of the metaphor.'

'I fancy, when your song you sing.

'It is very right,' says he; 'but pray observe the turn of words in those two lines. I was a whole hour in adjusting of them, and have still a doubt upon me, whether in the second line it should be, "Your song you sing;" or, "You sing your song." You shall hear them both:

I fancy, when your song you sing
(Your song you sing with so much art);

or

I fancy, when your song you sing,
You sing your song with so much art.'

'Truly,' said I, 'the turn is so natural either way that you have made me almost giddy with it.'
'Dear sir,' said he, grasping me by the hand, 'you have a great deal of patience; but pray what do you think of the next verse?

Your pen was plucked from Cupid's wing.'

'Think!' says I, 'I think you have made Cupid look like a little goose.'
'That was my meaning,' says he: 'I think the ridicule is well enough hit off. But we now come to the last, which sums up the whole matter:

For ah! it wounds me like his dart.

'Pray how do you like that "Ah!" Doth it not make a pretty figure in that place? "Ah!" It looks as if I felt the dart, and cried out at being pricked with it.

For ah! it wounds me like his dart.

'My friend Dick Easy,' continued he, 'assured me he would rather have written that "Ah!" than to have been the author of the "Æneid." He indeed objected, that I made Mira's pen like a quill in one of the lines, and like a dart in the other. But as to that'——
'Oh! as to that,' says I, 'it is but supposing Cupid to be like a porcupine, and his quills and darts will be the same thing.' He was going to embrace me for the hint; but half a dozen critics coming into the room, whose faces he did not like, he conveyed the sonnet into his pocket, and whispered me in the ear, he would shew it me again as soon as his man had written it over fair.

The Works of Creation.

I was yesterday about sunset walking in the open fields, until the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours which appeared in the western parts of heaven. In proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, until the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection: 'When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him?' In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds which were moving round their respective suns—when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us—in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the sun which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other; as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. Huygenius carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light has not yet travelled down to us since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my first thought; I could not but look upon myself with secret horror as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature, and lost among that infinite variety of creatures which in all probability swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection which we observe in ourselves is an imperfection that cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures; that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When, therefore, we reflect on the divine nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to Him in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason indeed assures us that his attributes are infinite; but the poorness of our conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting bounds to everything it contemplates, until our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall, therefore, utterly extinguish this melancholy thought of our being overlooked by our Maker, in the multiplicity of his works and the infinity of those objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first place, that he is omnipresent: and, in the second, that he is omniscient.

If we consider him in his omnipresence, his being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him were he able to remove out of one place into another or to withdraw himself from anything he has created, or from any part of that space which is diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosopher, he is a being whose centre is everywhere, and his circumference nowhere.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience, indeed, necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence: he cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades; and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation, of the Almighty. But the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the *sensorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *sensoriola*, or little sensoriums, by which they apprehend the presence and perceive the actions of a few objects that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know everything in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniscience.

Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation—should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity—it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead. While we are in body, he is not less present with us because he is concealed from us. 'Oh that I knew where I might find him!' says Job. 'Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand that I cannot see him.' In short, reason as well as revelation assures us that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this consideration of God Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard everything that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular which is apt to trouble them on this occasion: for as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards with an eye of mercy those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

EUSTACE BUDGELL.

EUSTACE BUDGELL (1685-1737) was a relation of Addison—his mother being Addison's cousin-german He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford. He accompanied Addison to Ireland as clerk, and afterwards rose to be Under-Secretary of State, and a distinguished member of the Irish Parliament. Thirty-seven numbers of the 'Spectator' are ascribed to Budgell; and though Dr. Johnson says that these were either written by Addison, or so much improved by him that they were made in a manner his own, there seems to be no sufficient authority for the assertion. It is true that the style and humour resemble those of Addison; but as the two writers were much together, a successful attempt on Budgell's part to imitate the productions of his friend, was probable enough. In 1717, Budgell, who was a man of extreme vanity and vindictive feeling, had the imprudence to lampoon the Irish viceroy, by whom he had been deeply offended; the result of which was his dismissal from office, and return to England. During the prevalence of the South-sea Scheme, he lost a fortune by speculation, and in attempts to gain a seat in the House of Commons, and subsequently figured principally as a virulent party writer and an advocate of infidelity. At length his declining reputation suffered a mortal blow by a charge of having forged a testament in his own favour. By the will of Dr. Matthew Tindal, it appeared that a legacy of £2000 had been left to Budgell. The will was set aside and the unhappy author disgraced. It is to this circumstance that Pope alludes in the couplet:

Let Budgell charge low Grub Street on my quill,
And write whate'er he please—except my will.

Some years afterwards, this wretched man, involved in debts and difficulties, and dreading an execution in his house, deliberately committed suicide, by leaping from a boat while shooting London Bridge. This took place in 1737. There was found in his bureau a slip of paper on which he had written:

What Cato did, and Addison approved,
Cannot be wrong.

But in this he of course misrepresented Addison, who has put the following words into the mouth of the dying Cato:

Yet methinks a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas! I fear
I've been too hasty. O ye powers that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not.
The best may err, but you are good.

The contributions of Budgell to the *Spectator* are distinguished by the letter X.

The Art of Growing Rich.

The subject of my present paper I intend as an essay on 'The ways to raise a man's fortune, or the art of growing rich.'

The first and most infallible method towards the attaining of this end is thrift; all men are not equally qualified for getting money, but it is in the power of every one alike to practise this virtue; and I believe there are few persons who, if they please to reflect on their past lives, will not find, that had they saved all those little sums which they have spent unnecessarily, they might at present have been masters of a competent fortune. Diligence justly claims the next place to thrift; I find both these excellently well recommended to common use in the three following Italian proverbs:

Never do that by proxy which you can do yourself.
Never defer that until to-morrow which you can do to-day.
Never neglect small matters and expenses.

A third instrument in growing rich is method in business, which, as well as the two former, is also attainable by persons of the meanest capacities.

The famous De Witt, one of the greatest statesmen of the age in which he lived, being asked by a friend how he was able to despatch that multitude of affairs in which he was engaged, replied: 'That his whole art consisted in doing one thing at once. If,' says he, 'I have any necessary despatches to make, I think of nothing else until those are finished; if any domestic affairs require my attention, I give myself up wholly to them until they are set in order.'

In short, we often see men of dull and phlegmatic tempers arriving to great estates, by making a regular and orderly disposition of their business; and that, without it, the greatest parts and most lively imaginations rather puzzle their affairs, than bring them to a happy issue.

From what has been said, I think I may lay it down as a maxim, that every man of good common sense may, if he pleases, in his particular station of life, most certainly be rich. The reason why we sometimes see that men of the greatest capacities are not so, is either because they despise wealth in comparison of something else, or, at least, are not content to be getting an estate unless they may do it their own way, and at the same time enjoy all the pleasures and gratifications of life.

But besides these ordinary forms of growing rich, it must be allowed that there is room for genius as well in this as in all other circumstances of life.

Though the ways of getting money were long since very numerous, and though so many new ones have been found out of late years, there is certainly still remaining so large a field for invention, that a man of an indifferent head might easily sit down and draw up such a plan for the conduct and support of his life, as was never yet once thought of.

We daily see methods put in practice by hungry and ingenious men, which demonstrate the power of invention in this particular.

It is reported of Scaramouche, the first famous Italian comedian, that being in Paris, and in great want, he bethought himself of constantly plying near the door of a noted perfumer in that city, and when any one came out who had been buying snuff, never failed to desire a taste of them; when he had by this means got together a quantity made up of several different sorts, he sold it again at a lower rate to the same perfumer, who, finding out the trick, called it *Tabac de mille fleurs*, or, 'Snuff of a thousand flowers.' The story further tells us, that by this means he got a very comfortable subsistence, until, making too much haste to grow rich, he one day took such an unreasonable pinch out of the box of a Swiss officer, as engaged him in a quarrel, and obliged him to quit this ingenious way of life.

Nor can I in this place omit doing justice to a youth of my own country, who, though he is scarce yet twelve years old, has, with great industry and application, attained to the art of beating the Grenadiers' March on his chin. I am credibly informed, that by this means he does not only maintain himself and his mother, but that he is laying up money every day, with a design, if the war continues, to purchase a drum at least, if not a pair of colours.

I shall conclude these instances with the device of the famous Rabelais, when he was at a great distance from Paris, and without money to bear his expenses thither. This ingenious author being thus sharp set, got together a convenient quantity of brick-dust, and having disposed of it into several papers, writ upon one, 'Poison for Monsieur;' upon a second, 'Poison for the Dauphin;' and on a third, 'Poison for the King.' Having made this provision for the royal family of France, he laid his papers so that his landlord, who was an inquisitive man, and a good subject, might get a sight of them.

The plot succeeded as he desired; the host gave immediate intelligence to the secretary of state. The secretary presently sent down a special messenger, who brought up the traitor to court, and provided him at the king's expense with proper accommodations on the road. As soon as he appeared, he was known to be the celebrated Rabelais; and his powder upon examination being found very innocent, the jest was only laughed at; for which a less eminent droll would have been sent to the galleys.

Trade and commerce might doubtless be still varied a thousand ways, out of which would arise such branches as have not yet been touched. The famous Doily is still fresh in every one's memory, who raised a fortune by finding out materials for such stuffs as might at once be cheap and genteel. I have heard it affirmed, that, had not he discovered this frugal method of gratifying our pride, we should hardly have been so well able to carry on the last war.

I regard trade not only as highly advantageous to the commonwealth in general, but as the most natural and likely method of making a man's fortune, having observed, since my being a Spectator in the world, greater estates got about 'Change than at Whitehall or St. James's. I believe I may also add, that the first acquisitions are generally attended with more satisfaction, and as good a conscience.

I must not, however, close this essay without observing, that what has been said is only intended for persons in the common ways of thriving, and is not designed for those men who, from low beginnings, push themselves up to the top of states and the most considerable figures in life. My maxim of saving is not designed for such as these, since nothing is more usual than for thrift to disappoint the ends of ambition; it being almost impossible that the mind should be intent upon trifles, while it is, at the same time, forming some great design.

JOHN HUGHES.

John Hughes (1677–1720) was another frequent contributor to the 'Spectator.' He wrote two papers and several letters in the 'Tatler,' eleven papers and thirteen letters in the 'Spectator,' and two papers in the 'Guardian.' The high reputation which he at one time enjoyed as a writer of verse, has now justly declined. In translation, however, both in poetry and prose, he made some successful efforts. Of several dramatic pieces which he produced, 'The Siege of Damascus' is the best. Addison had a high opinion of the dramatic talent of Hughes, and even requested him to write a conclusion to his tragedy of 'Cato,' which had lain long past him in an incomplete state. But shortly afterwards Addison 'took fire himself, and went through with the fifth act.' The reputation of Hughes was well sustained by the manner in which he edited the works of Spenser. The virtues of this estimable person—who died at the age of forty-three—were affectionately commemorated by Sir Richard Steele in a publication called 'The Theatre.'

THEOLOGIANS AND METAPHYSICIANS.

RICHARD BENTLEY.

Dr. Richard Bentley (1662–1742) was perhaps the greatest classical scholar that England has produced. He was the son of a small farmer near Wakefield, in Yorkshire, educated at Cambridge, and became chaplain to Stillingfleet, bishop of Worcester. He was afterwards appointed preacher of the lecture instituted by Boyle for the defence of Christianity, and delivered a series of discourses against atheism. In these Bentley introduced the discoveries of Newton as illustrations of his argument, and the lectures were highly popular. His next public appearance was in the famous controversy with the Honourable Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery, relative to the genuineness of the Greek epistles of Phalaris. This controversy we have spoken of in the notice of Sir William Temple (*ante*). Most of the wits and scholars of that period joined with Boyle against Bentley; but he *triumphantly established* his position that the epistles are spurious.

while the poignancy of his wit and sarcasm, and the sagacity evinced in his conjectural emendations, were unequalled among his Oxford opponents. Bentley was afterwards made master of Trinity College, Cambridge; and in 1716 he was also appointed regius professor of divinity. He published editions of Horace, Terence, and Phædrus. The talent he had displayed in making emendations on the classics tempted him, in an 'evil hour,' to edit Milton's 'Paradise Lost' in the same spirit. He assumed, without the slightest authority, that Milton's text had been tampered with, owing to his blindness. The critic was then advanced in years, and had lost some portion of his critical sagacity and discernment, while it is doubtful if he could ever have entered into the loftier conceptions and sublime flights of the English poet. His edition was a decided failure. Some of his *emendations* destroy the happiest and choicest expressions of the poet. The sublime line,

> No light, but rather darkness visible,

Bentley renders:

> No light, but rather a transpicuous gloom.

Another fine Miltonic passage:

> Our torments also may in length of time
> Become our elements,

is reduced into prose as follows:

> Then as 'twas well observed, our torments may
> Become our elements.

Such a critic could never have possessed poetical sensibility, however extensive and minute might be his verbal knowledge of the classics. Bentley died at Cambridge in 1742. He seems to have been the impersonation of a combative spirit. His college-life was spent in continual war with all who were officially connected with him. He is said one day, on finding his son reading a novel, to have remarked: 'Why read a book that you cannot quote?'—a saying which affords an amusing illustration of the nature and object of his literary studies.

Authority of Reason in Religious Matters.

We confess ourselves as much concerned, and as truly as [the deists] themselves are, for the use and authority of reason in controversies of faith. We look upon right reason as the native lamp of the soul, placed and kindled there by our Creator, to conduct us in the whole course of our judgments and actions. True reason, like its divine Author, never is itself deceived, nor ever deceives any man. Even revelation itself is not shy nor unwilling to ascribe its own first credit and fundamental authority to the test and testimony of reason. Sound reason is the touchstone to distinguish that pure and genuine gold from baser metals; revelation truly divine, from imposture and enthusiasm: so that the Christian religion is so far from declining or fearing the strictest trials of reason, that it everywhere appeals to it; is defended and supported by it; and indeed cannot continue, in the apostle's description (James, i. 27), 'pure and undefiled' without it. It is the benefit of reason alone, under the Providence and Spirit of God, that we ourselves are at this day a reformed *orthodox church: that* we departed from the errors of popery, and that we knew, *too, where to stop;* neither running into the extravagances of fanaticism, nor sliding into the indifferency of libertinism. Whatsoever, therefore, is inconsistent with natural reason, can never be justly imposed as an article of faith. That the same body is in many places at once, that plain bread is not bread; such things, though they be said with never so much pomp and claim to infallibility, we have still greater authority to reject them, as being contrary to common sense and our natural faculties; as subverting the foundations of all faith, even the grounds of their own credit, and all the principles of civil life.

So far are we from contending with our adversaries about the dignity and authority of reason; but then we differ with them about the exercise of it. and the extent of its province. For the deists there stop, and set bounds to their faith, where reason, their only guide, does not lead the way further, and walk along before them. We, on the contrary, as (Deut. xxxiv,) Moses was shewn by divine power a true sight of the promised land, though himself could not pass over to it, so we think reason may receive from revelation some further discoveries and new prospects of things, and be fully convinced of the reality of them; though itself cannot pass on, nor travel those regions; cannot penetrate the fund of those truths, nor advance to the utmost bounds of them. For there is certainly a wide difference between what is contrary to reason, and what is superior to it, and out of its reach.

DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY.

DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY (1662–1732), an Oxford divine and zealous high-churchman, was one of the combatants in the critical warfare with Bentley about the epistles of Phalaris. Originally tutor to Lord Orrery, he was, in 1713, rewarded for his Tory zeal by being named Bishop of Rochester. Under the new dynasty and Whig government, his zeal carried him into treasonable practices, and in 1722 he was apprehended on suspicion of being concerned in a plot to restore the Pretender, and was committed to the Tower. A bill of pains and penalties was preferred against him; he made an eloquent defence, but was deposed and outlawed. Atterbury now went into exile, and resided first at Brussels, and afterwards at Paris, continuing to correspond with Pope, Bolingbroke and his other Jacobite friends, till his death. The works of this accomplished, but restless and aspiring prelate consisted of four volumes of sermons, some visitation charges, and his epistolary correspondence, which was extensive. His style is easy and elegant, and he was a very impressive preacher. The good taste of Atterbury is seen in his admiration of Milton, before fashion had sanctioned the applause of the great poet. His letters to Pope breathe the utmost affection and tenderness. The following farewell letter to the poet was sent from the Tower, April 10, 1723:

DEAR SIR—I thank you for all the instances of your friendship, both before and since my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me; and will please myself with the thought that I still live in your esteem and affection as much as ever I did; and that no accident of life, no distance of time or place, will alter you in that respect. It never can me, who have loved and valued you ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so, as the case will soon be. Give my faithful services to Dr. Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he sent me, which was much to the purpose, if anything can be said to be to the purpose in a case that is already determined. Let him know my defence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion to triumph, though sure of the victory. I shall want his advice before I go abroad in many things. But I question whether I shall be permitted to see him or anybody, but such as are absolutety necessary towards the dispatch of my private affairs. If so, God bless you both! and may no part of the ill-fortune that attends me ever pursue either of you. I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to say somewhat about my way of spending my time at the deanery, which did not seem calculated towards managing plots and conspiracies. But of that I shall consider. You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects; and, that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have closed this letter with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily, and not without some degree of concern, apply to your ever-affectionate, &c.

'Some natural tears he dropped, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before him where to chose
His place of rest, and Providence his guide.'

Atterbury, however, was clearly guilty. He afterwards became, like Bolingbroke, the chief counsellor and director of the exiled court, and strove in vain to infuse some of his own turbulent energy into the feeble mind of the Chevalier. He organised a plan for raising the Highland clans, and a special envoy was despatched from Rome, but the scheme miscarried. Though ready to plunge his country into civil war, Atterbury regarded it with tenderness:

Thus on the banks of Seine,
Far from my native home, I pass my hours,'
Broken with years and pain: yet my firm heart
Regards my friends and country e'en in death.

Usefulness of Church-Music.

The use of vocal and instrumental harmony in divine worship I shall recommend and justify from this consideration; that they do, when wisely employed and managed, contribute extremely to awaken the attention and enliven the devotion of all serious and sincere Christians; and their usefulness to this end will appear on a double account, as they remove the ordinary hinderances of devotion, and as they supply us further with special helps and advantages towards quickening and improving it.

By the melodious harmony of the church, the ordinary hinderances of devotion are removed, particularly these three; that engagement of thought which we often bring with us into the church from what we last converse with; those accidental distractions that may happen to us during the course of divine service; and that weariness and flatness of mind which some weak tempers may labor under, by reason even of the length of it.

When we come into the sanctuary immediately from any worldly affair, as our very condition of life does, alas! force many of us to do, we come usually with divided and alienated minds. The business, the pleasure, or the amusement we left, sticks fast to us, and perhaps engrosses that heart for a time, which should then be taken up altogether in spiritual addresses. But as soon as the sound of the sacred hymns strikes us, all that busy swarm of thoughts presently disperses: by a grateful violence we are forced into the duty that is going forward, and, as indevout and backward as we were before, find ourselves on the sudden seized with a sacred warmth, ready to cry out, with holy David: 'My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise.' Our misapplication of mind at such times is often so great, and we so deeply immersed in it, that there needs some very strong and powerful charm to rouse us from it: and perhaps nothing is of greater force to this purpose than the solemn and awakening airs of church-music.

For the same reason, those accidental distractions that may happen to us are also best cured by it. The strongest minds, and best practised in holy duties, may sometimes be surprised into a forgetfulness of what they are about by some violent outward impressions; and every slight occasion will serve to call off the thoughts of no less willing though much weaker worshippers. Those that come to see and to be seen here, will often gain their point; will draw and detain for a while the eyes of the curious and unwary. A passage in the sacred story read, an expression used in the common forms of devotion, shall raise a foreign reflection, perhaps, in musing and speculative minds, and lead them on from thought to thought, and point to point, till they are bewildered in their own imaginations. These, and a hundred other avocations, will arise and prevail; but when the instruments of praise begin to sound, our scattered thoughts presently take the alarm, return to their post and to their duty, preparing and arming themselves against their spiritual assailants.

Lastly, even the length of the service itself becomes a hinderance sometimes to the devotion which it was meant to feed and raise; for, alas! we quickly tire in the performance of holy duties; and as eager and unwearied as we are in attending upon secular business and trifling concerns, yet in divine offices, I fear, the expostulation of our Saviour is applicable to most of us: 'What! can ye not watch with me one hour?' This infirmity is relieved, this hinderance prevented or removed, by the sweet harmony that accompanies several parts of the service, and returning upon us at fit intervals, keeps our attention up to the duties when we begin to flag, and makes us insensible of the length of it. Happily, therefore, and wisely is it so ordered, that the morning devotions of the church, which are much the longest, should share also a greater proportion of the harmony which is useful to enliven them.

But its use stops not here, at a bare removal of the ordinary impediments to devotion: it supplies us also with special helps and advantages towards furthering and improving it. For it adds dignity and solemnity to public worship; it sweetly influences and raises our passions whilst we assist at it, and makes us do our duty with the greatest pleasure and cheerfulness; all which are very proper and powerful means towards creating in us that holy attention and erection of mind, the most reasonable part of this our reasonable service.

Such is our nature, that even the best things, and most worthy of our esteem, do not always employ and detain our thoughts in proportion to their real value, unless they be set off and greatened by some outward circumstances, which are fitted to raise admiration and surprise in the breasts of those who hear or behold them. And this good effect is wrought in us by the power of sacred music. To it we, in good measure, owe the dignity and solemnity of our public worship.

Further, the availableness of harmony to promote a pious disposition of mind will appear from the great influence it naturally has on the passions, which, when well directed, are the wings and sails of the mind, that speeds its passage to perfection, and are of particular and remarkable use in the offices of devotion; for devotion consists in an ascent of the mind towards God, attended with holy breathings of soul, and a divine exercise of all the passions and powers of the mind. These passions the melody of sounds serves only to guide and elevate towards their proper object; these it first calls forth and encourages, and then gradually raises and inflames. This it does to all of them, as the matter of the hymns sung gives an occasion for the employment of them; but the power of it is chiefly seen in advancing that most heavenly passion of love, which reigns always in pious breasts, and is the surest and most inseparable mark of true devotion; which recommends what we do in virtue of it to God, and makes it relishing to ourselves; and without which all our spiritual offerings, our prayers, and our praises, are both insipid and unacceptable. At this our religion begins, and at this it ends; it is the sweetest companion and improvement of it here upon earth, and the very earnest and foretaste of heaven; of the pleasures of which nothing further is revealed to us, than that they consist in the practice of holy music and holy love, the joint enjoyment of which, we are told, is to be the happy lot of all pious souls to endless ages.

Now, it naturally follows from hence, which was the last advantage from whence I proposed to recommend church-music, that it makes our duty a pleasure, and enables us, by that means, to perform it with the utmost vigour and cheerfulness. It is certain, that the more pleasing an action is to us, the more keenly and eagerly are we used to employ ourselves in it; the less liable are we, while it is going forward, to tire, and droop, and be dispirited. So that whatever contributes to make our devotion taking, within such a degree as not at the same time to dissipate and distract it, does, for that very reason, contribute to our attention and holy warmth of mind in performing it. What we take delight in, we no longer look upon as a task, but return to always with desire, dwell upon with satisfaction, and quit with uneasiness. And this it was which made holy David express himself in so pathetical a manner concerning the service of the sanctuary: 'As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. When, oh when, shall I come to appear before the presence of God?' The ancients do sometimes use the metaphor of an army when they are speaking of the joint devotions put up to God in the assembly of his saints. They say we there meet together in troops to do violence to heaven: we encompass, we besiege the throne of God, and bring such a united force as is not to be withstood. And I suppose we may as innocently carry on the metaphor as they have begun it, and say, that church-music, when decently ordered, may have as great uses in this army of supplicants, as the sound of the trumpet has among the host of the mighty men. It equally rouses the courage, equally gives life, and vigour, and resolution, and unanimity to these holy assailants.

DR. SAMUEL CLARKE.

Dr. Samuel Clarke, a distinguished divine, scholar, and metaphysician, was born at Norwich—which his father represented in parliament—on the 11th of October 1675. His powers of reflection and abstraction are said to have been developed when a mere boy. His biographer, Whiston, relates that 'one of his parents asked him, when very young, whether God could do everything. He answered, Yes. He was asked again, whether God could tell a lie. He answered No. And he understood the question to suppose that this was the only thing that God could not do; nor durst he say, so young was he then, that he thought there was anything else which God could not do—while yet he well remembered that he had even then a clear conviction in his own mind that there was one thing which God could not do—that he could not annihilate that space which was in the room where they were.' This opinion concerning the necessary existence of space became a leading feature in the mind of the future philosopher. At Caius' College, Cambridge, Clarke cultivated natural philosophy with such success, that in his twenty-second year he published an excellent translation of Rohault's 'Physics,' with notes, in which he advocated the Newtonian system, although that of Descartes was taught by Rohault, whose work was at that time the text-book in the university. Four editions of Clarke's translation were required before it ceased to be used in the university; but at length it was superseded by treatises in which the Newtonian philosophy was avowedly adopted.

Having entered the church, Clarke found a patron and friend in Dr. Moore, bishop of Norwich, and was appointed his chaplain. Between the years 1699 and 1702, he published several theological essays on baptism, repentance, &c., and executed paraphrases of the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. These tracts were afterwards published in two volumes. The bishop next gave him a living at Norwich; and his reputation stood so high, that in 1704 he was appointed to preach the Boyle lecture. His boyish musings on eternity and space were now revived. He selected as the subject of his first course of lectures, the 'Being and Attributes of God;' and the second year he chose the 'Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion.' The lectures were published in two volumes, and attracted notice and controversy from their containing Clarke's celebrated argument *a priori* for the existence of God, the germ of which is comprised in a 'Scholium' annexed to Newton's 'Principia.' According to Sir Isaac and his scholar, as immensity and eternity are not *substances*, but *attributes*, the immense and eternal Being, whose attributes they are, must exist of necessity also. The existence of God, therefore, is a truth that follows with demonstrative evidence from those conceptions of space and time which are inseparable from the human mind.

Professor Dugald Stewart, though considering that Clarke, in pursuing this lofty argument, soared into regions where he was lost in the clouds, admits the grandness of the conception, and its connection with the principles of natural religion. 'For when once we have established, from the evidences of design everywhere manifested around us, the existence of an intelligent and powerful *cause*, we are unavoidably led to apply to this cause our conceptions of *immensity* and *eternity*, and to conceive *Him* as filling the infinite extent of both with his presence and with his power. Hence we associate with the idea of God those awful impressions which are naturally produced by the idea of infinite space, and perhaps still more by the idea of endless duration. Nor is this all. It is from the immensity of space that the notion of infinity is originally derived; and it is hence that we transfer the expression, by a sort of metaphor, to other subjects. When we speak, therefore, of *infinite* power, wisdom, and goodness, our notions, if not wholly borrowed from space, are at least greatly aided by this analogy; so that the conceptions of immensity and eternity, if they do not of themselves *demonstrate* the existence of God, yet necessarily enter into the ideas we form of his nature and attributes.'* How beautifully has Pope clothed this magnificent conception in verse!—

> All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body nature is, *and God the soul;*
> That, changed through all, and yet in all the same;
> Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame;
> Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
> Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
> Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
> Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

The followers of Spinoza built their pernicious theory upon the same argument of endless space; but Pope has spiritualised the idea by placing God as the soul of all, and Clarke's express object was to shew that the subtleties they had advanced *against* religion, might be better employed in its favour. Yet Whitson only repeated a simple and obvious truth when he told Clarke that in the commonest weed in his garden were contained better arguments for the being and attributes of the Deity than in all his metaphysics.

The next subject that engaged the studies of Clarke was a 'Defence of the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul,' in reply to

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* Stewart's Dissertation, *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

Mr. Henry Dodwell and Collins. He also translated Newton's 'Optics' into Latin, and was rewarded by his guide, philosopher, and friend with a present of £500. In 1709, he obtained the rectory of St. James's, Westminster, took his degree of D.D. and was made chaplain in ordinary to the queen. In 1712, he edited a splendid edition of Cæsar's 'Commentaries,' with corrections and emendations, and also gave to the world an elaborate treatise on the 'Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity.' The latter involved him in considerable trouble with the church authorities; for Clarke espoused the Arian doctrine, which he also advocated in a series of sermons. He next appeared as a controversialist with Leibnitz, the German philosopher, who had represented to the Princess of Wales, afterwards the queen-consort of George II. that the Newtonian philosophy was not only physically false, but injurious to religion.

Sir Isaac Newton, at the request of the princess, entered the list on the mathematical part of the controversy, and left the philosophical part of it to Dr. Clarke. The result was triumphant for the English system; and Clarke, in 1717, collected and published the papers which had passed between him and Leibnitz. In 1724, he put to press a series of sermons, seventeen in number. Many of them are excellent, but others are tinctured with his metaphysical predilections. He aimed at rendering scriptural principle a precept conformable to what he calls eternal reason and the fitness of things, and hence his sermons have failed in becoming popular or useful. 'He who aspires,' says Robert Hall, 'to a reputation that shall survive the vicissitudes of opinion and of time, must aim at some other character than that of a metaphysician.' In his practical sermons, however, there is much sound and admirable precept. In 1727, Dr. Clarke was offered, but declined, the appointment of Master of the Mint, vacant by the death of his illustrious friend, Newton. The situation was worth £1500 a year, and the disinterestedness and integrity of Clarke were strikingly evinced by his declining to accept an office of such honour and emoluments, because he could not reconcile himself to a secular employment. His conduct and character must have excited the admiration of the queen, for we learn from a satirical allusion in Pope's 'Moral Epistle on the Use of Riches'—first published in 1731—that her majesty had placed a bust of Dr. Clarke in her hermitage in the royal grounds. 'The doctor duly frequented the court,' says Pope in a note; 'but he should have added,' rejoins Warburton, 'with the innocence and disinterestedness of a hermit.'

In 1729, Clarke published the first twelve books of the 'Iliad,' with a Latin version and copious annotations; and Homer has never had a more judicious or acute commentator. The last literary efforts of this indefatigable scholar were devoted to drawing up an 'Exposition of the Church Catechism,' and preparing several volumes of sermons for the press. These were not published till after his death, which took place on the 17th of May 1729. The various talents and learning of Dr. Clarke, and his easy cheerful disposition, earned for him the highest admiration and esteem of his contemporaries. As a metaphysician, he was inferior to Locke in comprehensiveness and originality, but possessed more skill and logical foresight, the natural result of his habits of mathematical study; and he has been justly celebrated for the boldness and ability with which he placed himself in the breach against the Necessitarians and Fatalists of his times. His moral doctrine—which supposes virtue to consist in the regulation of our conduct according to certain fitnesses which we perceive in things, or a peculiar congruity of certain relations to each other—being inconsequential unless we have previously distinguished the ends which are morally good from those that are evil, and limited the conformity to one of those classes, has been condemned by Dr. Thomas Brown and Sir James Mackintosh.* His speculations were over-refined, and seem to have been coloured by his fondness for mathematical studies.

Natural and Essential Difference between Right and Wrong.

The principal thing that can, with any colour of reason, seem to countenance the opinion of those who deny the natural and eternal difference of good and evil, is the difficulty there may sometimes be to define exactly the bounds of right and wrong; the variety of opinions that have obtained even among understanding and learned men, concerning certain questions of just and unjust, especially in political matters; and the many contrary laws that have been made in divers ages and in different countries concerning these matters. But as, in painting, two very different colours, by diluting each other very slowly and gradually, may, from the highest intenseness in either extreme, terminate in the midst insensibly, and so run one into the other, that it shall not be possible even for a skilful eye to determine exactly where the one ends and the other begins; and yet the colours may really differ as much as can be, not in degree only, but entirely in kind, as red and blue, or white and black: so, though it may perhaps be very difficult in some nice and perplexed cases—which yet are very far from occurring frequently—to define exactly the bounds of right and wrong, just and unjust—and there may be some latitude in the judgment of different men, and the laws of divers nations—yet right and wrong are nevertheless in themselves totally and essentially different; even altogether as much as white and black, light and darkness. The Spartan law, perhaps, which permitted their youth to steal, may, as absurd as it it was, bear much dispute whether it was absolutely unjust or no; because every man, having an absolute right in his own goods, it may seem that the members of any society may agree to transfer or alter their own properties upon what conditions they shall think fit. But if it could be supposed that a law had been made at Sparta, or at Rome, or in India, or in any other part of the world, whereby it had been commanded or allowed that every man might rob by violence, and murder whomsoever he met with, or that no faith should be kept with any man, nor any equitable compacts performed, no man, with any tolerable use of his reason, whatever diversity of judgment might be among them in other matters, would have thought that such a law could have authorised or excused, much less have justified such actions, and have made them become good: because 'tis plainly not in men's power to make falsehood be truth, though they may alter the property of their goods as they please. Now if, in flagrant cases, the natural and essential difference between good and evil, right and wrong, cannot but be confessed to be plainly and undeniably evident, the difference between them must be also essential and unalterable in all, even the smallest, and nicest and most intricate cases though it be not so easy to be discerned and accurately distinguished. For if, from the difficulty of determining exactly the bounds of right and wrong in many perplexed cases, it could truly be concluded that just and unjust were not essentially different by nature, but only by positive constitution and custom, it would follow equally, that they were not really, essentially, and unalterably different, even the most flagrant cases that can be supposed; which is an assertion so very absurd, that Mr. Hobbes himself could hardly vent it without blushing, and discovering plainly, by his shifting expressions, his secret self-condemnation. There are therefore certain necessary and eternal differences of things, and certain fitnesses or unfitnesses of the application of different things, or different relations one to another, or depending on any positive constitutions, but founded unchangeably in the nature and reason of things, and unavoidably arising from the difference of the things themselves.

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* See Brown's *Philosophy* and the *Dissertations* of Stewart and Mackintosh. Warburton in his notes on Pope, thus sums up the moral doctrine: 'Dr. Clarke and Wollaston considered moral obligation as arising from the essential differences and relations of things; Shaftesbury and Hutcheson, as arising from the moral sense: and the generality of divines, as arising solely from the will of God. On these three principles, practical morality has been built by these different writers.' 'Thus has God been pleased,' adds Warburton, 'to give three different excitements to the practice of virtue: that men of all ranks, constitutions, and educations, might find their account in one or other of them: something that would hit their palate, satisfy their reason, or subdue their will. But this admirable provision for the support of virtue hath been in some measure defeated by its pretended advocates, who have sacrilegiously untwisted this threefold cord, and each running away with the part he esteemed the strongest, hath affixed that to the throne of God, as the golden chain that is to unite and draw all to it.'—*Divine Legation*, Book I.

DR. WILLIAM LOWTH.

DR. WILLIAM LOWTH (1661–1732) was distinguished for his classical and theological attainments, and the liberality with which he communicated his stores to others. He published a 'Vindication of the Divine Authority and Inspiration of the Old and New Testaments,' (1692), 'Directions for the Profitable Reading of the Holy Scriptures,' 'Commentaries on the Prophets,' &c. He furnished notes on Clemens Alexandrinus for Potter's edition of that ancient author, remarks on Josephus for Hudson's edition, and annotations on the ecclesiastical historians for Reading's Cambridge edition of those authors. He also assisted Dr. Chandler in his 'Defence of Christianity from the Prophecies' His learning is said to have been equally extensive and profound, and he accompanied all his reading with critical and philological remarks. Born in London, Dr. Lowth took his degrees at Oxford, and experiencing the countenance and support of the bishop of Winchester, became the chaplain of that prelate, a prebend of the cathedral of Winchester, and rector of Buriton.

DR. BENJAMIN HOADLY.

DR. BENJAMIN HOADLY, successively bishop of Bangor, Hereford, Salisbury, and Winchester, was a prelate of great controversial ability, who threw the weight of his talents and learning into the scale of Whig politics, at that time fiercely attacked by the Tory and Jacobite parties. Hoadley was born at Westerham, in Kent, in 1676. In 1706, while rector of St. Peter's-le-Poor, London, he attacked a sermon by Atterbury, and thus incurred the enmity and ridicule of Swift and Pope. He defended the revolution of 1688, and attacked the doctrines of divine right and passive obedience with such vigour and perseverance, that, in 1709, the House of Commons recommended him to the favour of the queen. Her majesty does not appear to have complied with this request; but her successor, George I. elevated him to the see of Bangor. Shortly after his elevation to the bench, Hoadly published a work against the non-jurors, and a sermon preached before the king at St. James's, on the 'Nature of the Kingdom or Church of Christ.' The latter excited a long and vehement dispute, known by the name of the Bangorian Controversy, in which forty or fifty tracts were published. The Lower House of Convocation took up Hoadly's works with warmth, and passed a censure of them, as calculated to subvert the government and discipline of the church, and to impugn and impeach the regal supremacy in matters ecclesiastical. The controversy was conducted with unbecoming violence, and several bishops and other grave divines—the excellent Sherlock among the number—forgot the dignity of their station and the spirit of Christian charity in the heat of party warfare. Pope alludes sarcastically to Hoadly's sermon in the 'Dunciad:'

Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
Yet silent bowed to *Christ's no kingdom here.*

The truth, however, is, that there was 'nothing whatever in Hoadly's sermon injurious to the established endowments and privileges, nor to the discipline and government of the English Church, even in theory. If this had been the case, he might have been reproached with some inconsistency in becoming so large a partaker of her honours and emoluments. He even admitted the usefulness of censures for open immoralities, though denying all church authority to oblige any one to external communion, or to pass any sentence which should determine the condition of men with respect to the favour or displeasure of God. Another great question in this controversy was that of religious liberty as a civil right, which the convocation explicitly denied. And another related to the much-debated exercise of private judgment in religion, which, as one party meant virtually to take away, so the other perhaps unreasonably exaggerated.'* The style of Hoadly's controversial treatises is strong and logical, but without any of the graces of composition, and hence they have fallen into oblivion. He was author of several other works, as 'Terms of Acceptance,' 'Reasonableness of Conformity,' 'Treatise on the Sacrament,' &c. A complete edition of his works was published by his son in three folio volumes (1773). There can be no doubt that the independent and liberal mind of Hoadly, aided by his station in the church, tended materially to stem the torrent of slavish submission which then prevailed in the church of England. He died in 1761.

The Kingdom of Christ not of this World.

If, therefore, the church of Christ be the kingdom of Christ, it is essential to it that Christ himself be the sole lawgiver and sole judge of his subjects, in all points relating to the favour or displeasure of Almighty God; and that all his subjects, in what station soever they may be, are equally subjects to him; and that no one of them, any more than another, hath authority either to make new laws for Christ's subjects, or to impose a sense upon the old ones, which is the same thing; or to judge, censure, or punish the servants of another master, in matters relating purely to conscience or salvation. If any person hath any other notion, either through a long use of words with inconsistent meanings, or through a negligence of thought, let him but ask himself whether the church of Christ be the kingdom of Christ or not; and if it be, whether this notion of it doth not absolutely exclude all other legislators and judges in matters relating to conscience or the favour of God, or whether it can be his kingdom if any mortal men have such a power of legislation and judgment in it. This inquiry will bring us back to the first, which is the only true account of the church of Christ, or the kingdom of Christ, in the mouth of a Christian; that it is the number of men, whether small or great, whether dispersed or united, who truly and sincerely are subjects to Jesus Christ alone as their lawgiver and judge in matters relating to the favour of God and their eternal salvation.

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* Hallam's *Constitutional History of England.*

The next principal point is, that, if the church be the kingdom of Christ, and this 'kingdom be not of this world,' this must appear from the nature and end of the laws of Christ, and of those rewards and punishments which are the sanctions of his laws. Now, his laws are declarations relating to the favour of God in another state after this. They are declarations of those conditions to be performed in this world on our part, without which God will not make us happy in that to come. And they are almost all general appeals to the will of that God; to his nature, known by the common reason of mankind, and to the imitation of that nature, which must be our perfection. The keeping his commandments is declared the way to life, and the doing his will the entrance into the kingdom of heaven. The being subjects to Christ, is to this very end, that we may the better and more effectually perform the will of God. The laws of this kingdom, therefore, as Christ left them, have nothing of this world in their view; no tendency either to the exaltation of some in worldly pomp and dignity, or to their absolute dominion over the faith and religious conduct of others of his subjects, or to the erecting of any sort of temporal kingdom under the covert and name of a spiritual one.

The sanctions of Christ's law are rewards and punishments. But of what sort? Not the rewards of this world; not the offices or glories of this state; not the pains of prisons, banishments, fines, or any lesser and more moderate penalties; nay, not the much lesser and negative discouragements that belong to human society. He was far from thinking that these could be the instruments of such a persuasion as he thought acceptable to God. But as the great end of his kingdom was to guide men to happiness after the short images of it were over here below, so he took his motives from that place where his kingdom first began, and where it was at last to end; from those rewards and punishments in a future state, which had no relation to this world; and to shew that his 'kingdom was not of this world,' all the sanctions which he thought fit to give to his laws were not of this world at all.

St. Paul understood this so well, that he gives an account of his own conduct, and that of others in the same station, in these words: 'Knowing the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men:' whereas, in too many Christian countries since his days, if some who profess to succeed him were to give an account of their own conduct, it must be in a quite contrary strain: 'Knowing the terrors of this world, and having them in our power, we do not persuade men, but force their outward profession against their inward persuasion.'

Now, wherever this is practised, whether in a great degree or a small, in that place there is so far a change from a kingdom which is not of this world, to a kingdom which is of this world. As soon as ever you hear of any of the engines of this world, whether of the greater or the lesser sort, you must immediately think that then, and so far, the kingdom of this world takes place. For, if the very essence of God's worship be spirit and truth, if religion be virtue and charity, under the belief of a Supreme Governor and Judge, if true real faith cannot be the effect of force, and if there can be no reward where there is no willing choice—then, in all or any of these cases, to apply force or flattery, worldly pleasure or pain, is to act contrary to the interests of true religion, as it is plainly opposite to the maxims upon which Christ founded his kingdom; who chose the motives which are not of this world, to support a kingdom which is not of this world. And indeed it is too visible to be hid, that wherever the rewards and punishments are changed from future to present, from the world to come to the world now in possession, there the kingdom founded by our Saviour is, in the nature of it, so far changed, that it is become, in such a degree, what he professed his kingdom was not,—that is, of this world; of the same

sort with other common earthly kingdoms, in which the rewards are worldly honours, posts, offices, pomp, attendance, dominion; and the punishments are prisons, fines, banishments, galleys and racks, or something less of the same sort.

CHARLES LESLIE.

Charles Leslie (1650–1722) author of a work still popular, 'A Short and Easy Method with the Deists,' was a son of a bishop of Clogher, who is said to have been of a Scottish family. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, Charles Leslie studied the law in London, but afterwards turned his attention to divinity, and in 1680 took orders. As chancellor of the cathedral of Connor, he distinguished himself by several disputations with Catholic divines, and by the boldness with which he opposed the pro-popish designs of King James. Nevertheless, at the Revolution, he adopted a decisive tone of Jacobitism, from which he never swerved through life. Removing to London, he was chiefly engaged for several years in writing controversial works against Quakers, Socinians, and Deists, of which, however, none are now remembered besides the little treatise of which the title has been given, and which appeared in 1699. He also wrote many occasional and periodical tracts in behalf of the House of Stuart, to whose cause his talents and celebrity certainly lend no small lustre. Being for one of these publications obliged to leave the country, he repaired, in 1713, to the court of the Chevalier at Bar-le-Duc, and was well received. James allowed him to have a chapel fitted up for the English service, and was even expected to lend a favourable ear to his arguments against popery; but this expectation proved vain. It was not possible for an earnest and bitter controversialist like Leslie to remain long at rest in such a situation, and we are not therefore surprised to find him return in disgust to England in 1721. He soon after died at his house of Glaslough, in the county of Monaghan. The works of this remarkable man have been collected in seven volumes (Oxford 1832), and it must be allowed that they place their author very high in the list of controversial writers, the ingenuity of the arguments being only equalled by the keenness and pertinacity with which they are pursued.

BISHOP PATRICK—DR. WATERLAND.

Symon Patrick (1626–1707) successively bishop of Chichester and Ely, was author of a series of Paraphrases and Commentaries on the historical and poetical portions of Scripture, from Genesis to the Song of Solomon, which extended to ten volumes, and were published between 1697 and 1710.

Daniel Waterland (1683–1740) was elected a fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, in 1699. He was a controversial theologian of great ability and acuteness, and successfully vindicated the doctrines of the Church of England from Arian and Deistic assailants. His several publications on the Trinity constitute a valuable series of treatises. He published also two volumes of 'Sermons.' Waterland died archdeacon of Middlesex. A complete edition of his works, with a life of the author by Bishop Van Mildert, was published at Oxford, in eleven volumes, in 1823.

WILLIAM WHISTON (1667-1752) was an able but eccentric scholar, and so distinguished as a mathematician, that he was made deputy-professor of mathematics in the university of Cambridge, and afterwards successor to Sir Isaac Newton, of whose principles he was one of the most successful expounders. Entering into holy orders, he became chaplain to the bishop of Norwich, rector of Lowestoft, &c. He was also appointed Boyle lecturer in the university, but was at length expelled for promulgating Arian opinions. He then went to London, where a subscription was made for him, and he delivered a series of lectures on astronomy. Towards the close of his life, Whiston became a Baptist, and believed that the millennium was approaching, when the Jews would all be restored. Had he confined himself to mathematical studies, he would have earned a high name in science; but his time and attention were dissipated by his theological pursuits, in which he evinced more zeal than judgment. His works are numerous. Besides a 'Theory of the Earth' in defence of the Mosaic account of the creation, published in 1696, and some tracts on the Newtonian system, he wrote an 'Essay on the Revelation of St. John' (1706), 'Sermons on the Scripture Prophecies' (1708), 'Primitive Christianity Revived,' five volumes (1712), 'Memoirs of his Own Life' (1749-50), &c. An extract from the last-mentioned work is subjoined:

Whistonian Controversy.—Anecdote of the Discovery of the Newtonian Philosophy.

After I had taken holy orders, I returned to the college, and went on with my own studies there, particularly the mathematics and the Cartesian philosophy, which was alone in vogue with us at that time. But it was not long before I, with immense pains, but no assistance, set myself with the utmost zeal to the study of Sir Isaac Newton's wonderful discoveries in his 'Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica,' one or two of which lectures I had heard him read in the public schools, though I understood them not at all at that time—being indeed greatly excited thereto by a paper of Dr. Gregory's when he was professor in Scotland, wherein he had given the most prodigious commendations to that work, as not only right in all things, but in a manner the effect of a plainly divine genius, and had already caused several of his scholars to keep acts, as we call them, upon several branches of the Newtonian philosophy; while we at Cambridge, poor wretches, were ignominiously studying the fictitious hypotheses of the Cartesian, which Sir Isaac Newton had also himself done formerly, as I have heard him say. What the occasion of Sir Isaac Newton's leaving the Cartesian philosophy, and of discovering his amazing theory of gravity was, I have heard him long ago, soon after my first acquaintance with him, which was 1694, thus relate, and of which Dr. Pemberton gives the like account, and somewhat more fully in the preface to his explication of his philosophy. It was this: an inclination came into Sir Isaac's mind to try whether the same power did not keep the moon in her orbit, notwithstanding her projectile velocity, which he knew always tended to go along a straight line the tangent of that orbit, which makes stones and all heavy bodies with us fall downward, and which we call gravity; taking this postulatum, which had been thought of before, that such power might decrease in a duplicate proportion of the distances from the earth's centre. Upon Sir Isaac's first trial, n he took a degree of a great circle on the earth's surface, whence a degree at distance of the moon was to be determined also, to be sixty measured miles only, ording to the gross measures then in use, he was in some degree disappointed; the power that restrained the moon in her orbit, measured by the versed sines of orbit, appeared not to be quite the same that was to be expected had it been the r of gravity alone by which the moon was there influenced. Upon this disaptment, which made Sir Isaac suspect that this power was partly that of gravity partly that of Cartesius's vortices, he threw aside the paper of his calculation, went to other studies. However, some time afterward, when Monsieur Picart much more exactly measured the earth, and found that a degree of a great cir- was sixty-nine and a half such miles, Sir Isaac, in turning over some of his for- papers, lighted upon this old imperfect calculation, and, correcting his former or, discovered that this power, at the true correct distance of the moon from the th, not only tended to the earth's centre, as did the common power of gravity h us, but was exactly of the right quantity; and that if a stone was carried up to moon, or to sixty semi-diameters of the earth, and let fall downward by its grav- y, and the moon's own menstrual motion was stopped, and she was let fall by that ower which before retained her in her orbit, they would exactly fall towards the me point, and with the same velocity; which was therefore no other power than at of gravity. And since that power appeared to extend as far as the moon, at the istance of 240,000 miles, it was but natural or rather necessary, to suppose it might each twice, thrice, four times, &c. the same distance with the same diminution, according to the squares of such distances perpetually: which noble discovery proved the happy occasion of the invention of the wonderful Newtonian philosophy.

DR. WILLIAM NICOLSON—DR. MATTHEW TINDAL—NICHOLAS TINDAL—
DR. HUMPHREY PRIDEAUX.

Dr. William Nicolson (1655–1727), successively bishop of Carlisle and Londonderry, and, lastly, archbishop of Cashel, was a learned antiquary and investigator of our early records. He published 'Historical Libraries of England, Scotland, and Ireland'—collected into one volume, in 1776—being a detailed catalogue or list of books and manuscripts referring to the history of each nation. He also wrote 'An Essay on the Border Laws,' 'A Treatise on the Laws of the Anglo-Saxons,' and 'A Description of Poland and Denmark.' The only professional works of Dr. Nicholson are a preface to Chamberlayne's 'Polyglott of the Lord's Prayer,' and some able pamphlets on the Bangorian Controversy.

Dr. Matthew Tindal (1657–1733) was a zealous controversialist, in times when controversy was pursued with much keenness by men fitted for higher duties. His first attacks were directed against priestly power, but he ended in opposing Christianity itself; and Paine and other later writers against revelation have drawn some of their weapons from the armoury of Tindal. Like Dryden and many others, Tindal embraced the Roman Catholic religion when it became fashionable in the court of James II.; but he abjured it in 1687, and afterwards became an advocate under William III. from whom he received a pension of £200 per annum. He wrote several political and theological tracts, but the work by which he is chiefly known is entitled 'Christianity as Old as the Creation, or the Gospel a Republication of the Religion of Nature' (1730). The tendency of this reatise is to discredit revealed religion: it was answered by Dr.

Waterland; and Tindal replied by reiterating his former statements and arguments. He wrote a second volume to this work shortly before his death, but Dr. Gibson, the bishop of London, interfered, and prevented its publication.

After the death of Tindal, it appeared from his will that he had left a sum of £2000 to Budgell—already noticed as one of the writers of the 'Spectator'—but this sum was so disproportioned to the testator's means, that Budgell was accused of forging the will, and Tindal's nephew got it set aside. The disgrace consequent on this transaction is supposed to have been the primary cause of Budgell's commiting suicide. The nephew, NICHOLAS TINDAL (1687–1774), was a Fellow of Trinity College, and chaplain of Greenwich Hospital. He translated some works and was author of a continuation of Rapin's 'History of England.'

Another of the sceptical writers of this period was JOHN TOLAND (1669–1722), author of 'Christianity not Mysterious' (1696), a work which occasioned much controversy. He wrote various treatises on theological and historical subjects, and was a learned but pedantic student, always in trouble and difficulties. His works were never collected, and are now forgotten.

DR. HUMPHREY PRIDEAUX (1648–1724) was author of a still popular and valuable work, the 'Connection of the History of the Old and New Testament,' the first part of which was published in 1715, and the second in 1717. He wrote also a 'Life of Mahomet' (1697), 'Directions to Church-wardens' (1707), and 'A Treatise on Tithes' (1710). Prideaux's 'Connection' is a work of great research, connecting the Old with the New Testament by a luminous historical summary. Few books have had a greater circulation, and it is invaluable to all students of divinity. Its author was highly respected for his learning and piety. He was archdeacon of Suffolk, and at one time Hebrew lecturer at Christ Church, Oxford. His extensive library of oriental books has been preserved in Clare Hall, Cambridge, to which college it was presented by himself.

EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

Two distinguished philosophical writers adorn this period, Shaftesbury and Berkeley. Both were accomplished and elegant authors, and both, in their opinions, influenced other minds. The *moral sense* of the former was adopted by Hutcheson, and the *idealism* of Berkeley was reproduced by Hume.

ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, the third Earl of Shaftesbury, was born in London in 1671. After a careful private education, he travelled for some time, and in 1693 entered the House of Commons. Five years afterwards, he repaired to Holland, and cultivated the society of Bayle and Le Clerc. On his return, he succeeded to the earldom, and spoke frequently in the House of Lords. All his parliamentary appearances were creditable to his talents, and honourable to his taste and feelings. His first publication was in 1708, 'A Letter on Enthusiasm,' prompted by the extravagance of the French prophets, whose zeal had degenerated into intolerance. In 1709, appeared his 'Moralists, a Philosophical Rhapsody,' and 'Sensus Communis,' an essay upon the freedom of wit and humour. In this latter production he vindicates the use of ridicule as a test of truth. In 1710, he published another slight work, a 'Soliloquy, or Advice to an Author.' Soon afterwards, ill health compelled Lord Shaftesbury to seek a warmer climate. He fixed on Naples, where he died in February 1713, at the early age of forty-two. A complete collection of his works was published in 1716, in three volumes, under the general title of 'Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times.'

The style of Shaftesbury is lofty and musical. He bestowed great pains on the construction of his sentences, and the labour is too apparent. Desirous also of blending the nobleman and man of the world with the author, a tone of assumption and familiarity deforms some of his arguments and illustrations. He was an ardent admirer of the ancients, and, in his dialogue entitled 'The Moralist,' has adopted in a great measure the elevated style of his favorite Plato. With those who hold in like estimation the works of that 'divine philosopher,' and who are willing to exchange continuity, precision, and simplicity, for melody and stateliness of diction, 'The Moralists' cannot fail to be regarded, as it was by Leibnitz and Monboddo, with enthusiastic admiration.

The religious tendency of Shaftesbury's writings has been extensively discussed. That he is a powerful and decided champion against the atheists is universally admitted; but with respect to his opinion of Christianity, different views have been entertained. A perusal of the 'Characteristics' will make it evident that much of the controversy which the work has occasioned has arisen from the inconsistent opinions expressed in its different parts. Pope informed Warburton, that to his knowledge the 'Characteristics' had done much harm to revealed religion. The poet himself was a diligent reader of the work, as appears from his 'Essay on Man.'

As a moralist, Lord Shaftesbury holds the conspicuous place of founder of that school of philosophers by whom virtue and vice are regarded as naturally and fundamentally distinct, and who consider man to be endowed with a 'moral sense' by which these are discriminated, and at once approved of or condemned, without reference to the self-interest of him who judges. In opposition to Hobbes, he maintains that the nature of man is such as to lead to the exercise of benevolent and disinterested affections in the social state; and he earnestly inculcates the doctrine, that virtue is more conducive than vice to the temporal happiness of those who practice it. He speaks of 'conscience, or a natural sense of the odiousness of crime and injustice;' and remarks, that as, in the case of objects of the external senses, 'the shapes, motions, colours, and proportions of these latter being presented to our eye, there necessarily results a beauty or deformity, according to the different measure, arrangement, and disposition of their several parts; so, in behaviour and actions, when presented to our understanding, there must be found, of necessity, an apparent difference, according to the regularity and irregularity of the subjects.' 'The mind,' says he, 'feels the soft and harsh, the agreeable and disagreeable, in the affections; and finds a foul and fair, a harmonious and a dissonant, as really and truly here, as in any musical numbers, or in the outward forms or representations of sensible things. Nor can it withhold its admiration and ecstasy, its aversion and scorn, any more in what relates to one than to the other of these subjects.' 'However false or corrupt it be within itself, it finds the difference, as to beauty and comeliness, between one heart and another; and accordingly, in all disinterested cases, must approve in some measure of what is natural and honest, and disapprove what is dishonest and corrupt.' This doctrine, which in the pages of Shaftesbury is left in a very imperfect state, has been successively followed out by Dr. Hutcheson of Glasgow, and subsequently adopted and illustrated by Reid, Stewart, and Brown.

Platonic Representation of the Scale of Beauty and Love.—From The 'Moralists.'

I have now a better idea of that melancholy you discovered; and notwithstanding the humorous turn you were pleased to give, I am persuaded it has a different foundation from any of those fantastical causes I then assigned to it. Love, doubtless, is at the bottom, but a nobler love than such as common beauties inspire.

Here, in my turn, I began to raise my voice, and imitate the solemn way you had been teaching me. Knowing as you are (continued I.) well knowing and experienced in all the degrees and orders of beauty, in all the mysterious charms of the particular forms, you rise to what is more general; and with a larger heart, and mind more comprehensive, you generously seek that which is highest in the kind. Not captivated by the lineaments of a fair face, or the well-drawn proportions of a human body, you view the life itself, and embrace rather the mind which adds the lustre, and renders chiefly amiable.

Nor is the enjoyment of such a single beauty sufficient to satisfy such an aspiring soul. It seeks how to combine more beauties, and by what coalition of these to form a beautiful society. It views communities, friendships, relations, duties; and considers by what harmony of particular minds the general harmony is composed, and commonweal established. Nor satisfied even with public good in one community of men, it frames itself a nobler object, and with enlarged affection seeks the good of mankind. It dwells with pleasure amidst that reason and those orders on which this fair correspondence and goodly interest is established. Laws, constitutions, civil and religious rites; whatever civilises or polishes rude mankind; the sciences and arts, philosophy, morals, virtue; the flourishing state of human affairs, and the perfection of human nature: these are its delightful prospects, and this charm of beauty which attracts it.

Still ardent in this pursuit—such is its love of order and perfection—it rests not here, nor satisfies itself with the beauty of a part, but extending further its communicative bounty, seeks the good of all, and affects the interest and prosperity of the whole. True to its native world and higher country, 'tis here it seeks order and perfection, wishing the best, and hoping still to find a just and wise administration. And since all hope of this were vain and idle, if no Universal Mind presided; since, without such a supreme intelligence and providential care, the distracted universe must be condemned to suffer infinite calamities, 'tis here the generous mind labours to discover that healing cause by which the interest of the whole is securely established, the beauty of things, and the universal order happily sustained.

This, Palemon, is the labour of your soul; and this its melancholy: when unsuccessfully pursuing the supreme beauty, it meets with darkening clouds which intercept its sight. Monsters arise, not those from Libyan deserts, but from the heart of man more fertile, and with their horrid aspect cast an unseemly reflection upon nature. She, helpless as she is thought, and working thus absurdly, is contemned, the government of the world arraigned, and Deity made void. Much is alleged in answer, to shew why nature errs; and when she seems most ignorant or perverse in her productions, I assert her even then as wise and provident as in her goodliest works. For 'tis not then that men complain of the world's order, or abhor the face of things, when they see various interests mixed and interfering; natures subordinate, of different kinds, opposed one to another, and in their different operations submitted, the higher to the lower. 'Tis, on the contrary, from this order of inferior and superior things that we admire the world's beauty, founded thus on contrarieties; whilst from such various and disagreeing principles a universal concord is established.

Thus in the several orders of terrestrial forms, a resignation is required—a sacrifice and mutual yielding of natures one to another. The vegetables by their death sustain the animals, and animal bodies dissolved enrich the earth, and raise again the vegetable world. The numerous insects are reduced by the superior kinds of birds and beasts; and these again are checked by man, who in his turn submits to other natures, and resigns his form, a sacrifice in common to the rest of things. And if in natures so little exalted or pre-eminent above each other, the sacrifice of interest can appear so just, how much more reasonably may all inferior natures be subjected to the superior nature of the world!—that world, Palemon, which even now transported you, when the sun's fainting light gave way to these bright constellations, and left you this wide system to contemplate.

Here are those laws which ought not, nor can submit to anything below. The central powers which hold the lasting orbs in their just poise and movement, must not be controlled to save a fleeting form, and rescue from the precipice a puny animal, whose brittle frame, however protected, must of itself so soon dissolve. The ambient air, the inward vapours, the impending meteors, or whatever else nutrimental or preservative of this earth, must operate in a natural course; and other good constitutions must submit to the good habit and constitutions of the all-sustaining globe. Let us not wonder, therefore, if by earthquake, storms, pestilential blasts, nether or upper fires or floods, the animal kinds are oft afflicted, and whole species perhaps involved at once in common ruin. Nor need we wonder if the interior form, the soul and temper, partakes of this occasional deformity, and sympathises often with its close partner. Who is there that can wonder either at the sicknesses of sense or the depravity of minds enclosed in such frail bodies, and dependent on such pervertible organs?

Here, then, is that solution you require, and hence those seeming blemishes cast upon nature. Nor is there ought in this beside what is natural and good. 'Tis *good* which is predominant; and every corruptible and mortal nature, by its mortality and corruption, yields only to some better, and all in common to that best and highest nature which is incorruptible and immortal.*

God in the Universe.

It is in vain for us to search the bulky mass of matter; seeking to know its nature; how great the whole itself, or even how small its parts. If, knowing only some of the rules of motion, we seek to trace it further, it is in vain we follow it into the bodies it has reached. Our tardy apprehensions fail us, and can reach nothing beyond the body itself, through which it is diffused. Wonderful being (if we may call it so) which bodies never receive, except from others which lose it; nor ever lose, unless by imparting it to others. Even without change of place it has its force: and bodies big with motion labour to move, yet stir not; whilst they express an energy beyond our comprehension.

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* This passage receives from Sir James Mackintosh the high praise, 'that there is scarcely any composition in our language more lofty in its moral and religious sentiments, or more exquisitely elegant *and musical in its* diction.'

In vain too we pursue that phantom Time, too small, and yet too mighty for our grasp; when shrinking to a narrow point, it escapes our hold, or mocks our scanty thought by swelling to eternity an object unproportioned to our capacity, as is thy being, O thou ancient Cause! older than Time, yet young with fresh Eternity.

In vain we try to fathom the abyss of space, the seat of thy extensive being; of which no place is empty, no void which is not full.

In vain we labour to understand that principle of sense and thought, which seeming in us to depend so much on motion, yet differs so much from it, and from matter itself, as not to suffer us to conceive how thought can more result from this, than this arise from thought. But thought we own pre-eminent, and confess the reallest of beings; the only existence of which we are made sure of, by being conscious. All else may be only dream and shadow. All which even sense suggests may be deceitful. The sense itself remains still; reason subsists; and thought maintains its eldership of being. Thus are we in a manner conscious of that original and externally existent thought, whence we derive our own. And thus the assurance we have of the existence of beings above our sense, and of Thee (the great exemplar of thy works) comes from Thee, the all-true and perfect, who hast thus communicated thyself more immediately to us, so as in some manner to inhabit within our souls; Thou who art original soul, diffusive, vital in all, inspiriting the whole!

BISHOP BERKELEY.

DR. GEORGE BERKELEY, to whom Pope assigned 'every virtue under heaven,' was born at Dysert Castle or Tower, on the banks of the Nore, near Thomastown, county of Kilkenny, March 12, 1684-5. He received, like Swift, his early education at Kilkenny School, and afterwards was entered of Trinity College, Dublin, where he was distinguished for proficiency in mathematical knowledge. He was admitted a fellow in 1707. Two years afterwards, Berkeley published his 'Essay towards a new Theory of Vision.' 'The question of the Essay,' says Berkeley's latest biographer, 'comes to this—What is really meant by our *seeing* things in ambient space? Berkeley's answer when developed may be put thus—What, before we reflected, we had supposed to be a seeing of real things, is not seeing really extended things at all, but only seeing something that is constantly connected with their extension; what is vulgarly called seeing them is, in fact, reading about them: when we are every day using our eyes we are virtually interpreting a book: when by sight we are determining for ourselves the actual distances, sizes, shapes, and situations of things, we are simply translating the words of the universal and divine language of the senses.'* This Essay was followed, in 1710, by a 'Treatise concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge,' which is 'a systematic assault upon scholastic abstractions, especially upon abstract or unperceived matter, space, and time. It assumes that these are the main cause of confusion and difficulty in the sciences, and of materialistic atheism.'

Berkeley's theory of physical causation anticipates Hume while it consummates Bacon, and opens the way to the true conception of physical induction. In 1711, Berkeley, having in 1709 entered into holy orders, published a 'Discourse of Passive Obedience,' a defence of the Christian duty of not resisting the supreme civil power. This discourse gave rise to the opinion that Berkeley was a Jacobite, but he was in reality no party politician. In 1713, the retired philosopher visited London and wrote some papers for Steele's 'Guardian.' The same year he published his 'Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous,' the design of which, he said, was plainly to demonstrate the reality and perfection of human knowledge, the incorporeal nature of the soul, and the immediate providence of a Deity, in opposition to sceptics and deists. In this work his ideal system was developed in language singularly animated and imaginative. He now became acquainted with Swift, Pope, Steele, and the other members of that brilliant circle, by whom he seems to have been sincerely beloved. He accompanied the Earl of Peterborough, as chaplain and secretary, in his embassy to Sicily, and afterwards travelled on the continent as tutor to Mr. Ashe, son of the Bishop of Clogher. This second excursion engaged him upwards of four years. While abroad, we find him writing thus justly and finely to Pope: 'As merchants, antiquaries, men of pleasure; &c. have all different views in travelling, I know not whether it might not be worth a poet's while to travel, in order to store his mind with strong images of nature. Green fields and groves, flowery meadows, and purling streams, are nowhere in such perfection as in England; but if you would know lightsome days, warm suns, and blue skies, you must come to Italy; and to enable a man to describe rocks and precipices, it is absolutely necessary that he pass the Alps.'

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* *Life and Letters of Berkeley*, by Professor A. C. Fraser, Edinburgh, who edited also a complete and excellent edition of Berkeley's Works, 4 vols. Oxford, 1871.

While at Paris, Berkeley visited the French philosopher Malebranche, then in ill health, from a disease of the lungs. A dispute ensued as to the ideal system, and Malebranche was so impetuous in argument, that he brought on a violent increase of his disorder, which carried him off in a few days. This must have been a more than ideal disputation to the amiable Berkeley, who could not but be deeply afflicted by such a tragic result. On his return he published a Latin tract, 'De Motu,' and an essay on the fatal South-sea Scheme, in 1720. Pope introduced him to the Earl of Burlington, and by that nobleman he was recommended to the Duke of Grafton, ord-lieutenant of Ireland. His grace made Berkeley his chaplain, and afterwards appointed him to the deanery of Derry. It was soon evident, however, that personal aggrandisement was never an object of interest with this benevolent philosopher. He had long been chershing a project, which he announced as 'a scheme for converting he savage Americans to Christianity, by a college to be erected in the ummer Islands. otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda.' In this colge he most 'exorbitantly proposed,' as Swift humorously remarked, a whole hundred pounds a year for himself, forty pounds for a felow and ten for a student.' No anticipated difficulties could daunt im, *and he communicated his* enthusiasm to others. Coadjutors *ere obtained, a royal charter was* granted, and Sir Robert Walpole promised a sum of £20,000 from the government to promote the undertaking. In January, 1729, Berkeley and his friends sailed for Rhode Island, where he had some idea of purchasing land, as an investment for Bermuda, and perhaps also of establishing a friendly correspondence with influential New Englanders. Newport was then a flourishing town, and Berkeley resided there till July or August, when he removed to the valley in the interior of the island, where he had bought a farm (ninety-six acres) and built a house. He lived the life of a recluse in Rhode Island, but applied himself to his literary and philosophical studies.

The estate at Bermuda had been purchased and the public money was due, but Walpole declined to advance the sum promised, and the project was at an end. Berkeley returned to Europe, and was in London in February 1732. Next month appeared the largest of his works, 'Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher,' a series of moral and philosophical dialogues. Fortune again smiled on Berkeley: he became a favourite with Queen Caroline, and, in 1734, was appointed to the bishopric of Cloyne. Lord Chesterfield afterwards offered him the see of Clogher, which was double the value of that of Cloyne, but he declined the preferment. Some useful tracts were afterwards published by the bishop, including one on tar-water, which he considered to possess high medicinal virtues. Another of his works is entitled 'The Querist; containing several Queries proposed to the Consideration of the Public.' In 1752, he removed with his family to Oxford, to superintend the education of one of his sons; and, conscious of the impropriety of residing apart from his diocese, he endeavoured to exchange his bishopric for some canonry or college at Oxford. Failing of success, he wrote to resign his bishopric, worth £1400 per annum; but the king declared that he should die a bishop, though he gave him liberty to reside where he pleased. This incident is honourable to both parties. In 1753 the good prelate died suddenly at his residence at Oxford, while sitting on a couch in the midst of his family. His remains were interred in Christ Church, where a monument was erected to his memory.

The life of Berkeley presents a striking picture of patient labour and romantic enthusiasm, of learning and genius, benevolence and worth. His dislike to the pursuits and troubles of ambition are thus expressed by him to a friend in 1747: 'In a letter from England, which I told you came a week ago, it was said that several of our Irish bishops were earnestly contending for the primacy. Pray, who are they? I thought Bishop Stone was only talked of at present. I ask this question merely out of curiosity, and not from any interest, I assure you. I am no man's rival or competitor in this matter. I am not in love with feasts, and crowds, and visits, and late hours, and strange faces, and a hurry of affairs often insignificant. For my own private satisfaction, I had rather be master of my time than wear a *diadem*. I repeat these things to you, that I may not seem to have

id all steps to the primacy out of singularity, of pride, or stu-
but from solid motives. As for the argument from the oppor-
of doing good, I observe that duty obliges men in high station
decline occasions of doing good; but duty doth not oblige men
it such high stations.' He was a poet as well as a mathema-
and philosopher, and had he cultivated the lighter walks of
re as diligently as he did his metaphysical and abstract spec-
s, he might have shone with lustre in a field on which he but
entered. When inspired with his transatlantic mission, he
l the following fine moral verses, that seem to shadow forth
t accomplishing greatness of the New World:

on the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
  Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
  Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
  And virgin earth, such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
  And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
  Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
  The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,
  The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
  The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
  Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
  By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way:
  The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
  Time's noblest offspring is the last.

vorks of Berkeley form an important landmark in metaphysi-
nce. At first, his valuable and original 'Theory of Vision'
isidered a philosophical romance, yet his doctrines are now
rated with every system of optics. The chief aim of Berkeley
distinguish the immediate and natural objects of sight from
ingly instantaneous conclusions which experience and habit
to draw from them in our earliest infancy; or, in the more
metaphysical language of a later period, to draw the line
the *original* and the *acquired perceptions* of the eye.'* The

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* Dugald Stewart.

ideal system of Berkeley was written to expose the sophistry of materialism, but it is defective and erroneous. He attempts to prove that extension and figure, hardness and softness, and all other sensible qualities are mere *ideas* of the mind, which cannot possibly exist in an insentient substance—a theory which, it has been justly remarked, tends to unhinge the whole frame of the human understanding, by shaking our confidence in those principles of belief which form an essential part of its constitution. Our ideas he 'evidently considered not as states of the individual mind, but as separate things existing in it, and capable of existing in other minds, but in them alone; and it is in consequence of these assumptions that his system, if it were to be considered as a system of scepticism, is chiefly defective. But having, as he supposed, these ideas, and conceiving that they did not perish when they ceased to exist in his mind, since the same ideas recurred at intervals, he deduced, from the necessity which there seemed for some omnipresent mind, in which they might exist during the intervals of recurrence, the necessary existence of the Deity; and if, indeed, as he supposed, ideas be something different from the mind itself, recurring only at intervals to created minds, and incapable of existing but in mind, the demonstration of some infinite omnipresent mind, in which they exist during these intervals of recurrence to finite minds, must be allowed to be perfect. The whole force of the pious demonstration, therefore, which Berkeley flattered himself with having urged irresistibly, is completely obviated by the simple denial, that ideas are anything more than the mind itself affected in a certain manner; since, in this case, our ideas exist no longer than our mind is affected in that particular manner which constitutes each particular idea; and to say that our ideas exist in the divine mind, would thus be to say, only, that our mind itself exists in the divine mind. There is not the sensation of colour in addition to the mind, nor the sensation of fragrance in addition to the mind; but the sensation of colour is the mind existing in a certain state, and the sensation of fragrance is the mind existing in a different state.'* The style of Berkeley has been generally admired: it is clear and unaffected, with the easy grace of the polished philosopher. A love of description and of external nature is evinced at times, and possesses something of the freshness of Izaak Walton.

Industry.—From 'An Essay towards preventing the Ruin of Great Britain, written soon after the affair of the South-sea Scheme.'

Industry is the natural sure way to wealth; this is so true, that it is impossible an industrious free people should want the necessaries and comforts of life, or an idle enjoy them under any form of government. Money is so far useful to the public as it promoteth industry, and credit having the same effect, is of the same value *with money*; but money or credit circulating through a nation from hand to hand, *without producing* labour and industry in the inhabitants, is direct gaming.

It is not impossible for cunning men to make such plausible schemes, as may draw those who are less skilful into their own and the public ruin. But surely there is no man of sense and honesty but must see and own, whether he understands the game or not, that it is an evident folly for any people, instead of prosecuting the old honest methods of industry and frugality, to sit down to a public gaming-table and play off their money one to another.

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* Dr. Thomas Brown.

The more methods there are in a state for acquiring riches without industry or merit, the less there will be of either in that state: this is as evident as the ruin that attends it. Besides, when money is shifted from hand to hand in such a blind fortuitous manner, that some men shall from nothing acquire in an instant vast estates, without the least desert; while others are as suddenly stripped of plentiful fortunes, and left on the parish by their own avarice and credulity, what can be hoped for on the one hand but abandoned luxury and wantonness, or on the other but extreme madness and despair?

In short, all projects for growing rich by sudden and extraordinary methods, as they operate violently on the passions of men, and encourage them to despise the slow moderate gains that are to be made by an honest industry, must be ruinous to the public, and even the winners themselves will at length be involved in the public ruin. . . .

God grant the time be not near when men shall say: 'This island was once inhabited by a religious, brave, sincere people, of plain uncorrupt manners, respecting inbred worth rather than titles and appearances, assertors of liberty, lovers of their country, jealous of their own rights, and unwilling to infringe the rights of others; improvers of learning and useful arts, enemies to luxury, tender of other men's lives, and prodigal of their own; inferior in nothing to the old Greeks or Romans, and superior to each of those people in the perfections of the other. Such were our ancestors during their rise and greatness; but they degenerated, grew servile flatterers of men in power, adopted Epicurean notions, became venal, corrupt, injurious, which drew upon them the hatred of God and man, and occasioned their final ruin.'

Prejudices and Opinions.

Prejudices are notions or opinions which the mind entertains without knowing the grounds and reasons of them, and which are assented to without examination. The first notions which take possession of the minds of men, with regard to duties social, moral, and civil, may therefore be justly styled prejudices. The mind of a young creature cannot remain empty; if you do not put into it that which is good, it will be sure to receive that which is bad.

Do what you can, there will still be a bias from education; and if so, is it not better this bias should lie towards things laudable and useful to society? This bias still operates, although it may not always prevail. The notions first instilled have the earliest influence, take the deepest root, and generally are found to give a colour and complexion to the subsequent lives of men, inasmuch as they are in truth the great source of human actions. It is not gold, or honour, or power, that moves men to act, but the opinions they entertain of those things. Hence it follows, that if a magistrate should say: 'No matter what notions men embrace, I will take heed to their actions,' therein he shews his weakness; for, such as are men's notions, such will be their deeds.

For a man to do as he would be done by, to love his neighbour as himself, to honour his superiors, to believe that God scans all his actions, and will reward or punish them, and to think that he who is guilty of falsehood or injustice hurts himself more than any one else; are not these such notions and principles as every wise governor or legislator would covet above all things to have firmly rooted in the mind of every individual under his care? This is allowed even by the enemies of religion, who would fain have it thought the offspring of state policy, honouring its usefulness at the same time that they disparage its truth. What, therefore, cannot be acquired by every man's reasoning, must be introduced by precept, and riveted by custom; that is to say, the bulk of mankind must, in all civilised societies, have their minds, by timely instruction, well-seasoned and furnished with proper notions, which, although the grounds or proofs thereof be unknown to them, will nevertheless influence their conduct, and so far render them useful members of the state. But if you strip men of these their notions, or, if you will, prejudices, with regard to modesty, decency, justice, charity, and the like, you will soon find them so many monsters utterly unfit for human society.

I desire it may be considered that most men want leisure, opportunity, or faculties, to derive conclusions from their principles, and establish morality on a foundation of human science. True it is—as St. Paul observes—that the 'invisible things of God, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen;' and from thence the duties of natural religion may be discovered. But these things are seen and discovered by those alone who open their eyes and look narrowly for them. Now, if you look throughout the world, you shall find but few of these narrow inspectors and inquirers, very few who make it their business to analyse opinions, and pursue them to their rational source, to examine whence truths spring, and how they are inferred. In short, you shall find all men full of opinions, but knowledge only in a few.

It is impossible, from the nature and circumstances of humankind, that the multitude should be philosophers, or that they should know things in their causes. We see every day that the rules, or conclusions alone, are sufficient for the shopkeeper to state his account, the sailor to navigate his ship, or the carpenter to measure his timber; none of which understand the theory, that is to say, the grounds and reasons either of arithmetic or geometry. Even so in moral, political, and religious matters, it is manifest that the rules and opinions early imbibed at the first dawn of understanding, and without the least glimpse of science, may yet produce excellent effects, and be very useful to the world; and that, in fact, they are so, will be very visible to every one who shall observe what passeth round about him.

It may not be amiss to inculcate, that the difference between prejudices and other opinions doth not consist in this, that the former are false, and the latter true; but in this, that the former are taken upon trust, and the latter acquired by reasoning. He who hath been taught to believe the immortality of the soul, may be as right in his notion, as he who hath reasoned himself into that opinion. It will then by no means follow, that because this or that notion is a prejudice, it must be therefore false. The not distinguishing between prejudices and errors is a prevailing oversight among our modern freethinkers.

There may be, indeed, certain mere prejudices or opinions which, having no reasons either assigned or assignable to support them, are nevertheless entertained by the mind, because they are intruded betimes into it. Such may be supposed false, not because they were early learned, or learned without their reasons, but because there are in truth no reasons to be given for them.

Certainly if a notion may be concluded false because it was early imbibed, or because it is with most men an object of belief rather than of knowledge, one may by the same reasoning conclude several propositions of Euclid to be false. A simple apprehension of conclusions, as taken in themselves, without the deductions of science, is what falls to the share of mankind in general. Religious awe, the precepts of parents and masters, the wisdom of legislatures, and the accumulated experience of ages, supply the place of proofs and reasonings with the vulgar of all ranks; I would say that discipline, national constitution, and laws human or Divine, are so many plain landmarks which guide them into the paths wherein it is presumed they ought to tread.

From 'Maxims concerning Patriotism.

A man who hath no sense of God or conscience, would you make such a co guardian to your child? If not, why guardian to the state?

A fop or man of pleasure makes but a scurvy patriot.

He who says there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himsel a knave.

The patriot aims at his private good in the public. The knave makes the publi subservient to his private interest. The former considers himself as part of a whol the latter considers himself as the whole.

Moral evil is never to be committed; physical evil may be incurred either to avoi a greater evil, or to procure a good.

When the heart is right, there is true patriotism.

The fawning courtier and the surly squire often mean the same thing—each hi own interest.

Ferments of the worst kind succeed to perfect inaction.

THE REV. JOHN NORRIS.

The Rev. John Norris (1657–1711), an English Platonist and 'mystic divine,' was one of the earliest opponents of the philosophy of Locke. Hallam characterises him as 'more thoroughly Platonic than Malebranche, to whom, however, he pays great deference, and adopts his fundamental hypothesis of seeing all things in God.' His first work, 'A Collection of Miscellanies,' 1678, was popular and went through several editions. It consists of poems, essays, discourses, and letters. In the preface to this work, Norris says: 'It may appear strange, that in such a refining age as this, wherein all things seem ready to receive their last turn and finishing stroke, poetry should be the only thing that remains unimproved.' Yet Milton had only been dead four years, and Butler and Dryden were alive! Norris's own poetry is quaint and full of conceits, but he has one simile which was copied (or stolen) by two poets—Blair, author of 'The Grave,' and Thomas Campbell ('Pleasures of Hope').

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone:
But those which soonest take their flight,
  Are the most exquisite and strong:
Like angel visits short and bright;
  Mortality 's too weak to bear them long.

The Parting.

In another piece Norris repeats the image:

Angels, as 'tis but seldom they appear,
So neither do they make long stay;
They do but visit and away.

We may quote a few more lines containing poetic fancy and expression:

Distance presents the objects fair,
With charming features and a graceful air,
But when we come to seize th' inviting prey,
Like a shy ghost, it vanishes away.

So to th' unthinking boy the distant sky,
Seems on some mountain's surface to rely:
He with ambitious haste climbs th' ascent,
Curious to touch the firmament;
But when with an unwearied pace,
Arrived he is at the long wished-for place,
With sighs, the sad event he does deplore—
His Heaven is still as distant as before.

The works of Norris are numerous: 'The Picture of Love Unveiled,' 1682; 'An Idea of Happiness,' 1683; 'Practical Discourses,' 4 vols 1687; 'Discourses upon the Beatitudes,' 1691; 'A Philosophical Discourse concerning the Immortality of the Soul,' 1708.

On Perfect Happiness.

Nothing does more constantly, more inseparably, cleave to our minds, than this desire of perfect and consummated happiness. This is the most excellent end of all our endeavours, the great prize, the great hope. This is the mark every man shoots at; and though we miss our aim never so often, yet we will not, cannot give over, but, like passionate lovers, take resolution from a repulse. The rest of our passions are much at our own disposal; yield either to reason or time; we either argue ourselves out of them, or at least outlive them. We are not always in love with pomp and grandeur, nor always dazzled with the glittering of riches; and there is a season when pleasure itself—that is, sensible pleasure—shall court in vain. But the desire of perfect happiness has no intervals, no vicissitudes. It outlasts the motion of the pulse, and survives the ruins of the grave. 'Many waters cannot quench it, neither can the floods drown it.' And now certainly God would never have planted such an ardent, such an importunate appetite in our souls; and, as it were, interwoven it with our very natures, had he not been able to satisfy it.

I come now to shew wherein this perfect happiness does consist; concerning which, I affirm in the first place, that it is not to be found in anything we can enjoy in this life. The greatest fruition we have of God here is imperfect, and consequently unsatisfactory. And as for all other objects they are finite, and consequently, though never so fully enjoyed, cannot afford us perfect satisfaction. No, 'man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living. The depth saith, It is not in me; and the sea saith, It is not with me' (Job xxviii. 13, 14). The vanity of the creature has been so copiously discoursed upon, both by philosophers and divines, and withal is so obvious to every thinking man's experience, that I need not here take an inventory of the creation, nor turn Ecclesiastes after Solomon. I shall only add one or two remarks concerning the objects of secular happiness. The first is this, that the objects wherein men generally seek for happiness here, are not only finite in their nature, but also few in number. Indeed, could a man's life be so contrived, that he should have a new pleasure still ready at hand as soon as he was grown weary of the old, and every day enjoy a virgin delight, he might then, perhaps, like Mr. Hobbes's motion, and for a while think himself happy in this continued succession of new acquisitions. But, alas! nature does not treat us with this variety; the compass of our enjoyments is much shorter than that of our lives, and there is a periodical circulation of our pleasures, as well as of our lives. The enjoyments of our lives run in a perpetual round, like the months in the calendar, but with a quicker revolution; we dance like fairies in a circle, and our whole life is but a nauseous tautology. We rise like the sun, and run the same course we did the day before: and to-morrow is but the same over again. . . . But there is another grievance which contributes to defeat our endeavours after perfect happiness in the enjoyment of this life; which is, that the objects wherein we seek it are not only finite and few, but that they commonly prove occasions of greater sorrow to us, than ever they afforded us content. This may be made out several ways, as from the labour of getting, the care of keeping, the fear of losing, and the like topics commonly insisted upon by others. But I waive these and fix upon another account less blown upon, and I think more material than any of the rest. It is this: that although the object loses that great appearance in the fruition which it had in the expectation, yet, after it is gone, it resumes it again. Now we, when we lament the loss, do not take our measures from that appearance which the object had in the enjoyment (as we should do to make our sorrow not exceed our happiness), but from that which it has in the reflection: and consequently we must needs be more miserable in the loss that we were happy in the enjoyment.

From these and the like considerations, I think it will evidently appear, that this perfect happiness is not to be found in anything we can enjoy in this life. Wherein then does it consist? I answer positively in the full and entire fruition of God. He, as Plato speaks, is the proper and principal end of man, the centre of our tendency, the ark of our rest. He is the object which alone can satisfy the appetite of the most capacious soul, and stand the test of fruition to eternity, and to enjoy him *fully* is perfect felicity.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

DANIEL DEFOE.

The political contests of this period engaged a host of miscellaneous writers. The most powerful and effective belonged to the Tory or Jacobite party; but the Whigs possessed one unflinching and prolific champion—DANIEL FOE, or DE FOE, as he chose afterwards to write his name—the father or founder of the English novel and author, it is said, of 254 separate publications! This excellent writer was a native of London, the son of a St. Giles butcher, and dissenter. Daniel was born in 1661, and was intended to be a Presbyterian minister, having with this view studied five years at a dissenters' academy at Newington. He acquired a competent knowledge of the Latin and Greek classics, and afterwards added to these an acquaintance with the Spanish, Italian, and French languages. When the Monmouth insurrection broke out, Defoe followed the Duke's standard. On the failure of the enterprise, he escaped punishment, and entered on business as a wholesale trader in hosiery in Freeman's Court, Cornhill. He next became a merchant-adventurer, and visited Spain and Portugal. He failed in business, and compounded with his creditors, who accepted a composition on his single bond.

'He forced his way,' he says, 'through a sea of misfortunes, and reduced his debts, exclusive of composition, from £17,000 to less than £5000.' He then became secretary to, and ultimately owner of works at Tilbury for the manufacture of bricks and pantiles. This also was an unsuccessful undertaking, and Defoe lost by its failure a sum of £3000. Before this he had become known to the government of William III. as an able writer, and was appointed accountant to the Commissioners of the Glass Duty, which office he held from 1695 till the duty was suppressed in 1699. As an author, the first undoubted work by Defoe, though published anonymously, was a 'Letter on His Majesty's Declaration for Liberty of Conscience' (1687). Defoe justly considered that the dictation of James II. suspending laws without the consent of parliament, was a subversion of the whole government or constitution of the country. The Revolution coming soon after, Defoe was one of the steadiest supporters of its principles. In March 1698, he published a remarkable volume, 'An Essay upon Projects,' in which various schemes and improvements are recommended, the work evincing great sagacity, knowledge and ingenuity. One of his projects was a savings-bank for the poor. In 1701, he made a great success. His 'True-born Englishman,' a poetical satire on the foreigners, and a defence of King William and the Dutch, had an almost unexampled sale. Eighty thousand pirated copies of the poems were sold on the streets. Defoe was in reality no poet, but he could reason in verse, and had an unlimited command of homely and forcible language. The opening lines of this satire have often been quoted:

> Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
> The devil always builds a chapel there;
> And 'twill be found upon examination,
> The latter has the largest congregation.

Various political tracts followed from the active pen of our author. In 1702, he wrote an ironical treatise against the High-Church party, entitled 'The Shortest Way with the Dissenters,' which was voted a libel by the House of Commons; and the author being apprehended, was fined, pilloried, and imprisoned. He wrote a hymn to the pillory (1704), which he wittily styled

> A hieroglypic state-machine,
> Condemned to punish fancy in;

and Pope alluded to the circumstance, exaggerating the punishment, with the spirit of a political partisan, not that of a friend to literature or liberty, in his 'Dunciad'—

> Earless on high stood unabashed Defoe.

The political victim lay nearly two years in Newgate, during which he carried on his periodical work, 'The Review,' published thrice a week. The character of Defoe, notwithstanding his political persecution, must have stood high; for he was employed in 1706 by the cabinet of Queen Anne on a mission to Scotland to advance the great measure of the Union, of which he afterwards wrote a history. He again tried his hand at political irony, and issued three significant pamphlets—'Reasons against the Succession of the House of Hanover;' and 'What if the Pretender should Come?' and 'An Answer to a Question that Nobody thinks of—viz: But what if the Queen should Die?' These were all published in 1713, and ran through several editions. But neither Whig nor Tory could understand Defoe's ironical writings. He was taken into custody, and had to find bail, himself in £800, and two friends in £400 each, to answer for the alleged libels.

Through the influence of Harley, Lord Oxford, however, Defoe obtained a pardon under the Great Seal, confuting the charges brought against him, and exempting him from any consequences thereafter on account of those publications. These disasters were supposed to have made Defoe withdraw altogether from politics; but in 1864 certain letters were discovered in the State Paper Office in Defoe's handwriting, shewing that he was engaged on several political journals in 1718. 'In considering,' he says, 'which way I might be rendered most useful to the government, it was proposed by my Lord Townshend (Secretary of State) that I should still appear as if I were *as before, under* the displeasure of the government, and separated *from the Whigs*, and that I might be now serviceable in a kind of *disguise, than if* I appeared openly.' In this way he undertook take the sting out of three or four opposition papers, which by his management would be so disabled and enervated as to do no mischief, or give any offence to the government.' For this degrading secret service, Defoe was no doubt well rewarded, but there is reason to believe that it proved unfortunate in the end. His greatest literary triumph was yet to come. In 1719, appeared his 'Robinson Crusoe.' The extraordinary success of this work prompted him to write a variety of other fictitious narratives and miscellaneous works—as 'Captain Singleton,' 1720; 'Duncan Campbell,' 1720; 'Moll Flanders,' 1721; 'Colonel Jack,' 1722; 'Religious Courtship,' 1722; 'Journal of the Plague Year,' 1722; 'Memoirs of a Cavalier,' 1724; 'Tour through Great Britain,' 1724–27; 'Roxana,' 1724; 'Political History of the Devil,' 1726; 'System of Magic,' 1727; 'History of Apparitions,' 1727; 'The Complete English Tradesman,' 1727; 'Memoirs of Captain Carleton,' 1728; &c. The life of this active and voluminous writer was closed in April 1731.

It seems to have been one of continued struggle with want, dulness, persecution, misfortune, and disease. But, he adds in his last letter, 'Be it that the passage is rough and the day stormy, by what way soever He please to bring me to the end of it, I desire to finish life with this temper of soul in all cases: *Te Deum Laudamus.*' Posterity has separated the wheat from the chaff of Defoe's writings: his political tracts have sunk into oblivion; but his works of fiction still charm by their air of truth, and the simple natural beauty of their style. As a novelist, he was the father of Richardson, and partly of Fielding; as an essayist, he suggested the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator;' and in grave irony he may have given to Swift his first lessons. The intensity of feeling characteristic of the dean—his merciless scorn and invective, and fierce misanthropy—were unknown to Defoe, who must have been of a cheerful and sanguine temperament; but in identifying himself with his personages, whether on sea or land, and depicting their adventures, he was not inferior to Swift. His imagination had no visions of surpassing loveliness, nor any rich combinations of humour and eccentricity; yet he is equally at home in the plain scenes of English life, in the wars of the cavaliers, in the haunts of dissipation and infamy, in the roving adventures of the bucaneers, and in the appalling visitations of the Great Plague. The account of the plague has often been taken for a genuine and authentic history, and even Lord Chatham believed the 'Memoirs of a Cavalier' to be a true narrative. In scenes of diablerie and witchcraft, he preserves the same unmoved and truth-like demeanour. The apparition of Mrs. Veal, at Canterbury, 'the eighth of September 1705,' seems as true and indubitable a fact as any that ever passed before our eyes.

Unfortunately, the taste or circumstances of Defoe led him mostly into low life, and his characters are generally such as we cannot sympathise with. The whole arcana of roguery and villainy seem to have been open to him. His experiences of Newgate were not without their use to the novelist. It might be thought that the good taste which led Defoe to write in a style of such pure and unpretending English, instead of the inflated manner of vulgar writers, would have dictated a more careful selection of his subjects, and kept him from wandering so frequently into the low and disgusting purlieus of vice. But this moral and tasteful discrimination seems to have been wholly wanting. He was too good and religious a man to break down the distinctions between virtue and crime. He selected the adventures of pirates, pickpockets, and other characters of the same worthless stamp, because they were likely to sell best, and made the most attractive narrative; but he nowhere holds them up for imitation. He evidently felt most at home where he had to descend, not to rise, to his subject. The circumstances of Robinson Crusoe, his shipwreck and residence in the solitary island, invest that incomparable tale with more romance than any of his other works. 'Pathos,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'is not Defoe's general characteristic; he had too little delicacy of mind. When it comes, it comes uncalled, and is created by the circumstances, not sought for by the author. The excess, for instance, of the natural longing for human society which Crusoe manifests while on board of the stranded Spanish vessel, by falling into a sort of agony, as he repeated the words: "Oh, that but one man had been saved!—oh, that there had been but one!" is in the highest degree pathetic. The agonising reflections of the solitary, when he is in danger of being driven to sea, in his rash attempt to circumnavigate his island, are also affecting.

To these striking passages may be added the description of Crusoe's sensations on finding the footprint on the sand—an incident conceived in the spirit of poetry. The character of Friday, though his appearance on the scene breaks the solitary seal of the romance, is a highly interesting and pleasing delineation, that gives a charm to savage life. The great success of this novel induced the author to write a continuation to it, in which Crusoe is again brought among the busy haunts of men; the attempt was hazardous, and it proved a failure. The once solitary island, peopled by mariners and traders, is disenchanted, and becomes tame, vulgar, and commonplace. The relation of adventures, not the delineation of character and passion, was the forte of Defoe. His invention of common incidents and situations seems to have been unbounded; and those minute references and descriptions 'immediately lead us,' as has been remarked by Dunlop in his 'History of Fiction,' 'to give credit to the whole narrative, since we think they would hardly have been mentioned unless they had been true. The same circumstantial detail of facts is remarkable in "Gulliver's Travels," and we are led on by them to a partial belief in the most improbable narrations.' The power of *Defoe in feigning* reality, or *forging the handwriting of nature*, as it *has been forcibly* termed, may be seen in the narrative of Mrs. Veal's apparition. It was prefixed to a religious book, 'Drelincourt on Death,' and had the effect of drawing attention to an otherwise unsaleable and neglected work. The imposition was a bold one—perhaps the least defensible of all his inventions.

Defoe is more natural even than Swift; and his style, though inferior in directness and energy, is more copious. He was strictly an original writer, with strong clear conceptions ever rising up in his mind, which he was able to embody in language equally perspicuous and forcible. He had both read and seen much, and treasured up an amount of knowledge and observation certainly not equalled by the store of any writer of that day. When we consider the misfortunes and sufferings of Defoe; that his spirit had been broken, and his means wasted, by persecution; that his health was struck down by apoplexy, and upwards of fifty-seven years had passed over him—his composition of 'Robinson Crusoe,' and the long train of fictions which succeeded it, must appear a remarkable instance of native genius, self-reliance, and energy of character.

We subjoin a short specimen of Defoe's irony. It was often too subtle and obscure for popular apprehension, but the following is at once obvious and ingenious.

What if the Pretender should Come?

Give us leave, O people of Great Britain, to lay before you a little sketch of your future felicity, under the auspicious reign of such a glorious prince as we all hope and believe the Pretender to be. First, you are to allow, that by such a just and righteous shutting up of the Exchequer in about seven years' time, he may be supposed to have received about forty millions sterling from his people, which not being to be found in specie in the kingdom, will, for the benefit of circulation, enable him to treasure up infinite funds of wealth in foreign banks, a prodigious mass of foreign bullion, gold, jewels, and plate, to be ready in the Tower or elsewhere, to be issued upon future emergency, as occasion may allow. This prodigious wealth will necessarily have these happy events, to the infinite satisfaction and advantage of the whole nation, and the benefit of which I hope none will be so unjust or ungrateful to deny. 1. It will for ever after deliver this nation from the burden, the expense, the formality, and the tyranny of parliaments. No one can perhaps at the first view be rightly sensible of the many advantages of this article, and from how many mischiefs it will deliver this nation. How the country gentlemen will be no longer harassed to come, at the command of every court occasion, and upon every summons by the prince's proclamation from their families and other occasions, whether they can be spared from their wives, &c. or no, or whether they can trust their wives behind them or no; nay, whether they can spare money or no for the journey, or whether they must come carriage paid or no; then they will no more be unnecessarily exposed to long and hazardous journeys in the depth of winter, from the remotest corners of the island, to come to London, just to give away the country's money and go home again; all this will be dispensed with by the kind and gracious management of the Pretender, when he, God bless us! shall be our most gracious sovereign. 2. In the happy consequence of the demise of parliaments, the country will be eased of that intolerable burden of travelling to elections, sometimes in the middle of their harvest, whenever the writs of elections arbitrarily summon them. 3. And with them the poor gentlemen will be eased of that abominable grievance of the nation, viz. the expense of elections, by which so many gentlemen of estates have been ruined, so many innocent people, of honest principles before, have been debauched and made mercenary, partial, perjured, and been blinded with bribes to sell their country and liberties to who bids most. It is well known how often, and yet how in vain, this distemper has been the constant concern of parliament for many ages to cure and to provide sufficient remedies for. Now, if ever, the effectual remedy for this is found out, to the inexpressible advantage of the whole nation; and this, perhaps, is the only cure for it that the nature of the disease will admit of; what terrible havoc has this kind of trade made among the estates of the gentry and the morals of the common people! How has it kept alive the factions and divisions of the country people, keeping them in a constant agitation, and in triennial commotions? so, that, what with forming new interests and cultivating old, the heats and animosities never cease among the people. But once set the Pretender upon the throne, and let the funds be but happily stopped, and paid into his hands, that he may be in no more need of a parliament, and all these distempers will be cured as effectually as a fever is cured by cutting off the head, or a halter cures the bleeding at the nose.

The Great Plague in London.

Much about the same time I walked out into the fields towards Bow, for I had a great mind to see how things were managed in the river and among the ships; and as I had some concern in shipping, I had a notion that it had been one of the best ways of securing one's self from the infection to have retired into a ship; and musing how to satisfy my curiosity in that point, I turned away over the fields, from Bow to Bromley, and down to Blackwall, to the stairs that are there for landing or taking water.

Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank or sea-wall, as they call it, by himself. I walked a while also about, seeing the houses all shut up; at last I fell into some talk at a distance, with this poor man. First I asked him how people did thereabouts. 'Alas! sir,' says he, 'almost desolate; all dead or sick. Here are very few families in this part, or in that village'—pointing at Poplar—'where half of them are dead already, and the rest sick.' Then he, pointing to one house: 'There they are all dead,' said he, 'and the house stands open; nobody dares go into it. A poor thief,' says he, 'ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard too, last night.' Then he pointed to several other houses. 'There,' says he, 'they are all dead—the man and his wife and five children. There,' says he, 'they are shut up; you see a watchman at the door; and so of other houses.' 'Why,' says I, 'what do you here all alone?' 'Why,' says he, 'I am a poor desolate man: it hath pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead.' 'How do you mean then,' said I, 'that you are not visited?' 'Why,' says he, 'that is my house'—pointing to a very little low-boarded house—'and there my poor wife and two children live,' said he, 'if they may be said to live; for my wife and one of the children are visited, but I do not come at them.' And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face; and so they did down mine too, I assure you.

'But,' said I, 'why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood?' 'O, sir,' says he, 'the Lord forbid. I do not abandon them; I work for them as much as I am able; and blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want.' And with that I observed he lifted up his eyes to heaven with a countenance that presently told me I had happened on a man that was no hypocrite, but a serious religious, good man; and his ejaculation was an expression of thankfulness, that, in such a condition as he was in, he should be able to say his family did not want. 'Well,' says I, 'honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go now with the poor. But how do you live then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all?' 'Why, sir,' says he, 'I am a waterman, and there is my boat,' says he; 'and the boat serves me for a house: I work in it in the day, and I sleep in it in the night; and what I get I lay it down upon that stone,' says he, shewing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house; 'and then,' says he, 'I halloo and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it.'

'Well, friend,' says I, 'but how can you get money as a waterman? Does anybody go by water these times?'

'Yes, sir,' says he, 'in the way I am employed, there does. Do you see there,' says he, 'five ships lie at anchor?'—pointing down the river a good way below the town—'and do you see,' says he, 'eight or ten ships lie at the chain there, and at anchor yonder?'—pointing above the town. 'All those ships have families on board, of their merchants and owners, and such like, who have locked themselves up, and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection; and I tend on them to fetch things for them, carry letters, and do what is absolutely necessary, that they may not be obliged to come on shore; and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ship's boats, and there I sleep by myself; and blessed be God, I am preserved hitherto.'

'Well,' said I, 'friend, but will they let you come on board after you have been on shore here, when this has been such a terrible place, and so infected as it is?'

'Why, as to that,' said he, 'I very seldom go up the ship-side, but deliver what I bring to their boat, or lie by the side, and they hoist it on board. If I did, I think they are in no danger from me, for I never go into any house on shore, or touch anybody, no, not of my own family; but I fetch provisions for them.'

'Nay,' says I, 'but that may be worse, for you must have those provisions of somebody or other; and since all this part of the town is so infected, it is dangerous so much as to speak with anybody; for the village,' said I, 'is, as it were, the beginning of London, though it be at some distance from it.'

'That is true,' added he, 'but you do not understand me right. I do not buy provisions for them here; I row up to Greenwich, and buy fresh meat there, and sometimes I row down the river to Woolwich, and buy there; then I go to single farmhouses on the Kentish side, where I am known, and buy fowls, and eggs, and butter, and bring to the ships, as they direct me, sometimes one, sometimes the other. I seldom come on shore here; and I came only now to call my wife, and hear how my little family do, and give them a little money which I received last night.'

'Poor man!' said I, 'and how much hast thou gotten for them?'

'I have gotten four shillings,' said he, 'which is a great sum, as things go now with poor men; but they have given me a bag of bread too, and a salt fish, and some flesh; so all helps out.'

'Well,' said I, 'and have you given it them yet?'

'No,' said he, 'but I have called, and my wife has answered that she cannot come out yet; but in half an hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her. Poor woman!' says he, 'she is brought sadly down; she has had a swelling, and it is broke, and I hope she will recover, but I fear the child will die; but it is the Lord!' Here he stopped, and wept very much.

'Well, honest friend,' said I, 'thou hast a sure comforter, if thou hast brought thyself to be resigned to the will of God; He is dealing with us all in judgment.'

'O sir,' says he, 'it is infinite mercy if any of us are spared; and who am I to repine!'

'Say'st thou so,' said I; 'and how much less is my faith than thine!' And here my heart smote me, suggesting how much better this poor man's foundation was, on which he staid in the danger, than mine; that he had nowhere to fly; that he had a family to bind him to attendance, which I had not; and mine was mere presumption, his a true dependence and a courage resting on God; and yet, that he used all possible caution for his safety.

I turned a little way from the man while these thoughts engaged me; for indeed I could no more refrain from tears than he.

At length, after some further talk, the poor woman opened the door, and called 'Robert, Robert;' he answered, and bid her stay a few moments and he would come; so he ran down the common stairs to his boat, and fetched up a sack in which was the provisions he had brought from the ships; and when he returned, he hallooed again; then he went to the great stone which he shewed me, and emptied the sack, and laid all out, everything by themselves, and then retired; and his wife came with a little boy to fetch them away; and he called, and said, such a captain had sent such a thing, and such a captain such a thing; and at the end adds: 'God has sent it all; give thanks to Him.' When the poor woman had taken up all, she was so weak, she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much neither; so she left the biscuit, which was in a little bag, and left a little boy to watch it till she came again.

'Well, but,' says I to him, 'did you leave her the four shillings too, which you said was your week's pay?'

'Yes, yes,' says he; 'you shall hear her own it.' So he calls again: 'Rachel, Rachel'—which it seems was her name—'did you take up the money?' 'Yes,' said she. 'How much was it?' said he. 'Four shillings and a groat,' said she. 'Well, well,' says he, 'the Lord keep you all;' and so he turned to go away.

As I could not refrain contributing tears to this man's story, so neither could I refrain my charity for his assistance; so I called him. 'Hark thee, friend,' said I, 'come hither, for I believe thou art in health, that I may venture thee;' so I pulled out my hand, which was in my pocket before. 'Here,' says I, 'go and call thy Rachel once more, and give her a little more comfort from me; God will never forsake a family that trust in him as thou dost:' so I gave him four other shillings, and bid him go lay them on the stone, and call his wife.

I have not words to express the poor man's thankfulness, neither could he express it himself, but by tears running down his face. He called his wife, and told her God had moved the heart of a stranger, upon hearing their condition, to give them all that money; and a great deal more such as that he said to her. The woman, too, made signs of the like thankfulness, as well to Heaven as to me, and joyfully picked it up; and I parted with no money all that year that I thought better bestowed.

The Troubles of a Young Thief—From the 'Life of Colonel Jack.'

I have often thought since that, and with some mirth too, how I had really more wealth than I knew what to do with [five pounds, his share of the plunder]; for lodging I had none, nor any box or drawer to hide my money in, nor had I any pocket, but such as I say was full of holes; I knew nobody in the world that I could go and desire them to lay it up for me; for being, a poor, naked, ragged boy, they would presently say I had robbed somebody, and perhaps lay hold of me, and my money would be my crime, as they say it often is in foreign countries; and now, as I was full of wealth, behold I was full of care, for what to do to secure my money I could not tell; and this held me so long, and was so vexatious to me the next day, that I truly sat down and cried.

Nothing could be more perplexing than this money was to me all that night. I carried it in my hand a good while, for it was in gold all but 14s.; and that is to say, it was four guineas, and that 14s. was more difficult to carry than the four guineas. At last I sat down and pulled off one of my shoes, and put the four guineas into that; but after I had gone awhile, my shoe hurt me so I could not go, so I was fain to sit down again, and take it out of my shoe, and carry it in my hand; then I found a dirty linen rag in the street, and I took that up, and wrapped it all together, and carried it in that a good way. I have often since heard people say when they have been talking of money that they could could not get in, 'I wish I had it in a foul clout:' in truth, I had mine in a foul clout; for it was foul, according to the letter of that saying, but it served me till I came to a convenient place, and then I sat down and washed the cloth in the kennel, and so then put my money in again.

Well, I carried it home with me to my lodging in the glass-house, and when I went to go to sleep, I knew not what to do with it; if I had let any of the black crew I was with know of it, I should have been smothered in the ashes for it; so I knew not what to do, but lay with it in my hand, and my hand in my bosom; but then sleep went from my eyes. Oh, the weight of human care! I, a poor beggar-boy, could not sleep, so soon as I had but a little money to keep, who, before that, could have slept upon a heap of brickbats, stones, or cinders, or anywhere, as sound as a rich man does on his down bed, and sounder too.

Every now and then dropping asleep, I should dream that my money was lost, and start like one frightened; then, finding it fast in my hand, try to go to sleep again, but could not for a long while; then drop and start again. At last a fancy came into my head, that if I fell asleep, I should dream of the money, and talk of it in my sleep, and tell that I had money; which, if I should do, and one of the rogues should hear me, they would pick it out of my bosom, and of my hand too, without waking me; and after that thought I could not sleep a wink more: so I passed that night over in care and anxiety enough, and this, I may safely say, was the first night's rest that I lost by the cares of this life and the deceitfulness of riches.

As soon as it was day, I got out of the hole we lay in, and rambled abroad in the fields towards Stepney, and there I mused and considered what I should do with this money, and many a time I wished that I had not had it; for after all my ruminating upon it, and what course I should take with it, or where I should put it, I could not hit upon any one thing, or any possible method to secure it; and it perplexed me so, that at last, as I said just now, I sat down and cried heartily.

When my crying was over, the case was the same; I had the money still, and what to do with it I could not tell: at last it came into my head that I should look out for some hole in a tree, and see to hide it there, till I should have occasion for it. Big with this discovery, as I then thought it, I began to look about me for a tree: but there were no trees in the fields about Stepney or Mile-end that looked fit for my purpose; and if there were any that I began to look narrowly at, the fields were so full of people that they would see if I went to hide anything there, and I thought the people eyed me, as it were, and that two men in particular followed me to see what I intended to do.

This drove me further off, and I crossed the road at Mile-end, and in the middle of the town went down a lane that goes away to the Blind Beggar's at Bethnal Green. When I got a little way in the lane, I found a footpath over the fields, and in those fields several trees for my turn, as I thought; at last, one tree had a little hole in it, pretty high out of my reach, and I climbed up the tree to get it, and when I came there I put my hand in, and found, as I thought, a place very fit; so I placed my treasure there, and was mighty well satisfied with it: but, behold, putting my hand in again, to lay it more commodiously, as I thought, of a sudden it slipped away from me; and I found the tree was hollow, and my little parcel was fallen in out of my reach, and how far it might go in I knew not; so that, in a word, my money was quite gone, irrecoverably lost; there could be no room so much as to hope ever to see it again, for it was a vast great tree.

As young as I was, I was now sensible what a fool I was before, that I could not think of ways to keep my money, but I must come thus far to throw it into a hole where I could not reach it: well, I thrust my hand quite up to my elbow; but no bottom was to be found, nor any end of the hole or cavity; I got a stick of the tree, and thrust it in a great way, but all was one; then I cried, nay, roared out, I was in such a passion; then I got down the tree again, then up again, and thrust in my hand again till I scratched my arm and made it bleed, and cried all the while most violently; then I began to think I had not so much as a half-penny of it left for a half-penny roll, and I was hungry, and then I cried again: then I came away in despair, crying and roaring like a little boy that had been whipped; then I went back again to the tree, and up the tree again, and thus I did several times.

The last time I had gotten up the tree I happened to come down not on the same side that I went up and came down before, but on the other side of the tree, and on the other side of the bank also; and, behold, the tree had a great open place in the side of it close to the ground, as old hollow trees often have; and looking in the open place, to my inexpressible joy there lay my money and my linen rag, all wrapped up just as I had put it into the hole; for the tree being hollow all the way up, there had been some moss or light stuff, which I had not judgment enough to know was not firm, that had given way when it came to drop out of my hand, and so it had slipped quite down at once.

I was but a child, and I rejoiced like a child, for I holloaed quite out aloud when I saw it; then I ran to it and snatched it up, hugged and kissed the dirty rag a hundred times; then danced and jumped about, ran from one end of the field to the other, and, in short, I knew not what, much less do I know now what I did, though I shall never forget the thing; either what a sinking grief it was to my heart when I thought I had lost it, or what a flood of joy overwhelmed me when I had got it again.

While I was in the first transport of my joy, as I have said, I ran about and knew not what I did: but when that was over, I sat down, opened the foul clout the money was in, looked at it, told it, found it was all there, and then I fell a-crying as violently as I did before, when I thought I had lost it.

Advice to a Youth of Rambling Disposition.—From 'Robinson Crusoe.'

Being the third son of the family, and not bred to any trade, my head began to be filled very early with rambling thoughts. My father, who was very ancient, had given me a competent share of learning, as far as house education and a country free school generally go, and designed me for the law: but I would be satisfied with nothng but going to sea; and my inclination to this led me so strongly against the will—nay, the commands—of my father, and against all the entreaties and persuasions of my mother and other friends, that there seemed to be something fatal in that propension of nature, tending directly to the life of misery which was to befall me.

My father, a wise and grave man, gave me serious and excellent counsel against what he foresaw was my design. He called me one morning into his chamber, where he was confined by the gout, and expostulated very warmly with me upon this subject. He asked me what reasons, more than a mere wandering inclination, I had for leaving my father's house and my native country, where I might be well introduced, and had a prospect of raising my fortunes by application and industry, with a life of ease and pleasure. He told me it was only men of desperate fortunes on one hand, or of aspiring superior fortunes on the other, who went abroad upon adventures, to rise by enterprise, and make themselves famous in undertakings of a nature out of the common road; that these things were all either too far above me, or too far below me; that mine was the middle state, or what might be called the upper station of low life, which he had found, by long experience, was the best state in the world—the most suited to human happiness; not exposed to the miseries and hardships, the labour and sufferings, of the mechanic part of mankind, and not embarrassed with the pride, luxury, ambition, and envy, of the upper part of mankind. He told me I might judge of the happiness of this state by this one thing, namely, that this was the state of life which all other people envied; that kings have frequently lamented the miserable consequence of being born to great things, and wished they had been placed in the middle of the two extremes, between the mean and the great; that the Wise Man gave his testimony to this, as the just standard of true felicity, when he prayed to have neither poverty nor riches.

He bade me observe it, and I should always find that the calamities of life were shared among the upper and lower part of mankind; but that the middle station had the fewest disasters, and was not exposed to so many vicissitudes as the higher or lower part of mankind; nay, they were not subjected to so many distempers and uneasinesses, either of body or mind, as those were who, by vicious living, luxury and extravagances on one hand, or by hard labour, want of necessaries, and mean or insufficient diet on the other hand, bring distempers upon themselves by the natural consequences of their way of living; that the middle station of life was calculated for all kind of virtues and all kind of enjoyments; that peace and plenty were the handmaids of a middle fortune; that temperance, moderation, quietness, health, society, all agreeable diversions, and all desirable pleasures, were the blessings attending the middle station of life; that this way men went silently and smoothly through the world, and comfortably out of it; not embarrassed with the labours of the hands or of the head; not sold to a life of slavery for daily bread, or harassed with perplexed circumstances, which rob the soul of peace and the body of rest; not enraged with the passion of envy, or the secret burning lust of ambition for great things—but in easy circumstances, sliding gently through the world, and sensibly tasting the sweet of living without the bitter; feeling that they are happy, and learning, by every day's experience, to know it more sensibly.

After this he pressed me earnestly, and in the most affectionate manner, not to play the young man, or to precipitate myself into miseries, which nature, and the station of life I was born in, seem to have provided against; that I was under no necessity of seeking my bread; that he would do well for me, and endeavour to enter me fairly into the station of life which he had been just recommending to me; and that, if I was not very easy and happy in the world, it must be my mere fate, or fault, that must hinder it; and that he should have nothing to answer for, having thus discharged his duty, in warning me against measures which he knew would be to my hurt. In a word, that as he would do very kind things for me, if I would stay and settle at home as he directed, so he would not have so much hand in my misfortunes as to give me any encouragement to go away; and, to close all, he told me I had my elder brother for my example, to whom he had used the same earnest persuasions to keep him from going into the Low Country wars, but could not prevail, his young desires prompting him to run into the army, where he was killed; and though he said he would not cease to pray for me, yet he would venture to say to me, that if I did take this foolish step, God would not bless me—and I would have leisure hereafter to reflect upon having neglected his counsel, when there might be none to assist in my recovery.

BERNARD DE MANDEVILLE.

Bernard de Mandeville (1670–1733), a vigorous and graphic writer, who squandered upon useless and lax speculations powers that would have fitted him admirably as a novelist or moralist, was a native of Dort, in Holland. He studied medicine, and came over to England to practise his profession. His first publications were in rhyme, but he had nothing of the poet's 'vision and faculty divine.' Early in life (about 1699) he published a string of sarcastic verses entitled the 'Grumbling Hive, or Knaves Turned Honest,' which he reprinted in 1714 with the addition of long explanatory notes, and an 'Inquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue,' giving to the whole the title afterwards so well known, the 'Fable of the Bees, or Private Vices Public Benefits.' Previous to the latter work he had published 'Esop Dressed,' 'Typhon in Verse,' and the 'Planter's Charity,' all in 1704 He enlarged his principal work, the 'Fable of the Bees;' and in 1729 it was rendered more conspicuous by being presented to the grand jury of Middlesex on account of its immoral and pernicious tendency. Bishop Berkeley answered the arguments of the 'Fable,' and Mandeville replied in 'Letters to Dion.' He also published 'Free Thoughts on Religion,' and 'An Inquiry into the Origin of Honour, and the Usefulness of Christianity in War' (1732), both of which, like his 'Fable,' were of questionable tendency.

The satire of Mandeville is general, not individual; yet his examples are strong and lively pictures. He describes the faults and corruptions of different professions and forms of society, and then attempts to shew that they are subservient to the grandeur and worldly happiness of the whole. If mankind, he says, could be cured of the failings they are naturally guilty of, they would cease to be capable of forming vast, potent, and polite societies. The fallacy of this theory, as Johnson says, is that 'he defines neither vices nor benefits.' He confounds innocent pleasures and luxuries, which benefit society, with their vicious excesses, which are destructive of order and government. His object was chiefly to *divert* the reader, being conscious that mankind are not easily reasoned out of their follies. Another of the paradoxes of Mandeville is, that charity schools, and all sorts of education, are injurious to the lower classes. The view which he takes of human nature is low and degrading enough to have been worthy the adoption of Swift; and many of his descriptions are not inferior to those of the dean Some of his opinions on economic questions are admirably expressed. 'Let the value of gold or silver,' he says, 'either rise or fall, the enjoyment of all societies will ever depend upon the fruits of the earth and the *labour* of the people; both which joined together are more certain, a more inexhaustible, and a more real treasure than the gold of Brazil or the silver of Potosi.'

Division of Labour.

If we trace the most flourishing nations in their origin, we shall find that, in the remote beginnings of every society, the richest and most considerable men among them were a great while destitute of a great many comforts of life that are now enjoyed by the meanest and most humble wretches; so that many things which were once looked upon as the inventions of luxury are now allowed even to those that are so miserably poor as to become the objects of public charity, nay, counted so necessary that we think no human creature ought to want them. A man would be laughed at that should discover luxury in the plain dress of a poor creature that walks along in a thick parish gown, and a coarse shirt underneath it; and yet what a number of people, how many different trades, and what a variety of skill and tools, must be employed to have the most ordinary Yorkshire cloth! What depth of thought and ingenuity, what toil and labour, and what length of time must it have cost, before man could learn from a seed to raise and prepare so useful a product as linen!

What a bustle is there to be made in several parts of the world before a fine scarlet or crimson cloth can be produced; what multiplicity of trades and artificers must be employed! Not only such as are obvious, as wool-combers, spinners, the weaver, the cloth-worker, the scourer, the dyer, the setter, the drawer, and the packer; but others that are more remote, and might seem foreign to it—as the millwright, the pewterer, and the chemist, which yet are all necessary, as well as a great number of other handicrafts, to have the tools, utensils, and other implements belonging to the trades already named. But all these things are done at home, and may be performed without extraordinary fatigue or danger; the most frightful prospect is left behind, when we reflect on the toil and hazard that are to be undergone abroad, the vast seas we are to go over, the different climates we are to endure, and the several nations we must be obliged to for their assistance. Spain alone, it is true, might furnish us with wool to make the finest cloth; but what skill and pains, what experience and ingenuity, are required to dye it of those beautiful colours! How widely are the drugs and other ingredients dispersed through the universe that are to meet in one kettle! Alum, indeed, we have of our own; argot we might have from the Rhine, and vitriol from Hungary: all this is in Europe. But then for saltpetre in quantity we are forced to go as far as the East Indies. Cochenil, unknown to the ancients, is not much nearer to us, though in a quite different part of the earth; we buy it, 'tis true, from the Spaniards; but, not being their product, they are forced to fetch it for us from the remotest corner of the new world in the West Indies. Whilst so many sailors are broiling in the sun and sweltered with heat in the east and west of us, another set of them are freezing in the north to fetch potashes from Russia.

Flattery of the Great.

If you ask me where to look for those beautiful shining qualities of prime-ministers, and the great favourites of princes, that are so finely painted in dedications, addresses, epitaphs, funeral-sermons, and inscriptions, I answer, *There*, and nowhere else. Where would you look for the excellency of a statue but in that part which you see of it? 'Tis the polished outside only that has the skill and labour of the sculptor to boast of; what is out of sight is untouched. Would you break the head or cut open the breast to look for the brains or the heart, you would only shew your ignorance, and destroy the workmanship. This has often made me compare the virtues of great men to your large china jars: they make a fine show, and are ornamental even to a chimney. One would, by the bulk they appear in, and the value that is set upon them, think they might be very useful; but look into a thousand of them, and you will find nothing in them but dust and cobwebs.

Pomp and Superfluity.

If the great ones of the clergy, as well as the laity, of any country whatever, had no value for earthly pleasures, and did not endeavour to gratify their appetites, why are envy and revenge so raging among them, and all the other passions, improved and refined upon in courts of princes more than anywhere else; and why are their repasts, their recreations, and whole manner of living, always such as are approved of, coveted, and imitated by the most sensual people of the same country? If, despising all visible decorations, they were only in love with the embellishments of the mind, why should they borrow so many of the implements, and make use of the most *darling toys*, of the luxurious? Why should a lord treasurer, or a bishop, or even *the Grand Signior*, or the Pope of Rome, to be good and virtuous, and endeavour the *conquest of his passions*, have occasion for greater revenues, richer furniture, or a *more numerous* attendance as to personal service, than a private man? What virtue is it the exercise of which requires so much pomp and superfluity as are to be seen by all men in power? A man has as much opportunity to practise temperance that has but one dish at a meal, as he that is constantly served with three courses and a dozen dishes in each. One may exercise as much patience and be as full of self-denial on a few flocks, without curtains or tester, as in a velvet bed that is sixteen foot high. The virtuous possessions of the mind are neither charge nor burden: a man may bear misfortunes with fortitude in a garret, forgive injuries afoot, and be chaste, though he has not a shirt to his back; and therefore I shall never believe but that an indifferent sculler, if he was intrusted with it, might carry all the learning and religion that one man can contain, as well as a barge with six oars, especially if it was but to cross from Lambeth to Westminister; or that humility is so ponderous a virtue, that it requires six horses to draw it.

MRS. MANLEY.

De la Riviere Manley, a female novelist, dramatist, and political writer, enjoyed some celebrity among the wits of the Queen Anne period. Neither her life nor writings will bear a close scrutiny, but she appears to have been unfortunate in her youth. She was the daughter of a brave and accomplished officer, Sir Roger Manley, governor of Guernsey, and one of the authors of the 'Turkish Spy.' Sir Roger died while his daughter was young, and she fell to the charge of a Mr. Manley, her cousin, who drew her into a mock-marriage—he had a wife living—and in about three years basely deserted her. Her life henceforward was that of an author by profession, and a woman of intrigue. She wrote three plays, the 'Royal Mistress,' the 'Lost Lover,' and 'Lucius'—the last being honoured by a prologue from the pen of Steele, and an epilogue by Prior. Her most famous work was the 'Atalantis,' a political romance or satire, full of court and party scandal, directed against the Whig statesmen and public characters connected with the Revolution of 1688. This work was honoured with a state prosecution. The printer and publisher were seized, and Mrs. Manley, having generously come forward to relieve them from the responsibility, was committed to custody. She was soon liberated and discharged, and a Tory ministry succeeding, she was in high favour. Swift, in his 'Journal to Stella' (January 28, 1711-12), draws this portrait of Mrs. Manley: 'She has very generous principles *for one of her sort*, and a great deal of good sense and invention: she is about forty, very homely, and very fat' She found favour, however, with Swift's friend, Alderman Barber, in whose house she lived for many years, and there she died in 1724. When Swift relinquished the 'Examiner,' Mrs. Manley conducted it for some time, the dean supplying hints, and she appears to have been a ready and effective political writer. All her works, however, have sunk into oblivion. Her novels are worthless, extravagant productions, and the 'Atalantis' is only remembered from a line in Pope. The Baron, in the 'Rape of the Lock,' says:

> As long as 'Atalantis' shall be read,

his honour, name, and praise shall live; but they have had a much more durable existence.

ANDREW FLETCHER OF SALTOUN.

ANDREW FLETCHER, born in 1653, the son of a Scottish knight, succeeded early to the family estate of Saltoun, and represented the shire of Lothian in the Scottish parliament in the reign of Charles II. He opposed the arbitrary designs of the Duke of York, afterwards James II. and retired to Holland. His estate was confiscated; but he returned to England with the Duke of Monmouth in 1685. Happening, in a personal scuffle, to kill the mayor of Lynn, Fletcher again went abroad, and traveled in Spain. He returned at the period of the Revolution, and took an active part in Scottish affairs. His opinions were republican, and he was of a haughty unbending temper; 'brave as the sword he wore,' according to a contemporary, 'and bold as a lion: a sure friend, and an irreconcilable enemy: would lose his life readily to serve his country, and would not do a base thing to save it.' Fletcher opposed the union of Scotland with England in 1707, believing, with many zealous but narrow-sighted patriots of that day, that it would eclipse the glory of ancient Caledonia. He died in 1716. Fletcher wrote several political discourses. One of these, entitled 'An Account of a Conversation concerning a Right Regulation of Governments for the common Good of Mankind, in a Letter to the Marquis of Montrose, the Earls of Rothes, Roxburghe, and Haddington, from London, the First of December,' 1703, is forcibly written, and contains some strong appeals in favour of Scottish independence, as well as some just and manly sentiments. In this letter occurs a saying often quoted, and which has been—by Lord Brougham and others—erroneously ascribed to the Earl of Chatham: 'I knew a very wise man that believed *that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.*' The newspaper may now be said to have supplanted the ballad; yet, during the war with France, the naval songs of Dibdin fanned the flame of national courage and patriotism. An excessive admiration of the Grecian and Roman republics led Fletcher to eulogise even the slavery that prevailed in those states. He represents their condition as happy and useful; and, as a contrast to it, he paints the state of the lowest class in Scotland in colours, that, if true, shew how frightfully disorganised the country was at that period. In his 'Second Discourse on the Affairs of Scotland,' 1698, there occurs the following sketch:

State of Scotland in 1698.

There are at this day in Scotland—besides a great many poor families very meanly provided for by the church-boxes, with others who, by living on bad food, fall into various diseases—*two hundred thousand people begging from door to door.* These are not only noway advantageous, but a very grievous burden to so poor a country. And though the number of them be perhaps double to what it was formerly, by reason of this present great distress, yet in all times there have been about *one hundred thousand* of those vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or *subjection either* to the laws of the land, or even those of God and nature. No *magistrate could* ever be informed, or discover, which way one in a hundred of these wretches died, or that ever they were baptised. Many murders have been discovered among them; and they are not only a most unspeakable oppression to poor tenants—who, if they give not bread, or some kind of provision, to perhaps forty such villains in one day, are sure to be insulted by them—but they rob many poor people who live in houses distant from any neighbourhood. In years of plenty, many thousands of them meet together in the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days; and at country-weddings, markets, burials, and the like public occasions, they are to be seen, both men and women, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together. These are such outrageous disorders, that it were better for the nation they were sold to the galleys or West Indies, than that they should continue any longer to be a burden and curse upon us.

M. MARTIN.

The first account of the Hebrides was published in 1703. It is entitled 'A Description of the Western Islands of Scotland,' by M. MARTIN, Gent. The author was a native of Skye. Dr. Johnson had read Martin's book when he was very young, and was particularly struck with the St. Kilda man's notion that the High Church of Glasgow had been hollowed out of a rock. This 'notion' had probably struck Addison also, as in the 'Spectator' (No. 50) he makes, as Mr. Croker has remarked, the Indian king suppose that St. Paul's was carved out of a rock. Martin's work is poorly written, but the novelty of the information it contains, and even the credulity of the writer, give it a certain interest and value. He gives a long account of the second-sight, or *taish*, as it is called in Gaelic, in which he was a firm believer, though he admitted that it had greatly declined.

The Second-sight.

The second-sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person that sees it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seer, that they neither see nor think of anything else except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object which was represented to them. At the sight of a vision the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish.

If an object is seen early in a morning (which is not frequent), it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards; if at noon, it will commonly be accomplished that very day; if in the evening, perhaps that night; if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night; the latter always in accomplishment by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of night the vision is seen. When a shroud is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostic of death: the time is judged according to the height of it about the person.

If a woman is seen standing at a man's left hand, it is a presage that she will be his wife, whether they be married to others, or unmarried at the time of the apparition. If two or three women are seen at once standing near a man's left hand, she that is next him will undoubtedly be his wife first, and so on. To see a seat empty at the time of one's sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death quickly after.

Dress in the Western Islands.

The plaid wore by the men is made of fine wool; the thread as fine as can be made of that kind; it consists of divers colours, and there is a great deal of ingenuity required in sorting the colours, so as to be agreeable to the nicest fancy. For this reason the women are at great pains, first, to give an exact pattern of the plaid upon a piece of wood, having the number of every thread of the stripe on it. The length of it is commonly seven double ells; the one end hangs by the middle over the left arm, the other going round the body, hangs by the end over the left arm also.

The right hand above it is to be at liberty to do anything upon occasion. Every isle differs from each other in their fancy of making plaids as to the stripes in breadth and colours. This humour is as different through the mainland of the Highlands, in so far that they who have seen those places is able at the first view of a man's plaid to guess the place of his residence.

When they travel on foot, the plaid is tied on the breast with a bodkin of bone or wood—just as the *spina* wore by the Germans, according to the description of C. Tacitus. The plaid is tied round the middle with a leather belt. It is pleated from the belt to the knee very nicely. This dress for foot-men is found much easier and lighter than breeches or trews.

The plaid (for women) being pleated all round, was tied with a belt below the breast; the belt was of leather, and several pieces of silver intermixed with the leather like a chain. The lower end of the belt has a piece of plate about eight inches long and three in breadth, curiously engraven; the end of which was adorned with fine stones or pieces of red coral. They wore sleeves of scarlet cloth, closed at the end as men's vests, with gold lace round 'em, having plate buttons set with fine stones. The head-dress was a fine kerchief of linen strait about the head, hanging down the back taper-wise. A large lock of hair hangs down their cheeks above the breast, the lower end tied with a knot of ribands.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

The most powerful and original prose writer of this period was the celebrated Dean of St Patrick's. We have already noticed his poetry, which formed only a sort of interlude in the strangely mingled drama of his life. None of his works were written for mere fame or solitary gratification. His restless and insatiate ambition prompted him to wield his pen as a means of advancing his interests, or expressing his personal feelings, caprices, or resentment. In a letter to Bolingbroke, Swift says: 'All my endeavours, from a boy, to distinguish myself, were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts—whether right or wrong, it is no great matter; and so the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue ribbon, or of a coach and six horses.' This was but a poor and sordid ambition, and it is surprising that it bore such fruit. The first work of any importance by Swift was a political tract, written in 1701, to vindicate the Whig patriots, Somers, Halifax, and Portland, who had been impeached by the House of Commons.'

The author was then of the ripe age of thirty-four; for Swift, unlike his friend Pope, came but slowly to the maturity of his powers. The treatise was entitled 'A Discourse of the Contests and Dissensions between the Nobles and Commons of Athens and Rome.' It is plainly written, without irony or eloquence. One sentence—the last in the fourth chapter—closes with a fine simile. 'Although,' he says, 'most revolutions of government in Greece and Rome began with the tyranny of the people, yet they generally concluded in that of a single person: so that an usurping populace is its own dupe; a mere underworker, and a purchaser in trust for some single tyrant, whose state and power they advance to their own ruin, with as blind an instinct as those worms that die with weaving magnificent habits for beings of a superior nature to their own.' Swift's next work was his 'Battle of the Books,' written to support his patron, Sir William

Temple, in his dispute as to the relative merits of ancient and modern learning. The 'Battle of the Books' exhibits all the characteristics of Swift's style, its personal satire, and strong racy humour. These qualities were further displayed in his 'Tale of a Tub,' written about the same time, and first published in 1704. The object of his powerful satire was here of a higher cast; it was to ridicule the Roman Catholics and Presbyterians, with a view of exalting the High Church of England party, and to expose what he considered to be the corruptions of the Church of Rome and the fanaticism of the Dissenters. He begins in the old story-telling way: 'Once upon a time there was a man who had three sons. Those sons he names Peter (the Church of Rome), Martin (the Church of England), and Jack (the Presbyterians or Protestant Dissenters generally), who was sometimes called Knocking Jack (or John Knox). Their father died while they were young, and upon his death-bed, calling the lads, he spoke to them thus: 'Sons, because I have purchased no estate nor was born to any, I have long considered of some good legacies to leave you, and at last, with much care, I have provided each of you with a good coat.' Under this homely figure is signified the Christian religion. 'With good wearing,' he continues, 'the coats will last you as long as you live, and will grow in the same proportion as your bodies, lengthening and widening of themselves, so as to be always fit.' They were not to add to or diminish from their coats one thread. After a time, however, they got tired of their plainness, and wished to become gay and fashionable. The father's will (the Bible) was misinterpreted and twisted word by word, and letter by letter, to suit their purpose; shoulder-knots, lace, and embroidery were added to their coats, and the will was at length locked up and utterly disregarded. Peter then lorded it over his brothers, claiming the supremacy, insisting upon being called Father Peter and Lord Peter; a violent rupture ensued, and a series of scenes and adventures are related in which Swift *allegorises*, as we may say, the most sacred doctrines and the various sects of the Christian religion. It was obvious that this was treading on very dangerous ground. The ludicrous ideas and associations called up by such grotesque fancies, striking analogy, and broad satire in connection with religion, inevitably tended to lower the respect due to revelation, and many persons considered the work to be a covert attack upon Christianity. This opinion was instilled into the mind of Queen Anne. The work established Swift's fame for all time coming, but condemned him to an Irish deanery for life. Whenever a mitre came in sight and seemed within his reach, the witty buffooneries of Lord Peter and his brothers were projected before the queen, and the golden prize was withdrawn.

In 1708 appeared Swift's 'Sentiments of a Church of England Man in Respect to Religion and Government,' his 'Letters on the Sacramental Test,' 'Arguments against the Abolition of Christianity,' and 'Predictions for the year 1708,' by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. This last *brochure* had immense popularity. It was a satire on an almanac-maker and astrologer named Partridge. Swift's first prediction related to Partridge. 'I have consulted,' he said, 'the star of his nativity, and find he will infallibly die upon the 29th of March next, of a raging fever.' In a subsequent paper, Swift proposed to give an account of the accomplishment of the prediction. Partridge was naturally very indignant. He advertised his existence: 'Blessed be God, he, John Partridge, was still living and in health, and all were knaves who reported otherwise.' Swift and his friends were ready with replies and rejoinders, and the affair amused the town for a season. Some political tracts followed, the most conspicuous of which are—the 'Conduct of the Allies,' published in 1712 (and which had immense influence on public opinion), and the 'Public Spirit of the Whigs,' in 1714. The latter incensed the Duke of Argyle and other peers so much, that a proclamation offering a reward of £300 was issued for the discovery of the author. In 1713, Swift was rewarded with the deanery of St. Patrick's in Dublin; and the destruction of all hopes of further preferment followed soon after, on the accession of the House of Hanover to the throne, and the return of the Whigs to power.

Swift withdrew to Ireland, a disappointed man, full of bitterness. His feelings partly found vent in several works which he published on national subjects, and which rendered him exceedingly popular in Ireland—'A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures' (1720), and 'Letters by M. B. Drapier' against Wood's patent for supplying Ireland with a copper coinage (1724). There was a scarcity of copper coin in Ireland, and Wood, an English owner of mines, obtained a patent right to coin farthings and halfpence to the amount of £108,000. The grant was made to Wood without consulting the Irish government; the disposal of the patent had, in the first instance, been given by Lord Sunderland to the Duchess of Kendal, the king's mistress, and the duchess, it was said, had sold it to Wood for £12,000. All this wounded deeply the pride and patriotism of the Irish nation, and Swift attacked the scheme with all his might. He contended that Wood's metal was base: 'If a hatter sells a dozen of hats for 5s. apiece, which amounts to £3, and receives the payment in Wood's coin, he receives only the value of five shillings!' In reality, the coinage was excellent, better than the English, and nobody in Ireland would have been obliged to take more than fivepence-halfpenny in copper; but the feeling against England was strong, and wrought up to a pitch of fury by Swift, who, after heaping every epithet of contempt and execration upon Wood, touched upon the higher question of the royal prerogative. It was unjust to bind the people of Ireland by the laws of a parliament in which they were unrepresented. 'The *remedy*,' he added, 'is wholly in your own hands—by the laws of *God, of nature, of* nations, and of your country, you are and ought *to be as free a people* as your brethren in England.' The government had to bow to the storm. The patent was withdrawn, and Swift was as much the idol of the Irish as Mirabeau was afterwards the idol of the French. In 1726 appeared 'Gulliver's Travels,' the most original and extraordinary of all Swift's productions.

A few of his friends—Pope, Bolingbroke, Gay, and Arbuthnot—were in the secret as to the authorship of this satirical romance; but it puzzled the world in no ordinary degree, and this uncertainty tended to increase the interest and attraction of the work.* While courtiers and politicians recognised in the adventures of Gulliver many satirical allusions to the court and politics of England—to Walpole, Bolingbroke, the Prince of Wales, the two contending parties in the state, and various matters of secret history—the great mass of ordinary readers saw and felt only the wonder and fascination of the narrative. The appearance, occupations, wars, and pursuits of the tiny Lilliputians—the gigantic Brobdingnagians—the fearful, misanthropic picture of the Yahoos—with the philosophic researches at Laputa—all possessed novelty and attraction for the mere unlearned reader, who was alternately agitated with emotions of surprise, delight, astonishment, pity, and reprobation. All parties seem now agreed in the opinion that the interest of the work diminishes as it proceeds; that Lilliput is delightful and picturesque, the satire just sufficient to give an exquisite flavour or seasoning to the body of the narrative; that Brobdingnag is wonderful, monstrous, but softened by the character of Glumdalclitch, and abounding in excellent political and moral observations; that the voyage to Laputa is ingenious, but somewhat tedious, and absurd as a satire on philosophers and mathematicians; and that the voyage to the Houyhnhnms is a gross libel on human nature, and disgusting from its physical indelicacy. We need not point out the inimitable touches of description and satire in 'Gulliver'—the High Heels and Low Heels, the Big-endians and Little-endians; the photograph, as we may call it, of the emperor of Lilliput, with his Austrian lip and arched nose, and who was almost the breadth of one's nail taller than any of his court, *which struck an awe into his beholders;* and the fine incident of Gulliver's watch, which the Lilliputians thought was the god he worshipped, for he seldom did anything without consulting it.

The charm of Swift's style, so simple, pure, and unaffected, and he apparent earnestness and sincerity with which he dwells on the ost improbable circumstances, are displayed in full perfection in Gulliver,' which was the most carefully finished of all his works. ome tracts on ecclesiastical questions, and the best of his poetry, were afterwards produced. His other prose works were—'A History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne'—not published till long after his death; 'Polite Conversation,' a happy satire on the frivolities of fashionable life; and 'Directions for Servants,' a fragment which also appeared after his death, and on which he bestowed considerable pains. It exemplifies the habit of minute observation which distinguished Swift, and which sometimes rendered him no very agreeable inmate of a house. Two other prose works are better known—the 'Journal to Stella,' and the 'Modest Proposal for preventing the Poor in Ireland from being burdensome, and for making them beneficial.' The former was not intended to be printed. It consists of a series of letters written to Esther Johnson during Swift's residence in London, from September 1710 until June 1713. All the petty details of his daily life are recorded for the gratification of his Stella, or 'star that dwelt apart.' He tells her where he goes, whom he meets, where he dines, what he spends, what satires he writes, &c. His journal is his last occupation at night, and often the first in the morning by candle-light. 'I cannot go to bed without a word to them (Stella and Mrs. Dingley); I cannot put out my candle till I bid them good-night.' He had what he called 'the little language,' a sort of cipher as to names, but the journal itself is in the ordinary long-hand, and is as voluminous as a three-volume novel. It is a strange but fascinating medley, containing many coarse things—oaths, nasty jests, wild sallies of fancy, and brief outbursts of tenderness. The 'Modest Proposal' shocked many persons. The scheme is, that the children of the Irish poor should be sold and eaten as food! 'I have been assured,' he says, 'by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child, well nursed, is, at a year old, a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee or a ragout.'

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* The negotiation for its publication was conducted by Erasmus Lewis, secretary to Earl of Oxford, and one of Swift's most intimate friends. Lewis sold the copyright he publisher, Motte, for £200. We have seen the original documents, which were in the possession of the Rev. C. Bathurst Woodman, Edgebaston, near Birmingham. Walter Scott states that Swift made a present of the copyright to Pope, but the state- t is unsupported by evidence. In an unpublished letter to Motte, Swift states that he red no advantage from the *Miscellanies*, published in conjunction with Pope, Arbuth- nd Gay.

He goes gravely into calculations on the subject: at a year old, an infant would weigh about twenty-eight pounds; it would make two dishes at an entertainment for friends, and when the family dined alone, the fore or hind quarter would make a reasonable dish, and, seasoned with a little pepper or salt, will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter. 'I grant,' he adds, 'this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children.' The grave irony of the 'Modest Proposal' is crowned, as it were, by the closing declaration, that the author is perfectly disinterested, having no children or expectation by which he could get a penny by the scheme! Even in these days of baby-farming, Swift's satire is rather too strong for modern taste, but it is a production of extraordinary power and ingenuity. Various editions of Swift's works have been published; the best and most complete is that by Sir Walter Scott, in nineteen volumes (1814). Swift's rank as a writer has long since been established. In originality and strength, he has no superior, and in wit and irony—the latter of which

He was born to introduce
Refined it first, and shewed its use—

he shines equally pre-eminent. He was deficient in purity of taste and loftiness of imagination. The frequency with which he dwells on gross and disgusting images, betrays a callousness of feeling that wholly debarred him from the purer regions of romance. He could

Laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy-chair;

though it was still, as Coleridge has remarked, 'the soul of Rabelais dwelling in a dry place.' Of the 'serious air' of Cervantes, which Pope has also bestowed on his friend, the traces are less frequent and distinct. We can scarcely conceive him to have ever read the 'Faery Queen' or 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' The palpable and familiar objects of life were the sources of his inspiration; and in fictitious narrative, he excels, like Richardson and Defoe, by painting and grouping minute particulars, that impart to his most extravagant conceptions an air of sober truth and reality. Always full of thought and observation, his clear, perspicuous style never tires in the perusal. When exhausted by the works of imaginative writers, or the ornate periods of statesmen and philosophers, the plain, earnest, manly pages of Swift, his strong sense, keen observation, and caustic wit, are felt to be a legacy of inestimable value.

The following are extracts from the 'Tale of a Tub:'

Ludicrous Image of Fanaticism.

It is recorded of Mahomet, that upon a visit he was going to pay in Paradise, he had an offer of several vehicles to conduct him upwards; as fiery chariots, winged horses, and celestial sedans; but he refused them all, and would be borne to heaven on nothing but his ass. Now, this inclination of Mahomet, as singular as it seems, hath since been taken up by a great number of devout Christians, and doubtless with good reason. For since that Arabian is known to have borrowed a moiety of his religious system from the Christian faith, it is but just he should pay reprisals to such as would challenge them; wherein the good people of England, to do them all right, have not been backward. But though there is not any other nation in the world so plentifully provided with carriages for that journey, either as to safety or ease, yet there are abundance of us who will not be satisfied with any other machine besides this of Mahomet.

Satire upon Dress and Fashion.

About this time it happened a sect arose whose tenets obtained and spread very far, especially in the *grande monde*, and among everybody of good fashion. They worshipped a sort of idol, who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This idol they placed in the highest part of the house, on an altar erected about three foot; he was shewn in the posture of a Persian emperor, sitting on a superficies, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a goose for his ensign; whence it is that some learned men pretend to deduce his original from Jupiter Capitolinus.

The worshippers of this deity had also a system of their belief, which seemed to turn upon the following *fundamentals. They held the universe to be a large suit of clothes, which invests everything; that* the earth is invested by the air; the air is invested by the stars; and the stars are invested by the *primum mobile*. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable dress. What is that which some call land but a fine coat faced with green? or the sea, but a waistcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious a journeyman Nature has been to trim up the vegetable beaux; observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white satin is worn by the birch. To conclude from all, what is man himself, but a micro-coat, or rather a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings? As to his body there can be no dispute; but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress. To instance no more, is not religion a cloak, honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt, self-love a surtout, vanity a shirt, and conscience a pair of breeches easily slipt down?

Characteristics of Modern Critics.

I shall conclude with three maxims, which may serve both as characteristics to distinguish a true modern critic from a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those worthy spirits who engage in so useful and honourable an art. The first is, that criticism, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the truest and best when it is the very first result of the critic's mind; as fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the mark if they stay not for a second. Secondly, the true critics are known by their talent of swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or as a wasp to the fairest fruit. So when the king is on horseback, he is sure to be the dirtiest person of the company; and they that make their court best are such as bespatter him most. Lastly, a true critic, in the perusal of a book, is like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests fling away, and consequently is apt to snarl most when there are the fewest bones.

On Books and Learning.

The society of writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconsiderable number if men were put upon making books with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpose. It is acknowledged that were the case the same among us as with the Greeks and Romans, when learning was in its cradle, to be reared and fed and clothed by invention, it would be an easy task to fill up volumes upon particular occasions, without further expatiating from the subjects than by moderate excursions, helping to advance or clear the main design. But with knowledge it has fared as with a numerous army encamped in a fruitful country, which, for a few days, maintains itself by the product of the soil it is on: till provisions being spent, they are sent to forage many a mile, among friends or enemies it matters not. Meanwhile, the neighbouring fields, trampled and beaten down, become barren and dry, affording no sustenance but clouds of dust.

The whole course of things being thus entirely changed between us and the ancients, and the moderns wisely sensible of it, we of this age have discovered a shorter and more prudent method to become scholars and wits, without the fatigue of reading or of thinking. The most accomplished way of using books at present is twofold; either, first, to serve them as some men do lords, learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance. Or, secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer method, to get a thorough insight into the index, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like fishes by the tail. For to enter the palace of learning at the great gate requires an expense of time and forms; therefore men of much haste and little ceremony are content to get in by the back door. For the arts are all in flying march, and therefore more easily subdued by attacking them in the rear. Thus men catch knowledge by throwing their wit into the posteriors of a book, as boys do sparrows with flinging salt upon their tails. Thus human life is best understood by the wise man's rule of regarding the end. Thus are the sciences found, like Hercules's oxen, by tracing them backwards. Thus are old sciences unravelled, like old stockings, by beginning at the foot. Beside all this, the army of the sciences has been of late, with a world of martial discipline, drawn into its close order, so that a view or a muster may be taken of it with abundance of expedition. For this great blessing we are wholly indebted to systems and abstracts, in which the modern fathers of learning, like prudent usurers, spent their sweat for the ease of us, their children. For labour is the seed of idleness, and it is the peculiar happiness of our noble age to gather the fruit.

*A Meditation upon a Broomstick, according to the Style and Manner of the Hon. Robert Boyle's Meditations.**

This single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest; it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs; but now in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk; it is now at best but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air; it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and, by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make her things clean, and be nasty itself; at length, worn out to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I sighed, and said within myself: Surely mortal man is a broomstick! nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk; he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs, all covered with powder, that never grew on his head; but now should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellences, and other men defaults!

But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head; and pray, what is man but a topsy-turvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be—grovelling on the earth! and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances; rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruptions to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before, sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away. His last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving; till, worn to the stumps, like his brother-besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

Inconveniences likely to result from the Abolition of Christianity.

I am very sensible how much the gentlemen of wit and pleasure are apt to murmur and be shocked at the sight of so many daggle-tail parsons, who happen to fall in their way, and offend their eyes; but at the same time, those wise reformers do not consider what an advantage and felicity it is for great wits to be always provided with objects of scorn and contempt, in order to exercise and improve their talents, and divert their spleen from falling on each other, or on themselves; especially when all this may be done without the least imaginable danger to their persons. And o urge another argument of a parallel nature; if Christianity were once abolished, ow could the freethinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men of profound learning, e able to find another subject so calculated in all points whereon to display their bilities? What wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of from those whose genius, by continual practice, hath been wholly turned upon raillery and invectives against religion, and would, therefore, be never able to shine or distinguish themselves on any other subject? We are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among us, and would we take away the greatest, perhaps the only topic we have left? Who would ever have suspected Asgill for a wit, or Toland for a philosopher, if the inexhaustible stock of Christianity had not been at hand to provide them with materials? What other subject through all art or nature could have produced Tindal for a profound author, or furnished him with readers? It is the wise choice of the subject that alone adorneth and distinguisheth the writer. For had a hundred such pens as these been employed on the side of religion, they would immediately have sunk into silence and oblivion.

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* When chaplain to Lord Berkeley, Swift was accustomed to read to Lady Berkeley he Reflections or Meditations of Boyle. Growing weary of the task, he resolved to get id of it in a way that might occasion some mirth in the family. Accordingly he inserted he above parody in the volume, and read it to the lady as a genuine production of oyle's. The joke was successful: the witty chaplain was not asked to proceed any further with the Meditations. When some one said to Stella that the Dean must have loved anessa very much to write of her so beautifully, she replied, that it was well known *he Dean could write beautifully on a broomstick!*

Nor do I think it wholly groundless, or my fears altogether imaginary, that the abolishing of Christianity may perhaps bring the church in danger, or at least put the senate to the trouble of another securing vote. I desire I may not be misunderstood; I am far from presuming to affirm or think that the church is in danger at present, or as things now stand, but we know not how soon it may be so, when the Christian religion is repealed. As plausible as this project seems, there may a dangerous design lurk under it. Nothing can be more notorious than that the atheists, deists, Socinians, anti-trinitarians, and other subdivisions of freethinkers, are persons of little zeal for the present ecclesiastical establishment. Their declared opinion is for repealing the sacramental test; they are very indifferent with regard to ceremonies; nor do they hold the *jus divinum* of episcopacy. Therefore this may be intended as one politic step towards altering the constitution of the church established, and setting up presbytery in its stead; which I leave to be further considered by those at the helm.

And therefore if, notwithstanding all I have said, it shall still be thought necessary to have a bill brought in for repealing Christianity, I would humbly offer an amendment, that, instead of the word *Christianity*, may be put *religion* in general; which I conceive will much better answer all the good ends proposed by the projectors of it. For as long as we leave in being a God and his Providence, with all the necessary consequences which curious and inquisitive men will be apt to draw from such premises, we do not strike at the root of the evil, although we should ever so effectually annihilate the present scheme of the Gospel. For of what use is freedom of thought, if it will not produce freedom of action, which is the sole end, how remote soever in appearance, of all objections against Christianity? And therefore the freethinkers consider it a sort of edifice, wherein all the parts have such a mutual dependence on each other, that if you happen to pull out one single nail, the whole fabric must fall to the ground.

Diversions of the Court of Lilliput.

The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed with a slender white thread extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace (which often happens), five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope; and whoever jumps the highest, without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to shew their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer,* is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset several times together upon a trencher fixed on a rope which is no thicker than a common packthread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to shew their dexterity; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far, that there is hardly one of them who has not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that, a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would infallibly have broke his neck, if one of the king's cushions that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.[*]

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* Doubtless Sir Robert Walpole, then prime minister.

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shewn before the emperor and empress and first minister, upon particular occasions. The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads, of six inches long; one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the emperor has a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favour. The ceremony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity, very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the new or old world. The emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates, advancing one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it, backward and forward, several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-coloured silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice round about the middle, and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.[†]

Satire on Pretended Philosophers and Projectors.

In the description of his fancied Academy of Lagado in 'Gulliver's Travels.' Swift ridicules those quack pretenders to science and knavish projectors who were so common in his day, and whose schemes sometimes led to ruinous and distressing consequences.

I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room hath in it one or more projectors, and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin were all of the same colour. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He told me he did not doubt in eight years more that he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers. I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them.

I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder, who likewise shewed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish.

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof, and working downwards to the foundation; which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

There was an astronomer who had undertaken to place a sun-dial upon the great weathercock on the town-house, by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun, so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turning of the winds.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said, perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge by practical and mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness, and he flattered himself that a more noble, exalted thought never sprang in any other man's head. Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas by his contrivance, the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labour, may write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, law, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study. He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered on every square with paper pasted on them; and on these papers were written all the words of their language in their several moods, tenses and declensions, but without any order. The professor then desired me to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work. The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame, and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six-and-thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn the engine was so contrived, that the words shifted into new places as the square bits of wood moved upside down. Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labour; and the professor shewed me several volumes in large folio, already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences.

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[*] This alludes to his dismissal in 1717 through the intrigues of Sunderland and Stanhope. The cushion was no doubt Sir Robert's great interest with the Duchess of Kendal, the favourite of George I.

[†] Walpole was distinguished by the orders of the Garter and the Bath, both here ridiculed.

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was to shorten discourse by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles; because, in reality, all things imaginable are but nouns. The other was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health as well as brevity; for, it is plain, that every word we speak is in some degree a diminution of our lungs by corrosion, and consequently contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express the particular business they are to discourse on. And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion, unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues, after the manner of their forefathers; such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people.

Another great advantage proposed by this invention was, that it would serve as universal language to be understood in all civilised nations, whose goods and utensil are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And thus ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes or ministers of state, to whose tongues they were utter strangers.

I was at the mathematical school, where the master taught his pupils after method scarce imaginable to us in Europe. The proposition and demonstration were fairly written on a thin wafer, with ink composed of a cephalic tincture. This the student was to swallow upon a fasting stomach, and for three days following ea nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the proposition along with it. But the success hath not hitherto been answerable, partly by some error in the quantum or composition, and partly by the perverseness of lads, to whom this bolus is so nauseous, that they generally stea aside, and discharge it upwards before it can operate; neither have they been ye persuaded to use so long an abstinence as the prescription requires.

In the school of political projectors I was but ill entertained, the professors ap pearing in my judgment wholly out of their senses, which is a scene that never fail to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for per suading monarchs to choose favourites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the public good; of rewarding mer great abilities, and eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest, by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people; of choosing for employments persons qualified to exercise them; with many other wild impossible chimeras, that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive, and confirmed in me the old observation, that there is nothing so extravagant and irrational which some philosophers have not maintained for truth.

But, however, I shall so far do justice to this part of the academy, as to acknowledge that all of them were not so visionary. There was a most ingenious doctor, who seemed to be perfectly versed in the whole nature and system of government. This illustrious person had very usefully employed his studies in finding out effectual remedies for all diseases and corruptions to which the several kinds of public administration are subject, by the vices or infirmities of those who govern, as well as by the licentiousness of those who are to obey. For instance, whereas all writers and reasoners have agreed that there is a strict universal resemblance between the natural and political body, can there be anything more evident than that the health of both must be preserved, and the diseases cured, by the same prescriptions? . . . Upon the meeting of a senate, certain physicians should attend at the three first days of their sitting, and at the close of each day's debate feel the pulses of every senator; after which, having maturely considered and consulted upon the nature of the several maladies, and the methods of cure, they should on the fourth day return to the senate-house, attended by their apothecaries stored with proper medicines; and, before the members sat, administer to each of them lenitives, aperitives, abstersives, corrosives, restringents, palliatives, laxatives, cephalalgics, icterics, apophlegmatics, acoustics, as their several cases required; and, according as these medicines should operate, repeat, alter, or omit them at the next meeting. . . .

He likewise directed that every senator in the great council of a nation, after he had delivered his opinion, and argued in the defence of it, should be obliged to give his vote directly contrary; because, if that were done, the result would infallibly terminate in the good of the public.

When parties in a state are violent, he offered a wonderful contrivance to reconcile them. The method is this: You take a hundred leaders of each party; you dispose them into couples of such whose heads are nearest of a size: then let two nice operators saw off the occiput of each couple at the same time, in such manner that the brain may be equally divided. Let the occiputs thus cut off be interchanged, applying each to the head of his opposite party-man. It seems indeed to be a work that requireth some exactness; but the professor assured us, that, if it were dexterously performed, the cure would be infallible. For he argued thus: that the two half brains being left to debate the matter between themselves within the space of one skull, would soon come to a good understanding, and produce that moderation, as well as regularity of thinking, so much to be wished for in the heads of those who imagine they come into the world only to watch and govern its motion; and as to the difference of brains in quantity or quality, among those who are directors in faction, the doctor assured us, from his own knowledge, that it was a perfect trifle.

Thoughts on Various Subjects.

We have just religion enough to make us *hate*, but not enough to make us *love* one another.

When we desire or solicit anything, our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our mind runs only on the bad ones.

When a true genius appeareth in the world, you may know him by this infallible sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

I am apt to think that, in the day of judgment, there will be small allowance given to the wise for their want of morals, or to the ignorant for their want of faith, because both are without excuse. This renders the advantages equal of ignorance and knowledge. But some scruples in the wise, and some vices in the ignorant, will perhaps be forgiven upon the strength of temptation to each.

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next: 'Future ages shall talk of this; this shall be famous to all posterity:' whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now.

It is in disputes as in armies, where the weaker side setteth up false lights, and maketh a great noise, that the enemy may believe them to be more numerous and strong than they really are.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities, which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbours and passengers, but not the owner within.

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, &c., beginning from his youth, and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last!

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

Censure is the tax a man payeth to the public for being eminent.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

Complaint is the largest tribute Heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

The common fluency of speech in many men and most women is owing to a scarcity of matter and scarcity of words: for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth. So people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honours have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like; by which they plainly confess that these honours were more than their due, and such as their friends would not believe if they had not been told; whereas a man truly proud thinks the greatest honours below his merit, and consequently scorns to boast. I therefore deliver it as a maxim, that whoever desires the character of a proud man, ought to conceal his vanity.

Every man desireth to live long, but no man would be old.

If books and laws continue to increase as they have done for fifty years past, I am in some concern for future ages, how any man will be learned, or any man a lawyer.

A *nice* man is a man of nasty ideas. [How true of Swift himself.]

If a man maketh me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keepeth his at the same time.

Very few men, properly speaking, *live* at present, but are providing to live another time.

Princes in their infancy, childhood, and youth, are said to discover prodigious parts and wit, to speak things that surprise and astonish: strange, so many hopeful princes, so many shameful kings! If they happen to die young, they would have been prodigies of wisdom and virtue: if they live, they are often prodigies indeed, but of another sort.

Overstrained Politeness, or Vulgar Hospitality.—From the 'Tatler,' No. 20.

Those inferior duties of life which the French call *les petites morales*, or the smaller morals, are with us distinguished by the name of good manners or breeding. This I look upon, in the general notion of it, to be a sort of artificial good sense, adapted to the meanest capacities, and introduced to make mankind easy in their commerce with each other. Low and little understandings, without some rules of this kind, would be perpetually wandering into a thousand indecencies and irregularities in behaviour; and in their ordinary conversation, fall into the same boisterous familiarities that one observeth amongst them when a debauch hath quite taken away the use of their reason. In other instances, it is odd to consider, that for want of common discretion, the very end of good breeding is wholly perverted; and civility, intended to make us easy, is employed in laying chains and fetters upon us, in debarring us of our wishes, and in crossing our most reasonable desires and inclinations. This abuse reigneth chiefly in the country, as I found to my vexation, when I was last there, in a visit I made to a neighbour about two miles from my cousin. As soon as I entered the parlour, they put me into the great chair that stood close by a huge fire, and kept me there by force, until I was almost stifled. Then a boy came in great hurry to pull off my boots, which I in vain opposed, urging that I must return soon after dinner. In the meantime, the good lady whispered her eldest daughter, and slipped a key into her hand. The girl returned instantly with a beer-glass half full of *aqua mirabilis* and syrup of gillyflowers. I took as much as I had a mind for; but madam vowed I should drink it off—for she was sure it would do me good, after coming out of the cold air—and I was forced to obey; which absolutely took away my stomach. When dinner came in, I had a mind to sit at a distance from the fire; but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and set me with my back just against it. Although my appetite was quite gone, I resolved to force down as much as I could; and desired the leg of a pullet. 'Indeed, Mr. Bickerstaff,' says the lady, 'you must eat a wing to oblige me;' and so put a couple upon my plate. I was persecuted at this rate during the whole meal. As often as I called for small beer, the master tipped the wink, and the servant brought me a brimmer of October. Some time after dinner, I ordered my cousin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horses, but it was resolved I should not stir that night; and when I seemed pretty much bent upon going, they ordered the stable door to be locked; and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next question was, what I would have for supper. I said I never ate anything at night; but was at last, in my own defence, obliged to name the first thing that came into my head. After three hours spent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, insinuating to me, 'that this was the worst time of the year for provisions; that they were at a great distance from any market; that they were afraid I should be starved; and that they knew they kept me to my loss,' the lady went and left me to her husband—for they took special care I should never be alone. As soon as her back was turned, the little misses ran backwards and forwards every moment; and constantly as they came in or went out, made a courtesy directly at me, which in good manners I was forced to return with a bow, and, 'Your humble servant, pretty miss.' Exactly at eight the mother came up, and discovered by the redness of her face that supper was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my persecution doubled in proportion. I desired at my usual hour to go to my repose, and was conducted to my chamber by the gentleman, his lady and the whole train of children. They importuned me to drink something before I went to bed; and upon my refusing, at last left a bottle of *stingo*, as they called it, for fear I should wake and be thirsty in the night. I was forced in the morning to rise and dress myself in the dark, because they would not suffer my kinsman's servant to disturb me at the hour I desired to be called. I was now resolved to break through all measures to get away; and after sitting down to a monstrous breakfast of cold beef, mutton, neats'-tongues, venison-pasty, and stale beer, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs see me part of my way, and carry me a short-cut through his own grounds, which he told me would save half a mile's riding. This last piece of civility had like to have cost me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck, by leaping over his ditches, and at last forced to alight in the dirt; when my horse, having slipped his bridle, ran away, and took us up more than an hour to recover him again. It is evident that none of the absurdities I met with in this visit proceeded from an ill intention, but from a wrong judgment of complaisance, and a misapplication in the rules of it.

ALEXANDER POPE.

In 1737, Pope published, by subscription, a volume of letters between himself and his literary friends. Part of the collection had been previously issued by Curll, a notorious publisher of that day, to whom Pope had, by the agency of other parties, conveyed an edition privately printed. Having, in his assumed character of purveyor of the letters, induced Curll to advertise the collection as containing letters of certain noblemen, the publisher was summoned to the House of Lords for breach of privilege. The volume, however, being examined, it was found that there was not a single letter from any nobleman in the collection, and Curll was dismissed. Pope had thus secured publicity to the publication, and as the letters, he said, had not only been surreptitiously printed—stolen from private repositories—but altered and interpolated, he appeared justified in issuing a prospectus for a genuine edition. In reality, there was little or no difference between the editions, Pope having prepared both, and neither can be regarded as containing actual correspondence. Swift, however, had retained the letters addressed to himself; the original letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu also existed, and the early correspondence of Pope with Henry Cromwell had previously come into the possession of Curll, and was published. Additions were afterwards made to the collection from other sources, and thus we have a large body of the actual letters written by the wits of the Anne and first Georgian periods. The experiment was new to the public. 'Pope's epistolary excellence,' says Johnson, 'had an open field; he had no English rival, living or dead.'

The letters of Lord Bacon, Strafford, and other statesmen, had been published, but they descended little into the details of familiar life. Spratt suppressed the correspondence of Cowley, under the impression, finely expressed by an old writer, that private letters are commonly of too tender a composition to thrive out of the bosom in which they were first planted; and the correspondence of Pope was the first attempt to interest the public in the sentiments and opinions of literary men, and the expression of private friendship. As literature was the business of Pope's life, and composition his first and favourite pursuit, he wrote always with a view to admiration and fame. He knew that if his letters to his friends did not come before the public in a printed shape, they would be privately circulated, and might affect his reputation with those he was ambitious of pleasing. Hence he seems always to have written with care. His letters are generally too elaborate and artificial to have been the spontaneous effusions of private confidence. Many of them are beautiful in thought and imagery, and evince a taste for picturesque scenery and description that it is to be regretted the poet did not oftener indulge. Others, as the exquisite one describing a journey to Oxford, in company with Bernard Lintot, possess a fine vein of comic humour and observation. Swift was inferior to Pope as a letter-writer, but he discloses more of his real character. He loved Pope as much as he could any man, and the picture of their friendship, disclosed in their correspondence, is honourable to both. They had both risen to eminence by their own talents; they had mingled with the great and illustrious; had exchanged with each other in private their common feelings and sentiments; had partaken of the vicissitudes of public affairs; seen their friends decay and die off; and in their old age, mourned over the evils and afflictions incident to the decline of life. Pope's affection soothed the jealous irritability and misanthropy of Swift, and survived the melancholy calamity which rendered his friend one of the most pitiable and affecting objects among mankind.

On Sickness and Death.

To Sir Richard Steele.—*July* 15, 1712.

You formerly observed to me that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life than the disparity we often find in him sick and well; thus, one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views, and, I hope, have received some advantage by it, if what Waller says be true, that

> The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
> Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made.

Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age: it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence upon our outworks. Youth at the very best is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age: it is like a stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin, where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures. When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who, being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer: 'What care I for the house? I am only a lodger.' I fancy it is the best time to die when one is in the best humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast as they were used to do.* The memory of man—as it is elegantly expressed in the Book of Wisdom—passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. 'For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair to man, and an unspotted life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul,' &c.—I am your, &c.

Pope in Oxford.

To Mrs. Martha Blount.—1716.—A genuine letter slightly altered.†

Nothing could have more of that melancholy which once used to please me, than my last day's journey; for, after having passed through my favourite woods in the forest, with a thousand reveries of past pleasures, I rid over hanging hills, whose tops were edged with groves, and whose feet watered with winding rivers, listening to the falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above; the gloomy verdure of Stonor succeeded to these, and then the shades of the evening overtook me. The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw, by whose solemn light I paced on slowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached Oxford, all the bells tolled in different notes; the clocks of every college answered one another, and sounded forth—some in a deeper, some a softer tone—that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since among those old walls, venerable galleries, stone porticos, studious walks, and solitary scenes of the university. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a salary, to be as mere a book-worm as any there. I conformed myself to the college-hours, was rolled up in books, lay in one of the most ancient, dusky parts of the university, and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the desert. If anything was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity, such as even those good men used to entertain, when the monks *of their own order* extolled their piety and abstraction For I found myself received with a sort of respect, which this idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their own species; who are as considerable here, as the busy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world.

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* It is important to remember that Pope, when he wrote in this manner, was only twenty-four—that is, if we assume the letter to have been actually sent to Steele, which we very much doubt. It seems to be merely a literary essay—part of the fabricated correspondence.

† Martha Blount was the Stella of Pope. Her elder sister Teresa, was his first favourite, but Martha gained the ascendency, and retained it till the death of the poet. They were of an old Catholic family, the Blounts of Mapledurham, near Reading. Gay has described the sisters as 'the fair-haired Martha, and Teresa brown;' and a picture in the family mansion, by Jervas, represents them as gathering flowers. Pope's father died at Chiswick in 1717, and the poet wrote to Martha: 'My poor father died last night. Believe, since I don't forget you at this moment, I never shall.' And he never did. He took *the warmest interest in all her affairs*, and left her the bulk of his fortune. Martha (*who was two years younger than her* illustrious friend) survived till July 12, 1763.

Death of Two Lovers by Lightning.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.—*September* 1 [1717].

I have a mind to fill the rest of this paper with an accident that happened just under my eyes, and has made a great impression upon me. I have just passed part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's, which he lent me.* It overlooks a common field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers, as constant as ever were found in romance, beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one—let it sound as it will—was John Hewet; of the other, Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man about five-and-twenty; Sarah, a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah; when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighbourhood; for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding-clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed—it was on the last of July—a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, that drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sunk on a haycock, and John—who never separated from her—sat by her side, having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if heaven had burst asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another; those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay: they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair,—John with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, where my Lord Harcourt, at my request, has erected a monument over them. Of the following epitaphs which I made, the critics have chosen the godly one: I like neither, but wish you had been in England to have done this office better: I think it was what you could not have refused me on so moving an occasion.

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* The house of Stanton Harcourt, in Oxfordshire. Here Pope translated part of the *Iliad*. He describes the house (though with many fanciful additions) in the subsequent letter, in a style which recalls the grave humour of Addison, and foreshadows the *Bracebridge Hall* of Washington Irving.

When Eastern lovers feed the funeral fire,
On the same pile the faithful pair expire;
Here pitying heaven that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere the Almighty saw well pleased,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seized.

Think not, by rigorous judgment seized,
  A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heaven saw well pleased,
  And snatched them in celestial fire.

Live well and fear no sudden fate:
  When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
  Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmoved can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

Upon the whole, I cannot think these people unhappy. The greatest happiness, next to living as they would have done, was to die as they did. The greatest honour people of this low degree could have, was to be remembered on a little monument; unless you will give them another—that of being honoured with a tear from the finest eyes in the world. I know you have tenderness; you must have it; it is the very emanation of good sense and virtue: the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest.

Description of an Ancient English Country-seat.

To Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

Dear Madam—'Tis not possible to express the least part of the joy your return gives me; time only and experience will convince you how very sincere it is. I excessively long to meet you, to say so much, so very much to you, that I believe I shall say nothing. I have given orders to be sent for the first minute of your arrival—which I beg you will let them know at Mr. Jervas's. I am fourscore miles from London, a short journey compared to that I so often thought at least of undertaking, rather than die without seeing you again. Though the place I am in is such as I would not quit for the town, if I did not value you more than any, nay everybody else there; and you will be convinced how little the town has engaged my affections in your absence from it, when you know what a place this is which I prefer to it; I shall therefore describe it to you at large, as the true picture of a genuine ancient country-seat.

You must expect nothing regular in my description of a house that seems to be built before rules were in fashion: the whole is so disjointed, and the parts so detached from each other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that—in a poetical fit—you would imagine it had been a village in Amphion's time, where twenty cottages had taken a dance together, were all out, and stood still in amazement ever since. A stranger would be grievously disappointed who should ever think to get into this house the right way. One would expect, after entering through the porch, to be let into the hall; alas! nothing less, you find yourself in a brew-house. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room; but, upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced, by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-house. On each side our porch are two chimneys, that wear their greens on the outside, which would do as well within, for whenever we make a fire, we let the smoke out of the windows. Over the parlour window hangs a sloping balcony, which time has turned to a very convenient penthouse. The top is crowned with a very venerable tower, so like that of the church just by, that the jackdaws build in it as if it were the true steeple.

The great hall is high and spacious, flanked with long tables, images of ancient hospitality; ornamented with monstrous horns, about twenty broken pikes, and a matchlock musket or two, which they say were used in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window, beautifully darkened with divers scutcheons of painted glass. There seems to be great propriety in this old manner of blazoning upon glass, ancient families being like ancient windows, in the course of generations seldom free from cracks. One shining pane bears date 1286. The youthful face of Dame Elinor owes more to this single piece than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. Who can say after this that glass is frail, when it is not half so perishable as human beauty or glory? For in another pane you see the memory of a knight preserved, whose marble nose is mouldered from his monument in the church adjoining. And yet, must not one sigh to reflect, that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every boy that throws a stone? In this hall, in former days, have dined gartered knights and courtly dames, with ushers, sewers, and seneschals; and yet it was but the other night that an owl flew in hither, and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you up (and down) over a very high threshold, into the parlour. It is furnished with historical tapestry, whose marginal fringes do confess the moisture of the air. The other contents of this room are a broken-bellied virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from hell with all their brimstone about 'em. These are carefulty set at the further corner: for the windows being everywhere broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard seed in, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour lies, as I said before, the pigeon-house, by the side of which runs an entry that leads, on one hand and t'other, into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study. Then follow a brew-house, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy. A little further on the right, the servants' hall; and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet, which has a lattice into the said hall, that, while she said her prayers, she might cast an eye on the men and maids. There are upon this ground floor in all twenty-four apartments, hard to be distinguished by particular names; among which I must not forget a chamber that has in it a large antiquity of timber, which seems to have been either a bedstead or a cider-press.

Our best room above is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a bandbox; it has hangings of the finest work in the world; those, I mean, which Arachne spins out of her own bowels: indeed, the roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower of rain, we may, with God's blessing, expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of the floors.

All this upper story has for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this venerable mansion, for the very rats of this ancient seat are gray. Since these have not quitted it, we hope at least this house may stand during the small remainder of days these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another: they have still a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

I had never seen half what I have described, but for an old starched grey-headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in the place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He failed not, as we passed from room to room, to relate several memoirs of the family; but his observations were particularly curious in the cellar: he shewed where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent for toasts in the morning: he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hooped hogsheads of strong beer; then stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragment of an unframed picture: 'This,' says he, with tears in his eyes, 'was poor Sir Thomas, once master of all the drink I told you of: he had two sons (poor young masters!) that never arrived to the age of his beer; they both fell ill in this very cellar, and never went out upon their own legs.' He could not pass by a broken bottle without taking it up to shew us the arms of the family on it. He then led me up the tower, by dark winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms, one above another; one of these was nailed up, and my guide whispered to me the occasion of it. It seems the course of this noble blood was a little interrupted about two centuries ago by a freak of the Lady Frances, who was here taken with a neighboring prior; ever since which the room has been made up, and branded with the name of the adultery-chamber. The ghost of Lady Frances is supposed to walk here: some prying maids of the family formerly reported that they saw a lady in a fardingale through the key-hole; but this matter was hushed up, and the servants forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you with this long letter; but what engaged me in the description was a generous principle to preserve the memory of a thing that must itself soon fall to ruin; nay, perhaps, some part of it before this reaches your hands: indeed, I owe this old house the same sort of gratitude that we do to an old friend that harbours us in his declining condition, nay, even in his last extremities. I have found this an excellent place for retirement and study, where no one who passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even anybody that would visit me dares not venture under my roof. You will not wonder I have translated a great deal of Homer in this retreat; any one that sees it will own I could not have chosen a fitter or more likely place to converse with the dead. As soon as I return to the living, it shall be to converse with the best of them. I hope, therefore, very speedily to tell you in person how sincerely and unalterably I am, madam, your most faithful, obliged, and obedient servant.

I beg Mr. Wortley to believe me his most humble servant.

Pope to Bishop Atterbury, in the Tower.

May 17, 1723.

Once more I write to you, as I promised, and this once, I fear, will be the last! The curtain will soon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long good-night.* May you enjoy a state of repose in this life not unlike that sleep of the soul which some have believed is to succeed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleased you best; sometimes present a dream of an absent friend, or bring you back an agreeable conversation. But, upon the whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the future, as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your studies; they will tend to the benefit of men against whom you can have no complaint; I mean of all posterity: and, perhaps, at your time of life, nothing else is worth your care. What is every year of a wise man's life but a censure or a critic on the past? Those whose date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one half of it; the boy despises the infant; the man, the boy; the philosopher, both; and the Christian, all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility, and you will never suffer your age to be but a second infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than those toys of our riper and our declining years, the drums and rattles of ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little society, and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents, not to serve a party or a few, but all mankind. Your genius should mount above that mist in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it; to shine abroad, and to heaven, ought to be the business and the glory of your present situation. Remember it was at such a time that the greatest lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the most, in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death. But why do I talk of dazzling or blazing?—it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became guides to mankind.

Those aims alone are worthy of spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment, indeed, may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished in the noblest minds; but revenge never will harbour there. Higher principles than those of the first, and better principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence men whose thoughts and whose hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the whole to any part of mankind, especially to so small a part as one's single self.

Believe me, my lord, I look upon you as a spirit entered into another life, as one just upon the edge of immortality, where the passions and affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views and all mean retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and, therefore, look forward, and make, as you can, the world look after you. But take care that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration.

I am, with the greatest sincerity and passion for your fame as well as happiness, yours, &c.

Pope was one of the authors of the 'Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus,' *where he has lavished* much wit on subjects which are now mostly of little interest. He has ridiculed Burnett's 'History of his Own Times' with infinite humour in 'Memoirs of P. P., Clerk of this Parish;' and he contributed several papers to the 'Guardian.' His prose works contain also a collection of 'Thoughts on Various Subjects,' a few of which are here subjoined:

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* *The bishop went into exile the following month.*

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead. However, such instruments are necessary to politicians; and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some dead-weight hanging at them, to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain one.

Get your enemies to read your works, in order to mend them: for your friend is so much your second self, that he will judge too like you.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.

A short and certain way to obtain the character of a reasonable and wise man is, whenever any one tells you his opinion, to comply with him.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness or ill grace in little and inconsiderable things, than in expenses of any consequence. A very few pounds a year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.

A Recipe to make an Epic Poem.—From the 'Guardian.'

It is no small pleasure to me, who am zealous in the interests of learning, to think I may have the honour of leading the town into a very new and uncommon road of criticism. As that kind of literature is at present carried on, it consists only in a knowledge of mechanic rules which contribute to the structure of different sorts of poetry; as the receipts of good housewives do to the making puddings of flour, oranges, plums, or any other ingredients. It would, methinks, make these my instructions more easily intelligible to ordinary readers, if I discoursed of these matters in the style in which ladies, learned in economics, dictate to their pupils for the improvement of the kitchen and larder.

I shall begin with Epic Poetry, because the critics agree it is the greatest work human nature is capable of.

For the Fable.—'Take out of any old poem, history-book, romance, or legend—for instance, Geoffrey of Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece—those parts of story which afford most scope for long descriptions: put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero whom you may choose for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures; there let him work for twelve hours; at the end of which you may take him out ready prepared to conquer or to marry; it being necessary that the conclusion of an Epic Poem be fortunate.'

To make an Episode.—'Take any remaining adventure of our former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of use, applied to any other person who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.'

For the Moral and Allegory.—'These you may extract out of the Fable afterwards at your leisure. Be sure you strain them sufficiently.'

For the Manners.—'For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in all the celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a consistency lay them all on a heap upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have; and to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an honest man.—For the under characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the name as occasion serves.'

For the Machines.—'Take of deities, male and female, as many as you can use; separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle. Let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's 'Paradise,' and extract your spirits from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident; for since no Epic Poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wits, seek relief from Heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace in his 'Art of Poetry:'

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit—

Never presume to make a god appear,
But for a business worthy of a god.
ROSCOMMON.

That is to say, a poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity.'

For the Descriptions.—For a Tempest.—'Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together into one verse: add to these, of rain, lightning, and of thunder (the loudest you can), *quantum sufficit.* Mix your clouds and billows well together until they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head before you set it a-blowing.'

For a Battle.—'Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's 'Iliads,' with a spice or two of Virgil; and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle.'

For Burning a Town.—'If such a description be necessary, because it is certain there is one in Virgil, Old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the 'Theory of the Conflagration,' well circumstanced, and done into verse, will be a good succedaneum.'

As for Similes and Metaphors, they may be found all over the creation; the most ignorant may gather them; but the danger is in applying them. For this, advise with your bookseller.

For the Language.—(I mean the diction.) 'Here it will do well to be an imitator of Milton, for you will find it easier to imitate him in this than anything else. Hebraisms and Grecisms are to be found in him, without the trouble of learning the languages. I knew a painter, who, like our poet, had no genius, make his daubings to be thought originals by setting them in the smoke. You may, in the same manner, give the venerable air of antiquity to your piece, by darkening it up and down with Old English. With this you may be easily furnished upon any occasion by the dictionary commonly printed at the end of Chaucer.'

I must not conclude without cautioning all writers without genius in one material point; which is, never to be afraid of having too much fire in their works. I should advise rather to take their warmest thoughts, and spread them abroad upon paper, for they are observed to cool before they are read.

DR. JOHN ARBUTHNOT.

DR. JOHN ARBUTHNOT, the friend of Pope, Swift, Gay, and Prior, was associated with his brother-wits in some of the humorous productions of the day, called forth chiefly by political events. They were all Tories, and keenly interested in the success of their party. Arbuthnot was born in 1667 at a place of the same name in Kincardineshire, son of a nonjuring clergyman. He was educated at the university of Aberdeen; and having studied medicine, repaired to

London, where he became known as an author and a wit. He wrote an 'Examination of Dr. Woodward's Account of the Deluge,' and an 'Essay on the Usefulness of Mathematical Learning' (1700). Happening to be at Epsom when Prince George was taken ill there, Arbuthnot was called upon to prescribe, and treated the case so successfully that he was made the prince's regular physician. In 1709, he was appointed physician in ordinary to the queen.

The satirical 'Memoirs of the Extraordinary Life, Works, and Discoveries of Martinus Scriblerus,' published in Pope's works, was chiefly, if not wholly, written by Arbuthnot. The design of this work, as stated by Pope, is to ridicule all the false tastes in learning, under the character of a man of capacity, who had dipped into every art and science but injudiciously in each. Cervantes was the model of the witty authors; but though they may have copied his grave irony with success, the fine humanity and imagination of the Spanish novelist are wholly wanting in Scriblerus. It is highly probable, however, that the character of Cornelius Scriblerus suggested to Sterne the idea of Walter Shandy. His oddities and absurdities about the education of his son—in describing which Arbuthnot evinces his extensive and curious learning—are fully equal to Sterne. Useful hints are thrown out amidst the ridicule and pedantry of Scriblerus; and what are now termed *object lessons* in some schools, may have been derived from such ludicrous passages as the following: 'The old gentleman so contrived it, to make everything contribute to the improvement of his knowledge, even to his very dress. He invented for him a geographical suit of clothes, which might give him some hints of that science, and likewise some knowledge of the commerce of different nations. He had a French hat with an African feather, Holland shirts and Flanders lace, English cloth lined with Indian silk; his gloves were Italian, and his shoes were Spanish. He was made to observe this, and daily catechised thereupon, which his father was wont to call "travelling at home." *He never gave him a fig or an orange, but he obliged him to give an account from what country it came.*'

A more complete and durable monument of the wit and humour of Arbuthnot is his 'History of John Bull,' published in 1712, and designed to ridicule the Duke of Marlborough, and render the nation discontented with the French war. The allegory in this piece is well sustained, and the satirical allusions poignant and happy, though the political disputes of that time have lost their interest. Of the same ironical description is Arbuthnot's 'Treatise concerning the Altercation or Scolding of the Ancients,' and his 'Art of Political Lying.' His wit is always pointed, and rich in classical allusion, without being acrimonious or personally offensive. Of the serious performances of Arbuthnot, the most valuable is a series of dissertations on ancient coins, weights, and measures. He published also some medical works. After the death of Queen Anne, all the attendants of the court were changed, and Arbuthnot removed from St. James's to Dover Street. Swift said he knew his *art*, but not his *trade;* and on another occasion the dean said of him: 'He has more wit than we all have, and more humanity than wit.' Arbuthnot, however, though displaced, applied himself closely to his profession, and continued his unaffected cheerfulness and good-nature. In his latter years he suffered much from ill-health: he died in 1735. The most severe and dignified of the occasional productions of Dr. Arbuthnot, is his epitaph on Colonel Chartres, a notorious gambler and money-lender of the day, tried and condemned for an assault on his female servant:

> Here continueth to rot the body of FRANCIS CHARTRES, who, with an inflexible constancy, and inimitable uniformity of life, persisted, in spite of age and infirmities, in the practice of every human vice, excepting prodigality and hypocrisy; his insatiable avarice exempted him from the first, his matchless impudence from the second. Nor was he more singular in the undeviating pravity of his manners than successful in accumulating wealth; for, without trade or profession, without trust of public money, and without bribe-worthy service, he acquired, or more properly created, a ministerial estate. He was the only person of his time who could cheat with the mask of honesty, retain his primeval meanness when possessed of ten thousand a year, and having daily deserved the gibbet for what he did, was at last condemned to it for what he could not do. Oh, indignant reader! think not his life useless to mankind. Providence connived at his execrable designs, to give to after ages a conspicuous proof and example of how small estimation is exorbitant wealth in the sight of God, by his bestowing it on the most unworthy of all mortals.

Characters of John Bull (the English), Nic. Frog (the Dutch), and Hocus (the Duke of Marlborough).

Bull, in the main, was an honest plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very unconstant temper; he dreaded not old Lewis either at backsword, single falchion, or cudgel-play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him; if you flattered him, you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much upon the air; his spirits rose and fell with the weather-glass. John was quick, and understood his business very well; but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accompts, or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon-companion, loving his bottle and his diversion; for to say truth, no man kept a better house than John, nor spent his money more generously. By plain and fair dealing, John had acquired some plums, and might have kept them, had it not been for his unhappy lawsuit.

Nic. Frog was a cunning sly rogue, quite the reverse of John in many particulars; covetous, frugal; minded domestic affairs; would pinch his belly to save his pocket; never lost a farthing by careless servants or bad debtors He did not care much for any sort of diversions, except tricks of high German artists, and legerdemain; no man exceeded Nic. in these; yet it must be owned that Nic. was a fair dealer, and in that way acquired immense riches.

Hocus was an old cunning attorney; and though this was the first considerable suit that ever he was engaged in, he shewed himself superior in address to most of his profession; he kept always good clerks; he loved money, was smooth-tongued, gave good words, and seldom lost his temper; he was not worse than an infidel, for he provided plentifully for his family; but he loved himself better than them all: the neighbours reported that he was henpecked, which was impossible by such a mild-spirited woman as his wife was.*

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* The Duchess of Marlborough was in reality a termagant. All the Tory wits of that day charged the great duke with peculation as commander-in-chief, and with having prolonged the war on that account. There was not a fragment of evidence to support the

Character of John Bull's Mother (the Church of England).

John had a mother whom he loved and honoured extremely; a discreet, grave, sober, good-conditioned, cleanly old gentlewoman as ever lived; she was none of your cross-grained termagant, scolding jades, that one had as good be hanged as live in the house with, such as are always censuring the conduct, and telling scandalous stories of their neighbours, extolling their own good qualities, and undervaluing those of others. On the contrary, she was of a meek spirit, and, as she was strictly virtuous herself, so she always put the best construction upon the words and actions of her neighbours, except where they were irreconcilable to the rules of honesty and decency. She was neither one of your precise prudes, nor one of your fantastical old belles, that dress themselves like girls of fifteen; as she neither wore a ruff, forehead cloth, nor high-crowned hat, so she had laid aside feathers, flowers, and crimpt ribbons in her head-dress, fur-below scarfs, and hooped petticoats. She scorned to patch and paint, yet she loved to keep her hands and her face clean. Though she wore no flaunting laced ruffles, she would not keep herself in a constant sweat with greasy flannel; though her hair was not stuck with jewels, she was not ashamed of a diamond cross: she was not, like some ladies, hung about with toys and trinkets, tweezer-cases, pocket-glasses, and essence-bottles; she used only a gold watch and an almanac, to mark the hours and the holidays.

Her furniture was neat and genteel, well-fancied, with a *bon gout*. As she affected not the grandeur of a state with a canopy, she thought there was no offence in an elbow-chair; she had laid aside your carving, gilding, and japan work, as being too apt to gather dirt; but she never could be prevailed upon to part with plain wainscot and clean hangings. There are some ladies that affect to smell a stink in everything; they are always highly perfumed, and continually burning frankincense in their rooms; she was above such affectation, yet she never would lay aside the use of brooms and scrubbing-brushes, and scrupled not to lay her linen in fresh lavender.

She was no less genteel in her behaviour, well-bred, without affectation, in the due mean between one of your affected courtesying pieces of formality, and your romps that have no regard to the common rules of civility. There are some ladies that affect a mighty regard for their relations: we must not eat to-day for my uncle Tom, or my cousin Betty, died this time ten years; let's have a ball to-night, it is my neighbour such-a-one's birthday. She looked upon all this as grimace, yet she constantly observed her husband's birthday, her wedding-day, and some few more.

Though she was a truly good woman, and had a sincere motherly love for her son John, yet there wanted not those who endeavoured to create a misunderstanding between them, and they had so far prevailed with him once, that he turned her out of doors,* to his great sorrow, as he found afterwards, for his affairs went on at sixes and sevens.

She was no less judicious in the turn of her conversation and choice of her studies, in which she far exceeded all her sex; your rakes that hate the company of all sober grave gentlewomen would bear hers; and she would, by her handsome manner of proceeding, sooner reclaim them than some that were more sour and reserved. She was a zealous preacher up of chastity and conjugal fidelity in wives, and by no means a friend to the newfangled doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom; though she advanced her opinions with a becoming assurance, yet she never ushered them in, as some positive creatures will do, with dogmatical assertions—this is infallible, I cannot be mistaken, none but a rogue can deny it. It has been observed that such people are oftener in the wrong than anybody.

Though she had a thousand good qualities, she was not without her faults, amongst which one might perhaps reckon too great lenity to her servants, to whom she always gave good counsel, but often too gentle correction.

Character of John Bull's Sister Peg (the Scottish Nation and Church).

John had a sister, a poor girl that had been starved at nurse; anybody would have guessed miss to have been bred up under the influence of a cruel stepdame, and

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allegation. The Duke of Wellington, it is said, ridiculed the notion, and said that, however much Marlborough might have loved money, he must have loved his military reputation more.

* In the contest between Charles I. and the Parliament.

John to be the fondling of a tender mother. John looked ruddy and plump, with a pair of cheeks like a trumpeter; miss looked pale and wan, as if she had the green-sickness; and no wonder, for John was the darling; he had all the good bits, was crammed with good pullet, chicken, pig, goose, and capon, while miss had only a little oatmeal and water, or a dry crust without butter. John had his golden pippins, peaches, and nectarines; poor miss a crab-apple, sloe, or a blackberry. Master lay in the best apartment, with his bed-chamber towards the south sun; miss lodged in a garret, exposed to the north wind, which shrivelled her countenance. However, this usage though it stunted the girl in her growth, gave her a hardy constitution; she had life and spirit in abundance, and knew when she was ill-used: now and then she would seize upon John's commons, snatch a leg of a pullet, or a bit of good beef, for which they were sure to go to fisticuffs. Master was indeed too strong for her; but miss would not yield in the least point, but even when master had got her down, she would scratch and bite like a tiger; when he gave her a cuff on the ear, she would prick him with her knitting-needle. John brought a great chain one day to tie her to the bed-post, for which affront miss aimed a penknife at his heart.* In short, these quarrels grew up to rooted aversions; they gave one another nicknames; she called him Gundy-guts, and he called her Lousey Peg, though the girl was a tight clever wench as any was; and through her pale looks you might discern spirit and vivacity, which made her not, indeed, a perfect beauty, but something that was agreeable. It was barbarous in parents not to take notice of these early quarrels, and make them live better together, such domestic feuds proving afterwards the occasion of misfortunes to them both. Peg had, indeed, some odd humours and comical antipathy, for which John would jeer her. 'What think you of my sister Peg,' says he, 'that faints at the sound of an organ, and yet will dance and frisk at the noise of a bag-pipe?' 'What's that to you, Gundy-guts?' quoth Peg; 'everybody's to choose their own music.' Then Peg had taken a fancy not to say her paternoster, which made people imagine strange things of her. Of the three brothers that have made such a clutter in the world, Lord Peter, Martin, and Jack, Jack† had of late been her inclination: Lord Peter she detested; nor did Martin stand much better in her good graces; but Jack had found the way to her heart.

The Celerity and Duration of Lies, and How to Contradict them.

As to the celerity of their motion, the author says it is almost incredible. He gives several instances of lies that have gone faster than a man can ride post. Your terrifying lie travels at a prodigious rate, above ten miles an hour. Your whispers move in a narrow vortex, but very swiftly. The author says it is impossible to explain several phenomena in relation to the celerity of lies, without the supposition of synchronism and combination. As to the duration of lies, he says they are of all sorts, from hours and days to ages; that there are some which, like insects, die and revive again in a different form; that good artists, like people who build upon a short lease, will calculate the duration of a lie surely to answer their purpose; to last just as long, and no longer than the turn is served.

The properest contradiction to a lie is another lie. For example, if it should be reported that the Pretender was in London, one would not contradict it by saying he never was in England; but you must prove by eye-witnesses that he came no further than Greenwich, and then went back again. Thus, if it be spread about that a great person were dying of some disease, you must not say the truth, that they are in health and never had such a disease, but that they are slowly recovering of it. So there was not long ago a gentleman who affirmed that the treaty with France, for bringing popery and slavery into England, was signed the 15th of September; to which another answered very judiciously, not by opposing truth to his lie, that there was no such treaty; but that, to his certain knowledge, there were many things in that treaty not yet adjusted.

The following extract will serve as a specimen of Dr. Arbuthnot's serious composition. It is taken from an essay on the

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* Henry VIII. to unite the two kingdoms under one sovereign, offered his daughter Mary to James V. of Scotland; this offer was rejected, and followed by a war: to this *event probably the author alludes.*

† *The Pope, Luther, and Calvin.*

Usefulness of Mathematical Learning.

The advantages which accrue to the mind by mathematical studies consist chiefly in these things: 1*st*, In accustoming it to *attention*. 2*d*, In giving it a habit of close and *demonstrative reasoning*. 3*d*, In freeing it from *prejudice, credulity, and superstition*.

First, the mathematics make the mind attentive to the objects which it considers. This they do by entertaining it with a great variety of truths, which are delightful and evident, but not obvious. Truth is the same thing to the understanding as music to the ear and beauty to the eye. The pursuit of it does really as much gratify a natural faculty implanted in us by our wise Creator, as the pleasing of our senses; only in the former case, as the object and faculty are more spiritual, the delight is the more pure, free from the regret, turpitude, lassitude, and intemperance that commonly attend sensual pleasures. The most part of other sciences consisting only of probable reasonings, the mind has not where to fix, and wanting sufficient principles to pursue its searches upon, gives them over as impossible. Again, as in mathematical investigations, truth may be found, so it is not always obvious. This spurs the mind, and makes it diligent and attentive. . . .

The second advantage which the mind reaps from mathematical knowledge is a habit of clear, demonstrative, and methodical reasoning. We are contrived by nature to learn by imitation more than by precept; and I believe in that respect reasoning is much like other inferior arts—as dancing, singing, &c.—acquired by practice. By accustoming ourselves to reason closely about quantity, we acquire a habit of doing so in other things. Logical precepts are more useful, nay, they are absolutely necessary, for a rule of formal arguing in public disputations, and confounding an obstinate and perverse adversary, and exposing him to the audience or readers. But, in the search of truth, an imitation of the method of the geometers will carry a man farther than all the dialectical rules. Their analysis is the proper model we ought to form ourselves upon, and imitate in the regular disposition and progress of our inquiries; and even he who is ignorant of the nature of mathematical analysis, uses a method somewhat analogous to it.

Thirdly, mathematical knowledge adds vigour to the mind, frees it from prejudice, credulity, and superstition. This it does in two ways: 1st, By accustoming us to examine, and not to take things upon trust. 2d, By giving us a clear and extensive knowledge of the system of the world, which, as it creates in us the most profound reverence of the Almighty and wise Creator, so it frees us from the mean and narrow thoughts which ignorance and superstition are apt to beget. . . . The mathematics are friends to religion, inasmuch as they charm the passions, restrain the impetuosity of imagination, and purge the mind from error and prejudice. Vice is error, confusion, and false reasoning; and all truth is more or less opposite to it. Besides, mathematical studies may serve for a pleasant entertainment for those hours which young men are apt to throw away upon their vices; the delightfulness of them being such as to make solitude not only easy, but desirable.

LORD BOLINGBROKE.

HENRY ST. JOHN VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE was in his own day the most conspicuous and illustrious of that friendly band of Tory wits and poets who adorned the reigns of Anne and George I. He is now the least popular of the whole. St. John was descended from an ancient family, and was born at Battersea, in Surrey, in 1678. He was educated at Eton and Oxford. After some years of dissipation, he entered parliament, and was successively secretary at war and secretary of state. He was elevated to the peerage in 1712. On the death of Queen Anne, the seals of office were taken from him, and he was threatened with impeachment for the share he had taken in negotiating the Treaty of Utrecht. Bolingbroke retired to France, and entered into the Pretender's service as secretary. Here, also, he became unpopular, and was accused of neglect and incapacity. Dismissed from his second secretaryship, he had recourse to literature, and produced his 'Reflections on Exile,' and a letter to Sir William Wyndham, containing a defence of his conduct. In 1723, he obtained a full pardon, and returned to England; his family inheritance was restored to him, but he was excluded from the House of Lords. He commenced an active opposition to Walpole, and wrote a number of political tracts against the Whig ministry. In 1735, he retired again to France, and resided there seven years, during which time he produced his 'Letters on the Study of History,' and a 'Letter on the True Use of Retirement.' The last ten years of his life were spent at Battersea.

In 1749, appeared his 'Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism,' and 'Idea of a Patriot King,' with a preface believed to be by Mallet, but in reality written by Bolingbroke, in a strain of coarse invective, and which led to a bitter and acrimonious war of pamphlets. Bolingbroke's treatise had been put into the hands of Pope, that he might have a few copies printed for private circulation. After the death of Pope, it was found that an impression of 1500 had been printed, and this Bolingbroke affected to consider a heinous breach of trust. The transaction was the most venial of all the poet's stratagems. The anger of Bolingbroke is more justly considered to have been only a pretext, the real ground of offense being the poet's preference of Warburton, to whom he left the valuable property in his printed works. Bolingbroke died in 1751, and Mallet—to whom he left all his manuscripts—published a complete edition of his works in five volumes. A series of essays on religion and philosophy, first published in this collection, disclosed the noble author as an opponent of Christianity. Of lofty irregular views and character, vain, ambitious, and vindictive, yet eloquent and imaginative, we may admire, but cannot love Bolingbroke. The friendship of Pope was the brightest gem in his coronet; yet by one ungrateful and unfeeling act he sullied its lustre, and,

> Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
> Richer than all his tribe.

The writings of Bolingbroke are animated by momentary or factious feeling, rather than by any fixed principle or philosophical views. In expression he is often vivid and felicitous, with a rambling yet lively style, more resembling *spoken* than *written* eloquence, and with a power of moral painting, that presents pictures to the mind. In one of his letters to Swift, we find him thus finely moralising:

The Decline of Life.

We are both in the decline of life, my dear dean, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us; let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. We may, nay—if we will follow nature and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates—we shall, of course, grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy, for passion may decay, and stupidity not succeed. *Passions*—says Pope, our divine, as you will see one time or other—are the *gales* of life; let us not complain that they do not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now six in the morning; I recall the time—and am glad it is over—when about this hour I used to be going to bed surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business; my head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour refreshed, serene, and calm; that the past and even the present affairs of life stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeable, so as not to be strongly affected by them. and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Passions, in their force, would bring all these, nay, even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and reason would ill defend me in the scuffle.

A loftier spirit of philosophy pervades the following eloquent sentence on the independence of the mind with respect to external circumstances and situation.

The Order of Providence.

Believe me, the providence of God has established such an order in the world, that of all which belongs to us, the least valuable parts can alone fall under the will of others. Whatever is best is safest, lies most out of the reach of human power, can neither be given nor taken away. Such is this great and beautiful work of nature—the world. Such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world, where it makes the noblest part. These are inseparably ours; and as long as we remain in one, we shall enjoy the other. Let us march, therefore, intrepidly, wherever we are led by the course of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on what coast soever we are thrown by them, we shall not find ourselves absolutely strangers. We shall meet with men and women, creatures of the same figure, endowed with the same faculties, and born under the same laws of nature. We shall see the same virtues and vices flowing from the same general principles, but varied in a thousand different and contrary modes, according to that infinite variety of laws and customs which is established for the same universal end—the preservation of society. We shall feel the same revolutions of seasons; and the same sun and moon will guide the course of our year. The same azure vault, bespangled with stars, will be everywhere spread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire those planets, which roll, like ours, in different orbits round the same central sun; from whence we may not discover an object still more stupendous, that army of fixed stars hung up in the immense space of the universe, innumerable suns, whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds which roll around them; and whilst I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus raised up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon.

National Partiality and Prejudice.

There is scarce any folly or vice more epidemical among the sons of men than that ridiculous and hurtful vanity by which the people of each country are apt to prefer themselves to those of every other; and to make their own customs, and manners, and opinions, the standards of right and wrong, of true and false. The Chinese Mandarins were strangely surprised, and almost incredulous, when the Jesuits shewed them how small a figure their empire made in the general map of the world. . . . Now, nothing can contribute more to prevent us from being tainted with this vanity, than to accustom ourselves early to contemplate the different nations of the earth, in that vast map which history spreads before us, in their rise and their fall, in their barbarous and civilised states, in the likeness and unlikeness of them all to one another, and of each to itself. By frequently renewing this prospect to the mind, the Mexican with his cap and coat of feathers, sacrificing a human victim to his god, will not appear more savage to our eyes than the Spaniard with a hat on his head, and a golilla round his neck, sacrificing whole nations to his ambition, his avarice, and even the wantonness of his cruelty. I might shew, by a multitude of other examples, how history prepares us for experience, and guides us in it; and many of these would be both curious and important. I might likewise bring several other instances, wherein history serves to purge the mind of those national partialities and prejudices that we are apt to contract in our education, and that experience for the most part rather confirms than removes; because it is for the most part confined, like our education. But I apprehend growing too prolix, and shall therefore conclude this head by observing, that though an early and proper application to the study of history will contribute extremely to keep our minds free from a ridiculous partiality in favour of our own country, and a vicious prejudice against others, yet the same study will create in us a preference of affection to our own country. There is a story told of Abgarus. He brought several beasts taken in different places to Rome, they say, and let them loose before Augustus; every beast ran immediately to that part of the circus where a parcel of earth taken from his native soil had been laid. *Credat Judæus Apella.* This tale might pass on Josephus; for in him, I believe, I read it; but surely the love of our country is a lesson of reason, not an institution of nature. Education and habit, obligation and interest attach us to it, not instinct. It is, however, so necessary to be cultivated, and the prosperity of all societies, as well as the grandeur of some, depends upon it so much, that orators by their eloquence, and poets by their enthusiasm, have endeavoured to work up this precept of morality into a principle of passion. But the examples which we find in history, improved by the lively descriptions and the just applauses or censures of historians, will have a much better and more permanent effect than declamation, or song, or the dry ethics of mere philosophy.

Unreasonableness of Complaints of the Shortness of Human Life.

I think very differently from most men of the time we have to pass, and the business we have to do, in this world. I think we have more of one, and less of the other, than is commonly supposed. Our want of time, and the shortness of human life, are some of the principal common-place complaints which we prefer against the established order of things; they are the grumblings of the vulgar, and the pathetic lamentations of the philosopher; but they are impertinent and impious in both. The man of business despises the man of pleasure for squandering his time away; the man of pleasure pities or laughs at the man of business for the same thing; and yet both concur superciliously and absurdly to find fault with the Supreme Being for having given them so little time. The philosopher, who misspends it very often as much as the others, joins in the same cry, and authorises this impiety. Theophrastus thought it extremely hard to die at ninety, and to go out of the world when he had just learned how to live in it. His master Aristotle found fault with nature for treating man in this respect worse than several other animals; both very unphilosophically! and I love Seneca the better for his quarrel with the Stagirite on this head. We see, in so many instances, a just proportion of things, according to their several relations to one another, that philosophy should lead us to conclude this proportion preserved, even where we cannot discern it; instead of leading us to conclude that it is not preserved where we do not discern it, or where we think that we see the contrary. To conclude otherwise is shocking presumption. It is to presume that the system of the universe would have been more wisely contrived, if creatures of our low rank among intellectual natures had been called to the councils of the Most High; or that the Creator ought to mend his work by the advice of the creature. That life which seems to our self-love so short, when we compare it with the ideas we frame of eternity, or even with the duration of some other beings, will appear sufficient, upon a less partial view, to all the ends of the creation, and of a just proportion in the successive course of generations. The term itself is long; we render it short; and the want we complain of flows from our profusion, not from our poverty.

Let us leave the men of pleasure and of business, who are often candid enough to own that they throw away their time, and thereby to confess that they complain of the Supreme Being for no other reason than this, that he has not proportioned his bounty to their extravagance. Let us consider the scholar and philosopher, who, far from owning that he throws any time away, reproves others for doing it; that solemn mortal who abstains from the pleasures, and declines the business of the world, that he may dedicate his whole time to the search of truth and the improvement of knowledge. When such a one complains of the shortness of human life in general, or of his remaining share in particular, might not a man more reasonable, though less solemn, expostulate thus with him: 'Your complaint is indeed consistent with your practice; but you would not possibly renew your complaint if you reviewed your practice. Though reading makes a scholar, yet every scholar is not a philosopher, nor every philosopher a wise man. It costs you twenty years to devour all the volumes on one side of your library; you came out a great critic in Latin and Greek, in the oriental tongues, in history and chronology; but you were not satisfied. You confessed that these were the *literæ nihil sanantes* and you wanted more time to acquire other knowledge. You have had this time; you have passed twenty years more on the other side of your library, among philosophers, rabbis, commentators, schoolmen and whole legions of modern doctors. You are extremely well versed in all that has been written concerning the nature of God, and of the soul of man, about matter and form, body and spirit, and space and eternal essences, and incorporeal substances, and the rest of those profound speculations. You are a master of the controversies that have arisen about nature and grace, about predestination and freewill, and all the other abstruse questions that have made so much noise in the schools, and done so much hurt in the world. You are going on, as fast as the infirmities you have contracted will permit, in the same course of study; but you begin to foresee that you shall want time, and you make grievous complaints of the shortness of human life. Give me leave now to ask you how many thousand years God must prolong your life in order to reconcile you to his wisdom and goodness? It is plain, at least highly probable, that a life as long as that of the most aged of the patriarchs would be too short to answer your purposes; since the researches and disputes in which you are engaged have been already for a much longer time the objects of learned inquiries, and remain still as imperfect and undetermined as they were at first. But let me ask you again, and deceive neither yourself nor me, have you, in the course of these forty years, once examined the first principles and the fundamental facts on which all those questions depend, with an absolute indifference of judgment, and with a scrupulous exactness? with the same care that you have employed in examining the various consequences drawn from them, and the heterodox opinions about them? Have you not taken them for granted in the whole course of your studies? Or, if you have looked now and then on the state of the proofs brought to maintain them, have you not done it as a mathematician looks over a demonstration formerly made—to refresh his memory, not to satisfy any doubt? If you have thus examined, it may appear marvellous to some that you have spent so much time in many parts of those studies which have reduced you to this hectic condition of so much heat and weakness. But if you have not thus examined, it must be evident to all, nay, to yourself on the least cool reflection, that you are still, notwithstanding all your learning, in a state of ignorance. For knowledge can alone produce knowledge; and without such an examination of axioms and facts, you can have none about inferences.'

In this manner one might expostulate very reasonably with many a great scholar, many a profound philosopher, many a dogmatical casuist. And it serves to set the complaints about want of time, and the shortness of human life, in a very ridiculous but a true light.

Pleasures of a Patriot.

Neither Montaigne in writing his essays, nor Descartes in building new worlds, nor Burnet in framing an antediluvian earth, no, nor Newton in discovering and establishing the true laws of nature on experiment and a sublimer geometry, felt more intellectual joys, than he feels who is a real patriot, who bends all the force of his understanding, and directs all his thoughts and actions, to the good of his country. When such a man forms a political scheme, and adjusts various and seemingly independent parts in it to one great and good design, he is transported by imagination, or absorbed in meditation, as much and as agreeably as they; and the satisfaction that arises from the different importance of these objects, in every step of the work, is vastly in his favour. It is here that the speculative philosopher's labour and pleasure end. But he who speculates in order to act, goes on and carries his scheme into execution. His labour continues, it varies, it increases; but so does his pleasure too. The execution, indeed, is often traversed, by unforeseen and untoward circumstances, by the perverseness or treachery of friends, and by the power or malice of enemies; but the first and the last of these animate, and the docility and fidelity of some men make amends for the perverseness and treachery of others. Whilst a great event is in suspense, the action warms, and the very suspense, made up of hope and fear, maintain no unpleasing agitation in the mind. If the event is decided successfully, such a man enjoys pleasure proportionable to the good he has done—a pleasure like to that which is attributed to the Supreme Being on a survey of his works. If the event is decided otherwise, and usurping courts or overbearing parties prevail, such a man has still the testimony of his conscience, and a sense of the honour he has acquired, to soothe his mind and support his courage. For although the course of state affairs be to those who meddle in them like a lottery, yet it is a lottery wherein no good man can be a loser; he may be reviled, it is true, instead of being applauded, and may suffer violence of many kinds. I will not say, like Seneca, that the noblest spectacle which God can behold is a virtuous man suffering, and struggling with afflictions; but this I will say, that the second Cato, driven out of the forum, and dragged to prison, enjoyed more inward pleasure, and maintained more outward dignity, than they who insulted him, and who triumphed in the ruin of their country.

Wise, Distinguished from Cunning Ministers.

We may observe much the same difference between wisdom and cunning, both as to the objects they propose and to the means they employ, as we observe between the visual powers of different men. One sees distinctly the objects that are near to him, their immediate relations, and their direct tendencies: and a sight like this serves well enough the purpose of those who concern themselves no further. The cunning minister is one of those: he neither sees, nor is concerned to see, any further than his personal interests and the support of his administration require. If such a man overcomes any actual difficulty, avoids any immediate distress, or, without doing either of those effectually, gains a little time by all the low artifice which cunning is ready to suggest and baseness of mind to employ, he triumphs, and is flattered by his mercenary train on the great event; which amounts often to no more than this, that he got into distress by one series of faults, and out of it by another. The wise minister sees, and is concerned to see further, because government has a further concern: he sees the objects that are distant as well as those that are near, and all their remote relations, and even their indirect tendencies. He thinks of fame as well as of applause, and prefers that, which to be enjoyed must be given, to that which may be bought. He considers his administration as a single day in the great year of government; but as a day that is affected by those which went before, and that must affect those which are to follow. He combines, therefore, and compares all these objects, relations, and tendencies; and the judgment he makes on an entire, not a partial survey of them, is the rule of his conduct. That scheme of the reason of state, which lies open before a wise minister, contains all the great principles of government, and all the great interests of his country: so that, as he prepares some events, he prepares against others, whether they be likely to happen during his administration, or in some future time.

Parts of Pope's 'Essay on Man' bear a strong resemblance to passages in Bolingbroke's treatises. The poet had the priority of publication, but the peer was the preceptor. The principles of Pope on religious subjects were loose and unfixed; Bolingbroke carried him further in his metaphysical speculation than he perceived at the time, and Pope was overjoyed when Warburton came forward with his forced and pedantic commentary, to reconcile the 'Essay on Man' to Christian doctrine. 'You understand my system,' he said, 'better than I do myself.' The system was the stamina of Bolingbroke's philosophy (which the poet did not fully comprehend) communicated, as the peer happily expresses it, in addressing Pope, in their private hours—'when we saunter alone, or as we have often done, with good Arbuthnot and the jocose Dean of St. Patrick's, among the multiplied scenes of your little garden.'

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Few persons, and especially ladies, have united so much solid sense and learning to wit, fancy, and lively powers of description, as **LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.** In epistolary composition she has very few equals, and scarcely a superior. Horace Walpole may be more witty and sarcastic, and Cowper more unaffectedly natural, pure, and delightful; yet if we consider the variety and novelty of the objects described in Lady Mary's letters, the fund of anecdote and observation they display, the just reflections that spring out of them, and the happy clearness and idiomatic grace of her style, we shall hesitate in placing her below any letter-writer that England has yet produced. This accomplished lady was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston, and was born in 1690. She was educated under the superintendence of Bishop Burnet, and in youth was a close student and indefatigable reader. In 1712 she married Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, and on her husband being appointed a commissioner of the treasury, she was introduced to the courtly and polished circles, and made the friendship of Addison, Congreve, Pope, and the other distinguished literati of that period. Her personal beauty and the charms of her conversation were then unrivalled. In 1716, her husband was appointed ambassador to the Porte, and Lady Mary accompanied him to Constantinople. During her journey and her residence in the Levant, she corresponded with her sister, the Countess of Mar, Lady Rich, Pope, &c., delineating European and Turkish scenery and manners with accuracy and minuteness. On observing among the villagers in Turkey the practice of inoculating for the small-pox, she became convinced of its utility and efficacy, and applied it to her own son, at that time about three years old. By great exertions Lady Mary afterwards established the practice of inoculation in England, and conferred a lasting benefit on her native country and on mankind. In 1718, her husband being recalled from his embassy, she returned to England, and, by the advice of Pope, settled at Twickenham. The rival wits did not long continue friends. Pope wrote high-flown panegyrics and half-concealed love-letters to Lady Mary, and she treated them with silence or ridicule. On one occasion, he is said to have made a tender *declaration*, which threw the lady into an immoderate fit of laughter, and made the sensitive poet ever afterwards her implacable enemy. Lady Mary also wrote verses, town eclogues, and epigrams, and Pope confessed that she had too much wit for him. The cool self-possession of the lady of rank and fashion, joined to her sarcastic powers, proved an overmatch for the jealous retired author, tremblingly alive to the shafts of ridicule. In 1739, her health having declined, Lady Mary left England and her husband to travel and live abroad. She visited Rome, Naples, &c., and settled at Lovere, in the Venetian territory, whence she corresponded freely and fully with her female friends and relatives.

Mr. Montague died in 1761, and Lady Mary was prevailed upon by her daughter, the Countess of Bute, to return to England. She arrived in October, 1761, but died in the following year. Her letters were first printed surreptitiously in 1763. A more complete edition of her works was published in five volumes in 1803; and another, edited by her great-grandson, Lord Wharncliffe, with additional letters and information, in 1837. A later edition (1861), edited by Mr. Moy Thomas, is still more complete and correct. The letters from Constantinople and France have been printed in various shapes. The wit and talent of Lady Mary are visible throughout the whole of her correspondence, but there is often a want of feminine softness and delicacy. Her desire to convey scandal, or to paint graphically, leads her into offensive details, which the more decorous taste of the present age can hardly tolerate. She described what she saw and heard without being scrupulous; and her strong masculine understanding, and carelessness as to refinement in habits or expressions, render her sometimes apparently unamiable and unfeeling. As models of the epistolary style, easy, familiar, and elegant, no less than as pictures of foreign scenery and manners, and fashionable gossip, the letters of Lady Mary must, however, ever maintain a high place in our national literature. They are truly *letters*, not critical or didactic essays enlivened by formal compliment and elaborate wit. Some rather objectionable letters, published even in Lord Wharncliffe's edition (vol. ii. pp. 104–121), were assuredly not written by Lady Mary, but are forgeries by John Cleland, son of Pope's friend Major Cleland, a clever unprincipled littérateur, who lived down to the close of the century.

To E. W. Montagu—On Matrimonial Happiness.

If we marry, our happiness must consist in loving one another: 'tis principally my concern to think of the most probable method of making that love eternal. You object against living in London; I am not fond of it myself, and readily give it up to you, though I am assured there needs more art to keep a fondness alive in solitude, where it generally preys upon itself. There is one article absolutely necessary—to be ever beloved, one must be ever agreeable. There is no such thing as being agreeable without a thorough good-humour, a natural sweetness of temper, enlivened by cheerfulness. Whatever natural fund of gaiety one is born with, 'tis necessary to be entertained with agreeable objects. Anybody capable of tasting pleasure, when they confine themselves to one place, should take care 'tis the place in the world the most agreeable. Whatever you may now think—now, perhaps, you have some fondness for me—though your love should continue in its full force, there are hours when the most beloved mistress would be troublesome. People are not forever—nor is it in human nature that they should be—disposed to be fond; you would be glad to find in me the friend and the companion. To be agreeably the last, it is necessary to be gay and entertaining. A perpetual solitude, in a place where you see nothing to raise your spirits, at length wears them out, and conversation insensibly falls into dull and insipid. When I have no more to say to you, you will like me no longer. How dreadful is that view! You will reflect, for my sake you have abandoned the conversation of a friend that you liked, and your situation in a country where all things would have contributed to make your life pass in (the true *volupté*) a smooth tranquillity. *I* shall lose the vivacity which should entertain you, and *you* will have nothing to recompense you for what you have lost. Very few people that have settled entirely in the country, but have grown at length weary of one another. The lady's conversation generally falls into a thousand impertinent effects of idleness; and the gentleman falls *in* love with his dogs and his horses, and *out* of love with everything else. I am now arguing in favour of the town; you have answered me to that point. In respect of your health, 'tis the first thing to be considered, and I shall never ask you to do anything injurious to that. But 'tis my opinion, 'tis necessary to be happy that we neither of us think any place more agreeable than where we are. . . .

To Mr. Pope—Eastern Manners and Language.

ADRIANOPLE, *April* 1, O. S., 1717.

I no longer look upon Theocritus as a romantic writer; he has only given a plain image of the way of life amongst the peasants of his country, who, before oppression had reduced them to want, were I suppose, all employed as the better sort of them are now. I don't doubt, had he been born a Briton, but his 'Idylliums' had been filled with descriptions of thrashing and churning, both which are unknown here, the corn being all trodden out by oxen; the butter—I speak it with sorrow—unheard of.

I read over your Homer here with an infinite pleasure, and find several little passages explained that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of; many of the customs and much of the dress then in fashion, being yet retained. I don't wonder to find more remains here of an age so distant, than is to be found in any other country; the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners, as has been generally practised by other nations, that imagine themselves more polite. It would be too tedious to you to point out all the passages that relate to present customs. But I can assure you that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, which are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described. The description of the belt of Menelaus exactly resembles those that are now worn by the great men, fastened before with broad golden clasps, and embroidered round with rich work. The snowy veil that Helen throws over her face is still fashionable; and I never see half-a-dozen of old bashaws—as I do very often—with their reverend beards, sitting basking in the sun, but I recollect good king Priam and his counsellors. Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is *sung* to have danced on the banks of Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances, at least in my opinion. I sometimes make one in the train, but am not skilful enough to lead; these are the Grecian dances, the Turkish being very different.

I should have told you, in the first place, that the eastern manners give a great light into many Scripture passages that appear odd to us, their phrases being commonly what we should call Scripture language. The vulgar Turk is very different from what is spoken at court, or amongst the people of figure, who always mix so much Arabic and Persian in their discourse, that it may very well be called another language. And 'tis as ridiculous to make use of the expressions commonly used, in speaking to a great man or lady, as it would be to speak broad Yorkshire or Somersetshire in the drawing-room. Besides this distinction they have what they call the *sublime*, that is, a style proper for poetry, and which is the exact Scripture style. I believe you will be pleased to see a genuine example of this; and I am very glad I have it in my power to satisfy your curiosity, by sending you a faithful copy of the verses that Ibrahim Pasha, the reigning favourite, has made for the young princess, his contracted wife, whom he is not yet permitted to visit without witnesses, though she is gone home to his house. He is a man of wit and learning; and whether or no he is capable of writing good verse, you may be sure that on such an occasion he would not want the assistance of the best poets in the empire. Thus the verses may be looked upon as a sample of their finest poetry; and I don't doubt you 'll be of my mind, that it is most wonderfully resembling the 'Song of Solomon,' which was also addressed to a royal bride.

The nightingale now wanders in the vines:
Her passion is to seek roses.

I went down to admire the beauty of the vines:
The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul.

Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.(1)

The wished possession is delayed from day to day;
The cruel sultan Achmet will not permit me
To see those cheeks, more vermilion than roses.

I dare not snatch one of your kisses;
The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul.

Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.

The wretched Ibraham sighs in these verses:
One dart from your eyes has pierced through my heart.

Ah! when will the hour of possession arrive?
Must I yet wait a long time?
The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul.

Ah, sultana! stag-eyed—an angel amongst angels!
I desire, and my desire remains unsatisfied.
Can you take delight to prey upon my heart?

My cries pierce the heavens!
My eyes are without sleep!
Turn to me, sultana—let me gaze on thy beauty.

Adieu—I go down to the grave.
If you call me, I return.
My heart is—hot as sulphur; sigh, and it will flame.

Crown of my life!—fair light of my eyes!
My sultana!—my princess!
I rub my face against the earth—I am drowned in scalding tears—I rave!
Have you no compassion? Will you not turn to look upon me?

I have taken abundance of pains to get these verses in a literal translation; and if you were acquainted with my interpreters, I might spare myself the trouble of assuring you that they have received no poetical touches from their hands.

To Mrs. S. C. [*Sarah Chiswell*]—*Inoculation for the Small-pox.*

ADRIANOPLE, *April* 1, O. S. 1717.

Apropos of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The small-pox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless, by the invention of *ingrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox; they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met—commonly fifteen or sixteen together—the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and asks what veins you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle—which gives you no more pain than a com-

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1 Sir W. Jones, in the preface to his *Persian Grammar*, objects to this translation. The expression is merely analogous to the *Boopis* of Homer.

mon scratch—and puts into the vein as much matter as can lie upon the head of needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell; and this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in each arm, and one on the breast, to mark the sign of the cross; but this has a very ill effect. all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who chose to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is concealed. The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark; and in eight days' time, they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded, there remain running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says pleasantly, that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of this experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them, not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps, if I live to return, I may, however, have courage to war with them. Upon this occasion, admire the heroism in the heart of your friend, &c.

To Lady Rich—France in 1718.

PARIS, *Oct.* 10, O. S. 1718.

The air of Paris has already had a good effect upon me; for I was never in better health, though I have been extremely ill all the road from Lyons to this place. You may judge how agreeable the journey has been to me, which did not want that addition to make me dislike it. I think nothing so terrible as objects of misery, except one had the Godlike attribute of being capable to redress them; and all the country villages of France shew nothing else. While the post-horses are changed, the whole town comes out to beg, with such miserable starved faces, and thin tattered clothes, they need no other eloquence to persuade one of the wretchedness of their condition. This is all the French magnificence till you come to Fontainebleau, where you are shewed one thousand five hundred rooms in the king's hunting-palace. The apartments of the royal family are very large, and richly gilt; but I saw nothing in the architecture or painting worth remembering. . . .

I have seen all the beauties, and such —— (I can't help making use of the coarse word) nauseous creatures! so fantastically absurd in their dress! so monstrously unnatural in their paints! their hair cut short, and curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder, that it makes it look like white wool! and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, so that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces. I am apt to believe that they took the first hint of their dress from a fair sheep newly ruddled. 'Tis with pleasure I recollect my dear pretty countrywomen; and if I was writing to anybody else, I should say that these grotesque daubers give me still a higher esteem of the natural charms of dear Lady Rich's auburn hair, and the lively colours of her unsullied complexion.

To the Countess of Bute—On Female Education.

LOVERE, *Jan.* 28, N. S. 1753.

DEAR CHILD—You have given me a great deal of satisfaction by your account of your eldest daughter. I am particularly pleased to hear she is a good arithmetician; it is the best proof of understanding: the knowledge of numbers is one of the chief distinctions between us and brutes. If there is anything in blood, you may reasonably expect your children should be endowed with an uncommon share of good sense. Mr. Wortley's family and mine have both produced some of the greatest

that have been born in England; I mean Admiral Sandwich, and my grand-
e, who was distinguished by the name of Wise William. I have heard Lord
's father mentioned as an extraordinary genius, though he had not many oppor-
ies of shewing it; and his uncle the present Duke of Argyll has one of the best
s I ever knew. I will therefore speak to you as supposing Lady Mary not only
ble, but desirous of learning; in that case, by all means let her be indulged in it.
will tell me I did not make it a part of your education; your prospect was very
rent from hers. As you had much in your circumstances to attract the highest
rs, it seemed your business to learn how to live in the world, as it is hers to
w how to be easy out of it. It is the common error of builders and parents to
ow some plan they think beautiful—and perhaps is so—without considering that
hing is beautiful which is displaced. Hence we see so many edifices raised, that
raisers can never inhabit, being too large for their fortunes. Vistas are laid
n over barren heaths, and apartments contrived for a coolness very agreeable in
ly, but killing in the north of Britain; thus every woman endeavours to breed her
ghter a fine lady, qualifying her for a station in which she will never appear,
d at the same time incapacitating her for that retirement to which she is
stined. Learning, if she has a real taste for it, will not only make her contented,
r happy in it. No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasures
lasting. She will not want new fashions, nor regret the loss of expensive diver-
ons, or variety of company, if she can be amused with an author in her closet.
o render this amusement complete, she should be permitted to learn the lan-
ges. I have heard it lamented that boys lose so many years in mere learning
f words: this is no objection to a girl, whose time is not so precious: she cannot
vance herself in any profession, and has therefore more hours to spare; and as
on say her memory is good, she will be very agreeably employed this way. There
re two cautions to be given on this subject: First, not to think herself learned
hen she can read Latin, or even Greek. Languages are more properly to be
alled vehicles of learning than learning itself, as may be observed in many school-
asters, who, though perhaps critics in grammar, are the most ignorant fellows upon
arth. True knowledge consists in knowing things, not words. I would no further wish
er a linguist than to enable her to read books in their originals, that are often cor-
upted, and are always injured, by translations. Two hours' application every morn-
ng will bring this about much sooner than you can imagine, and she will have
sure enough besides to run over the English poetry, which is a more important
art of a woman's education than it is generally supposed. Many a young damsel
as been ruined by a fine copy of verses, which she would have laughed at if she had
ot known it had been stolen from Mr. Waller. I remember, when I was a girl, I
aved one of my companions from destruction, who communicated to me an epistle
he was quite charmed with. As she had naturally a good taste, she observed the
ines were not so smooth as Prior's or Pope's, but had more thought and spirit than
ny of theirs. She was wonderfully delighted with such a demonstration of her
ver's sense and passion, and not a little pleased with her own charms, that had
rce enough to inspire such elegances. In the midst of this triumph, I shewed her
at they were taken from Randolph's poems, and the unfortunate transcriber was
ismissed with the scorn he deserved. To say truth, the poor plagiary was very un-
cky to fall into my hands: that author being no longer in fashion, would have
scaped any one of less universal reading than myself. You should encourage your
ughter to talk over with you what she reads; and as you are very capable of dis-
nguishing, take care she does not mistake pert folly for wit and humour, or rhyme
r poetry, which are the common errors of young people, and have a train of ill
nsequences. The second caution to be given her—and which is most absolutely
cessary—is to conceal whatever learning she attains, with as much solicitude
s she would hide crookedness or lameness: the parade of it can only serve
o draw on her the envy, and consequently the most inveterate hatred, of all
and she fools, which will certainly be at least three parts in four of her
quaintance. The use of knowledge in our sex, beside the amusement of soli-
de, is to moderate the passions, and learn to be contented with a small
pense, which are the certain effects of a studious life; and it may be pre-
rable even to that fame which men have engrossed to themselves, and will not suf-
r us to share. At the same time I recommend books, I neither exclude work nor
ewing. *I think it is as scandalous for a* woman not to know how to use a needle,

as for a man not to know how to use a sword. I was once extremely fond of my pencil, and it was a great mortification to me when my father turned off my master, having made a considerable progress for the short time I learned. My over-eagerness in the pursuit of it had brought a weakness in my eyes, that made it necessary to leave off; and all the advantage I got was the improvement of my hand. I see by hers that practice will make her a ready writer: she may attain it by serving you for a secretary, when your health or affairs make it troublesome to you to write yourself; and custom will make it an agreeable amusement to her. She cannot have too many for that station of life which will probably be her fate. The ultimate end of your education was to make you a good wife—and I have the comfort to hear that you are one; hers ought to be to make her happy in a virgin state. I will not say it is happier, but it is undoubtedly safer than any marriage. In a lottery, where there is—at the lowest computation—ten thousand blanks to a prize, it is the most prudent choice not to venture. I have always been so thoroughly persuaded of this truth, that, notwithstanding the flattering views I had for you—as I never intended you a sacrifice to my vanity—I thought I owed you the justice to lay before you all the hazards attending matrimony: you may recollect I did so in the strongest manner. Perhaps you may have more success in the instructing your daughter; she has so much company at home, she will not need seeking it abroad, and will more readily take the notions you think fit to give her. As you were alone in my family, it would have been thought a great cruelty to suffer you no companions of your own age, especially having so many near relations, and I do not wonder their opinions influenced yours. I was not sorry to see you not determined on a single life, knowing it was not your father's intention; and contented myself with endeavouring to make your home so easy, that you might not be in haste to leave it.

I am afraid you will think this a very long insignificant letter. I hope the kindness of the design will excuse it, being willing to give you every proof in my power that I am your most affectionate mother.

WILLIAM WOTTON.

William Wotton (1666–1726), a clergyman in Buckinghamshire, whom we have mentioned as the author of a reply to Sir William Temple, wrote various other works, including remarks on Swift's 'Tale of a Tub.' In childhood, his talent for languages was so extraordinary and precocious, that it is related of him, though the statement is highly improbable, that when five years old he was able to read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, almost as well as English! At the age of twelve he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, previously to which he had gained an extensive acquaintance with several additional languages, including Arabic, Syriac, and Chaldee; as well as with geography, logic, philosophy, chronology, and mathematics. As in many similar cases, however, the expectations held out by his early proficiency were not justified by any great achievements in after-life. We quote the following passage from his 'Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning' (1694), chiefly because it records the change of manners which took place among literary men during the seventeenth century:

Decline of Pedantry in England.

The last of Sir William Temple's reasons of the great decay of modern learning is pedantry: the urging of which is an evident argument that his discourse is levelled against learning, not as it stands now, but as it was fifty or sixty years ago. For the new philosophy has introduced so great a correspondence between men of learning and men of business; which has also been increased by other accidents amongst the masters of other learned professions; and that pedantry which formerly was almost universal is now in a great measure disused, especially amongst the young men, who are taught in the universities to laugh at that frequent citation of scraps of Latin in common discourse, or upon arguments that do not require it; and that nauseous ostentation of reading and scholarship in public companies, which formerly was so much in fashion. Affecting to write politely in modern languages, especially the French and ours, has also helped very much to lessen it, because it has enabled abundance of men, who wanted academical education, to talk plausibly, and some exactly, upon very many learned subjects. This also has made writers habitually careful to avoid those impertinences which they know would be taken notice of and ridiculed; and it is probable that a careful perusal of the fine new French books, which of late years have been greedily sought after by the politer sort of gentlemen and scholars, may in this particular have done abundance of good. By this means, and by the help also of some other concurrent causes, those who were not learned themselves being able to maintain disputes with those that were, forced them to talk more warily, and brought them, by little and little, to be out of countenance at that vain thrusting of their learning into everything, which before had been but too visible.

TOM D'URFEY AND TOM BROWN.

Very different in character from these grave and erudite authors were their contemporaries, TOM D'URFEY (*circa* 1630–1723) and TOM BROWN (1663–1704), who entertained the public with occasional whimsical compositions both in prose and verse, which are now valued only as conveying some idea of the taste and manners of the time. D'Urfey's first work was a heroic poem 'Archery Revived' (1676), and he continued to write plays, operas, poems, and songs. His comedies possess some farcical humour, but are too coarse and licentious for the stage. As a lively and facetious companion, his society was greatly courted, and he was a distinguished composer of jovial and party songs. In the 29th number of the 'Guardian,' Steele mentions a collection of sonnets published under the title of 'Laugh and be Fat, or Pills to Purge Melancholy;' at the same time censuring the world for ungratefully neglecting to reward the jocose labours of D'Urfey, 'who was so large a contributor to this treatise, and to whose humorous productions so many rural squires in the remotest part of this island are obliged for the dignity and state which corpulency gives them.' In the 67th number of the same work, Addison humourously solicits the attendance of his readers at a play for D'Urfey's benefit. The songs and other pieces of D'Urfey ultimately extended to six volumes, and were entitled: 'Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy,' &c. (1720). TOM BROWN appeared as an author about 1688. He was a 'merry fellow' and libertine, who, having by his immoral conduct lost the situation of schoolmaster at Kingston-upon-Thames, became a professional author and libeller in the metropolis. His writings, which consist of dialogues, letters, poems, and other miscellanies, display considerable learning as well as shrewdness and humour, but are deformed by obscene and scurrilous buffoonery.

Letter from Scarron in the Next World to Louis XIV.

All the conversation of this lower world at present runs upon you; and the devil a word we can hear in any of our coffee-houses but what his Gallic majesty is more or less concerned in. 'Tis agreed on by all our virtuosos, that since the days of Diocletian, no prince has been so great a benefactor to hell as yourself; and as much a master of eloquence as I was once thought to be at Paris. I want words to tell you how much you are commended here for so heroically trampling under foot the treaty of Ryswick (1697), and opening a new scene of war in your great climacteric, at which age most of the princes before you were such recreants as to think of making up their scores with Heaven, and leaving their neighbours in peace. But you, they say, are above such sordid precedents; and rather than Pluto should want men to people his dominions, are willing to spare him half a million of your own subjects, and that at a juncture, too, when you are not overstocked with them.

This has gained you a universal applause in these regions; the three Furies sing your praises in every street; Bellona swears there's never a prince in Christendom worth hanging besides yourself; and Charon bustles for you in all companies. He desired me about a week ago to present his most humble respects to you; adding, that if it had not been for your majesty, he, with his wife and children, must long ago been quartered upon the parish; for which reason he duly drinks your health every morning in a cup of cold Styx next his conscience.

Last week, as I was sitting with some of my acquaintance in a public-house, after a great deal of impertinent chat about the affairs of the Milanese and the intended seige of Mantua, the whole company fell a-talking of your majesty, and what glorious exploits you had performed in your time. 'Why, gentlemen,' says an ill-looked rascal, who proved to be Herostratus, 'for Pluto's sake, let not the Grand Monarch run away with all your praises. I have done something memorable in my time too: 'twas I who, out of the *gaieté de cœur*, and to perpetuate my name, fired the famous temple of the Ephesian Diana, and in two hours consumed that magnificent structure, which was two hundred years a-building; therefore, gentlemen, lavish not away all your praises, I beseech you, upon one man, but allow others their share.' 'Why, thou diminutive, inconsiderable wretch,' said I in a great passion to him—'thou worthless idle loggerhead—thou pigmy in sin—thou Tom Thumb in iniquity, how dares such a puny insect as thou art have the impudence to enter the lists with Louis le Grand? Thou valuest thyself upon firing a church, but how? when the mistress of the house was gone out to assist Olympias. 'Twas plain, thou hadst not the courage to do it when the goddess was present, and upon the spot. But what is this to what my royal master can boast of, that had destroyed a hundred and a hundred such foolish fabrics in his time?'

He had no sooner made his exit, but, cries an odd sort of spark, with his hat buttoned up before, like a country scraper: 'Under favour, sir, what do you think of me?' 'Why, who are you?' replied I to him. 'Who am I?' answered he; 'why Nero, the sixth emperor of Rome, that murdered my'—— 'Come,' said I to him, 'to stop your prating, I know your history as well as yourself—that murdered your mother, kicked your wife down-stairs, despatched two apostles out of the world, begun the first persecution against the Christians, and, lastly, put your master Seneca to death.' [These actions are made light of, and the sarcastic shade proceeds]—'Whereas, his most Christian majesty, whose advocate I am resolved to be against all opposers whatever, has bravely and generously starved a million of poor Huguenots at home, and sent t'other million of them a-grazing into foreign countries, contrary to solemn edicts and repeated promises, for no other provocation, that I know of, but because they were such coxcombs as to place him upon the throne. In short, friend Nero, thou mayst pass for a rogue of the third or fourth class; but be advised by a stranger, and never shew thyself such a fool as to dispute the pre-eminence with Louis le Grand, who has murdered more men in his reign, let me tell thee, than thou hast murdered tunes, for all thou art the vilest thrummer upon catgut the sun ever beheld. However, to give the devil his due, I will say it before thy face and behind thy back, that if thou hadst reigned as many years as my gracious master has done, and hadst had, instead of Tigellinus, a Jesuit or two to have governed thy conscience, thou mightest, in all probability, have made a much more magnificent figure, and been inferior to none but the mighty monarch I have been talking of.'

An Indian's Account of a London Gaming-house.

The English pretend that they worship but one God, but for my part, I don't believe what they say; for besides several living divinities, to which we may see them daily offer their vows, they have several other inanimate ones to whom they pay sac-

[illegible], as I have observed at one of their public meetings, where I happened once to be.

In this place there is a great altar to be seen, built round and covered with a green *mackum*, lighted in the midst, and encompassed by several persons in a sitting posture, as we do at our domestic sacrifices. At the very moment I came into the room, one of those, who I supposed was the priest, spread upon the altar certain leaves which he took out of a little book that he held in his hand. Upon these leaves were represented certain figures very awkwardly painted; however, they must needs be the images of some divinities; for, in proportion as they were distributed round, each one of the assistants made an offering to it, greater or less, according to his devotion. I observed that these offerings were more considerable than those they make in their other temples.

After the aforesaid ceremony is over, the priest lays his hand in a trembling manner, as it were, upon the rest of the book, and continues some time in this posture, seized with fear, and without any action at all. All the rest of the company, attentive to what he does, are in suspense all the while, and the unmovable assistants are all of them in their turn possessed by different agitations, according to the spirit which happens to seize them. One joins his hands together, and blesses Heaven; another, very earnestly looking upon his image, grinds his teeth; a third bites his fingers, and stamps upon the ground with his feet. Every one of them, in short, makes such extraordinary postures and contortions, that they seem to be no longer rational creatures. But scarce has the priest returned a certain leaf, but he is likewise seized by the same fury with the rest. He tears the book, and devours it in his rage, throws down the altar, and curses the sacrifice. Nothing now is to be heard but complaints and groans, cries and imprecations. Seeing them so transported and so furious, I judge that the God that they worship is a jealous deity, who, to punish them for what they sacrifice to others, sends to each of them an evil demon to possess them.

Laconics, or New Maxims of State and Conversation.

Though a soldier in time of peace is like a chimney in summer, yet what wise man would pluck down his chimney because his almanac tells him it is the middle of June.

If your friend is in want, don't carry him to the tavern, where you treat yourself as well as him, and entail a thirst and headache upon him next morning. To treat a poor wretch with a bottle of Burgundy, or fill his snuff-box, is like giving a pair of lace ruffles to a man that has never a shirt on his back. Put something into his pocket.

What is sauce for a goose is sauce for a gander. When any calamities befell the Roman empire, the pagans used to lay it to the charge of the Christians: when Christianity became the imperial religion, the Christians returned the same compliment to the pagans.

That which passes for current doctrine at one juncture and in one climate, won't do so in another. The cavaliers, in the beginning of the troubles, used to trump up the 12th of the 'Romans' upon the parliament; the parliament trumped it upon the army, when they would not disband; the army back again upon the parliament, when they disputed their orders. Never was poor chapter so unmercifully tossed to and fro again.

Not to flatter ourselves, we English are none of the most constant and easy people in the world. When the late war pinched us—Oh! when shall we have a peace and trade again? We had no sooner a peace, but—Huzza, boys, for a new war! and that we shall soon be sick of.

It may be no scandal for us to imitate one good quality of a neighbouring nation, who are like the turf they burn, slow in kindling, but, when once thoroughly lighted, keep their fire.

What a fine thing it is to be well-mannered upon occasion! In the reign of King Charles II. a certain worthy divine at Whitehall thus addressed himself to the auditory at the conclusion of his sermon: 'In short, if you don't live up to the precepts of the gospel, but abandon yourselves to your irregular appetites, you must expect to receive your reward in a certain place which 'tis not good manners to mention here.'

Some divines make the same use of fathers and councils as our beaus do of their canes, not for support or defence, but mere ornament or show; and cover themselves with fine cobweb distinctions, as Homer's gods did with a cloud.

Some books, like the city of London, fare the better for being burnt.

'Twas a merry saying of Rabelais, that a man ought to buy all the bad books that come out, because they will never be printed again.

A widow and a government are ready, upon all occasions, to tax the new husband and the new prince with the merits of their predecessors, unless the former husband was hanged, and the former king sent to grass; and then they bid them take fair warning by their destiny.

For a king to engage his people in war, to carry off every little ill humour of state, is like a physician's ordering his patient a flux for every pimple.

The surest way of governing, both in a private family and a kingdom, is for a husband and a prince sometimes to drop their prerogative.

All parties blame persecution when they feel the smart on 't, and all practise it when they have the rod in their hands. For all his pretended meekness, Calvin made roast-meat of Servetus at Geneva, for his unorthodoxy.

SIXTH PERIOD.

——(1720—1780.)——

GEORGE II. AND GEORGE III.

The reign of George II. was not prolific of original genius. There was no rich patronage from the crown or from ministers of state to encourage or reward authors. The magnificence of Dorset and Halifax found no imitators. Sir Robert Walpole, the great minister of the period, is said to have spent in ten years—from 1731 to 1742—above £50,000 on public writers; but his liberality was extended only to obscure and unscrupulous partisans, the supporters of his government, whose names would have passed into oblivion but for the satire of Pope. And Pope himself, by his ridicule of poor authors and their Grub-street productions, helped to accelerate that downfall of the literary character which he charged upon the throne and the ministry. The tone of public morality also was low; and authors had to contend with the neglect and difficulties incident to a transition period between the loss of patronage and the growth of a reading public numerous and enlightened enough to appreciate and support sound literature. These disadvantages, however, were only partial. The novels of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett render the reign of the second George the brightest epoch in English fiction. Hume and Robertson had also commenced as historians. In theology and mental philosophy, the names of Bishop Butler and Jonathan Edwards stand out prominently. Literary periodicals abounded, and monthly magazines were then first established.

In poetry, the name of Pope continued to be the greatest. His Moral Essays and Imitations of Horace—the happiest of his works—were produced in this period. The most distinguished of his contemporaries, however, adopted styles of their own, or at least departed widely from that of their illustrious master. Thomson—who survived Pope only four years—made no attempt to enter the school of polished satire and pungent wit. His enthusiastic descriptions of nature, and his warm poetical feeling, seemed to revive the spirit of he elder muse, and to assert the dignity of genuine inspiration. Young in his best performances—his startling denunciations of death and judgment, his solemn appeals, his piety, and his epigram—was qually an *original*. *Gray* and Collins aimed at the dazzling imagery and magnificence of lyrical poetry—the direct antipodes of Pope. Akenside descanted on the operations of the mind, and the associated charms of taste and genius, in a strain of melodious and original blank verse. And the best of the secondäry poets, as Shenstone, Dyer, and Mason, had each a distinct and independent poetical character. Johnson alone, of all the eminent authors of this period, seems to have directly copied the style of Pope and Dryden. It is true that few or none of the poets we have named had much immediate influence on literature: Gray was ridiculed, and Collins was neglected, because both public taste and criticism had been vitiated and reduced to a low ebb. The spirit of true poetry, however, was not dead; the seed was sown, and in the next generation Cowper and Burns completed what Thomson had begun. The conventional style was destined to fall, leaving only that taste for correct language and polished versification which was established by the example of Pope, and found to be quite compatible with the utmost freedom and originality of conception and expression.

In the early part of the reign of George III. Johnson was still the great literary dictator, and he had yet to produce his best work, the 'Lives of the Poets.' The exquisite poetry of Goldsmith, and the writings of Burke—that 'resplendent, far-sighted rhetorician'—are perhaps the most precious products of the period. In fiction, Sterne was triumphantly successful, and he found many imitators, the best of whom was William Mackenzie. Several female writers—as Miss Burney, Mrs. Inchbald, Charlotte Smith, and Mrs. Radcliffe—also enjoyed great popularity, though they are now comparatively little read. The more solid departments of literature were well supported. Hume and Robertson completed their historical works, and a fitting rival or associate appeared in Gibbon, the great historian of the Roman Empire. In theological literature we have the names of Paley, and Campbell, and Blair—the latter highly popular, if not profound. In metaphysics or mental philosophy, the writings of Reid formed a sort of epoch; and Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' first explained to the world, fully and systematically, the principles upon which the wealth and prosperity of states must ever rest.

One remarkable peculiarity of the period is, that it comprises the two most memorable of literary frauds or forgeries—those of Macpherson and Chatterton. Macpherson had some foundation for his Ossianic poems, though assuredly he discovered no epic in the Hebrides; and Chatterton, while yet a boy, possessed the genius of a true poet, combined with the taste and acquirements of the antiquary. It is some apology for these literary felonies or misdemeanours, that the oldest of the culprits was barely of age when he entered on his perilous and discreditable enterprise, and was encouraged and cheered on his course by popular applause. And as for the younger, his premature and tragic death—one of the saddest pages in literary history—must ever disarm criticism.

POETS.

MATTHEW GREEN.

Matthew Green (1696–1737) was author of a poem, 'The Spleen,' which received the praises of Pope and Gray. His parents were dissenters, but the poet, it is said, afterwards left their communion, disgusted with their austerity. He obtained an appointment as clerk in the Custom-house. His disposition was cheerful; but this did not save him from occasional attacks of low spirits, or spleen, as the favourite phrase was in his time. Having tried all imaginable remedies for his malady, he conceived himself at length able to treat it in a philosophical spirit, and therefore wrote his poem, which adverts to all its forms, and their appropriate remedies, in a style of comic verse resembling 'Hudibras,' but allowed to be eminently original. Green terminated a quiet inoffensive life of celibacy in 1737, at the age of forty-one.

'The Spleen' was first published by Glover, the author of 'Leonidas,' himself a poet of some pretension in his day. Gray thought that 'even the wood-notes of Green often break out into strains of real poetry and music.' As 'The Spleen' is almost unknown to modern readers, we present a few of its best passages. The first that follows contains one line marked by italic, which is certainly one of the happiest and wisest things ever said by a British author. It seems, however, to be imitated from Shakspeare—

Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires.

Cures for Melancholy.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, spleen,
Some recommend the bowling-green;
Some hilly walks; all exercise;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies;
Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the spleen;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequined away the fit.
Since mirth is good in this behalf,
At some particulars let us laugh. . . .
If spleen-fogs rise at break of day,
I clear my evening with a play,
Or to some concert take my way.
The company, the shine of lights,
The scenes of humour, music's flights,
Adjust and set the soul to rights.
In rainy days keep double guard,
Or spleen will surely be too hard;
Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest while their wings are wet.
In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprise a work of wit;
When clouds one yard of azure sky,
That 's fit for simile, deny,
I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books.
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That memory minds not what is read,
I sit in window dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark:
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hipped discourses gather,
That politics go by the weather. . . .
Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
And chat away the gloomy fit;
Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
And wear a gay impertinence,
Nor think nor speak with any pains,
But lay on Fancy's neck the reins. . .
I never game, and rarely bet,
Am loath to lend or run in debt.
No Compter-writs me agitate;
Who moralising pass the gate.
And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.
Wisdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her upbraiding visits there,

And forces Folly through the grate
Her panegyric to repeat.
This view, profusely when inclined,
Enters a caveat in the mind:
Experience, joined with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.
Reforming schemes are none of mine;
To mend the world 's a vast design:
Like theirs, who tug in little boat
To pull to them the ship afloat,
While to defeat their laboured end,
At once both wind and stream contend:
Success herein is seldom seen,
And zeal, when baffled, turns to spleen.
Happy the man, who, innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pulled against the tide.
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees unconcerned life's wager rowed,
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray.
Yet philosophic love of ease
I suffer not to prove disease,
But rise up in the virtuous cause
Of a free press and equal laws.

Contentment—A Wish.

Forced by soft violence of prayer,
The blithesome goddess soothes my care;
I feel the deity inspire,
And thus she models my desire:
Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
Annuity securely made,
A farm some twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own;
Two maids that never saw the town,
A serving-man not quite a clown,
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t' other holds the plough;
A chief, of temper formed to please,
Fit to converse and keep the keys;
And better to preserve the peace,
Commissioned by the name of niece;
With understandings of a size,
To think their master very wise.
May Heaven—it 's all I wish for—send
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cupboard, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state.
And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land:
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim;
Behind, a green, like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet;
Where odorous plants in evening fair
Breathe all around ambrosial air;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenced by a slope with bushes crowned,
Fit dwelling for the feathered throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a song;
With opening views of hill and dale,
Which sense and fancy do regale,
Where the half cirque, which vision bounds
Like amphitheatre surrounds:
And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees;
From hills through plains in dusk array,
Extended far, repel the day;
Here stillness, height, and solemn shade,
Invite, and contemplation aid:
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of fate.
And dreams, beneath the spreading beech,
Inspire, and docile fancy teach;
While soft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulses rustle through the mind:
Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In measured motions frisk about,
Till old Silenus puts them out.
There see the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green;
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
Brown fields their fallow Sabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
And poppy top-knots deck her hair,
And silver streams through meadows stray,
And Naiads on the margin play,
And lesser nymphs on side of hills,
From plaything urns pour down the rills.
Thus sheltered free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm through life;
See faction safe in low degree,
As men at land see storms at sea,
And laugh at miserable elves,
Not kind, so much as to themselves,
Cursed with such souls of base alloy,
As can possess, but not enjoy;
Debarred the pleasure to impart
By avarice, sphincter of the heart;
Who wealth, hard-earned by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouched to thankless heirs;
May I, with look ungloomed by guile,
And wearing virtue's livery-smile,
Prone the distressèd to relieve,
And little trespasses forgive;
With income not in Fortune's power,
And skill to make a busy hour;
With trips to town, life to amuse,
To purchase books, and hear the news,
To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste at coming down,
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
And slowly mellowing in age.
When fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
Quit a worn being without pain,
Perhaps to blossom soon again.

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE.

A series of six imitations of living authors was published in 1736 by ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE (1706–1760), which obtained great popularity, and are still unsurpassed. The nearest approach to them are the serious parodies in the 'Rejected Addresses.' Browne was an amiable, accomplished man. He sat in parliament for some time as member for Wenlock in Shropshire. He wrote a Latin poem, 'De Animi Immortalitate,' in the style of Lucretius, and an English poem on the subject of 'Design and Beauty.' His imitations, however, are his happiest work. The subject of the whole is 'A Pipe of Tobacco,' and the first of the series is 'A New Year's Ode,' an imitation of Colley Cibber, beginning thus:

Recitativo.

Old battle-array, big with horror, is fled,
And olive-robed Peace again lifts up her head.
Sing, ye Muses, tobacco, the blessing of peace;
Was ever a nation so blessed as this?

Air.

When summer suns grow red with heat,
  Tobacco tempers Phœbus' ire;
When wintry storms around us beat,
  Tobacco cheers with gentle fire.
Yellow autumn, youthful spring,
  In thy praises jointly sing.

Recitativo.

Like Neptune, Cæsar guards Virginian fleets,
Fraught with tobacco's balmy sweets;
Old Ocean trembles at Britannia's power,
And Boreas is afraid to roar.

Cibber's laureate effusions are here very happily travestied. Ambrose Philips's namby-pamby is also well hit off:

Little tube of mighty power,
Charmer of an idle hour,
Object of my warm desire,
Lip of wax and eye of fire;
And thy snowy taper waist
With my finger gently braced,
And thy pretty swelling crest,
With my little stopper pressed,
And the sweetest bliss of blisses
Breathing from thy balmy kisses.

Thomson is the subject of the third imitation:

O thou, matured by glad Hesperian suns,
Tobacco, fountain pure of limped truth,
That looks the very soul; whence pouring thought,
Swarms all the mind; absorpt is yellow care,
And at each puff imagination burns;
Flash on thy bard, and with exalting fires
Touch the mysterious lip that chants thy praise,
In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown.
Behold an engine, wrought from tawny mines
Of ductile clay, with plastic virtue formed,
And glazed magnific o'er, I grasp, I fill.
From *Pætotheke* with pungent powers perfumed
Itself one tortoise, all, where shines imbibed

Each parent ray; then rudely rammed illume,
With the red touch of zeal-enkindling sheet,
Marked with Gibsonian lore; forth issue clouds,
Thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting clouds around,
And many-mining fires: I all the while,
Lolling at ease, inhale the breezy balm.
But chief, when Bacchus wont with thee to join
In genial strife and orthodoxal ale,
Stream life and joy into the Muse's bowl.
Oh, be thou still my great inspirer, thou
My Muse: oh, fan me with thy zephyrs boon,
While I, in clouded tabernacle shrined,
Burst forth all oracle and mystic song.

This appears to be one of the happiest of the imitations; but as the effect of Thomson's turgid style and diction employed on such a theme is highly ludicrous, the good-natured poet was offended with Browne, and indited some angry lines in reply. The fourth imitation is in the style of Young's 'Satires,' which are less strongly marked by any mannerism than his 'Night Thoughts,' not then written. Pope is thus imitated:

Blest leaf! whose aromatic gales dispense
To templars, modesty, to parsons, sense;
So raptured priests, at famed Dodona's shrine,
Drank inspiration from the steam divine.
Poison that cures, a vapour that affords
Content more solid than the smile of lords:
Rest to the weary, to the hungry food,
The last kind refuge of the wise and good.
Inspired by thee, dull cits adjust the scale
Of Europe's peace, when other statesmen fail.
By thee protected, and thy sister beer,
Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near.
Nor less the critic owns thy genial aid,
While supperless he plies the piddling trade.
What though to love and soft delights a foe,
By ladies hated, hated by the beau,
Yet social freedom long to courts unknown,
Fair health, fair truth, and virtue are thy own.
Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,
And let me taste thee unexcised by kings.

Swift concludes the series, but though Browne caught the manner of the dean, he also imitated his grossness.

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

As a satirical poet, courtier, and diplomatist, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams (1709–1759) enjoyed great popularity during the latter par of the reign of George II. Lord Hervey, Lord Chesterfield, Pulteney, and others, threw off political squibs and light satires; bu Williams eclipsed them all in liveliness and pungency. He was introduced into public life by Sir Robert Walpole, whom he warml supported. 'He had come, on the death of his father, Mr. Hanbury into parliament in 1733, having taken the name of Williams for large estate in Monmouthshire, left to him by a godfather who w no relation. After his celebrated political poetry in ridicule of Walpole's antagonists, having unluckily lampooned Isabella, Duchess of Manchester, with her second husband, Mr. Hussey, an Irish gentleman, and his countrymen, he retreated, with too little spirit, from the storm that threatened him into Wales, whence he was afterwards glad to accept missions to the courts of Dresden, Berlin, and Russia.'* One verse of this truculent satire may be quoted:

But careful Heaven reserved her Grace
For one of the Milesian race
  On stronger parts depending:
Nature, indeed, denies them sense,
But gives them legs and impudence,
  That beats all understanding.

Pulteney, in 1742, succeeded in procuring the defeat and resignation of his rival Sir Robert Walpole, and was himself elevated to the peerage under the title of Earl of Bath. From this period he sank from popular favour into great contempt, and some of the bitterest of Williams's verses were levelled at him. In his poem of the 'Statesman,' he thus characterises the new peer:

When you touch on his lordship's high birth,
  Speak Latin as if you were tipsy;
Say we are all but the sons of the earth,
  Et genus non fecimus ipsi.

Proclaim him as rich as a Jew,
  Yet attempt not to reckon his bounties,
You may say he is married, 'tis true,
  Yet speak not a word of the countess.

Leave a blank here and there in each page,
  To enrol the fair deeds of his youth;
When you mention the acts of his age,
  Leave a blank for his honour and truth.

Say he made a great monarch change hands;
  He spake—and the minister fell;
Say he made a great statesman of Sands—
  Oh, that he had taught him to spell.

In another attack on the same parties, we have this pointed verse:

How Sands, in sense and person queer,
Jumped from a patriot to a peer
  No mortal yet knows why;
How Pulteney trucked the fairest fame
For a Right Honourable name
  To call his vixen by.

Such pasquinades, it must be confessed, are as personal and virulent as any of the subsequent political poetry of the 'Rolliad or Anti-Jacobin Review.' The following is a more careful specimen of Williams's character-painting. It is part of a sketch of General Churchill—a man not unlike Thackeray's Major Pendennis:

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* Croker: Lord Hervey's *Memoirs*

None led through youth a gayer life than he,
Cheerful in converse, smart in repartee.
But with old age its vices came along,
And in narration he 's extremely long,
Exact in circumstance, and nice in dates,
On every subject he his tale relates.
If you name one of Marlbro's ten campaigns,
He tells you its whole history for your pains,
And Blenheim's field becomes by his reciting
As long in telling as he was in fighting;
His old desire to please is well expressed,
His hat 's well cocked, his periwig 's well dressed;
He rolls his stockings still, white gloves he wears,
And in the boxes with the beaux appears;
His eyes through wrinkled corners cast their rays,
Still he bows graceful, still soft things he says:
And, still remembering that he once was young,
He strains his crippled knees and struts along.
The room he entered smiling, which bespoke
Some worn-out compliment or threadbare joke;
For, not perceiving loss of parts, he yet
Grasps at the shade of his departed wit.

In 1822, the fugitive poetry of Williams was collected and published in three volumes; but the work is carelessly edited, and many gross pieces not written by the satirical poet were admitted.

JOHN DYER.

JOHN DYER was a native of Wales, being born at Aberglasslyn, Carmarthenshire, in 1698 or 1699. His father was a solicitor, and intended his son for the same profession. The latter, however, had a taste for the fine arts, and rambled over his native country, filling his mind with a love of nature, and his portfolio with sketches of her most beautiful and striking objects. The sister art of poetry also claimed his regard, and during his excursions he wrote 'Grongar Hill' (1726), the production on which his fame rests, and where it rests securely. Dyer next made a tour to Italy, to study painting. He does not seem to have excelled as an artist, though he was an able sketcher. On his return in 1740, he published anonymously another poem, 'The Ruins of Rome,' in blank verse. One short passage, often quoted, is conceived, as Johnson remarks, 'with the mind of a poet:'

The pilgrim oft
At dead of night, 'mid his orison, hears,
Aghast, the voice of time, disparting towers,
Tumbling all precipitate down dashed,
Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon.

Seeing, probably, that he had little chance of succeeding as an artist, Dyer entered the church, and obtained successively the livings of *Calthrop* in Leicestershire, of Coningsby in Huntingdonshire, and of *Belchford* and Kirkby in Lincolnshire. He published in 1757 his longest poetical work, 'The Fleece,' devoted to

The care of sheep, the labours of the loom.

The subject was not a happy one. How can a man write poetically, it was remarked by Johnson, of serges and druggets? Yet Dyer did write poetically on his unpromising theme, and Akenside assisted him with some finishing touches. One critic asked Dodsley how old the author of 'The Fleece' was; and learning that he was in advanced life, 'He will,' said the critic, 'be buried in woollen.' The poet did not long survive the publication, for he died next year, on the 24th of July, 1758. The poetical pictures of Dyer are happy miniatures of nature, correctly drawn, beautifully coloured, and grouped with the taste of an artist. Wordsworth has praised him highly for imagination and purity of style. His versification is remarkably musical. His moral reflections arise naturally out of his subject, and are never intrusive. All bear evidence of a kind and gentle heart, and a true poetical fancy.

Grongar Hill.

Silent nymph, with curious eye,
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man:
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister muse;
Now, while Phœbus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky!
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing, Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made;
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.
About his checkered sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day:
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate,
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly risen hill.
Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open scene.
Does the face of nature shew,
In all the hues of heaven's bow;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.
Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies!
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!
Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are clothed with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps:
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now the apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls

Huge heaps of hoary mouldered walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of fate!
A little rule a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And see the rivers, how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.
See, on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed through hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present 's still a cloudy day.[*]
O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see!
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
Now, even now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep,
While the shepherd charms his sheep,
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, even now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for peace with all your skill;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor:
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain you search the domes of care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain heads,
Along with Pleasure close allied,
Ever by each other's side:
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

EDWARD YOUNG.

EDWARD YOUNG (1684–1765), author of the 'Night Thoughts,' was born at Upham, in Hampshire, where his father—afterwards dean of Salisbury—was rector. He was educated at Winchester School, and subsequently at All Souls' College, Oxford. In 1712, he commenced public life as a courtier and poet, and he continued both characters till he was past eighty. One of his patrons was the notorious Duke of Wharton, 'the scorn and wonder of his days,' whom Young accompanied to Ireland in 1717. He was next tutor to Lord Burleigh, and was induced to give up this situation by Wharton, who promised to provide for him in a more suitable and ample manner. The duke also prevailed on Young, as a political supporter, to come forward as a candidate for the representation of the borough of Cirencester in *parliament*, and he gave him a bond for £600 to defray the expenses.

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[*] Byron thought the lines here printed in italics the original of Campbell's far-famed lines at the opening of the *Pleasures of Hope*.

Young was defeated, Wharton died, and the Court of Chancery decided against the validity of the bond. The poet, being now qualified by experience, published a satire on the 'Universal Passion—the Love of Fame,' which is at once keen and powerful. When upwards of fifty, Young entered the church, wrote a panegyric on the king, and was made one of his majesty's chaplains. Swift has said that the poet was compelled to

> Torture his invention
> To flatter knaves, or lose his pension;

and it was found by Mr. Peter Cunningham—editor of Johnson's 'Lives,' 1854—that Young had a pension of £200 a year from 1725 till his death. In 1730, Young obtained from his college the living of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, where he was destined to close his days. He was eager to obtain further preferment, but having in his poetry professed a strong love of retirement, the ministry seized upon this as a pretext for keeping him out of a bishopric. The poet made a noble alliance with the daughter of the Earl of Lichfield, widow of Colonel Lee, which lasted ten years, and proved a happier union than common report assigns to the titled marriages of Dryden and Addison. The lady had two children by her first marriage, to whom Young was warmly attached. Both died; and when the mother also followed, Young composed his 'Night Thoughts.' Sixty years had stengthened and enriched his genius, and augmented even the brilliancy of his fancy. In 1761, the poet was made clerk of the closet to the Princess-dowager of Wales, and died four years afterwards at the advanced age of eighty-one.

A life of so much action and worldly anxiety has rarely been united to so much literary industry and genius. In his youth, Young was gay and dissipated, and all his life he was an indefatigable courtier. In his poetry, he is a severe moralist and ascetic divine. That he felt the emotions he describes, must be true; but they did not permanently influence his conduct. He was not weaned from the world till age had incapacitated him for its pursuits; and the epigrammatic point and wit of his 'Night Thoughts,' with the gloomy views it presents of life and religion, shew the poetical artist fully as much as the humble and penitent Christian. His works are numerous; but the best are the 'Night Thoughts,' the 'Universal Passion,' and the tragedy of 'Revenge.' The foundation of his great poem was family misfortune, coloured and exaggerated for poetical effect.

> Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
> Thy shafts flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain;
> And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had filled her horn.

This rapid succession of bereavements was a poetical license; for in one of the cases there was an interval of four years, and in another of seven months. The 'Night Thoughts' were published from 1742 to 1744. The gay Lorenzo is overdrawn. It seems to us a mere fancy sketch. Like the character of Childe Harold in the hands of Byron, it afforded the poet scope for dark and powerful painting, and was made the vehicle for bursts of indignant virtue, sorrow, regret, and admonition. This artificial character pervades the whole poem, and is essentially a part of its structure. But it still leaves to our admiration many noble and sublime passages, where the poet speaks as from inspiration—with the voice of one crying in the wilderness—of life, death, and immortality. The truths of religion are enforced with a commanding energy and persuasion. Epigram and repartee are then forgotten by the poet; fancy yields to feeling; and where imagery is employed, it is select, nervous, and suitable. In this sustained and impressive style, Young seldom remains long at a time; his desire to say witty and smart things, to load his picture with supernumerary horrors, and conduct his personages to their 'sulphureous or ambrosial seats,' soon converts the great poet into the painter and epigrammatist. The ingenuity of his second style is in some respects as wonderful as the first, but it is of a vastly inferior order of poetry. Southey thinks that when Johnson said (in his 'Life of Milton') that 'the good and evil of eternity were too ponderous for the wings of wit,' he forgot Young. The moral critic could not, however, but have condemned even witty thoughts and sparkling metaphors, which are so incongruous and misplaced. The 'Night Thoughts,' like 'Hudibras,' is too pointed, and too full of compressed reflection and illustration, to be read continuously with pleasure. Nothing can atone for the want of simplicity and connection in a long poem. In Young there is no plot or progressive interest. Each of the nine books is independent of the other. The general reader, therefore, seeks out favourite passages for perusal, or contents himself with a single excursion into his wide and variegated field. But the more carefully it is studied, the more extraordinary and magnificent will the entire poem appear. The fertility of fancy, the pregnancy of wit and knowledge, the striking and felicitious combinations everywhere presented, are indeed remarkable. Sound sense is united to poetical imagery; maxims of the highest practical value, and passages of great force, tenderness, and everlasting truth, are constantly rising, like sunshine, over the quaint and gloomy recesses of the poet's imagination:

> The glorious fragments of a fire immortal,
> With rubbish mixed, and glittering in the dust.

After all his bustling toils and ambition, how finely does Young advert to the quiet retirement of his country-life:

> Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid
> My heart at rest beneath this humble shed!
> The world 's a stately bark, on dangerous seas,
> With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril:
> Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
> I hear the tumult of the distant throng,

As that of seas remote, or dying storms;
And meditate on scenes more silent still;
Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of death.
Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager ambition's fiery chase I see;
I see the circling hunt of noisy men
Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey;
As wolves for rapine; as the fox for wiles;
Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame,
Earth's highest station ends in 'here he lies.'
And 'dust to dust' concludes her noblest song.

And when he argues in favour of the immortality of man from the analogies of nature, with what exquisite taste and melody does he characterise the changes and varied appearances of creation:

Look nature through, 'tis revolution all!
All change, no death; day follows night, and night
The dying day; stars rise and set, and set and rise;
Earth takes the example See, the Summer gay,
With her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid Autumn: Winter gray,
Horrid with frost and turbulent with storm,
Blows Autumn and his golden fruits away,
Then melts into the Spring: soft Spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the first. All, to reflourish, fades:
As in a wheel, all sinks to reascend:
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

He thus moralises on human life:

Life speeds away
From point to point, though seeming to stand still.
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth,
Too subtle is the movement to be seen;
Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger; gnomons, time;
As these are useless when the sun is set,
So those, but when more glorious reason shines.
Reason should judge in all; in reason's eye
That sedentary shadow travels hard.
But such our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whisper that we wish,
'Tis later with the wise than he's aware:
A Wilmington* goes slower than the sun:
And all mankind mistake their time of day;
Even age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown
In furrowed brows. To gentle life's descent
We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
We take fair days in winter for the spring,
And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft
Man must compute that age he cannot feel,
He scarce believes he's older for his years.
Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
One disappointment sure, to crown the rest—
The disappointment of a promised hour.

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* Lord Wilmington.

And again in a still nobler strain, where he compares human life to the sea:

Self-flattered, unexperienced, high in hope,
When young, with sanguine cheer and streamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend;
All in some darling enterprise embarked:
But where is he can fathom its event?
Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite, her lawful prize!
Some steer aright, but the black blast blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof
Full against wind and tide, some win their way,
And when strong effort has deserved the port,
And tugged it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!
Though strong their oars, still stronger is their fate:
They strike! and while they triumph they expire.
In stress of weather most, some sink outright:
O'er them, and o'er their names the billows close;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a short memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating when the bark's ingulfed;
It floats a moment, and is seen no more.
One Cæsar lives; a thousand are forgot.
How few beneath auspicious planets born—
Darlings of Providence! fond fates elect!—
With swelling sails make good the promised port,
With all their wishes freighted! yet even these,
Freighted with all their wishes, soon complain;
Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
They still are men, and when is man secure?
As fatal time, as storm! the rush of years
Beats downs their strength, their numberless escapes
In ruin end. And now their proud success
But plants new terrors on the victor's brow;
What pain to quit the world, just made their own,
Their nest so deeply downed, and built so high!
Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

With a such a throng of poetical imagery, bursts of sentiment, and rays of fancy, does the poet-divine clothe the trite and simple truths, that all is vanity, and that man is born to die!

These thoughts, O Night! are thine;
From thee they came like lovers' secret sighs,
While others slept. So Cynthia, poets feign,
In shadows veiled, soft, sliding from her sphere,
Her shepherd cheered; of her enamoured less
Than I of thee. And art thou still unsung,
Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing?
Immortal silence! where shall I begin?
Where end? or how steal music from the spheres
To soothe their goddess?
O majestic Night!
Nature's great ancestor! Day's elder born!
And fated to survive the transient sun!
By mortals and immortals seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heaven's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,

In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form, and, heaven throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train:
Thy gloomy grandeurs—Nature's most august,
Inspiring aspect!—claim a grateful verse;
And like a sable curtain starred with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours past, shall clothe the scene.

is magnificent apostrophe to Night has scarcely been equalled in
r poetry since the epic strains of Milton.

On Life, Death, and Immortality.

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
  From short (as usual) and disturbed repose
I wake: how happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wrecked desponding thought
From wave to wave of fancied misery
At random drove, her helm of reason lost
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain—
A bitter change!—severer for severe:
The day too short for my distress; and night,
E'en in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.
  Night, sable goddess: from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!
Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled:
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.
  Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve—
That column of true majesty in man—
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave your kingdom: there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?
  Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval Silence, when the morning stars
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O Thou! whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.
  Through this opaque of nature and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. Oh lead my mind—
A mind that fain would wander from its woe—
Lead it through various scenes of life and death,
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song;

Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, poured
On this devoted head, be poured in vain. . . .
  How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man;
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes,
From different natures marvellously mixed,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust:
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god! I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home, a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
Oh what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distressed! what joy! what dread!
Alternately transported and alarmed!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.
  'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourned along the gloom
Of silent woods; or, down the craggy steep
Hurled headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool:
Or scaled the cliff; or danced on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the common clod. . . .
Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal! . . . .
  Why, then, their loss deplore that are not lost?
This is the desert, *this* the solitude:
How populous, how vital is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth, is shadow, all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed;
How solid all, where change shall be no more!
  This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free
From real life; but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumbering in his sire.
Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of man.
  Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.

Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; winged by heaven
To fly at infinite: and reach it there
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarmed,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Thoughts on Time.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands dispatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss.
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me.
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

O time! than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead to fools, and fools reputed wise.
What moment granted man without account?
What years are squandered, wisdom's debt unpaid!
Our wealth in days all due to that discharge.
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door;
Insidious Death; should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the prisoner free.
Eternity's inexorable chain
Fast binds, and vengeance claims the full arrear.

Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor;
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
And what it's worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come;
Time higher aimed, still nearer the great mark
Of men and angels, virtue more divine.

Ah! how unjust to nature and himself
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure Nature for a span too short;
That span too short we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the lingering moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance) from ourselves.

Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age.
Behold him when passed by; what then is seen
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast, cry out on his career.

We waste, not use our time; we breathe, not live;
Time wasted is existence; used, is life:
And bare existence man, to live ordained,
Wrings and oppresses with enormous weight.
And why? since time was given for use, not waste,
Enjoined to fly, with tempest, tide, and stars,
To keep his speed, nor even wait for man.
Time's use was doomed a pleasure, waste a pain,
That man might feel his error if unseen,
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure;
Not blundering, split on idleness for ease.

We push time from us, and we wish him back;
Life we think long and short; death seek and shun.
O the dark days of vanity; while
Here, how tasteless! and how terrible when gone!
Gone? they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still:
The spirit walks of every day deceased,
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death nor life delight us. If time past,
And time possessed, both pain us, what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordained,
Time used. The man who consecrates his hours

By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death:
He walks with nature, and her paths are peace.
'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their answers form what men experience call;
If wisdom's friend her best, if not, worst foe.

The Man whose Thoughts are not of this World.

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing less than angel can exceed—
A man on earth devoted to the skies;
Like ships in seas, while in, above the world.
  With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,
A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he sees,
Bewildered in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverse in all! what higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?
  The present all their care; the future his.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to Fame; his bounty he conceals.
Their virtues varnish Nature; his exalt.
Mankind's esteem they court; and he his own.
Theirs the wild chase of false felicities;

His the composed possession of the true.
Alike throughout is his consistent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While party-coloured shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of Fortune blows
The tatters by, and shews their nakedness.

Procrastination.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer:
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
  Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, 'That all men are about to live,'
For ever on the brink of being born:
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel, and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least their own their future selves applaud;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's vails;
That lodged in Fate's to wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
And scarce in human wisdom to do more
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage. When young, indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.
  And why? because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves:
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where passed the shaft no trace is found,
As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts the thought of death:
E'en with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

The 'Night Thoughts' have eclipsed the other works of Young; but his satires, published from 1725 to 1728 ('Love of Fame, the Universal Passion, in Seven Characteristical Satires'), are poems of high merit, in many passages equalling the satires of Pope, which they seem to have suggested.

From the Love of Fame.

Not all on books their criticism waste;
The genius of a dish some justly taste,
And eat their way to fame! with anxious thought
The salmon is refused, the turbot bought.
Impatient Art rebukes the sun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May.
Their various cares in one great point combine
The business of their lives, that is, to dine;
Half of their precious day they give the feast,
And to a kind digestion spare the rest.
Apicius here, the taster of the town,
Feeds twice a week, to settle their renown.
These worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their bills of fare;
In those choice books their panegyrics read,
And scorn the creatures that for hunger feed;
If man, by feeding well, commences great,
Much more the worm, to whom that man is meat.
Brunetta 's wise in actions great and rare,
But scorns on trifles to bestow her care.
Thus every hour Brunetta is to blame,
Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles, life. Your cares to trifles give,
Or you may die before you truly live.

Belus with solid glory will be crowned;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound,
He builds himself a name; and to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate;
In cost and grandeur Chandos he 'll outdo;
And, Burlington, thy taste is not so true;
The pile is finished, every toil is past,
And full perfection is arrived at last;
When lo! my lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to strangers and to duns.
The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In Britain, what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge in full for an estate?

Some for renown on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.
To patchwork learned quotations are allied;
Both strive to make our poverty our pride.

Let high birth triumph! what can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low estate.
To Virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like figures, pass for high or base,
Slight or important only by their place?
Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;
The fool or knave that wears a title, lies.
They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt instead of their discharge. . . .

vious Grub-Street Authors and Critics.—From 'Epistle I. to Mr. Pope.'

With fame in just proportion envy grows;
The man that makes a character makes foes;
Slight peevish insects round a genius rise,
As a bright day awakes the world of flies;
With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
To shew they live, they flutter and they sting:
But as by depredations wasps proclaim
The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.
  Shall we not censure all the motley train,
Whether with ale irriguous or champagne?
Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb
And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme;
The college sloven or embroidered spark,
The purple prelate or the parish clerk,
The quiet *quidnunc* or demanding prig,
The plaintiff Tory or defendant Whig;
Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay or sad,
Whether extremely witty or quite mad;
Profoundly dull or shallowly polite,
Men that read well, or men that only write;
Whether peers, porters, tailors, tune their reeds,
And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds;
For bankrupts write, when ruined shops are shut,
As maggots crawl from out a perished nut.
His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
And wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits.
By thriving men, subsists each other trade;
Of every broken craft a writer's made.
Thus his material, paper, takes its birth
From tattered rags of all the stuff on earth.

WILLIAM SOMERVILE.

The author of 'The Chase' is still included in our list of poets, but is now rarely read or consulted. WILLIAM SOMERVILE (1677–1742) was, as he tells Allan Ramsay, his brother-poet,

A squire well born, and six foot high.

His patrimonial estate (to which he succeeded in 1704) lay in Warwickshire, and was worth £1500 per annum—from which, however, had to be deducted a jointure of £600 to his mother. He was generous, but extravagant, and died in distressed circumstances. Leaving no issue, his estate descended to Lord Somerville. Somervile's poetical works are 'The Two Springs, a Fable,' 1725; 'Occasional Poem,' 1727; and 'The Chase,' 1735. 'The Chase' is in blank verse, and contains practical instructions and admonitions to sportsmen. The following is an animated sketch of a morning in autumn, preparatory to 'throwing off the pack:'

Now golden Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties showers; the fields are shorn;
Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views
The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increase; his barns are stored,
And groaning staddles bend beneath their load.

All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough bristly stubbles range unblamed;
No widow's tears o'erflow, no secret curse
Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord awed:
But courteous now he levels every fence,
Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud,
Charmed with the rattling thunder of the field.
O bear me, some kind power invisible!
To that extended lawn where the gay court
View the swift racers, stretching to the goal;
Games more renowned, and a far nobler train,
Than proud Elean fields could boast of old.
Oh! were a Theban lyre not wanting here,
And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right!
Or to those spacious plains, where the strained eye,
In the wide prospect lost, beholds at last
Sarum's proud spire, that o'er the hills ascends,
And pierces through the clouds. Or to thy downs,
Fair Cotswold, where the well-breathed beagle climbs,
With matchless speed, thy green aspiring brow,
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.
  Hail, gentle Dawn! mild, blushing goddess, hail
Rejoiced I see thy purple mantle spread
O'er half the skies; gems pave thy radiant way,
And orient pearls from every shrub depend.
Farewell, Cleora; here deep sunk in down,
Slumber secure, with happy dreams amused,
Till grateful streams shall tempt thee to receive
Thy early meal, or thy officious maids;
The toilet placed shall urge thee to perform
The important work. Me other joys invite;
The horn sonorous calls, the pack awaked,
Their matins chant, nor brook they long delay.
My courser hears their voice; see there with ears
And tail erect, neighing, he paws the ground;
Fierce rapture kindles in his reddening eyes,
And boils in every vein. As captive boys,
Cowed by the ruling rod and haughty frowns
Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks
If once dismissed, no limits can contain
The tumult raised within their little breasts,
But give a loose to all their frolic play;
So from their kennel rush the joyous pack;
A thousand wanton gaieties express
Their inward ecstasy, their pleasing sport
Once more indulged, and liberty restored.
The rising sun that o'er the horizon peeps,
As many colours from their glossy skins
Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
When April showers descend. Delightful scene!
Where all around is gay; men, horses, dogs;
And in each smiling countenance appears
Fresh blooming health, and universal joy.

Somervile wrote a poetical address to Addison, on the latter purchasing his estate in Warwickshire. 'In his verses to Addison,' says Johnson, 'the couplet which mentions Clio is written with the most *exquisite delicacy* of praise; it exhibits one of those happy strokes *that are seldom* attained.' Addison, it is well known, signed his papers in the 'Spectator' with the letters forming the name of Clio. The couplet which gratified Johnson so highly is as follows:

When panting virtue her last efforts made,
You brought your Clio to the virgin's aid.

In welcoming Addison to the banks of Avon, Somervile does not scruple to place him above Shakspeare as a poet!

In heaven he sings; on earth your muse supplies
The important loss, and heals our weeping eyes:
Correctly great, she melts each flinty heart
With equal genius, but superior art.

Gross as this misjudgment is, it should be remembered that Voltaire also fell into the same. The cold marble of 'Cato' was preferred to the living and breathing creations of the 'myriad-minded' magician.

JAMES THOMSON.

The publication of the 'Seasons' was an important era in the history of English poetry. So true and beautiful are the descriptions in the poem, and so entirely do they harmonise with those fresh feelings and glowing impulses which all would wish to cherish, that a love of nature seems to be synonymous with a love of Thomson. It is difficult to conceive a person of education in this country, imbued with an admiration of rural or woodland scenery, not entertaining a strong affection and regard for that delightful poet, who has painted their charms with so much fidelity and enthusiasm. The same features of blandness and benevolence, of simplicity of design and beauty of form and colour, which we recognise as distinguishing traits of the natural landscape, are seen in the pages of Thomson, conveyed by his artless mind as faithfully as the lights and shades on the face of creation. No criticism or change of style has, therefore, affected his popularity. We may smile at sometimes meeting with a heavy monotonous period, a false ornament, or tumid expression, the result of an indolent mind working itself up to a great effort, and we may wish that the subjects of his description were sometimes more select and dignified; but this drawback does not affect our permanent regard or general feeling; our first love remains unaltered; and Thomson is still the poet with whom some of our best and purest associations are indissolubly joined. In the 'Seasons' we have a poetical subject poetically treated—filled to overflowing with the richest materials of poetry, and the emanations of benevolence. In the 'Castle of Indolence' we have the concentration or essence of those materials applied to a subject less poetical, but still affording room for luxuriant fancy, the most exquisite art, and still greater melody of numbers.

JAMES THOMSON was born at Ednam, near Kelso, county of Roxburgh, on the 11th of September 1700. His father, who was then minister of the parish of Ednam, removed a few years afterwards to that of Southdean in the same county, a primitive and retired district situated among the lower slopes of the Cheviots. Here the young poet spent his boyish years. The gift of poesy came early, and some lines written by him at the age of fourteen, shew how soon his manner was formed:

> Now I surveyed my native faculties,
> And traced my actions to their teeming source:
> Now I explored the universal frame,
> Gazed nature through, and with interior light
> Conversed with angels and unbodied saints
> That tread the courts of the Eternal King!
> Gladly I would declare in lofty strains
> The power of Godhead to the sons of men,
> But thought is lost in its immensity:
> Imagination wastes its strength in vain,
> And fancy tires and turns within itself,
> Struck with the amazing depths of Deity!
> Ah! my Lord God! in vain a tender youth,
> Unskilled in arts of deep philosophy,
> Attempts to search the bulky mass of matter,
> To trace the rules of motion, and pursue
> The phantom Time, too subtle for his grasp:
> Yet may I from thy most apparent works
> Form some idea of their wondrous Author.[*]

In his eighteenth year, Thomson was sent to Edinburgh College. His father died in 1720, and the poet proceeded to London to push his fortune. His college friend, Mallet, procured him the situation of tutor to the son of Lord Binning, and being shown some of his descriptions of 'Winter,' advised him to connect them into one regular poem. This was done, and 'Winter' was published in March 1726, the poet having received only three guineas for the copyright. A second and a third edition appeared the same year. 'Summer' appeared in 1727. In 1728 he issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, the 'Four Seasons'; the number of subscribers, at a guinea each copy, was 387; but many took more than one, and Pope (to whom Thomson had been introduced by Mallet) took three copies. The tragedy of 'Sophonisba' was next produced; and in 1731 the poet accompanied the son of Sir Charles Talbot, afterwards lord chancellor, in the capacity of tutor or travelling-companion, to the continent. They visited France, Switzerland, and Italy, and it is easy to conceive with what pleasure Thomson must have passed or sojourned among scenes which he had often viewed in imagination. In November of the same year the poet was at Rome, and no doubt indulged the wish expressed in one of his letters, 'to see the fields where Virgil gathered his immortal honey, and tread the same ground where men have thought and acted so greatly.' On his return next year he published his poem of 'Liberty,' and obtained the sinecure situation of Secretary of Briefs in the Court of Chancery, which he held till the death of Lord Talbot, the chancellor.

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[*] This curious fragment was first published in 1841, in a life of Thomson by Mr. Allan Cunningham, prefixed to an illustrated edition of the *Seasons*.

The succeeding chancellor bestowed the situation on another, Thomson not having, it is said, from characteristic indolence, solicited a continuance of the office. He again tried the drama, and produced 'Agamemnon,' which was coldly received. 'Edward and Eleonora' followed, and the poet's circumstances were brightened by a pension of £100 a year, which he obtained through Lyttelton from the Prince of Wales. He further received the appointment of Surveyor-general of the Leeward Islands, the duties of which he was allowed to perform by deputy, and which brought him £300 per annum. He was now in comparative opulence, and his residence at Kew Lane, near Richmond, was the scene of social enjoyment and lettered ease. Retirement and nature became, he said, more and more his passion every day. 'I have enlarged my rural domain,' he writes to a friend: 'the two fields next to me, from the first of which I have walled—no, no—*paled* in, about as much as my garden consisted of before, so that the walk runs round the hedge, where you may figure me walking any time of the day, and sometimes at night.' His house appears to have been elegantly furnished: the sale catalogue of his effects, which enumerates the contents of every room, prepared after his death, fills eight pages of print, and his cellar was stocked with wines and Scotch ale. In this snug suburban retreat Thomson now applied himself to finish the 'Castle of Indolence,' on which he had been long engaged, and a tragedy on the subject of Coriolanus. The poem was published in May 1748. In August following, he took a boat at Hammersmith to convey him to Kew, after having walked from London. He caught cold, was thrown into a fever, and, after a short illness, died (27th of August 1748). No poet was ever more deeply lamented or more sincerely mourned.

Though born a poet, Thomson seems to have advanced but slowly, and by reiterated efforts, to refinement of taste. The natural fervour of the man overpowered the rules of the scholar. The first edition of the 'Seasons' differs materially from the second, and the second still more from the third. Every alteration was an improvement in delicacy of thought and language.

One of the finest and most picturesque similes in the work was supplied by Pope, to whom Thomson had given an interleaved copy of the edition of 1736. The quotation will not be out of place here, as it is honourable to the friendship of the brother-poets, and tends to shew the importance of careful revision, without which no excellence can be attained in literature or the arts. How deeply must it be regretted that Pope did not oftener write in blank verse! In 'Autumn,' describing Lavinia, the lines of Thomson were:

Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
Recluse among the woods; if city dames
Will deign their faith: and thus she went, compelled

By strong necessity, with as serene
And pleased a look as Patience e'er put on,
To glean Palemon's fields.

Pope drew his pen through this description, and supplied the following lines, which Thomson must have been too much gratified with not to adopt with pride and pleasure—and so they stand in all the subsequent editions:

Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eyes,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourished blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till at length compelled
By strong Necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields.*

That the genius of Thomson was purifying and working off its alloys up to the termination of his existence, may be seen from the superiority in style and diction of the 'Castle of Indolence.' Between the period of his composing the 'Seasons' and the 'Castle of Indolence,' says Campbell, 'he wrote several works which seem hardly to accord with the improvement and muturity of his taste exhibited in the latter production. To the 'Castle of Indolence' he brought not only the full nature, but the perfect art of a poet. The materials of that exquisite poem are derived originally from Tasso; but he was more immediately indebted for them to the "Faery Queen:" and in meeting with the paternal spirit of Spenser, he seems as if he were admitted more intimately to the home of inspiration.' If the critic had gone over the alterations in the 'Seasons,' which Thomson had been more or less engaged upon for about sixteen years, he would have seen the gradual improvement of his taste, as well as imagination. So far as the *art* of the poet is concerned, the last corrected edition, as compared with the early copies, is a new work. The power of Thomson, however, lay not in his art, but in the exuberanc of his genius, which sometimes required to be disciplined and controlled. The poetic glow is spread over all. He never slackens i his enthusiasm, nor tires of pointing out the phenomena of nature which, indolent as he was, he had surveyed under every aspect, til he had become familiar with all. Among the mountains, vales, an forests, he seems to realise his own words:

Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude.

But he looks also, as Johnson finely observed, 'with the eye which n ture bestows only on a poet—the eye that distinguishes, in everything presented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute.' He looks also with a heart that feels for all mankind. His sympathies are universal. His touching allusions to the condition of the poor and suffering, to the hapless state of bird and beast in winter; the description of the peasant perishing in the snow, the Siberian exile, or the Arab pilgrims—all are marked with that humanity and true feeling which shews that the poet's virtues 'formed the magic of his song.' The genuine impulses under which he wrote he has expressed in one noble stanza of the 'Castle of Indolence':

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* *See Milford's* edition of Gray's works. All Pope's corrections were adopted b *Thomson.*

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shews her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave;
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

'The love of nature,' says Coleridge, 'seems to have led Thomson to a cheerful religion; and a gloomy religion to have led Cowper to a love of nature. The one would carry his fellow-men along with him into nature; the other flies to nature from his fellow-men. In chastity of diction, however, and the harmony of blank verse, Cowper leaves Thomson immeasurably below him; yet, I still feel the latter to have been the born poet.' The ardour and fulness of Thomson's descriptions distinguish them from those of Cowper, who was naturally less enthusiastic, and who was restricted by his religious tenets, and by his critical and classically formed taste. The diction of the 'Seasons' is at times pure and musical; it is too elevated and ambitious, however, for ordinary themes, and where the poet descends to minute description, or to humorous or satirical scenes—as in the account of the chase and the fox-hunters' dinner in 'Autumn'—the effect is grotesque and absurd. Campbell has happily said, that 'as long as Thomson dwells in the pure contemplation of nature, and appeals to the universal poetry of the human breast, his redundant style comes to us as something venial and adventitious—it is the flowing vesture of the Druid; and perhaps, to the general experience, is rather imposing; but when he returns to the familiar narrations or courtesies of life, the same diction ceases to seem the mantle of inspiration, and only strikes us by its unwieldy difference from the common custom of expression.' Cowper avoided this *want of keeping* between his style and his subjects, adapting one to the other with inimitable ease, grace, and variety; yet only rising in one or two instances to the higher flights of Thomson.

In 1843, a 'Poem to the Memory of Mr. Congreve, inscribed to her

Grace Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough,' was reprinted for
Society—under the care of Mr. Peter Cunningham—as
though unacknowledged production of Thomson, first pul
1729. We have no doubt of the genuineness of this poem as
of Thomson. It possesses all the characteristics of his style

We subjoin a few of the detached pictures and descriptio
'Seasons,' and part of the 'Castle of Indolence.'

Showers in Spring.

The north-east spends his rage; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, the effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first, a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether, but by fast degrees,
In heaps on heaps the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and, mingling deep,
Sits on the horizon round, a settled gloom;
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope, of every joy,
The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seem, through delusive lapse,
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Hushed in short suspense,
The plumy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,
And wait the approaching sign, to strike at once
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests seem impatient to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
In large effusion o'er the freshened world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard
By such as wander through the forest walks,
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.

Birds Pairing in Spring.

To the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;
That nature's great command may be obeyed:
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulged in vain. Some to the holly hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring; the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,

Their food its insects, and its moss their nests:
Others apart, far in the grassy dale
Or roughening waste their humble texture weave:
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the livelong day,
When by kind duty fixed. Among the roots
Of hazel pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes,
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis naught
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumbered wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent: and often from the careless back
Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserved,
Steal from the barn a straw; till soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.
As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task
Or by sharp hunger or by smooth delight,
Though the whole loosened Spring around her blows,
Her sympathising lover takes his stand
High on the opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. The appointed time
With pious toil fulfilled, the callow young,
Warmed and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light;
A helpless family, demanding food
With constant clamour: O what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents seize! away they fly
Affectionate, and, undesiring, bear
The most delicious morsel to their young,
Which equally distributed, again
The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
By fortune sunk, but formed of generous mould,
And charmed with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
Sustained alone by providential heaven,
Oft as they, weeping, eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.

Summer Evening.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
And if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs—
So Grecian fable sung—he dips his orb;
Now half immersed; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.
Confessed from yonder slow-extinguished clouds,
All ether softening, sober evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air;

A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
She sends on earth; then that of deeper dye
Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn:
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feathered seeds she wings.
  His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart—
Unknowing what the joy-mixed anguish means—
Sincerely loves, by that best language shewn
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass o'er many a panting height,
And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game and revelry, to pass
The summer night, as village stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him whom his ungentle fortune urged
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunned; whose mournful chambers hold—
So night-struck fancy dreams—the yelling ghost.
  Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glowworm lights his gem; and through the dark
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to night: not in her winter robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose arrayed
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanced from the imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retained
The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise,
When daylight sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrivalled reigns, the fairest lamp of night.

END OF VOLUME III.

CHAMBERS'S

CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

NGLISH LITERATURE

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CYCLOPÆDIA
OF
ENGLISH LITERATURE.

SIXTH PERIOD.

(1720—1780.)

GEORGE II. AND GEORGE III.

(*Continued.*)

A Summer Morning.

With quickened step
Brown night retires: young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps awkward; while along the forest glade
The wild-deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

Autumn Evening Scene.

But see the fading many-coloured woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome muse,
Low whispering, lead into their leaf-strewn walks,
And give the season in its latest view.
Meantime light-shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current; while illumined wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And through their lucid veil his softened force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,

For those whom virtue and whom nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things:
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.
Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the saddened grove, where scarce is hear
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse;
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late,
Swelled all the music of the swarming shades,
Robbed of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock,
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
O let not, aimed from some unhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!
The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;
Oft startling such as studious walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
Till choked, and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the withered waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. E'en what remained
Of bolder fruits falls from the naked tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards all around,
The desolated prospect thrills the soul. . . .
The western sun withdraws the shortened day,
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condensed
The vapour throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon,
Full orbed, and breaking through the scattered clouds,
Shews her broad visage in the crimsoned east.
Turned to the sun direct her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube descries,
A smaller earth, gives all his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the skied mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam;
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance trembling round the world. . . .

The lengthened night elapsed, the morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

A Winter Landscape.

Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white:
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west, emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms—dark snares and dogs,
And more unpitying men—the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kine
Eye the bleak heaven, and next, the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow. . .
As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce
All winter drives along the darkened air,
In his own loose revolving fields the swain
Disastered stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;
Nor finds the river nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror, fills his heart,
When for the dusky spot which fancy feigned,
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,

He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blest abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild!
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge
Smoothed up with snow; and what is land unknown,
What water of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mixed with the tender anguish nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends, unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm:
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes, shuts up sense,
And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows a stiffened cors
Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Hymn on the Seasons.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest nature with Thy northern blast.
  Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming a harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with rude unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand

That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots steaming thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth,
And as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
  Nature, attend! join every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and ardent raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes,
Oh talk of Him in solitary glooms,
Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams:
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! blest image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls: be hushed the prostrate world,
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands, all awake; a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles;
At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men to the deep organ join
The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's lute, the virgin's lay,

The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of seasons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams
Or Winter rises in the blackening east—
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
 Should fate command me to the furthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
Where universal love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
Come, then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

The Caravan of Mecca.

Breathed hot
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert! e'en the camel feels,
Shot through his withered heart, the fiery blast.
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands
Commoved around, in gathering eddies play;
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come,
Till with the general all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise:
And by their noonday fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
Beneath descending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
The impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

Pestilence at Carthagena.

Wasteful, forth
Walks the dire power of pestilent disease.
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
Sick nature blasting, and to heartless woe
And feeble desolation casting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of man,
Such as of late at Carthagena quenched
The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep racking pang, the ghastly form,

The lip pale quivering, and the beamless eye
No more with ardour bright; you heard the groans
Of agonising ships, from shore to shore!
Heard, nightly plunged amid the sullen waves,
The frequent corse; while on each other fixed
In sad presage, the blank assistants seemed
Silent to ask whom Fate would next demand.

From the 'Castle of Indolence.'

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground:
And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrowned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that slumb'rous influence kest,
From poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
And hurled everywhere their waters sheen;
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Joined to the prattling of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idlesse fancied in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye:
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer-sky:
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures, always hovered nigh;
But whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest,
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence—for so the wizard hight—
Close hid his castle 'mid embowering trees,

That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checkered day and night.
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was placed; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labour harsh, complained, lamenting man's estate

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass there by;
For, as they chanced to breathe on neighbouring hill
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till clustering round the enchanter false they hung,
Ymolten with his syren melody;
While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sun

'Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
See all but man with unearned pleasure gay:
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!
What youthful bride can equal her array?
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

'Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
Ten thousand throats! that from the flowering thorn
Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
They neither plough, nor sow; ne, fit for flail,
E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove;
Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

'Outcast of nature, man! the wretched thrall
Of bitter dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
And of the vices, an inhuman train,
That all proceed from savage thirst of gain
For when hard-hearted Interest first began
To poison earth, Astræa left the plain;
Guile, violence, and murder seized on man,
And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

'Come, ye who still the cumbrous load of life
Push hard up hill; but as the farthest steep
You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
For ever vain; come, and withouten fee,
I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
Your cares, your toils; will steep you in a sea
Of full delight: O come, ye weary, wights to me!

'With me, you need not rise at early dawn,
To pass the joyless day in various stounds;
Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,
And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds;
Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,

Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds:
Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,
In venal senate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

'No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
From village on to village sounding clear:
To tardy swain no shrill-voiced matrons squall;
No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear;
No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith fear;
Ne noisy tradesman your sweet slumbers start,
With sounds that are a misery to hear:
But all is calm, as would delight the heart
Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art. . . .

'The best of men have ever loved repose:
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,
Imbittered more from peevish day to day.
Even those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,
The most renowned of worthy wights of yore,
From a base world at last have stolen away:
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

'But if a little exercise you choose,
Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
Amid the groves you may indulge the muse,
Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,
Along the brook, the crimson-spotted fry
You may delude; the whilst, amused, you hear
Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's sigh,
Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

'O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
And gives the untasted portion you have won,
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun:
But sure it is of vanities most vain,
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain.'

He ceased. But still their trembling ears retained
The deep vibrations of his witching song;
That, by a kind of magic power, constrained
To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng,
Heaps poured on heaps, and yet they slipped along,
In silent ease; as when beneath the beam
Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,
Or by some flood all silvered with the gleam,
The soft-embodied fays through airy portal stream. . . .

Straight of these endless numbers, swarming round,
As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,
But every man strolled off his own glad way,
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertained;
No living creature could be seen to stray;
While solitude and perfect silence reigned:
So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrained.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid Isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main—
Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
Or that aërial beings sometimes deign
To stand embodied to our senses plain—
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro;
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show. . . .

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
Ne cursed knocker plied by villain's hand,
Self-opened into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretched around in seemly band;
And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

And everywhere huge covered tables stood,
With wines high flavoured and rich viands crowned;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean genders in his round;
Some hand unseen these silently displayed,
Even undemanded by a sign or sound;
You need but wish, and instantly obeyed,
Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses played.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Poured forth at large the sweetly-tortured heart;
Or, sighing tender passion, swelled the gale,
And taught charmed echo to resound their smart;
While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and peace imp

Those pleased the most, where, by a cunning hand
Depainted was the patriarchal age;
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed;
Blest sons of nature they! true golden age indeed!

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls;
Now the black tempest strikes the astonished eyes,
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies;
Whate'er Lorraine light-touched with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew. . . .

A certain music, never known before,
Here lulled the pensive melancholy mind,
Full easily obtained. Behooves no more,
But sidelong to the gently waving wind,

To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined;
From which with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight;
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul?
Now rising love they fanned; now pleasing dole
They breathed, in tender musings, through the heart;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart:
With warbling nature all, above the reach of art

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,
In mighty Bagdad, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store;
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore;
When sleep was coy, the bard in waiting there
Cheered the lone midnight with the muse's lore;
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sighed, and oft began—
So worked the wizard—wintry storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell;
At doors and windows threatening seemed to call
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all;
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace;
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
That played in waving lights, from place to place,
And shed a roseate smile on nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
So fierce with clouds, the pure ethereal space;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

No, fair illusions! artful phantoms, no!
My muse will not attempt your fairy land;
She has no colours that like you can glow;
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprites,
Who thus in dreams voluptuous, soft, and bland,
Poured all the Arabian heaven upon our nights,
And blessed them oft besides with more refined delights.

They were, in sooth, a most enchanting train,
Even feigning virtue; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
But for those fiends whom blood and broils delight,
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulfs, where sullen waters sleep;
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep;
They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to keep.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom;
Angels of fancy and of love be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom;
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart:
But chief, awhile, O lend us from the tomb
Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

Rule Britannia—'An Ode,' from 'Alfred, a Masque.'

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves!

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair!
Rule, Britannia, &c.

ROBERT BLAIR.

Mr. Southey has incautiously ventured a statement in his 'Life of Cowper,' that Blair's 'Grave' is the only poem he could call to mind which has been composed in imitation of the 'Night Thoughts.' 'The Grave' was written prior to the publication of the 'Night Thoughts,' and has no other resemblance to the work of Young, than that it is of a serious devout cast, and is in blank verse. The author was an accomplished and exemplary Scottish clergyman, who enjoyed some private fortune, independent of his profession, and was thus enabled to live in a superior style, and cultivate the acquaintance of the neighbouring gentry. As a poet of pleasing and elegant manners, a botanist and florist, as well as a man of scientific and general knowledge, his society was much courted, and he enjoyed the correspondence of Dr. Isaac Watts and Dr. Doddridge. Blair was born in Edinburgh in 1699, his father being minister of the Old Church there. In 1731 he was appointed to the living of Athelstaneford, a parish in East Lothian. Previous to his ordination, he had written 'The Grave,' and submitted the manuscript to Watts and Doddridge. It was published in 1743. Blair died at the age of forty-seven, in February 1746. By his marriage with a daughter of Mr. Law, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh (to whose memory he dedicated a poem), he left a numerous family; and his fourth son, a distinguished lawyer, rose to be Lord President of the Court of Sessions. An obelisk was in 1857 erected to the memory of the poet at Athelstaneford.

'The Grave' is a complete and powerful poem, of limited design, but masterly execution. The subject precluded much originality of conception, but, at the same time, is recommended by its awful importance and its universal application. The style seems to be formed upon that of the old sacred and puritanical poets, elevated by the author's admiration of Milton and Shakspeare. There is a Scottish Presbyterian character about the whole, relieved by occasional flashes and outbreaks of true genius. These coruscations sometimes subside into low and vulgar images or expressions, as towards the close of the following noble passage:

> Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
> The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
> The boast of story? Where the hot-brained youth,
> Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
> From kings of all the then discovered globe;
> And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hampered,
> And had not room enough to do its work?
> Alas, how slim—dishonourably slim!
> And crammed into a space we blush to name!
> Proud royalty! How altered in thy looks!
> How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
> Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
> Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
> And the majestic menace of thine eyes
> Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now:
> Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,
> Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
> That throbs beneath his sacrificer's knife;
> Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
> And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
> That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
> But only hoped for in the peaceful grave—
> Of being unmolested and alone!
> Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
> And honours by the heralds duly paid
> In mode and form, e'en to a very scruple
> (O cruel irony!); these come too late,
> And only mock whom they were meant to honour:

The death of the strong man is forcibly depicted:

> Strength, too! thou surly and less gentle boast
> Of those that laugh loud at the village ring!
> A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
> With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
> That rashly dared thee to the unequal fight.
> What groan was that I heard? Deep groan, indeed,
> With anguish heavy laden! let me trace it:
> From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
> By stronger arm belaboured, gasps for breath
> Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
> Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
> To give the lungs full play! What now avail
> *The strong-built* sinewy limbs and well-spread shoulders?
> *See how he tugs for life,* and lays about him,

Mad with his pain! Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning. Hideous sight!
O how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
While the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow 'cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan?
It was his last. See how the great Goliah,
Just like a child that brawled itself to rest,
Lies still. What mean'st thou then, O mighty boaster,
To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man:
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife?

In our extracts from Congreve, we have quoted a passage, much admired by Johnson, descriptive of the awe and fear inspired by a cathedral scene at midnight, 'where all is hushed and still as death.' Blair has ventured on a similar description, and has imparted to it a terrible and gloomy power:

See yonder hallowed fane! the pious work
Of names once famed, now dubious or forgot,
And buried midst the wreck of things which were:
There lie interred the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary!
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rocked in the spire, screams loud: the gloomy aisles,
Black-plastered, and hung round with shreds of 'scutcheons,
And tattered coats-of-arms, send back the sound,
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead. Roused from their slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and, obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hushed as the foot of night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks—ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.

Some of his images are characterised by a Shakspearian force and picturesque fancy. Men see their friends

Drop off like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, *which the long livers*
In the world's hale and undegenerate days
Would scarce have leisure for.

The divisions of churchmen are for ever closed:

The lawn-robed prelate and plain presbyter,
Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, *like sister-streams*
That some rude interposing rock has split.

Man, sick of bliss, tried evil; and, as a result,

The good he scorned
Stalked off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
Not to return; or, if it did, in visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between.

The latter simile has been appropriated by Campbell in his 'Pleasures of Hope,' with one slight verbal alteration, which cannot be called an improvement:

What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel visits, few and far between.

The original comparison seems to belong to Norris of Bemerton (see *ante*).

DR. WATTS.

ISAAC WATTS—a name never to be pronounced without reverence by any lover of pure Christianity, or by any well-wisher of mankind—was born at Southampton, July 17, 1674. His parents were remarkable for piety. Means would have been provided for placing him at the university, but he early inclined to the Dissenters, and he was educated at one of their establishments, taught by the Rev. Thomas Rowe. He was afterwards four years in the family of Sir John Hartopp, at Stoke Newington. Here he was chosen (1698) assistant-minister by an Independent congregation, of which four years after he succeeded to the full charge; but bad health soon rendered him unfit for the performance of the heavy labours thus imposed upon him, and in his turn he required the assistance of a joint-pastor. His health continuing to decline, Watts was received in 1712 into the house of a benevolent gentleman of his neighbourhood, Sir Thomas Abney of Abney Park, where he spent all the remainder of his life—thirty-six years. The death of Sir Thomas Abney, eight years after he went to reside with him, made no change in these agreeable arrangements, as the same benevolent patronage was extended to him by the widow, who outlived him a year While in this retirement, he preached occasionally, but gave the most of his time to study. His treatises on 'Logic' and on the 'Improvement of the Mind' are still highly prized for their cogency of argument and felicity of illustration. Watts also wrote several theological works and volumes of sermons. His poetry consists almost wholly of devotional hymns, which, by their simplicity, their unaffected ardour, and their imagery, powerfully arrest the attention of children, and are never forgotten in mature life. In infancy we learn the hymns of Watts, as part of maternal instruction, and in youth his moral and logical treatises impart the germs of correct reasoning and virtuous self-government. The life of this good and useful man terminated on the 25th of November, 1748.

The Rose.

How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower,
  The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
  And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
  Above all the flowers of the field;
When its leaves are all dead, and its fine colours lost,
  Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Though they bloom and look gay like the rose;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain,
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I 'll not be proud of my youth nor my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty;
This will scent like a rose when I 'm dead.

The Hebrew Bard.

Softly the tuneful shepherd leads
The Hebrew flocks to flowery meads:
He marks their path with notes divine,
While fountains spring with oil and wine.

Rivers of peace attend his song,
And draw their milky train along.
He jars; and, lo! the flints are broke,
But honey issues from the rock.

When, kindling with victorious fire,
He shakes his lance across the lyre,
The lyre resounds unknown alarms,
And sets the Thunderer in arms.

Behold the God! the Almighty King
Rides on a tempest's glorious wing:
His ensigns lighten round the sky,
And moving legions sound on high.

Ten thousand cherubs wait his course,
Chariots of fire and flaming horse:
Earth trembles; and her mountains flow,
At his approach, like melting snow.

But who those frowns of wrath can draw,
That strike heaven, earth, and hell with awe?
Red lightning from his eyelids broke;
His voice was thunder, hail, and smoke.

He spake; the cleaving waters fled,
And stars beheld the ocean's bed:
While the great Master strikes his lyre,
You see the frighted floods retire:

In heaps the frighted billows stand,
Waiting the changes of his hand:
He leads his Israel through the sea,
And watery mountains guard their way.

Turning his hand with sovereign sweep,
He drowns all Egypt in the deep:
Then guides the tribes, a glorious band,
Through deserts to the promised land.

Here camps, with wide-embattled force,
Here gates and bulwarks stop their course;
He storms the mounds, the bulwark falls,
The harp lies strewed with ruined walls.

See his broad sword flies o'er the strings,
And mows down nations with their kings:
From every chord his bolts are hurled,
And vengeance smites the rebel world.

Lo! the great poet shifts the scene,
And shews the face of God serene.
Truth, meekness, peace, salvation, ride,
With guards of justice at his side.

A Summer Evening.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there followed some droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveller 's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian; his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way:
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

EDWARD MOORE.

The success of Gay's 'Fables' suggested a volume of 'Fables for the Female Sex,' published in 1744 by **Edward Moore** (1712–1757). Moore was a native of Abingdon, in Berkshire, son of a dissenting clergyman. He was for some years engaged in the business of a linen-draper, but adopted literature as a more congenial profession. He wrote several plays, and was editor of the series of essays entitled 'The World.' Chesterfield, whom Moore complimented highly in a poem called 'The Trial of Selim the Persian,' wrote no less than twenty-four essays for 'The World,' and interested himself warmly in the fortunes of the amiable poet. The 'Fables' of Moore rank next to those of Gay, but are inferior to them both in choice of subject and in poetical merit. Goldsmith thought that justice had not been done to Moore as a poet: 'It was upon his "Fables" he [Moore] founded his reputation, but they are by no means his best production.' His tragedy of 'The Gamester' is certainly better, and some of his verses are finished with greater care. The following little pastoral has a fine vein of sentiment versified with ease and elegance:

The Happy Marriage.

How blest has my time been, what joys have I known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own!
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks grown with woodbines, as often we stray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
How pleasing their sport is! The wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.

To try her sweet temper, ofttimes am I seen,
In revels all day, with the nymphs on the green:
Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at night with complacence and smiles.

What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her wit and good-humour bloom all the year through;
Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare
And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair;
In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

It is an interesting and singular fact in literary history that Moore died while the last number of the collected edition of his periodical, 'The World,' which describes the imaginary death of the author, was passing through the press.

WILLIAM OLDYS.

William Oldys (1696–1761) was a zealous literary antiquary, and *Norroy King-at-arms.* He wrote a life of Raleigh, and assisted every *author or bookseller* who required a leaf from his voluminous collections. His obscure diligence amassed various interesting particulars of literary history.

The following exquisite little Anacreontic was from the pen of Oldys, who occasionally indulged in deep potations of ale, for which he was caricatured by his friend and brother-antiquary, Grose:

Song, made Extempore by a Gentleman, occasioned by a Fly drinking out of his Cup of Ale.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short and wears away.
Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline:
Thine 's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

ROBERT DODSLEY.

ROBERT DODSLEY (1703–1764) was an able and spirited publisher of his day, the friend of literature and of literary men. He projected the 'Annual Register,' in which Burke was engaged, and he was the first to collect and republish the 'Old English Plays.' His 'Collection of Poems by Several Hands,' in six volumes (1758), is a valuable repertory of the minor and short poems of that period. Dodsley wrote an excellent little moral treatise, 'The Economy of Human Life,' which was attributed to Lord Chesterfield; and he was author of some dramatic pieces and poetical effusions. He was always attached to literature, and this, aided by his excellent conduct, raised him from the low condition of a livery-servant, to be one of the most influential and respectable men of the times in which he lived. Pope assisted him with £100 to commence business.

Song—The Parting Kiss.

One kind wish before we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu:
Though we sever, my fond heart,
Till we meet, shall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not so, my love,
Let me kiss that falling tear;
Though my body must remove,
All my soul will still be here.

All my soul and all my heart,
And every wish shall pant for you;
One kind kiss, then, ere we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

None of our poets has lived more under the 'skiey influences' of imagination than that exquisite but ill fated bard, COLLINS. His works are imbued with a fine ethereal fancy and purity of taste; and though, like the poems of Gray, they are small in number and amount, they are rich in vivid imagery and beautiful description. His history is brief but painful. William Collins was the son of a respectable tradesman, a hatter, of Chichester, where he was born on Christmas-day, 1721. In his 'Ode to Pity,' the poet alludes to his 'native plains,' which are bounded by the South Down hills, and to the small river Arun, one of the streams of Sussex, near which Otway, also, was born:

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side?
Deserted stream and mute!
Wild Arun, too, has heard thy strains,
And Echo 'midst my native plains
Been soothed by Pity's lute.

Collins received a learned education, first as a scholar on the foundation of Winchester College (January 1733) and afterwards as a Demy of Magdalen College, Oxford, at which he took his degree of B. A. in November 1743. He quitted the college abruptly, and afterwards visited his maternal uncle, Colonel Martyn, at that time with his regiment in Flanders. On his return to England, Collins intended entering the church, but he soon abandoned this design, and applied himself to literature. While at College he published his 'Persian Eclogues,' afterwards republished with the title of 'Oriental Eclogues,' and next year (1743) his 'Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer on his Edition of Shakespeare.' Collins, as Johnson remarks, 'had many projects in his head.' He planned several tragedies, and issued 'Proposals for a History of the Revival of Learning,' a work which he never accomplished. He was full of high hopes and magnificent schemes. His learning was extensive, but he wanted steadiness of purpose and application. In 1746, he published his 'Odes,' which were purchased by Millar the bookseller, but failed to attract attention. Collins sunk under the disappointment, and became still more indolent and dissipated. The fine promise of his youth, his ardour and ambition, melted away under this baneful and depressing influence. Once again, however, he strung his lyre with poetical enthusiasm. Thomson died in 1748; Collins—who resided some time at Richmond—knew and loved him, and his latest and best editor, Mr. W. Moy Thomas,* conjectures that Thomson has sketched his friend in one of the Stanzas of the 'Castle of Indolence:'

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark;
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive, not sad, in thought involved, not dark . . . .
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas filled his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

When Thomson died, Collins quitted Richmond, and he honoured the memory of his brother-poet with an ode, which is certainly one of the finest elegiac productions in the language. Among his friends was also Home, the author of 'Douglas,' to whom he addressed an ode, which was found unfinished after his death, on the 'Superstitions of the Highlands.' He loved to dwell on these dim and visionary objects, and the compliment he pays to Tasso may be applied equally to himself:

Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind
Believed the magic wonders which he sung.

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* Collins's *Poetical* Works—Aldine Poets, 1858.

At this period, Collins seems to have contemplated a journey to Scotland:

> The time shall come when I perhaps may tread
> Your lowly glens, o'erhung with spreading broom;
> Or o'er your stretching heaths by Fancy led;
> Or o'er your mountains creep in awful gloom!
> Then will I dress once more the faded bower,
> Where Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade;
> Or crop from Teviotdale each lyric flower,
> And mourn on Yarrow's banks where Willy's laid.

In the midst of the poet's difficulties and distresses, in 1749 his uncle died, and left him about £2000; 'a sum,' says Johnson, 'which Collins could scarcely think exhaustible, and which he did not live to exhaust.' He sank into a state of nervous imbecility. All hope and exertion had fled. Johnson met him one day, carrying with him as he travelled an English Testament. 'I have but one book,' said Collins, 'but it is the best.' In his latter days he was tended by his sister in Chichester. He used, when at liberty, to wander day and night among the aisles and cloisters of Chichester Cathedral, accompanying the music with loud sobs and moans. After five years passed in this melancholy condition, death at length came to his relief, and in 1759—in the thirty-ninth year of his age—his troubled and melancholy career was terminated: it affords one of the most touching examples of accomplished youth and genius, linked to personal calamity, that throws its lights and shades on our literary annals.

Southey has remarked that, though utterly neglected on their first appearance, the 'Odes' of Collins, in the course of one generation, without any adventitious aid to bring them into notice, were acknowledged to be the best of their kind in the language. 'Silently and imperceptibly they had risen by their own buoyancy, and their power was felt by every reader who had any true poetic feeling.' This popularity seems still to be on the increase, though the want of human interest and of action in Collins's poetry prevents its being generally read. The 'Eclogues' are free from the occasional obscurity and remoteness of conception that in part pervade the 'Odes,' and they charm by their figurative language and descriptions, the simplicity and beauty of their dialogues and sentiments, and their musical versification. The desert scene in 'Hassan, the Camel-driver,' is a finished picture—impressive, and even appalling, in its reality. The 'Ode on the Passions,' and that on 'Evening,' are the finest of his lyrical works. The former is a magnificent gallery of allegorical paintings; and the poetical diction is equally rich with the conception. No poet has made more use of metaphors and personification. He has individualised even metaphysical pursuits, which he terms 'the shadowy tribes of Mind.' Pity is presented with 'eyes of dewy light'—a felicitous epithet; and Danger is described with the boldness and distinctness of sculpture:

> Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
> What mortal eye can fixed behold?

Who stalks his round, a hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep.

Eclogue II.—Hassan; or the Camel-driver.

Scene—The Desert. Time—Mid-day.

In silent horror, o'er the boundless waste,
The driver Hassan with his camels passed;
One cruise of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contained a scanty store;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gained the middle sky,
And not a tree and not an herb was nigh;
The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roared the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desperate sorrow wild, the affrighted man
Thrice sighed, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

'Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst or pinching hunger that I find!
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign,
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?

'Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crowned fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest or verdant vales bestow;
Here rocks alone and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

'Cursed be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
The lily peace outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore;
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea;
And are we only yet repaid by thee?
Ah! why was ruin so attractive made,
Or why fond man so easily betrayed?
Why heed we not, whilst mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

'O cease, my fears! All frantic as I go,
***When thought creates* unnumbered scenes of woe,**
***What if the lion* in his rage I meet!**

Oft in the dust I view his printed feet;
And fearful oft, when Day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
By hunger roused he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train;
Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

'At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep;
Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth and dread of death secure!
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

'O hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
The tender Zara! will be most undone.
Big swelled my heart, and owned the powerful maid,
When fast she dropped her tears, as thus she said:
"Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
Whom Zara's breaking heart implored in vain!
Yet as thou go'st, may every blast arise
Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!
Safe o'er the wild no perils mayst thou see,
No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me."
O let me safely to the fair return,
Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn;
O let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
Recalled by Wisdom's voice and Zara's tears.'
He said, and called on Heaven to bless the day
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

Ode written in the beginning of the year 1746.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

Ode to Evening.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserved. while now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising shews
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in flowers the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile,
Or upland fallows gray
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, sure found beneath the sylvan shed,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipped Health,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favourite name!

*The Passions, an Ode for Music.**

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each—for madness ruled the hour—
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords, bewildered laid;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire
In lightnings owned his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair,
Low, sullen, sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair

And longer had she sung, but with a frown
Revenge impatient rose;
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from hi

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* Performed at Oxford, with Hayes' music, in 1750.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed;
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of different themes the veering song was mixed,
And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole;
Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning-dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw, in Temple's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing:
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound:
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess! why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that loved Athenian bower,
You learned an all-commanding power;
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that godlike age
Fill thy recording sister's page;
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,

Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
E'en all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound.
O bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece;
Return in all thy simple state;
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

Dirge in Cymbeline.

Sung by GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS *over* FIDELE, *supposed to be dead.*

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew;

The red-breast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
Or midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more;
And mourned till Pity's self be dead.

Ode on the Death of Mr. Thomson.

The scene of the following stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave;
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp* shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

The maids and youths shall linger here,
And while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest;
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft, as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail;
Or tears, which love and pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail?

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crowned sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend.

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun night has veiled the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads, assigned to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom:
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress,
With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
'O vales, and wild-woods,' shall he say,
'In yonder grave your Druid lies!'

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* The harp of Æolus, of which see a description in the Castle of Indolence.—COLLINS.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

William Shenstone added some pleasing pastoral and elegiac strains to our national poetry, but he wanted, as Johnson justly remarks, 'comprehension and variety.' Though highly ambitious of poetical fame, he devoted a large portion of his time, and squandered most of his means, in landscape-gardening and ornamental agriculture. He reared up around him a sort of rural paradise, expending his poetical taste and fancy in the disposition and embellishment of his grounds, till at length pecuniary difficulties and distress drew a cloud over the fair prospect, and darkened the latter days of the poet's life. Swift, who entertained a mortal aversion to all projectors, might have included the unhappy Shenstone among the fanciful inhabitants of his Laputa. The estate which he labored to adorn was his natal ground. At Leasowes, in the parish of Hales-Owen, Shropshire, the poet was born in November, 1714. He was taught to read at what is termed a dame-school, and his venerable preceptress has been immortalised by his poem of the 'Schoolmistress.' In the year 1732, he was sent to Pembroke College, Oxford, where he remained four years. In 1745, the paternal estate fell to his own care and management, and he began from this time, as Johnson characteristically describes it, 'to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters; which he did with such judgment and fancy, as made his little domain the envy of the great and the admiration of the skilful; a place to be visited by travellers and copied by designers.' Descriptions of the Leasowes have been written by Dodsley and Goldsmith. The property was altogether not worth more than £300 per annum, and Shenstone had devoted so much of his means to external embellishment, that he was compelled to live in a dilapidated house, not fit, as he acknowledges, to receive 'polite friends.' An unfortunate attachment to a young lady, and disappointed ambition—for he aimed at political as well as poetical celebrity—conspired, with his passion for gardening and improvement, to fix him in his solitary situation. He became querulous and dejected, pined at the unequal gifts of fortune, and even contemplated with a gloomy joy the complaint of Swift, that he would be 'forced to die in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.' Yet Shenstone was essentially kind and benevolent, and he must at times have experienced exquisite pleasure in his romantic retreat, to which every year would give fresh beauty, and develop more distinctly the creations of his taste and labour. 'The works of a person that builds,' he says, 'begin immediately to decay, while those of him who plants begin directly to improve.' This advantage he possessed with the additional charm of a love of literature; but Shenstone sighed for more than inward peace and satisfaction. He built his happiness on the applause of others, and died in solitude a votary of the world. His death took place at the Leasowes, February 11, 1763.

The works of Shenstone were collected and published after his death by his friend Dodsley, in three volumes. The first contains his poems, the second his prose essays, and the third his letters and other pieces. Gray remarks of his correspondence, that it is 'about nothing else but the Leasowes, and his writings with two or three neighbouring clergymen who wrote verses too.' The essays are good, displaying an ease and grace of style united to judgment and discrimination. They have not the mellow ripeness of thought and learning of Cowley's essays, but they resemble them more closely than any others we possess. In poetry, Shenstone tried different styles: his elegies barely reach mediocrity; his levities, or pieces of humour, are dull and spiritless. His highest effort is the 'Schoolmistress,' published in 1742, but said to be 'written at college, 1736.' It was altered and enlarged after its first publication. This poem is a descriptive sketch in imitation of Spenser, so delightfully quaint and ludicrous, yet true to nature, that it has all the force and vividness of a painting by Teniers or Wilkie. His 'Pastoral Ballad,' in four parts, is also the finest English poem of that order. The pastorals of Spenser do not aim at lyrical simplicity, and no modern poet has approached Shenstone in the simple tenderness and pathos of pastoral song. Campbell seems to regret the affected Arcadianism of these pieces, which undoubtedly present an incongruous mixture of pastoral life and modern manners. But, whether from early associations—for almost every person has read Shenstone's 'Ballad' in youth—or from the romantic simplicity, the true touches of nature and feeling, and the easy versification of the stanzas, they are always read and remembered with delight. We must surrender up the judgment to the imagination in perusing them, well knowing that no such Corydons or Phyllises are to be found; but this is a sacrifice which few readers of poetry are slow to make.

We subjoin part of the 'Schoolmistress;' but one other stanza is worthy of notice, not only for its intrinsic excellence, but for its having probably suggested to Gray the fine reflection in his Elegy:

> Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest, &c.

Mr. D'Israeli has pointed out this resemblance in his 'Curiosities of Literature,' and it appears well founded. The palm of merit, as well as originality, seems to belong to Shenstone; for it is more natural and just to predict the existence of undeveloped powers and great eminence in the humble child at school, than to conceive they had slumbered through life in the peasant in the grave. Yet the conception of Gray has a sweet and touching pathos, that sinks into the heart and memory. Shenstone's is as follows:

> Yet, nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
> Even now sagacious foresight points to shew
> A little bench of heedless bishops here,
> And there a chancellor in embryo,

Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,'
As Milton, Shakspeare—names that ne'er shall die!
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starveling elf! his paper-kite may fly.

The Schoolmistress.

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies;
While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise;
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chanced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village marked with little spire,
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame:
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame;
And ofttimes, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stow;
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low;
And as they looked, they found their horror grew,
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display;
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermixed, which thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray;
Where sits the dame, disguised in looks profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the harebell that adorns the field;
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwined,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled;
And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;

And, sooth to say, her pupils ranged around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear;
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honoured eld with these revere;
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impelled by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favour did her past deportment claim;
And, if neglect had lavished on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs, too, she knew, and well of each could speak,
That in her garden sipped the silvery dew;
Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak,
But herbs for use and physic, not a few,
Of gray renown, within those borders grew:
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh balm, and marigold of cheerful hue:
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymnèd such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete;
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer-seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foemen did a song entreat,
All for the nonce, untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And passed much time in truly virtuous deed;
And in those elfins' ears would oft deplore
The times, when truth by popish rage did bleed,
And tortuous death was true devotion's meed;
And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn:
Ah, dearest Lord, forefend thilk days should e'er return!

In elbow-chair (like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defaced,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is placed)
The matron sat; and some with rank she graced
(The source of children's and of courtiers' pride!),
Redressed affronts—for vile affronts there passed;
And warned them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise;
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
Even absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
Forewarned, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo! now with state she utters her command;
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair,
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair:
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forthcoming rod—unpleasing sight, I ween!

From 'A Pastoral Ballad'—1743.

Arbusta humilesque myricæ.—VIRG.

[Though lowly shrubs and trees that shade the plain.—DRYDEN.]

ABSENCE.

herds, so cheerful and gay,
e flocks never carelessly roam;
Corydon's happen to stray,
all the poor wanderers home.
ie to muse and to sigh,
ilk of the change that ye find;
ice was so watchful as I;
: left my dear Phyllis behind.

:now what it is to have strove
the torture of doubt and desire;
is to admire and to love,
o leave her we love and admire.
d forth my flock in the morn,
he damps of each evening repel;
am faint and forlorn—
: bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

ıyllis vouchsafed me a look,
r once dreamt of my vine;
se both my pipe and my crook,
new of a kid that was mine.

I prized every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleased me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh,
And I grieve that I prize them no more. . . .

When forced the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gazed as I slowly withdrew,
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.*

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far-distant shrine,
If he bear but a relic away,
Is happy nor heard to repine.
Thus widely removed from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe;
Soft hope is the relic I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

HOPE.

cs they are furnished with bees,
e murmur invites one to sleep;
toes are shaded with trees,
ıy hills are white over with sheep.
ı have met with a loss,
health do my fountains bestow;
ıtains, all bordered with moss,
: the harebells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweetbriar entwines it around.
Not my fields in the prime of the year
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

: stanza, and the four lines beginning: 'I prized every hour that went by were ıdmired by Johnson, who said: '*If any mind denies its sympathy to them, it* :quaintance with *love or nature*.'

One would think she might like to retire
To the bower I have laboured to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow;
How the nightingales warble their loves,
From thickets of roses that blow!

And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say, 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averred.
Who could rob a poor bird of his young;
And I loved her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue. . .

SOLICITUDE.

Why will you my passion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I shew you the charms of my love:
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave,
With her wit she engages the free,
With her modesty pleases the grave;
She is every way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the swain,
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown,
But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—O my Phyllis, beware
Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow,
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold
'How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold.
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs and die.' . . .

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep;
They have nothing to do but to stray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove:
She was fair, and my passion begun;
She smiled, and I could not but love;
She is faithless, and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought:
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inspire;
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorned with a smile. . . .

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shewn to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never bestowed such delight,
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smiled, and I could not but love;
Was faithless, and I am undone!

*Song—Jemmy Dawson.**

Come listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

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* *Captain James* Dawson, the amiable and unfortunate subject of these stanzas, was *one of the eight* officers belonging to the Manchester regiment of volunteers, in the ser

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
  Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou canst weep at every woe,
  And pity every plaint but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
  A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he loved one charming maid,
  And dearly was he loved again.

One tender maid she loved him dear,
  Of gentle blood the damsel came;
And faultless was her beauteous form,
  And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
  That led the favoured youth astray;
The day the rebel clans appeared
  O had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,
  And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure,
  Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek,
  When Jemmy's sentence reached her ear?
For never yet did Alpine snows
  So pale or yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said:
  'O Dawson, monarch of my heart!
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
  For thou and I will never part.

'Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
  And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
O George! without a prayer for thee
  My orisons should never close.

'The gracious prince that gave him life
  Would crown a never-dying flame;
And every tender babe I bore
  Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

'But though, dear youth, thou shouldst be dragged
  To yonder ignominious tree,
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
  To share thy bitter fate with thee.'

O then her mourning-coach was called,
  The sledge moved slowly on before;
Though borne in her triumphal car,
  She had not loved her favourite more.

She followed him, prepared to view
  The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
  With calm and steadfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
  Which she had fondly loved so long;
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
  Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And severed was that beauteous neck,
  Round which her arms had fondly closed;
And mangled was that beauteous breast
  On which her love-sick head reposed:

And ravished was that constant heart,
  She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could its king forget,
  'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
  She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas mouldered into dust,
  'Now, now,' she cried, 'I follow thee.

'My death, my death alone can shew
  The pure and lasting love I bore:
Accept, O Heaven! of woes like ours,
  And let us, let us weep no more.'

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
  The lover's mournful hearse retired;
The maid drew back her languid head,
  And, sighing forth his name, expired.

Though justice ever must prevail,
  The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
  So sad, so tender, and so true.

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vice of the Young Chevalier, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington Common in 1746. The incident occurred as described in the ballad. A pardon was expected, and Dawson was to have been married the same day. The young lady followed him to the scaffold. 'She got near enough,' as stated in a letter written at the time, 'to see the fire kindled which was to consume that heart which she knew was so much devoted to her, and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without being guilty of any of those extravagances which her friends had apprehended. But when all was over, and that she found he was no more, she drew her head back into the coach, and crying out: "My dear, *I follow thee—I follow* thee! Sweet Jesus, receive both our souls *together*," *fell on the neck of her* companion, and expired the very moment she was *speaking*.'

Written at an Inn at Henley.

To thee, fair Freedom, I retire
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign,
And every health which I begin
Converts dull port to bright champagne;
Such freedom crowns it at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
I fly from falsehood's specious grin:
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
Which lackeys else might hope to win;
It buys what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

DAVID MALLET.

DAVID MALLET, author of some beautiful ballad stanzas, and some florid unimpassioned poems in blank verse, was a successful but unprincipled literary adventurer. He praised and courted Pope while living, and, after experiencing his kindness, traduced his memory when dead. He earned a disgraceful pension by contributing to the death of a brave naval officer, Admiral Byng, who fell a victim to the clamour of faction; and by various other acts of his life, he evinced that self-aggrandisement was his only steady and ruling passion. When Johnson, therefore, states that Mallet was the only Scot whom Scotchmen did not commend, he pays a compliment to the virtue and integrity of the natives of Scotland. The original name of the poet was Malloch. When the clan Macgregor was abolished by an act of the privy-council in 1603, and subsequently by acts of parliament, some of the clansmen took this name of Malloch, of which two Gaelic etymologies have been given. One derives it from *Mala*, a brow or eyebrow, and another from *Mallaich*, the cursed or accursed. Mallet's father is said to have kept an inn at Crieff, in Perthshire; but a recent editor of the poet,* upon grounds not merely plausible but very probable, believes him to have been the son of parents of a less humble condition of life—a family of Mallochs settled upon the farm of Dunruchan, near Muthill, Perthshire, the head of which family was one of three on the great estates of Perth who rode on saddles, that being a dignity not permitted or too costly for others.

The Dunruchan Mallochs were concerned in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, and sunk to poverty. David is first found in the situation of janitor of the High School of Edinburgh—a menial office rarely given to one so young as Mallet, who was then not more than fifteen or sixteen. He held the office for half a year, his full salary being ten pounds Scots, or 16s. 8d. This was in 1718. He then studied for a time under Professor Ker of Aberdeen, to whose kindness he was much indebted, and he was afterwards received, though without salary, as [illegible] in the family of Mr. Home of Dreghorn, near Edinburgh. He

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[illegible] *Ballads and Songs by David Mallet.* Edited by Dr. Dinsdale, 1857.

next obtained a similar situation, but with a salary of £30 per annum, in the family of the Duke of Montrose. In 1723, he went to London with the duke's family, and next year his ballad of 'William and Margaret' appeared in Hill's periodical, the 'Plain Dealer.' He soon numbered among his friends Young, Pope, and other eminent persons, to whom his assiduous attentions, his agreeable manners, and literary taste, rendered his society acceptable. In 1726 he began to write his name Mallet, 'for there is not one Englishman,' he said, 'that can pronounce Malloch.' In 1728 he published his poem the 'Excursion,' written in imitation of the blank verse of Thomson. The defects of Thomson's style are servilely copied; some of his epithets and expressions are also borrowed; but there is no approach to his redeeming graces and beauties. Passing over his feeble tragedies, Mallet, in 1733, published a satire on Bentley, inscribed to Pope, entitled 'Verbal Criticism,' in which he insolently characterises the venerable scholar as

> In error obstinate, in wrangling loud,
> For trifles eager, positive, and proud;
> Deep in the darkness of dull authors bred,
> With all their refuse lumbered in his head.

Through the recommendation of Pope, Mallet was appointed travelling tutor to the son of Mr. Knight of Gosfield, with whom he visited the continent for several summers. He was next patronised by Frederick, Prince of Wales, then head of the Opposition, and by command of the prince, he wrote, in conjunction with Thomson, the mask of 'Alfred,' which was performed in 1740, at Cliefden, the summer residence of his royal highness. In this slight dramatic performance — which was afterwards altered by Mallet, and brought upon the stage at Drury Lane in 1751—'Rule Britannia' first appeared; a song which, as Southey said, 'will be the political hymn of this country as long as she maintains her political power.' Whether Thomson or Mallet was the author of 'Rule Britannia' is not quite settled. A competent critic, Mr. Bolton Corney, ascribes it to Mallet, who indirectly claimed it as wholly his own composition, but his assertion carries little weight with it, and the lyric seems to breathe the higher inspiration and more manly and patriotic spirit of Thomson. The neat artistic hand of Mallet may, however, have been employed on some of the stanzas. In the same year (1740), Mallet wrote a life of Bacon, prefixed to an edition of the works of the philosopher. In 1742, he was appointed under-secretary to the Prince of Wales, with a salary of £200 per annum; and a fortunate second marriage—nothing is known of his first—added to his income, as the lady had a fortune of seven or eight thousand pounds. She was daughter of Lord Carlisle's steward. Both Mallet and his wife professed to be deists, and the lady is said to have surprised some of her friends by commencing her arguments with: '*Sir, we deists.*' When Gibbon the historian was dismissed from his college at Oxford for embracing popery, he took refuge in Mallet's house, and was rather scandalised, he says, than reclaimed, by the philosophy of his host. Wilkes mentions that the vain and fantastic wife of Mallet one day lamented to a lady that her husband *suffered in reputation* by his name being so often confounded with that of Smollett; the lady wittily answered: 'Madam, there is a short remedy: let your husband keep his own name.'

On the death of the Duchess of Marlborough, it was found that she had left £1000 to Glover, author of 'Leonidas,' and Mallet jointly, on condition that they should draw up from the family papers a life of the great duke. Glover, indignant at a stipulation in the will, that the memoir was to be submitted before publication to the Earl of Chesterfield, and being a high-spirited man, devolved the whole on Mallet, who also received a pension from the second Duke of Marlborough to stimulate his industry. He pretended to be busy with the work, and in the dedication to a small collection of his poems published in 1762, he stated that he hoped soon to present his grace with something *more solid* in the life of the first Duke of Marlborough. Mallet had received the solid money, and cared for nothing else. On his death, it was found that not a single line of the memoir had been written. In 1747, appeared Mallet's poem, 'Amyntor and Theodora.' This, the longest of his poetical works, is a tale in blank verse, the scene of which is laid in the solitary island of St. Kilda, whither one of his characters, Aurelius, had fled to avoid the religious persecutions under Charles II. Some highly wrought descriptions of marine scenery, storms, and shipwreck, with a few touches of natural pathos and affection, constitute the chief characteristics of the poem. The whole, however—even the very names in such a locality—has an air of improbability and extravagance. In 1749, Mallet came forward as the ostensible editor of Bolingbroke's 'Patriot King'—insulting the memory of his benefactor Pope; and the peer rewarded him by bequeathing to him the whole of his works, manuscripts, and library. Mallet's love of money and infidel principles were equally gratified by this bequest—he published the collected works of Bolingbroke in 1754.* His next appearance was also of a discreditable character. When the government became unpopular by the defeat at Minorca, Mallet was employed (1756) in its defence, and under the signature of a Plain Man, he published an address imputing cowardice to the admiral of the fleet. He succeeded: Byng was shot, and Mallet was pensioned. The accession of George III. opened a way for all literary Scotsmen subservient to the crown. Mallet was soon a worshipper of the favourite Lord Bute. In 1761, he published a flattering poetical epistle, 'Truth in Rhyme,' addressed to Lord Bute, and equally laudatory of the king and the minister. Of this piece Chesterfield said:

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* Johnson's sentence on the noble author and his editor is one of his most pointed *conversational memorabilia*: 'Sir, he was a scoundrel and a coward: a scoundrel for charging *a blunderbuss* against religion and morality; a coward because he had not resolution *to fire it off himself*, but left half-a-crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger *after his death.*'

> It has no faults, or I no faults can spy!
> It is all beauty, or all blindness I.

Astrea from her native sky beholds the virtues of the 'patriot king,' and summons Urania to sing his praises. Urania doubts whether a prince deserving but shunning fame, would permit her strains, but she calls upon all Britons to emulate their king, and, considering to whom such 'grateful lays' should be sent,

> To strike at once all scandal mute,
> The goddess found, and fixed on Bute!

Such is the poor conceit on which the rhyme is built. Mallet afterwards dedicated his tragedy of 'Elvira' (1763) to Lord Bute, and was rewarded with the office of Keeper of the Book of Entries for the Port of London, which was worth £400 per annum. He enjoyed this appointment little more than two years, dying in London, April 21, 1765.

Gibbon anticipated that if ever his friend Mallet should attain poetic fame, it would be by his 'Amyntor and Theodora;' but, contrary to the *dictum* of the historian, the poetic fame of Mallet rests on his ballads, and chiefly on his 'William and Margaret,' which, written about the age of twenty-two, afforded high hopes of ultimate excellence. The simplicity, here remarkable, he seems to have thrown aside when he assumed the airs and dress of a man of taste and fashion. All critics, from Dr. Percy downwards, have united in considering 'William and Margaret' one of the finest compositions of the kind in our language. Sir Walter Scott conceived that Mallet had imitated an old Scottish tale to be found in Allan Ramsay's 'Tea-table Miscellany,' beginning:

> There came a ghost to Margaret's door.

The resemblance is striking. Mallet confessed only—in a note to his ballad—to the following verse in Fletcher's 'Knight of the Burning Pestle:'

> When it was grown to dark midnight,
> And all were fast asleep,
> In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
> And stood at William's feet.

In the first printed copies of Mallet's ballad, the first two lines were nearly the same as the above—

> When all was wrapt in dark midnight,
> And all were fast asleep.

He improved the rhyme by the change; but beautiful as the idea is of night and morning meeting, it may be questioned whether there is not *more of the ballad simplicity* in the old words.

William and Margaret.

'Twas at the silent solemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear.
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consumed her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek,
She died before her time.

'Awake!' she cried, 'thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave:
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refused to save.

'This is the dark and dreary hour
When injured ghosts complain;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

'Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath!
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

'Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

'How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

'Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young, witless maid!
Believe the flattering tale?

'That face, alas! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,
And every charm is fled.

'The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

'But hark! the cock has warned me hence;
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
Who died for love of you.'

The lark sung loud; the morning smiled
With beams of rosy red:
Pale William quaked in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay;
And stretched him on the green-grass turf
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he called on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spake never more!

The Birks of Invermay.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tunefu' birds to sing:
And, while they warble from the spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them, improve the hour that flies;
And in soft raptures waste the day,
Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feathered songsters are no more;
And when they drop and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay!

Some additional stanzas were added to the above by Dr. Bryce, *Kirknewton*. Invermay is in Perthshire, the native county of Mallet, and is situated near the termination of a little picturesque stream called the May. The 'birk' or birch-tree is abundant, adding grace and beauty to rock and stream. Though a Celt by birth, Mallet had none of the imaginative wildness or superstition of his native country. Macpherson, on the other hand, seems to have been completely imbued with it.

MARK AKENSIDE.

The author of 'The Pleasures of Imagination,' one of the most pure and noble-minded poems of the age, was of humble origin. His parents were dissenters, and the Puritanism imbibed in his early years seems, as in the case of Milton, to have given a gravity and earnestness to his character, and a love of freedom to his thoughts and imagination. **MARK AKENSIDE** was the son of a respectable butcher at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he was born, November 9, 1721. An accident in his early years—the fall of one of his father's cleavers, or hatchets, on his foot—rendered him lame for life, and perpetuated the recollection of his lowly birth. The Society of Dissenters advanced a sum for the education of the poet as a clergyman, and he repaired to Edinburgh for this purpose in his eighteenth year. He afterwards repented of this destination, and, returning the money, entered himself as a student of medicine. He was then a poet, and in his 'Hymn to Science,' written in Edinburgh, we see at once the formation of his classic taste, and the dignity of his personal character:

That last best effort of thy skill,
To form the life and rule the will,
  Propitious Power! impart;
Teach me to cool my passion's fires,
Make me the judge of my desires,
  The master of my heart.

Raise me above the vulgar's breath,
Pursuit of fortune, fear of death,
  And all in life that 's mean;
Still true to reason be my plan,
Still let my actions speak the man,
  Through every various scene.

A youth animated by such sentiments, promised a manhood of honour and integrity. The medical studies of Akenside were completed at Leyden, where he took his degree of M.D. May 16, 1744. Previous to this he had published anonymously his 'Pleasures of Imagination,' which appeared in January of that year, and was so well received that a second edition was called for within four months. The price demanded for the copyright was £120, a large sum; but Dodsley the publisher having submitted it to Pope, the latter advised him not to make a niggardly offer, 'for this was no everyday writer.' The success of the work justified alike poet, critic, and publisher. The same year Akenside in a poetical epistle attacked Pulteney under the name of Curio, but desirous of some more solid support than the Muse, he commenced physician at Northampton. The ground was preoccupied, and he did not succeed. He then published a collection of 'Odes,' and in January 1746, he engaged to contribute to Dodsley's 'Museum' an essay and review of new books once a fortnight, for which he was to receive £100 per annum. He continued also to practise as a physician, first at Hampstead, and afterwards in Bloomsbury Square, London, and he published several medical treatises. At Leyden he had formed an intimacy with a young Englishman of fortune, Jeremiah Dyson, Esq which ripened into a friendship of the most close and enthusiastic description: and Mr. Dyson—who was afterwards clerk of the House of Commons, a lord of the treasury, &c.—had the generosity to allow the poet £300 a year. After writing a few 'Odes,' and attempting a total alteration of his great poem—in which he was far from successful—Akenside made no further efforts at composition. In 1757, appeared the enlargement of the First Book of his 'Pleasures of Imagination,' of the Second Book in 1765, and a fragment of an intended Fourth Book was published after his death.

The society of the poet was courted for his taste, knowledge, and eloquence; but his solemn sententiousness of manner, his romantic ideas of liberty, and his unbounded admiration of the ancients, exposed him occasionally to ridicule. The physician in 'Peregrine Pickle,' who gives a feast in the manner of the ancients, is supposed to have been a caricature of Akenside. The description, for rich humour and grotesque combinations of learning and folly, has not been excelled by Smollett; but it was unworthy his talents to cast ridicule on a man of high character, learning, and genius. Akenside died suddenly of a putrid sore throat, on the 23d of June, 1770, in his 49th year, and was buried in St. James's Church. With a feeling common to poets, as to more ordinary mortals, Akenside, in his latter days, reverted with delight to his native landscape on the banks of the Tyne. In his fragment of a fourth book of the 'Pleasures of Imagination,' written in the last year of his life, there is the following beautiful passage:

O ye dales
Of Tyne, and ye most ancient woodlands; where
Oft, as the giant flood obliquely strides,
And his banks open and his lawns extend,
Stops short the pleasèd traveller to view,
Presiding o'er the scene, some rustic tower
Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands!
O ye Northumbrian shades, which overlook
The rocky pavement and the mossy falls
Of solitary Wensbeck's limpid stream!
How gladly I recall your well-known seats
Beloved of old, and that delightful time
When all alone, for many a summer's day,
I wandered through your calm recesses, led
In silence by some powerful hand unseen.
Nor will I e'er forget you; nor shall e'er
The graver tasks of manhood, or the advice
Of vulgar wisdom, move me to disclaim
Those studies which possessed me in the dawn
Of life, and fixed the colour of my mind
For every future year: whence even now
From sleep I rescue the clear hours of morn,
And, while the world around lies overwhelmed
In idle darkness, am alive to thoughts

Of honourable fame, of truth divine
Or moral, and of minds to virtue won
By the sweet magic of harmonious verse.

The spirit of Milton seems to speak in this strain of lofty egotism![*]

The 'Pleasures of Imagination' is a poem seldom read continuously, though its finer passages, by frequent quotation, particularly in works of criticism and moral philosophy, are well known. Gray censured the mixture of spurious philosophy—the speculations of Hutcheson and Shaftesbury—which the work contains. Plato, Lucretius, and even the papers by Addison in the 'Spectator,' were also laid under contribution by the studious author. He gathered sparks of enthusiasm from kindred minds, but the train was in his own. The pleasures which his poem professes to treat of, 'proceed,' he says, 'either from natural objects, as from a flourishing grove, a clear and murmuring fountain, a calm sea by moonlight, or from works of art, such as a noble edifice, a musical tune, a statue, a picture, a poem.' These, with the moral and intellectual objects arising from them, furnish abundant topics for illustration; but Akenside dealt chiefly with abstract subjects, pertaining more to philosophy than to poetry. He did not seek to graft upon them human interests and passions. In tracing the final causes of our emotions, he could have described their exercise and effects in scenes of ordinary pain or pleasure in the walks of real life. This does not seem, however, to have been the purpose of the poet, and hence his work is deficient in interest. He seldom stoops from the heights of philosophy and classic taste. He considered that physical science improved the charms of nature. Contrary to the feeling of another poet (Campbell) who repudiates these 'cold material laws,' he viewed the rainbow with additional pleasure after he had studied the Newtonian theory of lights and colours:

Nor ever yet
The melting rainsbow's vernal tinctured hues
To me have shone so pleasing, as when first
The hand of Science pointed out the path
In which the sunbeams gleaming from the west
Fall on the watery cloud, whose darksome veil
Involves the orient.

Akenside's 'Hymn to the Naiads' has the true classical spirit. He had caught the manner and feeling, the varied pause and harmony, of the Greek poets, with such felicity that Lloyd considered his 'Hymn' as fitted to give a better idea of that form of composition, than could be conveyed by any translation of Homer or Callimachus.

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[*] Thus Milton in his *Apology for Smectymnuus*: 'Those morning haunts are where they should be, at home; not sleeping or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring, in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awake men to labour, or to devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary, or memory have its full fraught; then with useful and generous labours preserving the body's health and hardiness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish, obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion, and our country's liberty, when it shall require firm hearts in sound bodies to stand and cover their stations.' See also the fine passage *ante*.

Gray was an equally learned poet, perhaps superior: his knowledge was better digested. But Gray had not the romantic enthusiasm of character, tinged with pedantry, which naturally belonged to Akenside. He had also the experience of mature years. The genius of Akenside was early developed, and his diffuse and florid descriptions seem the natural product—marvellous of its kind—of youthful exuberance. He was afterwards conscious of the defects of his poem. He saw that there was too much leaf for the fruit; but in cutting off these luxuriances, he sacrificed some of the finest blossoms. Posterity has been more just to his fame, by almost wholly disregarding this second copy of his philosophical poem. In his youthful aspirations after moral and intellectual greatness and beauty, he seems like Jeremy Taylor in the pulpit, 'an angel newly descended from the visions of glory.' In advanced years, he is the professor in his robes; still free from stain, but stately, formal, and severe. The blank verse of the 'Pleasures of Imagination' is free and well modulated, and seems to be distinctly his own. Though apt to run into too long periods, it has more compactness of structure than Thomson's ordinary composition. Its occasional want of perspicuity probably arises from the fineness of his distinctions, and the difficulty attending mental analysis in verse. He might also wish to avoid all vulgar and common expressions, and thus err from excessive refinement. A redundancy of ornament undoubtedly, in some passages, takes off from the clearness and prominence of his conceptions. His highest flights, however—as in the allusion to the death of Cæsar, and his exquisitely wrought parallel between art and nature—have a flow and energy of expression, with appropriate imagery, which mark the great poet. His style is chaste, yet elevated and musical. He never compromised his dignity, though he blended sweetness with its expression.

Aspirations after the Infinite.

Say, why was man so eminently raised
Amid the vast creation; why ordained
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast:
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep ascent
Of Nature, calls him to his high reward,
The applauding smile of Heaven? Else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenchèd hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind
With such resistless ardour to embrace
Majestic forms; impatient to be free,

Spurning the gross control of wilful might;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? who but rather turns
To Heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with shade,
And continents of sand, will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul!
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens;
Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and, hovering round the sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of Time. Thence far effused,
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invests the orient. Now, amazed she views
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travelled the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrived in sight of mortal things.
Even on the barriers of the world, untired
She meditates the eternal depth below;
Till half-recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelmed and swallowed up
In that Immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of Renown,
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

Patriotism.

Mind, mind alone—bear witness, earth and heaven!—
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand
Sit paramount the Graces; here enthroned,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Look, then, abroad through nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;

And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country, hail!
For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free! Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper, or the morn,
In Nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear that streams for others' woes,
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where Peace, with ever-blooming olive, crowns
The gate; where Honour's liberal hands effuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
Of Innocence and Love protect the scene.

Taste.

What, then, is taste, but these internal powers
Active and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deformed or disarranged, or gross
In species? This, nor gems nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
But God alone, when first his active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.
He, mighty Parent! wise and just in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven,
Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain
Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine gleaming, as through amber clouds,
O'er all the western sky; full soon, I ween,
His rude expression and untutored airs,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty smiling at his heart,
How lovely! how commanding! But though heaven
In every breast hath sown these early seeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
Without enlivening suns, and genial showers,
And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harvest promised in its spring.
Nor yet will every soil with equal stores
Repay the tiller's labour; or attend
His will, obsequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel. Different minds
Incline to different objects: one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another sighs for harmony and grace,
And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightning fires
The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground,

When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky,
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakespeare looks abroad
From some high cliff superior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs
All on the margin of some flowery stream
To spread his careless limbs amid the cool
Of plantane shades, and to the listening deer
The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain
Resound soft-warbling all the live-long day:
Consenting zephyr sighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and so various are the tastes of men.
  O blest of heaven! whom not the languid songs
Of luxury, the syren! not the bribes
Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant honour can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of nature fair Imagination culls
To charm the enlivened soul. What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marble and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreproved. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspired delight: her tempered powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal majesty that weighed
The world's foundations: if to these the mind

Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous power;
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what the eternal Maker has ordained
The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan,
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

Inscription for a Monument to Shakspeare.

O youths and virgins: O declining eld:
O pale misfortune's slaves: O ye who dwell
Unknown with humble quiet: ye who wait
In courts, or fill the golden seat of kings:
O sons of sport and pleasure: O thou wretch
That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore wounds
Of conscious guilt, or death's rapacious hand,
Which left thee void of hope: O ye who roam
In exile, ye who through the embattled field
Seek bright renown, or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a public cause,
Approach: behold this marble. Know ye not
The features? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the fashion of your own estate,
The secrets of your bosom? Here then round
His monument with reverence while ye stand,
Say to each other: 'This was Shakspeare's form;
Who walked in every path of human life,
Felt every passion; and to all mankind
Doth now, will ever that experience yield
Which his own genius only could acquire.'

Inscription for a Statue of Chaucer, at Woodstock.

Such was old Chaucer: such the placid mien
Of him who first with harmony informed
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
He sang; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life; through each estate and age,
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying. Though perchance
From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou art come
Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain
Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be cold
To him, this other hero; who in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land.

GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON.

As a poet, LYTTELTON might escape remembrance, but he comes before us as a general author, and is, from various considerations apart from literary reputation, worthy of notice. He was the son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton of Hagley, in Worcestershire—born on the 17th of January 1709; and after distinguishing himself at Eton and Oxford, he went abroad, and passed some time in France and Italy. On his return, he obtained a seat in parliament, and opposed the measures of Sir Robert Walpole. He became secretary to the Prince of Wales, and was thus able to benefit his literary friends, Thomson and Mallet. Pope admired his talents and principles, commemorated him in his verse, and remembered him in his will. In 1741, Lyttelton married Miss Lucy Fortescue of Devonshire, who, dying five years afterwards, afforded a theme for his muse, considered by many the most successful of his poetical efforts. When Walpole and the Whigs were vanquished, Lyttelton was made one of the lords of the treasury. He was afterwards a privy-councillor and chancellor of the exchequer, and was elevated to the peerage. He died August 22, 1773, aged sixty-four. Lyttelton appeared early as an author. In 1728, he published 'Blenheim,' a poem; in 1732, 'The Progress of Love;' in 1735, 'Letters from a Persian in England,' &c. He was author of a short but excellent treatise on the 'Conversion of St. Paul,' which is still regarded as one of the subsidiary bulwarks of Christianity. He wrote this work in 1746, as he has stated, with 'a particular view to the satisfaction' of Thomson the poet, to whom he was strongly attached. Another prose work of Lyttelton's, 'Dialogues of the Dead' (1760), enjoyed considerable popularity. He also wrote an elaborate 'History of the Reign of Henry II.,' to which he brought ample information and a spirit of impartiality and justice; but the work is dry and tedious—'not illuminated,' as Gibbon remarks, 'by a ray of genius.' These various works, and his patronage of literary men—Fielding, it will be recollected, dedicated to him his 'Tom Jones,' and to Thomson he was a firm friend—constitute the chief claim of Lyttelton upon the regard of posterity. As a politician, though honest, he was not distinguished. Gray has praised his 'Monody' on his wife's death as tender and elegiac; but undoubtedly the finest poetical effusion of Lyttelton is his Prologue to Thomson's tragedy of 'Coriolanus.' Before this play could be brought out, Thomson had paid the debt of nature. The tragedy was acted for the benefit of the poet's relations, and when Quin spoke the prologue by Lyttelton, many of the audience wept at the lines—

He loved his friends—forgive this gushing tear:
Alas! I feel I am no actor here.

From the Monody.

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;

Where oft we used to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky;

Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can she now be found:
In all the wide-stretched prospect's ample bound,
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns,
By your delighted mother's side:
Who now your infant steps shall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
To every virtue would have formed your youth,
And strewed with flowers the thorny ways of truth?
O loss beyond repair!

O wretched father, left alone
To weep their dire misfortune and thy own!
How shall thy weakened mind, oppressed with woe,
And dropping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
Now she, alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpless age to save!

From 'Advice to a Lady.'

The counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.
Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I shew
What female vanity might fear to know:
Some merit's mine to dare to be sincere;
But greater your sincerity to bear.
Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends;
All who approach them their own ends pursue;
Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays;
Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amused,
When most you tyrannise, you're most abused.
What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition?—To be fair.
For this the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys:
For this, hands, lips, and eyes are put to school,
And each instructed feature has its rule:
And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of Heaven!
How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely, that are made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind, as well as dress;
Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.
Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense;

For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain:
Of those who claim it more than half have none;
And half of those who have it are undone.
Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts;
For you, the plainest is the wisest rule:
A cunning woman is a knavish fool.
Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene;
Without all beauty, and all peace within;
The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form;
Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.
Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
A woman's noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

Prologue to the Tragedy of Coriolanus—Spoken by Mr. Quin.

I come not here your candour to implore
For scenes whose author is, alas! no more;
He wants no advocate his cause to plead;
You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
No party his benevolence confined,
No sect—alike it flowed to all mankind.
He loved his friends—forgive this gushing tear:
Alas! I feel I am no actor here—
He loved his friends with such a warmth of heart,
So clear of interest, so devoid of art,
Such generous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
No words can speak it, but our tears may tell.
O candid truth! O faith without a stain!
O manners gently firm, and nobly plain!
O sympathising love of others' bliss—
Where will you find another breast like his!
Such was the man: the poet well you know;
Oft has he touched your hearts with tender woe;
Oft in this crowded house, with just applause,
You heard him teach fair Virtue's purest laws;
For his chaste muse employed her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire;
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.
O may to-night your favourable doom
Another laurel add to grace his tomb:
Whilst he, superior now to praise or blame,
Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
Yet if to those whom most on earth he loved,
From whom his pious care is now removed,
With whom his liberal hand, and bounteous heart,
Shared all his little fortune could impart:
If to those friends your kind regard shall give
What they no longer can from his receive,
That, that, even now, above yon starry pole,
May touch with pleasure his immortal soul.

o the 'Castle of Indolence,' Lyttelton contributed the following llent stanza, containing a portrait of Thomson:

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems,
Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,
Poured forth his unpremeditated strain:
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here laughed he careless in his easy seat;
Here quaffed encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralising sage: his ditty sweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

This 'ditty sweet,' however, Lyttelton did not hesitate to alter and curtail at his pleasure in editions of Thomson's works published in 1750 and 1752. The unwarrantable liberties thus taken with the poet's text have been universally condemned, and were not continued in any subsequent edition. In 1845 appeared 'Memoir and Correspondence of George Lord Lyttelton, from 1734 to 1773,' edited by R. Phillimore.

JOHN BYROM.

A pastoral poem, 'My Time, O ye Muses, was happily spent'—published in the 'Spectator,' Oct. 6, 1714—has served to perpetuate the name and history of its author. JOHN BYROM (1691–1763) was a native of Manchester. He took his degree of B.A. in Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1711, and studied medicine at Montpellier in France. On his return, he applied himself to teach a system of shorthand which he had invented, and which he had secured to him by an act of parliament passed in 1742. Among his pupils were Gibbon and Horace Walpole. The latter part of Byrom's life was, however, spent in easy and opulent circumstances. He succeeded by the death of an elder brother to the family property in Manchester, and lived highly respected in that town. The poetical works of Byrom consist of short occasional pieces, which enjoyed great popularity in their day, and were included by Chalmers in his edition of the poets. His 'Private Journal and Literary Remains' have been published (1854–1858) by the Chetham Society, founded in Manchester to illustrate the local antiquities of the counties of Lancaster and Chester. The 'Journal' is a light gossiping record, which adds little to our knowledge of the social character or public events of the period, but exhibits its author as an amiable, cheerful, and happy man.

A Pastoral.

My time. O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When Phœbe went with me wherever I went;
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast:
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest!
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring; but alas! it was she.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep:
I was so good-humoured, so cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day;

But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy, as never was known.
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drowned,
And my heart—I am sure it weighs more than a pound.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among;
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear:
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide:
'Must you be so cheerful, while I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.'

My lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And Phœbe and I were as joyful as they;
How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
When Spring, Love, and Beauty were all in their prime;
But now, in their frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass;
'Be still,' then I cry, 'for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry while I am so sad.'

My dog I was ever well pleasèd to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phœbe was pleased too, and to my dog said:
'Come hither, poor fellow;' and patted his head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look
Cry 'Sirrah;' and give him a blow with my crook:
And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his master, when Phœbe's away?

When walking with Phœbe, what sights have I seen,
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green!
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn-fields and hedges, and everything made!
But now she has left me, though all are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whispered, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave everything else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?
Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you drest
And made yourselves fine for—a place in her breast:
You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
To be plucked by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly Time creeps till my Phœbe return!
While amidst the zephyr's cool breezes I burn:
Methinks, if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down the lead.

Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And rest so much longer for 't when she is here.
Ah, Colin! old Time is quite full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

Will no pitying power, that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
To be cured, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove;
But what swain is so silly to live without love?
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair;
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye part with your fair.

*Careless Content.**

I am content, I do not care,
Wag as it will the world for me;
When fuss and fret was all my fare,
It got no ground as I could see:
So when away my caring went,
I counted cost, and was content.

With more of thanks and less of thought,
I strive to make my matters meet;
To seek what ancient sages sought,
Physic and food in sour and sweet:
To take what passes in good part,
And keep the hiccups from the heart.

With good and gentle-humoured hearts,
I choose to chat where'er I come,
Whate'er the subject be that starts;
But if I get among the glum,
I hold my tongue, to tell the truth,
And keep my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change of peace or pain,
For Fortune's favour or her frown,
For lack or glut, for loss or gain,
I never dodge, nor up nor down:
But swing what way the ship shall swim,
Or tack about with equal trim.

I suit not where I shall not speed,
Nor trace the turn of every tide;
If simple sense will not succeed,
I make no bustling, but abide:
For shining wealth, or scaring woe,
I force no friend, I fear no foe.

Of ups and down, of ins and outs,
Of they 're i' the wrong, and we 're i' the right,
I shun the rancours and the routs;
And wishing well to every wight,
Whatever turn the matter takes,
I deem it all but ducks and drakes.

With whom I feast I do not fawn,
Nor if the folks should flout me faint;
If wonted welcome be withdrawn,
I cook no kind of a complaint:
With none disposed to disagree,
But like them best who best like me.

Not that I rate myself the rule
How all my betters should behave;
But fame shall find me no man's fool,
Nor to a set of men a slave:
I love a friendship free and frank,
And hate to hang upon a bank.

Fond of a true and trusty tie,
I never loose where'er I link;
Though if a business budges by,
I talk thereon just as I think;
My word, my work, my heart, my hand,
Still on a side together stand.

If names or notions make a noise,
Whatever hap the question hath,
The point impartially I poise,
And read or write, but without wrath,
For should I burn, or break my brains,
Pray, who will pay me for my pains?

I love my neighbour as myself,
Myself like him too, by his leave;
Nor to his pleasure, power, or pelf,
Came I to crouch, as I conceive:
Dame Nature doubtless has designed
A man the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, sirs,
Mood it and brood it in your breast;
Or if ye ween, for worldly stirs,
That man does right to mar his rest,
Let me be deft, and debonair,
I am content, I do not care.

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* One poem, entitled *Careless Content*, is so perfectly in the manner of Elizabeth's age, that we can hardly believe it to be an imitation, but are almost disposed to think that Byrom had transcribed it from some old author.—SOUTHEY.

Jacobite Toast.

God bless the king—I mean the Faith's Defender;
God bless (no harm in blessing) the Pretender!
But who Pretender is, or who is king,
God bless us all!—that's quite another thing.

THOMAS GRAY.

Thomas Gray was born at Cornhill, London, December 26, 1716. His father, Philip Gray, was a money-scrivener—the same occupation carried on by Milton's father; but though a 'respectable citizen,' the parent of Gray was a man of harsh and violent disposition. His wife was forced to separate from him; and it was to the exertions of this excellent woman, as partner with her sister in a millinery business, that the poet owed the advantages of a learned education, first at Eton, and afterwards at Cambridge. The painful domestic circumstances of his youth gave a tinge of melancholy and pensive reflection to Gray, which is visible in his poetry. At Eton, the young student had made the friendship of Horace Walpole, son of the prime-minister; and when his college education was completed, Walpole induced him to accompany him in a tour through France and Italy. They had been about a twelvemonth together, exploring the natural beauties, antiquities, and picture-galleries of Rome, Florence, Naples, &c. when a quarrel took place between them at Reggio, and the travellers separated, Gray returning to England. Walpole took the blame of this difference on himself, as he was vain and volatile, and not disposed to trust in the better knowledge and somewhat fastidious tastes and habits of his associate. Gray went to Cambridge, to take his degree in civil law, but without intending to follow up the profession. His father had died, his mother's fortune was small, and poet was more intent on learning than on riches. He fixed his residence at Cambridge; and amidst its noble libraries and learned society, passed the greater part of his remaining life. He hated mathematical and metaphysical pursuits, but was ardently devoted to classical learning, to which he added the study of architecture, antiquities, natural history, and other branches of knowledge. His retired life was varied by occasional residence in London, where he revelled among the treasures of the British Museum; and by frequent excursions to the country on visits to a few learned and attached friends.

At Cambridge, Gray was considered as an unduly fastidious man, and this gave occasion to practical jokes being played off upon him by his fellow-inmates of St. Peter's College, one of which—a false alarm of fire, by which he was induced to descend from his window to the ground by a rope—was the cause of his removing (1756) to Pembroke Hall. In 1765 he took a journey into Scotland, and met his brother-poet, Dr. Beattie, at Glammis Castle. He also penetrated into Wales, and made a journey to Cumberland and Westmoreland, to see the scenery of the lakes. His letters describing these excursions are remarkable for elegance and precision, for correct and extensive observation, and for a dry scholastic humour peculiar to the poet. On returning from these agreeable holidays, Gray set himself calmly down in his college retreat—pored over his favourite authors, compiled tables of chronology or botany, moralised 'on all he felt and all he saw' in correspondence with his friends, and occasionally ventured into the realms of poetry and imagination. He had studied the Greek poets with such intense devotion and critical care, that their spirit and essence seem to have sunk into his mind, and coloured all his efforts at original composition. At the same time, his knowledge of human nature, and his sympathy with the world, were varied and profound. Tears fell unbidden among the classic flowers of fancy, and in his almost monastic cell his heart vibrated to the finest tones of humanity.

Gray's first public appearance as a poet was made in 1747, when his 'Ode to Eton College' was published by Dodsley. It was, however, written in 1742, as also the 'Ode to Spring.' In 1751, his 'Elegy written in a Country Churchyard' was printed, and immediately became popular. His 'Pindaric Odes' appeared in 1757, but met with little success. His name, however, was now so well known, that he was offered the situation of poet-laureate, vacant by the death of Colley Cibber. Gray declined the appointment; but shortly afterwards he obtained the more reputable and lucrative situation of Professor of Modern History, which brought him in about £400 per annum. For some years he had been subject to hereditary gout, and as his circumstances improved, his health declined. While at dinner one day in the college-hall, he was seized with an attack in the stomach, which was so violent as to resist all the efforts of medicine, and after six days of suffering, he expired on the 30th of July 1771, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He was buried, according to his desire, by the side of his mother, at Stoke Pogeis, near Windsor—adding one more poetical association to that beautiful and classic district of England.*

The poetry of Gray is all comprised in a few pages, yet he appears worthy to rank in quality with the first order of poets. His two great odes, the 'Progress of Poesy' and the 'Bard,' are the most splendid compositions we possess in the Pindaric style and measure. They surpass the odes of Collins in fire and energy, in boldness of imagination, and in condensed and brilliant expression. Collins is as purely and entirely poetical, but he is less commanding and sublime. Gray's stanzas, notwithstanding their varied and complicated versification, flow with lyrical ease and perfect harmony. Each presents rich personification, striking thoughts, or happy imagery—

Sublime their starry fronts they rear.

The 'Bard' is more dramatic and picturesque than the 'Progress of yet in the latter are some of the poet's richest and most strains. As, for example, the sketch of the savage youth of

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* Gray's epitaph on his mother has an interesting touch of his peculiar melancholy: '*Dorothy Gray*, widow, the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom *alone had the misfortune to survive her*.' The churchyard at Stoke Pogeis is supposed to be the scene of the *Elegy*.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The muse has broke the twilight gloom,
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured chiefs and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue and generous shame,
The unconquerable mind and Freedom's holy flame.

poetical characters of Shakspeare, Milton, and Dryden:

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
'This pencil take,' she said, 'whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.'

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of the abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of space and time:
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

'Ode to Eton College,' the 'Ode to Adversity,' and the far- 'Elegy,' present the same careful and elaborate finishing; but ughts and imagery are more simple, natural, and touching. A f moral feelings, and solemn or affecting associations, is pre- to the mind, in connection with beautiful natural scenery and of real life. In a letter to Beattie, Gray remarks: 'As to de- on, I have always thought that it made the most graceful or- t of poetry, but never ought to make the subject.' He prac- hat he taught; for there is always some sentiment or reflec- ising out of the poet's descriptive passages. These are gene- rave, tender, or pathetic. The cast of his own mind, and the rative loneliness of his situation and studies, nursed a sort of *phic spleen,* and led him to moralise on the vanity of life.

Byron and others have attached inordinate value to the 'Elegy,' as the main prop of Gray's reputation. A manuscript copy of the poem in Gray's handwriting (a small neat hand; he always wrote with a crow-quill) was sold in 1854 for the large sum of £131! The 'Elegy' is, doubtless, the most frequently read and repeated of all his productions, because it is connected with ordinary existence and genuine feeling, and describes, in exquisite harmonious verse, what all persons must, at some time or other, have felt or imagined. But the highest poetry can never be very extensively popular. A simple ballad air will convey pleasure to a greater number of persons than the most successful efforts of accomplished musical taste and genius; and, in like manner, poetry which deals with subjects of familiar life, must find more readers than those inspired flights of imagination, or recondite allusions, however graced with the charms of poetry, which can only be enjoyed by persons of fine sensibility, and something of kindred taste and knowledge. Gray's classical diction, his historical and mythological personifications, must ever be lost on the multitude. Even Dr. Johnson was tempted into a coarse and unjust criticism of Gray, chiefly because the critic admired no poetry which did not contain some weighty moral truth, or some chain of reasoning. To restrict poetical excellence to this standard, would be to blot out Spenser from the list of high poets, and to curtail Shakspeare and Milton of more than half their glory. Let us recollect with another poet—the author of the 'Night Thoughts'—that 'a fixed star is as much in the bounds of nature as a flower of the field, though less obvious, and of far greater dignity.' Or as Pope has versified the same sentiment:

> Though the same sun, with all-diffusive rays,
> Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
> We prize the stronger effort of his power,
> And justly set the gem above the flower.

In the character of Gray there are some seeming inconsistencies. As a man, he was nice, reserved, and proud—a haughty, retired scholar; yet we find him in his letters full of English idiom and English feeling, with a spice of the gossip, and sometimes not over-fastidious in his allusions and remarks. He was indolent, yet a severe student—hating Cambridge and its college discipline, yet constantly residing there. He loved intellectual ease and luxury, and wished, as a sort of Mohammedan paradise, to 'lie on a sofa, and read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon.' Yet all he could say of Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence,' when it was first published, was, that there were some good verses in it! Akenside, too, whom he was so well fitted to appreciate, he thought 'often obscure, and even unintelligible.' As a poet, Gray studied in the school of the ancient and Italian poets, labouring like an artist to infuse part of their spirit, their melody, and even some of their expressions, into his inimitable *mosaic work*, over which he breathed the life and fragrance of eternal spring. In his country tours, the poet carried with him a plano-convex mirror, which, in surveying landscapes, gathers into one confined glance the forms and tints of the surrounding scene. His imagination performed a similar operation in collecting, fixing, and appropriating the materials of poetry. All is bright, natural, and interesting—rich or magnificent—but it is seen but for a moment. Yet, despite his classic taste and models, Gray was among the first to welcome and admire the Celtic strains of Macpherson's 'Ossian;' and he could also delight in the wild superstitions of the Gothic nations; in translating from the Norse tongue the 'Fatal Sisters' and the 'Descent of Odin,' he called up the martial fire, the rude energy and abruptness of the ancient ballad minstrels. Had his situation and circumstances been different, the genius of this accomplished and admirable poet would in all probability have expanded, so as to embrace subjects of wider and more varied interest—of greater length and diversity of character.

The subdued humour and fancy of Gray are perpetually breaking out in his letters, with brief picturesque touches that mark the poet and man of taste. The advantages of travelling and of taking notes on the spot, he has playfully but admirably summed up in a letter to a friend, then engaged in making a tour in Scotland.

On Travelling.

Do not you think a man may be the wiser—I had almost said the better—for going a hundred or two of miles; and that the mind has more room in it than most people seem to think, if you will but furnish the apartments? I almost envy your last month, being in a very insipid situation myself; and desire you would not fail to send me some furniture for my Gothic apartment, which is very cold at present. It will be the easier task, as you have nothing to do but transcribe your little red books, if they are not rubbed out; for I conclude you have not trusted everything to memory, which is ten times worse than a lead-pencil. Half a word fixed upon or near the spot is worth a cart-load of recollection. When we trust to the picture that objects draw of themselves on our mind, we deceive ourselves: without accurate and particular observation, it is but ill drawn at first, the outlines are soon blurred, the colours every day grow fainter, and at last, when we would produce it to anybody, we are forced to supply its defects with a few strokes of our own imagination.

Impressed with the opinion he here inculcates, the poet was a careful note-taker, and his delineations are all fresh and distinct. Thus, he writes in the following graceful strain to his friend Nicholls, in commemoration of a tour which he made to Southampton and Netley Abbey:

Netley Abbey.

My health is much improved by the sea, not that I drank it or bathed in it, as the common people do: no, I only walked by it, and looked upon it. The climate is remarkably mild even in October and November; no snow has been seen to lie there for these thirty years past; the myrtles grow in the ground against the houses, and Guernsey lilies bloom in every window; the town clean and well-built, surrounded by its old stone walls, with their towers and gateways, stands at the point of a peninsula, and opens full south to an arm of the sea, which, having formed two beautiful bays on each hand of it, stretches away in direct view, till it joins the British Channel; it is skirted on either side with gently rising grounds, clothed with thick wood, and directly across its mouth rise the highlands of the Isle of Wight at some distance, but distinctly seen. In the bosom of the woods—concealed from profane eyes—lie hid the ruins of Netley Abbey; there may be richer and greater houses of religion, but the abbot is content with his situation. See there, at the top of that hanging meadow, under the shade of those old trees that bend into a half-circle about it, he is walking slowly (good man!), and bidding his beads for the souls of his benefactors, interred in that venerable pile that lies beneath him. Beyond it—the meadow still descending—nods a thicket of oaks that mask the building, and have excluded a view too garish and luxuriant for a holy eye; only on either hand they leave an opening to the blue glittering sea. Did you not observe how, as that white sail shot by and was lost, he turned and crossed himself to drive the tempter from him that had thrown that distraction in his way? I should tell you that the ferry-man who rowed me, a lusty young fellow, told me that he would not for all the world pass a night at the abbey—there were such things near it—though there was a power of money hid there! From thence I went to Salisbury, Wilton, and Stonehenge; but of these I say no more; they will be published at the university press.

P. S.—I must not close my letter without giving you one principal event of my history, which was that—in the course of my late tour—I set out one morning before five o'clock, the moon shining through a dark and misty autumnal air, and got to the sea-coast time enough to be at the sun's levee. I saw the clouds and dark vapours open gradually to right and left, rolling over one another in great smoky wreaths, and the tide—as it flowed gently in upon the sands—first whitening, then slightly tinged with gold and blue; and all at once a little line of insufferable brightness that—before I can write these five words—was grown to half an orb, and now to a whole one, too glorious to be distinctly seen. It is very odd it makes no figure on paper; yet I shall remember it as long as the sun, or at least as long as I endure. I wonder whether anybody ever saw it before? I hardly believe it.*

Much as has since been written on the Lake-country, nothing can exceed the beauty and *finish* of this miniature picture of Grasmere:

Grasmere.

Passed by the little chapel of Wiborn, out of which the Sunday congregation were then issuing. Passed a beck [rivulet] near *Dunmailrouse*, and entered Westmoreland a second time; now begin to see *Helmcrag*, distinguished from its rugged neighbours, not so much by its height, as by the strange, broken outline of its top, like some gigantic building demolished, and the stones that composed it flung across each other in wild confusion. Just beyond it, opens one of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate. The bosom of the mountains spreading here into a broad basin, discovers in the midst *Grasmere water*; its margin is hollowed into small bays with bold eminences, some of them rocks, some of soft turf, that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command. From the shore, a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village, with the parish church rising in the midst of it; hanging inclosures, corn-fields, and meadows green as an emerald with their trees, hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole space from the edge of the water. Just opposite to you is a large farmhouse, at the bottom of a steep, smooth lawn, embosomed in old woods, which climb half-way up the mountain's side, and discover above them a broken line of crags, that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no glaring gentleman's house or garden-walls, break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty, in its neatest and most becoming attire.

The sublime scenery of the Grande Chartreuse, in Dauphiné—the subject of Gray's noble Alcaic ode—awakened all his poetical enthusiasm. Writing to his mother from Lyon, he says:

The Grande Chartreuse.

It is a fortnight since we set out hence upon a little excursion to Geneva. We took the longest road, which lies through Savoy, on purpose to see a famous monastery, called the Grande Chartreuse, and had no reason to think our time lost. After having travelled seven days very slow—for we did not change horses, it being impossible for a chaise to go post in these roads—we arrived at a little village among the mountains of Savoy, called Echelles; from thence we proceeded on horses, who are used to the way, to the mountain of the Chartreuse. It is six miles to the top; the road runs winding up it, commonly not six feet broad; on one hand is the rock, with woods of pine-trees hanging overhead; on the other, a monstrous precipice, almost perpendicular, at the bottom of which rolls a torrent, that sometimes tumbling among the fragments of stone that have fallen from on high, and sometimes precipitating itself down vast descents with a noise like thunder, which is still made greater by the echo from the mountains on each side, concurs to form one of the most solemn, the most romantic, and the most astonishing scenes I ever beheld. Add to this the strange views made by the crags and cliffs on the other hand, the cascades that in many places throw themselves from the very summit down into the vale and the river below, and many other particulars impossible to describe, you will conclude we had no occasion to repent our pains. This place St. Bruno chose to retire to, and upon its very top founded the aforesaid convent, which is the superior of the whole order. When we came there, the two fathers who are commissioned to entertain strangers—for the rest must neither speak one to another, nor to any one else—received us very kindly, and set before us a repast of dried fish, eggs, butter, and fruits, all excellent in their kind, and extremely neat. They pressed us to spend the night there, and to stay some days with them; but this we could not do, so they led us about their house, which is, you must think, like a little city, for there are a hundred fathers, besides three hundred servants, that make their clothes, grind their corn, press their wine, and do everything among themselves. The whole is quite orderly and simple; nothing of finery; but the wonderful decency, and the strange situation, more than supply the place of it. In the evening we descended by the same way, passing through many clouds that were then forming themselves on the mountain's side.

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* *Compare this with a description of sunrise by Jeremy Taylor, ante.*

In a subsequent letter to his poetical friend West, Gray again adverts to this memorable visit: 'In our little journey up the Grande Chartreuse,' he says, 'I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation that there was no restraining. *Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other argument.* One need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits there at noonday. You have Death perpetually before your eyes, only so far removed, as to compose the mind without frightening it.'

In turning from these exquisite fragments of description to the poetry of Gray, the difference will be found to consist chiefly in the rhyme and measure: in purity of sentiment and vividness of expression, the prose is equal to the verse.

Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
  That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
  Her Henry's (1) holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
  Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey;
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
  Her silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
  Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
  A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
  As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
  To breathe a second spring.

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[1] King Henry VI., founder of the college.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen,
  Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
  The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
  The captive linnet which inthral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
  Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
  Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
  To sweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
  And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind;
They hear a voice in every wind,
  And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
  Less pleasing when possessed;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
  The sunshine of the breast.
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
  And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
  That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
  The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
  Nor care beyond to-day;
Yet see how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
  And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, shew them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murth'rous band;
  Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
  The vultures of the mind.
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
  And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
  That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
  And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
  Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
  And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall tr[illegible],
And hard Unkindness' altered eye.
  That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
  Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
  A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
  More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the vei[illegible],
That every labouring sinew strains,
  Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
  And slow consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
  Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
  The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
  And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more: where ignorance is bliss,
  'Tis folly to be wise.

The Bard—A Pindaric Ode.

This ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward I. when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
  Confusion on thy banners wait,
Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing,
  They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'
Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride
  Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,

As down the steep of Snowdon's (1) shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster (2) stood aghast in speechless trance:
'To arms!' cried Mortimer, (3) and couched his quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood—
Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air—
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hushed the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head.
On dreary Arvon's shore (4) they lie,
Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;
The famished eagle (5) screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit; they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

'Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace,

---

1 Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract which the Welsh themselves call Craigian-eryri. It included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the castle of Conway, built by King Edward I. says: 'Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Erery;' and Matthew of Westminster (*ad ann.* 1283): 'Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdoniæ fecit erigi castrum forte.'

2 Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward.

3 Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore. They both were lords-marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in this expedition.

4 The shores of Caernarvonshire, opposite to the Isle of Anglesey.

5 Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their eyry among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welsh Craigian-eryri, or the Crags of the Eagles. At this day, I am told, the highest point of Snowdon is called the Eagle's Nest. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify: it has even built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. (See *Willoughby's Ornithology*, published by Ray.

Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, through Berkeley's (1) roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonising King!
She-wolf (2) of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, (3) who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heaven! What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

'Mighty Victor, mighty Lord.
Low (4) on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior (5) fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, (6) and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

'Fill high the sparkling bowl, (7)
The rich repast prepare;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray, (8)
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye Towers of Julius, (9) London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith, (10) his father's (11) fame,
And spare the meek usurper's (12) holy head!
Above, below, the rose of snow, (13)
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled boar (14) in infant gore

---

1 Edward II. cruelly butchered in Berkeley Castle.

2 Isabel of France, Edward II.'s adulterous queen.

3 Alluding to the triumphs of Edward III. in France.

4 Alluding to the death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

5 Edward, the Black Prince, dead some time before his father.

6 Magnificence of Richard II.'s reign. See Froissart and other contemporary writers.

7 Richard II. (as we are told by Archbishop Scroop, and the confederate lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers, of Exon, is of much later date.

8 Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster

9 Henry VI., George, Duke of Clarence, Edward V., Richard, Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

10 Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown. 11 Henry V.

12 Henry VI. very near been canonised. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

13 The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster

14 The silver boar was the badge of Richard III.; whence he was usually known, in his own time, by the name of the Boar.

Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

'"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart (1) we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done.)"
Stay, O stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes, on Snowdon's height
Descending slow, their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight;
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur (2) we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings! (3) Britannia's issue, hail

'Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty appear.
In the midst a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
Her lion-port, (4) her awe-commanding face,
Attempered sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play!
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, (5) hear!
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings.

'The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dressed.
In buskined (6) measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice (7) as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings (8) lessen on my ear,
That, lost in long futurity, expire.
Fond, impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?

---

1 Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her are still to be seen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and other places.

2 It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy Land, and should return again to reign over Britain.

3 Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied that the Welsh should regain their sovereignity over this island, which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

4 Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says: 'And thus she, lion-like, rising, daunted the malipert orator no less with her stately port and majestical deporture, than with the tartnesse of her princelie checkes.'

5 Taliessin, chief of the bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen

6 Shakspeare. 7 Milton

8 The succession of poets after Milton's time. [All the notes to this ode are by the poet.]

To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me: with joy I see
The different doom our Fates assign.
Be thine Despair, and sceptered Care;
To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height,
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
  Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed
  Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
  Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
  And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
  The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
  And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
  The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
  Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.*

The applause of listening senates to command,
  The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
  And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
  Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
  And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
  To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
  With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
  Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
  They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
  Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
  Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
  The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
  That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
  This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
  Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
  Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
  E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

---

* In the first *draft of this stanza*, instead of the names of Hampden, Milton, and Cromwell, *were those of Cato, Tully*, and Cæsar.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.*

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

'One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

'The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne;
Approach and read—for thou canst read—the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'†

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had—a tear;
He gained from Heaven—'twas all he wished—a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode—
There they alike in trembling hope repose—
The bosom of his Father and his God.

---

* In Gray's first manuscript this stanza followed:

Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
Oft as the woodlark piped her farewell song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

† In early editions this fine stanza preceded the epitaph:

There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

Another verse in the original copy is worthy of preservation; Mason thinks it equal to any in the whole Elegy:

Hark! how the sacred calm, that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

The Alliance of Education and Government; a Fragment.

As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her generous birth,
Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins:
And, as in climes where Winter holds his reign,
The soil, though fertile, will not teem in vain,
Forbids her germs to swell, her shades to rise,
Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies:
So draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
Unformed, unfriended by those kindly cares
That health and vigour to the soul impart,
Spread the young thought, and warm the opening heart;
So fond instruction on the growing powers
Of nature idly lavishes her stores,
If equal justice, with unclouded face,
Smile not indulgent on the rising race,
And scatter with a free, though frugal hand,
Light golden showers of plenty o'er the land;
But tyranny has fixed her empire there,
To check their tender hopes with chilling fear,
And blast the blooming promise of the year.
  This spacious animated scene survey,
From where the rolling orb that gives the day,
His sable sons with nearer course surrounds,
To either pole, and life's remotest bounds,
How rude soe'er the exterior form we find,
Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,
Alike to all the kind impartial Heaven
The sparks of truth and happiness has given:
With sense to feel, with memory to retain,
They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain;
Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,
The event presages, and explores the cause;
The soft returns of gratitude they know,
By fraud elude, by force repel the foe;
While mutual wishes mutual woes endear,
The social smile, the sympathetic tear.
  Say, then, through ages by what fate confined,
To different climes seem different souls assigned?
Here measured laws and philosophic ease
Fix and improve the polished arts of peace.
There industry and gain their vigils keep,
Command the winds, and tame the unwilling deep.
Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail;
There languid pleasure sighs in every gale.
Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
Has Scythia breathed the living cloud of war;
And, where the deluge burst, with sweepy sway,
Their arms, their kings, their gods were rolled away.
As oft have issued, host impelling host,
The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast,
The prostrate south to the destroyer yields
Her boasted titles, and her golden fields;
With grim delight the brood of winter view
A brighter day, and heavens of azure hue,
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows.
Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,
While European freedom still withstands

The encroaching tide that drowns her lessening lands,
And sees far off, with an indignant groan,
Her native plains and empires once her own?
Can opener skies and suns of fiercer flame
O'erpower the fire that animates our frame;
As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,
Fade and expire beneath the eye of day?
Need we the influence of the northern star
To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war?
And where the face of nature laughs around,
Must sickening virtue fly the tainted ground?
Unmanly thought! what seasons can control,
What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,
Who, conscious of the source from which she springs,
By reason's light, on resolution's wings,
Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
O'er Libya's deserts and through Zembla's snows?
She bids each slumbering energy awake,
Another touch, another temper take,
Suspends the inferior laws that rule our clay;
The stubborn elements confess her sway;
Their little wants, their low desires, refine,
And raise the mortal to a height divine.
Not but the human fabric from the birth
Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth.
As various tracts enforce a various toil,
The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
An iron race the mountain-cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain;
For where unwearied sinews must be found,
With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground,
To turn the torrent's swift descending flood,
To brave the savage rushing from the wood,
What wonder, if to patient valour trained,
They guard with spirit what by strength they gained;
And while their rocky ramparts round they see,
The rough abode of want and liberty—
As lawless force from confidence will grow—
Insult the plenty of the vales below?
What wonder, in the sultry climes that spread,
Where Nile, redundant o'er his summer-bed,
From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
And broods o'er Egypt with his watery wings,
If with adventurous oar and ready sail,
The dusky people drive before the gale;
Or on frail floats to neighbouring cities ride,
That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide?

Mason says, 'The following couplet, which was intended to have been introduced in the poem on the "Alliance of Education and Government," is much too beautiful to be lost:'

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And gospel-light first dawned from Bullen's eyes.*

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* *If conscience had* any part in moving the king (Henry VIII.) to sue for a divorce, *she had taken a long* nap of almost twenty years together before she was awakened; *and perhaps had slept* on till doomsday, if Anne Boleyn or some other fair lady had not *given her a jog.—Dryden.*

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT.

Many who are familiar with Smollett as a novelist, scarcely recollect him as a poet, though he has scattered some fine verses amidst his prose fictions, and has written a spirited 'Ode to Independence.' **Tobias George Smollett** was born in Dalquhurn House, near the village of Renton, Dumbartonshire, and baptised on the 19th of March 1721. His father, a younger son of Sir James Smollett of Bonhill, having died early, the poet was educated by his grandfather. After the usual course of instruction in the grammar-school of Dumbarton, and at the university of Glasgow, Tobias was placed apprentice to a medical practitioner, Mr. Gordon, Glasgow. He was nineteen when his term of apprenticeship expired, and, at this early age, his grandfather having died without making any provision for him, the young and sanguine adventurer proceeded to London, his chief dependence being a tragedy, called the 'Regicide,' which he attempted to bring out at the theatres. Foiled in this effort of juvenile ambition, Smollett became surgeon's mate on board an eighty-gun ship, and was present at the ill-planned and disastrous expedition against Carthagena, which he has described with much force in his 'Roderick Random.' He left the navy, and resided some time in the West Indies; but had returned to England in 1744, in which year he is found practising medicine in London. In 1746, he published 'Advice, a Satire;' in 1747, 'Reproof, a Satire;' and in 1748 he gave to the world his novel of 'Roderick Random.' 'Peregrine Pickle' appeared three years afterwards. Smollett failed as a physician, and, taking a house at Chelsea, devoted himself to literature as a profession. Notwithstanding his facility of composition, his general information and talents, his life was one continual struggle for existence, imbittered by personal quarrels, brought on partly by irritability of temper. In 1753, his romance of 'Ferdinand Count Fathom' was published, and in 1755 his translation of 'Don Quixote.'

The version of Motteux is now generally preferred to that of our author, though the latter is marked by his characteristic humour and versatility of talent. After he had finished this task, Smollett paid a visit to his native country. His fame had gone before him, and his reception by the literati of Scotland was cordial and flattering. His filial tenderness was also highly gratified by meeting with his surviving parent. 'On Smollett's arrival,' says Dr. Moore, 'he was introduced to his mother, with the connivance of Mrs. Telfer (his sister), as a gentleman from the West Indies, who was intimately acquainted with her son. The better to support his assumed character, he endeavoured to preserve a serious countenance approaching to a frown; but, while his mother's eyes were riveted on his countenance, he could not refrain from smiling. She immediately sprung from her chair, and throwing her arms around his neck, exclaimed: "*Ah! my son, my son! I have found you* at last." She afterwards told him that he had kept his austere looks, and continued to *gloom*, he might have escaped detection some time longer: "but your old roguish smile," added she, "betrayed you at once."' On this occasion, Smollett visited his relations and native scenes in Dumbartonshire, and spent two days in Glasgow amidst his boyish companions. Returning to England, he resumed his literary occupations. He unfortunately became editor of the 'Critical Review,' and an attack in that journal on Admiral Knowles, one of the commanders at Carthagena (which Smollett acknowledged to be his composition), led to a trial for libel; and the author was sentenced to pay a fine of £100, and suffered three months' imprisonment. He consoled himself by writing, in prison, his novel of 'Launcelot Greaves.' Another proof of his fertility and industry as an author was afforded by his 'History of England,' written, it is said, in fourteen months. He engaged in political discussion, for which he was ill qualified by temper, and, taking the unpopular side, he was completely vanquished by the truculent satire and abuse of Wilkes. His health was also shattered by close application to his studies, and by private misfortune.

In his early days, Smollett had married a young West Indian lady, Miss Lascelles, by whom he had a daughter. This only child died at the age of fifteen, and the disconsolate father tried to fly from his grief by a tour through France and Italy. He was absent two years, and published an account of his travels, which, amidst gleams of humour and genius, is disfigured by the coarsest prejudices. Sterne has successfully ridiculed this work in his 'Sentimental Journey.' Some of the critical dicta of Smollett are mere ebullitions of spleen. In the famous statue of the Venus de Medici, 'which enchants the world,' he could see no beauty of feature, and the attitude he considered awkward and out of character. The Pantheon at Rome—that 'glorious combination of beauty and magnificence'—he said looked like a huge cockpit open at the top. Sterne said justly, that such declarations should have been reserved for his physician; they could only have sprung from bodily distemper. 'Yet be it said,' remarks Sir Walter Scott, 'without offence to the memory of the witty and elegant Sterne, it is more easy to assume, in composition, an air of alternate gaiety and sensibility, than to practise the virtues of generosity and benevolence, which Smollett exercised during his whole life, though often, like his own Matthew Bramble, under the disguise of peevishness and irritability. Sterne's writings shew much flourish concerning virtues of which his life is understood to have produced little fruit; the temper of Smollett was

> Like a lusty winter,
> Frosty, but kindly.'

The native air of the great novelist was more cheering and exhilarating than the genial gales of the south. On his return from Italy he repaired to Scotland, saw once more his affectionate mother, and sorned a short time with his cousin, Mr. Smollett of Bonhill, on the nks of the Leven.

'The water of Leven,' he observes in his 'Humphry Clinker,' ough nothing near so considerable as the Clyde, is much more nsparent, pastoral, and delightful. This charming stream is the tlet of Loch Lomond, and through a track of four miles pursues its inding course over a bed of pebbles, till it joins the Firth of Clyde : Dumbarton. On this spot stands the castle formerly called lcluyd, and washed by these two rivers on all sides except a narrow thmus, which at every spring-tide is overflowed; the whole is a reat curiosity, from the quality and form of the rock, as from the ature of its situation. A very little above the source of the Leven, n the lake, stands the house of Cameron, belonging to Mr. Smollett the late commissary), so embosomed in oak wood, that we did not erceive it till we were within fifty yards of the door. I have seen he Lago di Gardi, Albano di Vico, Bolsena and Geneva, and I pre-er Loch Lomond to them all—a preference which is certainly wing to the verdant islands that seem to float upon its surface, affording the most enchanting objects of repose to the excursive view. Nor are the banks destitute of beauties which can partake of the sublime. On this side they display a sweet variety of woodland, cornfield, and pasture, with several agreeable villas, emerging, as it were, out of the lake, till at some distance the prospect terminates in huge mountains, covered with heath, which, being in the bloom, affords a very rich covering of purple. Everything here is romantic beyond imagination. This country is justly styled the Arcadia of Scotland; I do not doubt but it may vie with Arcadia in everything but climate. I am sure it excels it in verdure, wood, and water.'

All who have traversed the banks of the Leven, or sailed along the shores of Loch Lomond, in a calm, clear summer day, when the rocks and islands are reflected with magical brightness and fidelity in its waters, will acknowledge the truth of this description, and can readily account for Smollett's preference, independently of the early recollections which must have endeared the whole to his feelings and imagination. The extension of manufactures in Scotland has destroyed most of the pastoral charms and seclusion of the Leven, but the course of the river is still eminently rich and beautiful in sylvan scenery. Smollett's health was now completely gone. His pen, however, was his only resource, and on his return to England he published a political satire, 'The Adventures of an Atom,' in which he attacks his former patron, Lord Bute, and also the Earl of Chatham. As a politician, Smollett was far from consistent. His conduct in this respect was guided more by personal feelings than public principles, and any seeming neglect or ingratitude at once roused his constitutional irritability and indignation. He was no longer able, however, *to contend with the 'sea of troubles'* that encompassed him. In *1770, he again went abroad* in quest of health. His friends endeavoured, but in vain, to procure him an appointment as consul in some port in the Mediterranean; and he took up his residence in a cottage which Dr. Armstrong, then abroad, engaged for him in the neighbourhood of Leghorn. The warm and genial climate seems to have awakened his fancy, and breathed a temporary animation into his debilitated frame. He here wrote his 'Humphry Clinker,' the most rich, varied, and agreeable of all his novels. Like Fielding, Smollett was destined to die in a foreign country. He had just committed his novel to the public, when he expired, on the 21st of October, 1771, in his 51st year. Had he lived a few years longer, he would, by the death of his cousin, Commissary Smollett (November 12, 1775), have inherited, as heir of entail, the estate of Bonhill, worth about £1000 a year. His widow erected a plain monument over his remains at Leghorn, and his relations, who had neglected him in his days of suffering and distress, raised a cenotaph to his memory on the banks of the Leven. The prose works of Smollett will hereafter be noticed. He wrote no poem of any length; but it is evident he could have excelled in verse had he cultivated his talents, and enjoyed a life of greater ease and competence. Sir Walter Scott has praised the fine mythological commencement of his Ode; and few readers of taste or feeling are unacquainted with his lines on Leven Water, the picturesque scene of his early days. The latter were first published in 'Humphry Clinker,' after the above prose description of the same landscape, scarcely less poetical. When soured by misfortune, by party conflicts, and the wasting effects of disease, the generous heart and warm sensibilities of Smollett seem to have kindled at the recollection of his youth, and at the rural life and manners of his native country.

Ode to Independence.

STROPHE.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye;
Thy steps I follow, with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky!
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
Hath bleached the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.
What time the iron-hearted Gaul,
With frantic superstition for his guide,
Armed with the dagger and the pall,
The sons of Woden to the field defied:
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
In Heaven's name urged the infernal blow;
And red the stream began to flow:
The vanquished were baptised with blood!

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled,
From altars stained with human gore,
And Liberty his routed legions led
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.

There in a cave asleep she lay,
Lulled by the hoarse-resounding main,
When a bold savage passed that way,
Impelled by destiny, his name Disdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appeared:
The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest;
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard,
And his broad shoulders braved the furious blast,
He stopt; he gazed; his bosom glowed,
And deeply felt the impression of her charms:
He seized the advantage Fate allowed,
And straight compressed her in his vigorous arms.

STROPHE.

The curlew screamed, the tritons blew
Their shells to celebrate the ravished rite;
Old Time exulted as he flew;
And Independence saw the light.
The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renewed her warbled strains,
The auspicious fruit of stolen embrace was born
The mountain Dryads seized with joy
The smiling infant to their charge consigned;
The Doric muse caressed the favourite boy;
The hermit Wisdom stored his opening mind
As rolling years matured his age,
He flourished bold and sinewy as his sire;
While the mild passions in his breast assuage
The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplished thus, he winged his way,
And zealous roved from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to display,
And warm with patriot thought the aspiring soul.
On desert isles 'twas he that raised
Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
Where Tyranny beheld amazed
Fair Freedom's temple, where he marked her grave.
He steeled the blunt Batavian's arms
To burst the Iberian's double chain;
And cities reared, and planted farms,
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.
He with the generous rustics sate
On Uri's rocks in close divan;
And winged that arrow sure as fate,
Which ascertained the sacred rights of man.

STROPE.

Arabia's scorching sands he crossed,
Where blasted nature pants supine,
Conductor of her tribes adust,
To freedom's adamantine shrine;
And many a Tartar horde forlorn, aghast!
He snatched from under fell Oppression's wing,
And taught amidst the dreary waste,
The all-cheering hymns of liberty to sing.
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffused through every baser mould;
Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,
And turns the dross of Corsica to gold:

He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise:
My lips by him chastised to truth,
Ne'er paid that homage which my heart denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptured halls my feet shall never tread,
Where vanished vice and vanity combined,
To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread,
And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.
While Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow;
And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
Full often wreathed around the miscreant's brow
Where ever-dimpling falsehood, pert and vain,
Presents her cup of stale profession's froth;
And pale disease, with all his bloated train,
Torments the sons of gluttony and sloth.

STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glittering spoils oppressed,
So moves the sumpter-mule in harnessed pride,
That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,
And jingling bells fantastic folly ring:
Disquiet, doubt, and dread shall intervene;
And nature, still to all her feelings just,
In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
Shook from the baleful pinions of disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequestered haunts,
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell;
Where the poised lark his evening ditty chants,
And health, and peace, and contemplation dwell.
There, study shall with solitude recline,
And friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains,
And toil and temperance sedately twine
The slender cord that fluttering life sustains:
And fearless poverty shall guard the door,
And taste unspoiled the frugal table spread,
And industry supply the humble store,
And sleep unbribed his dews refreshing shed;
White-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite,
Shall chase far off the goblins of the night;
And Independence o'er the day preside,
Propitious power! my patron and my pride.

Ode to Leven Water.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to Love,
envied not the happiest swain
hat ever trod the Arcadian plain.
Pure stream, in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polished pe
spread;
While, lightly poised, the scaly broo
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout in speckled prid
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and mottled par.

Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch and groves of pine,
And hedges flowered with eglantine.
  Still on thy banks so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen:
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale;
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrowned with toil;
And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
The blessings they enjoy to guard!

The Tears of Scotland.

Written on the barbarities committed in the Highlands by the English forces under the command of the Duke of Cumberland, after the battle of Culloden, 1746. It is said that Smollett originally finished the poem in six stanzas; when, some one representing that such a diatribe against government might injure his prospects, he sat down, and added the still more pointed invective of the seventh stanza.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons for valour long renowned,
Lie slaughtered on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famished on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravished virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crowned with praise,
Still shone with undiminished blaze?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day;
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause, O fatal morn,
Accursed to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their father stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel!

The pious mother, doomed to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And stretched beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathising verse shall flow:
'Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn.'

AUTHOR OF 'ALBANIA.'

In 1737 a poem in blank verse, entitled 'Albania,' was published by T. Cooper, London, prefaced with some remarks and with a dedication to General Wade by an editor who, like the author of the poem, is unknown. The editor states that 'Albania' was written by a Scotch clergyman 'some years ago, who is since dead.' It appears from the poem itself, that the author was twenty-four years of age at the time of its composition. Aaron Hill prefixed some highly encomiastic lines to the editor, but the little volume seems to have remained unnoticed and unknown till 1783, when Dr. Beattie, in one of his 'Essays on Poetry and Music,' quoted a picturesque passage, praised also by Sir Walter Scott, which describes 'invisible hunting,' a superstition formerly prevalent in the Highlands. The poem consists of 296 lines. It was edited by Dr. John Leyden, and reprinted with other Scottish descriptive poems in 1803.

Apostrophe to Albania, or Scotland.

O loved Albania! hardy race of men!
Holding thy silver cross, I worship thee,
On this thy old and solemn festival.
Early, ere yet the wakeful cock has crowed. . . .
Hail, land of bowmen! seed of those who scorned
To stoop the neck to wide imperial Rome.
O dearest half of Albion sea walled!
Hail, state unconquered by the fire of war,
Red war, that twenty ages round thee burned;
To thee, for whom my purest raptures glow,
Kneeling with filial homage, I devote
My life, my strength, my first and latest song!

The Invisible Hunting.

E'er since of old, the haughty thanes of Ross
(So to the simple swain tradition tells)
Were wont, with clans and ready vassals thronged,
To wake the bounding stag or guilty wolf,
There oft is heard at midnight or at noon,
Beginning faint, but rising still more loud
And nearer, voice of hunters, and of hounds,
And horns hoarse-winded, blowing far and keen;
Forthwith the hubbub multiplies, the gale
Labours with wilder shrieks, and rifer din
Of hot pursuit, the broken cry of deer
Mangled by throttling dogs, the shouts of men,
And hoofs thick beating on the hollow hill.
Sudden the grazing heifer in the vale
Starts at the noise, and both the herdsman's ears
Tingle with inward dread. Aghast he eyes
The mountain's height, and all the ridges round,
Yet not one trace of living wight discerns;
Nor knows, o'erawed, and trembling as he stands,
To what or whom he owes his idle fear,
To ghost, to witch, to fairy, or to fiend,
But wonders, and no end of wondering finds.

JOHN WILSON.

In the volume with 'Albania' Dr. Leyden included 'Clyde,' a poem by **John Wilson** (1720–1789), who was sometime parochial schoolmaster at Lesmahago, and afterwards at Greenock. In 1767 the magistrates and minister of Greenock, before they admitted Wilson to the superintendence of the grammar-school, stipulated that he should abandon 'the profane and unprofitable art of poem-making!' He complied, burned his unfinished manuscripts, and faithfully kept his word. The world lost nothing by the barbarism of the Greenock functionaries, for though Wilson was a smooth and fluent versifier, he had none of the fire or originality of the 'maker' or true poet. The 'Clyde' extends to nearly 2000 lines.

Boast not, great Forth, thy broad majestic tide,
Beyond the graceful modesty of Clyde;
Though famed Mæander, in the poet's dream,
Ne'er led through fairer field his wandering stream.
Bright wind thy mazy links on Stirling's plain,
Which oft departing, still returns again;
And wheeling round and round in sportive mood,
The nether stream turns back to meet the upper flood,
Now sunk in shades, now bright in open day,
Bright Clyde in simple beauty winds his way.

THE REV. RICHARD GIFFORD.

an anonymous poem entitled 'Contemplation' was pub-
Dodsley, and attracted the attention of Dr. Johnson. The
s the Rev. RICHARD GIFFORD (1725–1807), vicar of Duffield,
Derby, rector of North Ockendon in Essex, and chaplain to
uis of Tweeddale, to whose family he was related. The
sists of seventy-one stanzas, and opens as follows:

Rural Morning Scene.

Dropt is the sable mantle of the night;
The early lark salutes the rising day,
And, while she hails the glad return of light,
Provokes each bard to join the raptured lay.

The music spreads through nature: while the flocks
Scatter their silver fleeces o'er the mead,
The jolly shepherd, 'mid the vocal rocks,
Pipes many a strain upon his oaten reed:

And sweetest Phœbe, she, whose rosy cheeks
Outglow the blushes of the ruddy morn,
All as her cows with eager step she seeks,
Vies with the tuneful thrush on yonder thorn.

Unknown to these each fair Aonian maid,
Their bosoms glow with Nature's truer fire;
Little, ye Sister-Nine, they need your aid
Whose artless breasts these living scenes inspire.

Even from the straw-roofed cot the note of joy
Flows full and frequent as the village fair,
Whose little wants the busy hours employ,
Chanting some rural ditty soothes her care.

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound,
She feels no biting pang the while she sings;
Nor, as she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitude of things.

of these stanzas, slightly altered, was quoted by Johnson
ionary to illustrate the word 'vicissitude,' and was repeated
o Boswell at Nairn. Southey was grateful to 'the great
literature,' for preserving the stanza, of which he says 'a
as never composed.' The pensive tone and the versifica-
fford's poem, with some of its expressions, were evidently
m Gray's 'Elegy.' We subjoin four more stanzas from
ation:'

Address to Health.

How shall I woo thee, sweetest, rose-lipped fair?
When to my eager bosom press thy charms?
No fleecy lambskins ask my evening care;
No morning toils have nerved my youthful arms.

Yet say, O say, bright daughter of the sky,
Wilt thou still shun the student's midnight oil?
And, O too partial! every grace deny
To all but yonder sturdy sons of toil?

Would numbers win thee, thou no lay shouldst need,
Whether the Muses' sacred band resides
Among the dryads on the daisied mead,
Where Cam's fair stream, or silver Isis glides.

But thy chill breast repels the poet's fires:
Even rapt *Musæus*[*] felt, amid the strains
That drew down angels from their golden lyres,
Head-clouding vapours, and heart-rending pains.

DR. WILKIE.

In 1757 was published in Edinburgh 'The Epigoniad, a Poem in nine Books,' founded on part of the fourth Iliad of Homer relative to the sacking of Thebes. It was very popular in Scotland, but had few readers in England. The 'Critical Review' had an article upon the poem, which drew forth a long reply from David Hume, in which he speaks of its six thousand lines as 'abounding in sublime beauties,' and written so thoroughly in the spirit of Homer as 'would almost lead us to imagine that the Scottish bard had found a lost manuscript of that father of poetry, and had read a faithful translation of it into English.' When Hume wrote this, the warm-hearted friend predominated over the philosophical critic; as it also must have done when he pronounced the following description of the person and mission of Jealousy to be 'painted in the most splendid colours that poetry affords.' It is, however, vigorous and ingenious, and as good a specimen as could be offered of Wilkie's powers;

Description of Jealousy.

First to her feet the winged shoes she binds,
Which tread the air and mount the rapid winds:
Aloft they bear her through the ethereal plain,
Above the solid earth and liquid main:
Her arrows next she takes of pointed steel,
For sight too small, but terrible to feel:
Roused by their smart the savage lion roars,
And mad to combat rush the tusky boars.
Of wounds secure; for where their venom lights,
What feels their power all other torment slights.
A figured zone, mysteriously designed,
Around her waist her yellow hair confined;
There dark Suspicion lurked, of sable hue;
There hasty Rage his deadly dagger drew;
Pale Envy inly pined; and by her side
Stood Frenzy, raging with his chains untied;

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[*] Pope.

Affronted Pride with thirst of vengeance burned,
And Love's excess to deepest hatred turned.
All these the artist's curious hand expressed,
The work divine his matchless skill confessed.
The virgin last around her shoulders flung
The bow; and by her side the quiver hung;
Then springing up, her airy course she bends,
For Thebes, and lightly o'er the tents descends.
The son of Tydeus, 'midst his bands, she found
In arms complete, reposing on the ground:
And, as he slept, the hero thus addressed,
Her form to fancy's waking eye confessed.

thor of the 'Epigoniad,' **William Wilkie**, D.D. (1721-1772),
ative of Echlin, parish of Dalmeny, Linlithgowshire, and
minister of Ratho. In 1759 he was elected Professor of
Philosophy in the university of St. Andrews. He is de-
s a very absent, eccentric person, who wore as many clothes
on assigns to the gravedigger in 'Hamlet' on the stage, and
to lie in bed with two dozen pair of blankets above him!
ume gives a humorous description of the circumstances un-
h Wilkie carried on his Homeric studies. The Scottish
ear Edinburgh are very much infested, he says, with-wood-
'And Wilkie's father planted him often as a scarecrow (an
which he is well qualified) in the midst of his fields of
He carried out his Homer with him, together with a table,
nd ink, and a great rusty gun. He composed and wrote two
ines, till a flock of pigeons settled in the field, then rose up,
ds them, and fired at them; returned again to his former
d added a rhyme or two more, till he met with a fresh in-
.'

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

rmstrong, the friend of Thomson, of Mallet, Wilkes, and
lic and literary characters of that period, is now only known
thor of a didactic poem, the 'Art of Preserving Health,'
but little read. Armstrong was son of the minister of
, a pastoral parish in Roxburghshire. He studied medicine
rgh, and took his degree of M. D. in 1732. He repaired to
nd became known by the publication of several fugitive
l medical essays. A very objectionable poem, the 'Econo-
ve,' gave promise of poetical powers, but marred his prac-
hysician. In 1744 appeared his 'Art of Preserving Health,'
s followed by two other poems, 'Benevolence' and 'Taste,'
ume of prose essays, the latter indifferent enough. In 1760,
ppointed physician to the forces in Germany; and on the
763, he returned to London, where he practiced, but with
ess, till his death, September 7, 1779, in the seventieth year
. Armstrong seems to have been an indolent and splenetic,
hearted man—shrewd, caustic, and careful—he left £3000,

saved out of a small income. His portrait in the 'Castle of Indolence' is in Thomson's happiest manner:

With him was sometimes joined in silent walk—
Profoundly silent, for they never spoke—
One shyer still, who quite detested talk;
Oft stung by spleen, at once away he broke
To groves of pine and broad o'ershadowing oak;
There, inly thrilled, he wandered all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
Nor ever uttered word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve—'Thank Heaven, the day is done!'

Warton has praised the 'Art of Preserving Health' for its classical correctness and closeness of style, and its numberless poetical images. In general, however, it is stiff and laboured, with occasional passages of tumid extravagance; and the images are not unfrequently echoes of those of Thomson and other poets. The subject required the aid of ornament, for scientific rules are in general bad themes for poetry, and few men are ignorant of the true philosophy of life, however they may deviate from it in practice. Armstrong was no ascetic philosopher. His motto is, 'Take the good the gods provide you,' but take it in moderation.

When you smooth
The brows of care, indulge your festive vein
In cups by well-informed experience found
The least your bane, *and only with your friends.*

The effects of over-indulgence in wine he has finely described:

But most too passive, when the blood runs low
Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,
And bravely by resisting conquer fate,
Try Circe's arts; and in the tempting bowl
Of poisoned nectar sweet oblivion swill.
Struck by the powerful charm, the gloom dissolves
In empty air; Elysium opens round,
A pleasing frenzy buoys the lightened soul,
And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care:
And what was difficult, and what was dire,
Yields to your prowess and superior stars:
The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,
Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.
But soon your heaven is gone: a heavier gloom
Shuts o'er your head; and, as the thundering stream,
Swollen o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,
Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook,
So, when the frantic raptures in your breast
Subside, you languish into mortal man;
You sleep, and waking find yourself undone,
For, prodigal of life, in one rash night
You lavished more than might support three days.
A heavy morning comes; your cares return
With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well
May be endured; so may the throbbing head;
But such a dim delirium, such a dream,
Involves you; such a dastardly despair
Unmans your soul, as maddening Pentheus felt,
When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes ascend.

In prescribing as a healthy situation for residence a house on an elevated part of the sea-coast, he indulges in a vein of poetical luxury worthy the enchanted grounds of the 'Castle of Indolence:'

> Oh! when the growling winds contend, and all
> The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm;
> To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
> Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
> Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
> The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
> Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
> Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
> To please the fancy is no trifling good,
> Where health is studied; for whatever moves
> The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
> And natural movements of the harmonious frame.

In his first book, Armstrong has penned a ludicrously pompous invective on the climate of Great Britain, 'steeped in continual rains, or with raw fogs bedewed.' He exclaims:

> Our fathers talked
> Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene•
> Good Heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
> This dismal change! The brooding elements,
> Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,
> Prepare some fierce exterminating plague?
> Or is it fixed in the decrees above,
> That lofty Albion melt into the main?
> Indulgent nature! Oh, dissolve this gloom;
> Bind in eternal adamant the winds
> That drown or wither; give the genial west
> To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly north,
> And may once more the circling seasons rule
> The year, not mix in every monstrous day!

Now, the fact, we believe, is, that in this country there are more enjoyable days in the year than in any other country in Europe. (See the opinion of Charles II. *ante.*) Two extracts from the 'Art of Preserving Health' are subjoined. The second, which is certainly the most energetic passage in the whole poem, describes the 'sweating sickness' which appeared in England in August 1485, among the troops of Henry VII. who fought at Bosworth field. It desolated parts of England, but did not penetrate into Scotland or Ireland.

Wrecks and Mutations of Time.

> What does not fade? The tower that long had stood
> The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
> Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,
> Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base,
> And flinty pyramids and walls of brass
> Descend. The Babylonian spires are sunk;
> Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
> Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
> And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
> This huge rotundity we tread grows old,
> And all those worlds that roll around the sun;
> The sun himself shall die, and ancient night

Again involve the desolate abyss,
Till the great Father, through the lifeless gloom,
Extend his arm to light another world
And bid new planets roll by other laws.

Pestilence of the Fifteenth Century.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their ancient rage at Bosworth's purple field;
While, for which tyrant England should receive,
Her legions in incestuous murders mixed
And daily horrors; till the fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profused:
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Arose, a monster never known before,
Reared from Cocytus its portentous head;
This rapid fury not, like other pests,
Pursued a gradual course, but in a day
Rushed as a storm o'er half the astonished isle,
And strewed with sudden carcasses the land.
First through the shoulders. or whatever part
Was seized the first, a fervid vapour sprung;
With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within;
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.
Through all the yielding pores the melted blood
Gushed out in smoky sweats; but nought assuaged
The torrid heat within, nor aught relieved
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They tossed from side to side. In vain the stream
Ran full and clear; they burnt, and thirsted still.
The restless arteries with rapid blood
Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetched, and with huge labourings heaved.
At last a heavy pain oppressed the head,
A wild delirium came: their weeping friends
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harassed with toil on toil, the sinking powers
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a ponderous sleep
Wrapt all the senses up: they slept and died.
In some a gentle horror crept at first
O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin
Withheld their moisture, till by art provoked
The sweats o'erflowed, but in a clammy tide;
Now free and copious. now restrained and slow;
Of tinctures various. as the temperature
Had mixed the blood. and rank with fetid streams:
As if the pent-up humours by delay
Were grown more fell. more putrid, and malign.
Here lay their hopes (though little hope remained),
With full effusion of perpetual sweats
To drive the venom out. And here the fates
Were kind, that long they lingered not in pain.
For, who survived the sun's diurnal race,
Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeemed;
Some the sixth hour oppressed, and some the third.
Of many thousands, few untainted 'scaped;
Of those infected. fewer 'scaped alive;
Of those who lived, some felt a second blow;
And whom the second spared, a third destroyed.
Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun

The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
The infected city poured her hurrying swarms:
Roused by the flames that fired her seats around,
The infected country rushed into the town.
Some sad at home. and in the desert some
Abjured the fatal commerce of mankind.
In vain; where'er they fled, the fates pursued.
Others, with hopes more specious, crossed the main,
To seek protection in far-distant skies:
But none they found. It seemed the general air,
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the east,
Was then at enmity with English blood;
For but the race of England all were safe
In foreign climes; nor did this fury taste
The foreign blood which England then contained.
Where should they fly? The circumambient heaven
Involved them still, and every breeze was bane:
Where find relief? The salutary art
Was mute, and, startled at the new disease,
In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
To Heaven. with suppliant rites they sent their prayers;
Heaven heard them not. Of every hope deprived,
Fatigued with vain resources, and subdued
With woes resistless, and enfeebling fear,
Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.
Nothing but lamentable sounds were heard,
Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.
Infectious horror ran from face to face,
And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then
To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.
In heaps they fell; and oft the bed, they say,
The sickening, dying, and the dead contained.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

Few votaries of the muses have had the resolution to abandon their early worship, or to cast off 'the Delilahs of the imagination,' when embarked on more gainful callings. An example of this, however, is afforded by the case of **Sir William Blackstone**—born in London in 1723, died 1780—who, having made choice of the law for his profession, and entered himself a student of the Middle Temple, took formal leave of poetry in a copy of natural and pleasing verses, published in Dodsley's 'Miscellany.' Blackstone rose to rank and fame as a lawyer, wrote a series of masterly commentaries on the laws of England, was knighted, and died a judge in the court of Common Pleas. From some critical notes on Shakspeare by Sir William, published by Stevens, it would appear that, though he had forsaken his muse, he still—like Charles Lamb, when he had given up the use of the 'great plant' tobacco—'loved to live in the suburbs of her graces.'

The Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse.

As by some tyrant's stern command,
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemned to roam
An endless exile from his home;
Pensive he treads the destined way,
And dreads to go; nor dares to stay;
Till on some neighbouring mountain's brow
He stops, and turns his eyes below;
There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu:
So I, thus doomed from thee to part,

Gay queen of fancy and of art,
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
Oft stop, and often look behind.
Companion of my tender age,
Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,
How blithesome we were wont to rove,
By verdant hill or shady grove,
Where fervent bees, with humming voice,
Around the honied oak rejoice,
And aged elms with awful bend,
In long cathedral walks extend!
Lulled by the lapse of gliding floods,
Cheered by the warbling of the woods,
How blest my days, my thoughts how free,
In sweet society with thee!
Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded rolled along:
But now the pleasing dream is o'er,
These scenes must charm me now no more;
Lost to the fields, and torn from you—
Farewell!—a long, a last adieu.
Me wrangling courts, and stubborn law,
To smoke, and crowds, and cities draw:
There selfish faction rules the day,
And pride and avarice throng the way;
Diseases taint the murky air,
And midnight conflagrations glare;
Loose Revelry, and Riot bold,
In frighted streets their orgies hold;
Or, where in silence all is drowned,
Fell Murder walks his lonely round;
No room for peace, no room for you;
Adieu, celestial nymph, adieu!
Shakspeare, no more thy sylvan son,
Nor all the art of Addison,
Pope's heaven-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
Nor Milton's mighty self must please:
Instead of these, a formal band
In furs and coifs around me stand;
With sounds uncouth and accents dry,
That grate the soul of harmony,
Each pedant sage unlocks his store
Of mystic, dark, discordant lore,
And points with tottering hand the ways
That lead me to the thorny maze.
There, in a winding close retreat,
Is justice doomed to fix her seat;
There, fenced by bulwarks of the law,
She keeps the wondering world in awe;
And there, from vulgar sight retired,
Like Eastern queen, is more admired.
Oh, let me pierce the secret shade
Where dwells the venerable maid!
There humbly mark, with reverent awe,
The guardian of Britannia's law;
Unfold with joy her sacred page,
The united boast of many an age;
Where mixed, yet uniform, appears
The wisdom of a thousand years.
In that pure spring the bottom view,
Clear, deep, and regularly true;
And other doctrines thence imbibe
Than lurk within the sordid scribe:
Observe how parts with parts unite
In one harmonious rule of right;
See countless wheels distinctly tend
By various laws to one great end;
While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
Pervades and regulates the whole.
Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
The visage wan, the pore-blind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp at night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!
Thus though my noon of life be past,
Yet let my setting sun, at last
Find out the still, the rural cell,
Where sage retirement loves to dwell!
There let me taste the home-felt bliss
Of innocence and inward peace;
Untainted by the guilty bribe,
Uncursed among the harpy tribe;
No orphan's cry to wound my ear;
My honour and my conscience clear.
Thus may I calmly meet my end,
Thus to the grave in peace descend.

DR. JAMES GRAINGER.

JAMES GRAINGER (*circa* 1721–1766) was, according to his own statement, seen by Mr. Prior, the biographer of Goldsmith, 'of a gentleman's family in Cumberland.' He studied medicine in Edinburgh was in the army, and, on the peace, established himself as a medica practitioner in London. His poem of 'Solitude' appeared in 175 and was praised by Johnson, who considered the opening 'ver noble.' Grainger wrote several other pieces, translated Tibullus, an was a critic in the 'Monthly Review.' In 1759, he went to St Christopher's in the West Indies, commenced practicing as a physician, an married a lady of fortune. During his residence there, he wrote hi poem of the 'Sugarcane' (published in 1764), which Shenstone thought capable of being *rendered* a good poem; and the arguments in which, Southey says, are 'ludicrously flat and formal.' One point is certainly ridiculous enough; 'he very poetically,' says Campbell, 'dignifies the poor negroes with the name of "swains."' Grainger died in the West Indies.

Ode to Solitude.

O Solitude, romantic maid!
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted side.
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
Or starting from your half-year's sleep,
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or, at the purple dawn of day
Tadmor's marble wastes survey,
You, recluse, again I woo,
And again your steps pursue.

Plumed Conceit himself surveying,
Folly with her shadow playing,
Purse-proud, elbowing Insolence,
Bloated empiric, puffed Pretence,
Noise that through a trumpet speaks,
Laughter in loud peals that breaks,
Intrusion with a fopling's face—
Ignorant of time and place—
Sparks of fire Dissension blowing,
Ductile, court-bred Flattery, bowing,
Restraint's stiff neck, Grimace's leer,
Squint-eyed Censure's artful sneer,
Ambition's buskins, steeped in blood,
Fly thy presence, Solitude.

Sage Reflection, bent with years,
Conscious Virtue, void of fears,
Muffled Silence, wood-nymph shy,
Meditation's piercing eye,
Halcyon Peace on moss reclined,
Retrospect that scans the mind,
Wrapt earth-gazing Reverie,
Blushing, artless Modesty,
Health that snuffs the morning air,
Full-eyed Truth with bosom bare,
Inspiration, Nature's child,
Seek the solitary wild.

You, with the tragic muse retired,
The wise Euripides inspired;
You taught the sadly-pleasing air
That Athens saved from ruins bare.
You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
And unlocked the springs of woe;
You penned what exiled Naso thought,
And poured the melancholy note.
With Petrarch o'er Vaucluse you strayed,
When death snatched his long-loved maid;
You taught the rocks her loss to mourn,
You strewed with flowers her virgin urn.
And late in Hagley you were seen,
With bloodshot eyes, and sombre mien;
Hymen his yellow vestment tore,
And Dirge a wreath of cypress wore.
But chief your own the solemn lay
That wept Narcissa young and gay;
Darkness clapped her sable wing,
While you touched the mournful string;
Anguish left the pathless wild,
Grim-faced Melancholy smiled,
Drowsy Midnight ceased to yawn,
The starry host put back the dawn:
Aside their harps even seraphs flung
To hear thy sweet Complaint, O Young!
When all nature's hushed asleep,
Nor Love nor Guilt their vigils keep,
Soft you leave your caverned den,
And wander o'er the works of men;
But when Phosphor brings the dawn
By her dappled coursers drawn,
Again you to the wild retreat
And the early huntsman meet,
Where, as you pensive pace along,
You catch the distant shepherd's song,
Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
Or the rising primrose view.
Devotion lends her heaven-plumed wings,
You mount, and nature with you sings.
But when mid-day fervours glow,
To upland airy shades you go,
Where never sunburnt woodman came,
Nor sportsman chased the timid game;
And there beneath an oak reclined,
With drowsy waterfalls behind,
You sink to rest.
Till the tuneful bird of night
From the neighbouring poplar's height,
Wake you with her solemn strain,
And teach pleased Echo to complain.

With you roses brighter bloom,
Sweeter every sweet perfume;
Purer every fountain flows,
Stronger every wildling grows.
Let those toil for gold who please,
Or for fame renounce their ease.
What is fame? an empty bubble.
Gold? a transient shining trouble.
Let them for their country bleed,
What was Sidney's, Raleigh's meed?

Man's not worth a moment's pain,
Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain.
Then let me, sequestered fair,
To your sibyl grot repair;
On yon hanging cliff it stands,
Scooped by nature's salvage hands,
Bosomed in the gloomy shade
Of cypress not with age decayed.
Where the owl still-hooting sits,
Where the bat incessant flits,
There in loftier strains I'll sing
Whence the changing seasons spring;
Tell how storms deform the skies,
Whence the waves subside and rise,
Trace the comet's blazing tail,
Weigh the planets in a scale;
Bend, great God, before thy shrine,
The bournless macrocosm's thine.

JAMES MERRICK.

James Merrick (1720–1769) was a distinguished classical scholar, and tutor to Lord North at Oxford. He entered holy orders, but was unable to do duty, from delicate health. Merrick wrote some hymns, and attempted a version of the psalms, with no great success. We subjoin an amusing and instructive fable by this worthy divine:

The Chameleon.

Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen.
Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travelled fool your mouth will stop:
'Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
I 've seen—and sure I ought to know.'—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
And on their way in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that;
Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
Of the Chameleon's form and nature.
'A stranger animal,' cries one,
'Sure never lived beneath the sun:
A lizard's body lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
Its foot with triple claw disjoined;
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace! and then its hue—
Who ever saw so fine a blue?'
'Hold there,' the other quick replies;
''Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray;
Stretched at its ease, the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food.'
'I 've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue;
At leisure I the beast surveyed
Extended in the cooling shade.'
''Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye.'
'Green!' cries the other in a fury:
'Why, sir, d'ye think I 've lost my eyes?'
''Twere no great loss,' the friend replies;
'For if they always serve you thus,
You'll find them but of little use.'
So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows:
When luckily came by a third;
To him the question they referred:
And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
'Sirs,' cries the umpire, 'cease your pother;
The creature's neither one nor t'other.
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o'er by candlelight:
I marked it well; 'twas black as jet—
You stare—but, sirs, I 've got it yet,
And can produce it.'—'Pray, sir, do;
I 'll lay my life the thing is blue.'
'And I 'll be sworn, that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green.'
'Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,'
Replies the man, 'I 'll turn him out:
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I 'll eat him.'
He said; and full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo!—'twas white.
Both stared; the man looked wondrous wise—
'My children,' the Chameleon cries—
Then first the creature found a tongue—
'You all are right, and all are wrong:
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you:
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own.'

JAMES MACPHERSON.

The translator of Ossian stands in a dubious light with posterity, and seems to have been willing that his contemporaries should be no better informed. With the Celtic Homer, however, the name of Macpherson is inseparably connected. They stand, as liberty does with reason,

> Twinned, and from her hath no dividual being.

Time and a better taste have abated the pleasure with which the 'poems of Ossian' were once read; but productions which engrossed so much attention, which were translated into many different languages, which were hailed with delight by Gray, by David Hume, John Home, and other eminent persons, and which, in a bad Italian translation, formed the favourite reading of Napoleon, cannot be considered as unworthy of notice.

JAMES MACPHERSON was born at Kingussie, a village in Inverness-shire, on the road northwards from Perth, in 1738. He was intended for the church, and received the necessary education at Aberdeen. At the age of twenty, he published a heroic poem, in six cantos, entitled 'The Highlander,' which at once proved his ambition and his incapacity. It is a miserable production. For a short time Macpherson taught the school of Ruthven, near his native place, whence he was glad to remove as tutor in the family of Mr. Graham of Balgowan. While attending his pupil (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) at the spa of Moffat, he became acquainted, in the autumn of 1759, with Mr. John Home, the author of 'Douglas,' to whom he shewed what he represented as translations of some fragments of ancient Gaelic poetry, which he said were still recited in the Highlands. He stated that it was one of the favourite amusements of his countrymen to listen to the tales and compositions of their ancient bards, and he described these fragments as full of pathos and poetical imagery. Under the patronage of Mr. Home's friends—Blair, Carlyle and Fergusson—Macpherson published next year a small volume of sixty pages, entitled 'Fragments of Ancient Poetry; translated from the Gaelic or Erse Language.' The publication attracted general attention, and a subscription was made to enable Macpherson to make a tour in the Highlands to collect other pieces. His journey proved to be highly successful.

In 1762 he presented the world with 'Fingal, an Ancient Epic Poem, in Six Books;' and in 1763, 'Temora,' another epic poem, in eight books. The sale of these works was immense. The possibility that, in the third or fourth century, among the wild remote mountains and islands of Scotland, there existed a people exhibiting all the high and chivalrous feelings of refined valour, generosity, magnanimity, and virtue, was eminently calculated to excite astonishment; while the idea of the poems being handed down by tradition through so many centuries among rude, savage, and barbarous tribes was no less astounding. Many doubted—others disbelieved—but a still greater number 'indulged the pleasing supposition that Fingal fought and Ossian sang.' Macpherson realised £1200, it is said, by these productions. In 1764 the poet accompanied Governor Johnston to Pensacola, as his secretary, but quarrelling with his patron, he returned, and fixed his residence in London. He became one of the literary supporters of the administration, published some historical works, and was a popular pamphleteer. In 1773 he published a translation of the 'Iliad' in the same style of poetical prose as Ossian, which was a complete failure, unless as a source of ridicule and personal opprobrium to the translator. He was more successful as a politician. A pamphlet of his in defence of the taxation of America, and another on the opposition in parliament in 1779, were much applauded. He attempted, as we have seen from his manuscripts, to combat the Letters of Junius, writing under the signatures of 'Musæus,' 'Scævola,' &c. He was appointed agent for the Nabob of Arcot, and obtained a seat in parliament as representative for the borough of Camelford. It does not appear, however, that, with all his ambition and political zeal, Macpherson ever attempted to speak in the House of Commons. In 1789 the poet, having realised a handsome fortune, purchased the property of Raitts, in his native parish, and having changed its name to the more euphonious and sounding one of Belleville, he built upon it a splendid residence designed by the Adelphi Adams, in the style of an Italian villa, in which he hoped to spend an old age of ease and dignity. He died at Belleville, on the 17th of February 1796. The eagerness of Macpherson for posthumous distinction was seen by some of the bequests of his will. He ordered that his body should be interred in Westminster Abbey, and that a sum of £300 should be laid out in erecting a monument to his memory in some conspicuous situation at Belleville. Both injunctions were duly fulfilled; the body was interred in Poets' Corner, and a marble obelisk, containing a medallion portrait of the poet, may be seen gleaming amidst a clump of trees by the roadside near Kingussie.

The fierce controversy which raged for some time as to the authenticity of the poems of Ossian, the incredulity of Johnson, and the obstinate silence of Macpherson, are circumstances well known. There seems to be no doubt that a great body of traditional poetry was floating over the Highlands, which Macpherson collected and wrought up into regular poems. It would seem also that Gaelic manuscripts were in existence, which he received from different families to aid in his translation. One of these has been preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. It refers to a dialogue between Ossian and St. Patrick on Christianity—a fact which Macpherson suppressed, as his object was to represent the poems as some centuries older. The Irish antiquaries have published many of these Celtic fragments, and they appear to have established a good claim to Ossian. The poetry was common equally in Ireland and in the Highlands of Scotland, varied to suit localities, or according to the taste, knowledge, and abilities of the reciter. The people, the language, and the legends were the same in both countries. How much of the published work is ancient, and how much fabricated, cannot now be ascertained. The Highland Society instituted a regular inquiry into the subject; and in their report the committee state that they 'have not been able to obtain any one poem the same in title and tenor with the poems published.' The ancient tribes of the Celts had their regular bards, even down to a comparatively late period. A people like the natives of the Highlands, leading an idle inactive life, and doomed from their climate to a severe protracted winter, were also well adapted to transmit from one generation to another the fragments of ancient song which had beguiled their infancy and youth, and which flattered their love of their ancestors. No person, however, now believes that Macpherson found entire epic poems in the Highlands. The original materials were probably as scanty as those on which Shakspeare founded the marvellous superstructures of his genius; and he himself has not scrupled to state, in the preface to his last edition of Ossian, that 'a translator who cannot equal his original is incapable of expressing its beauties.' Sir James Mackintosh has suggested, as a supposition countenanced by many circumstances, that, after enjoying the pleasure of duping so many critics, Macpherson intended one day to claim the poems as his own. 'If he had such a design, considerable obstacles to its execution arose around him. He was loaded with so much praise, that he seemed bound in honour to his admirers not to desert them. The support of his own country appeared to render adherence to those poems, which Scotland inconsiderately sanctioned, a sort of national obligation. Exasperated, on the other hand, by the perhaps unduly vehement, and sometimes very coarse atttacks made on him, he was unwilling to surrender to such opponents. He involved himself at last so deeply, as to leave him no decent retreat.' A somewhat sudden and premature death closed the scene on Macpherson; nor is there among the papers which he left behind him (which the editor of this work has had an opportunity of inspecting) a single line that throws any light upon the controversy.

Wordsworth has condemned the imagery of Ossian as spurious. 'In nature everything is distinct, yet nothing defined into absolute independent singleness. In Macpherson's work it is exactly the reverse; everything that is not stolen, is in this manner defined, insulated, dislocated, deadened—yet nothing distinct. It will always be so when words are substituted for things.' Part of this censure may perhaps be owing to the style and diction of Macpherson, which have a broken abrupt appearance and sound. The imagery is drawn from the natural appearances of a rude mountainous country. The grass of the rock, the flower of the heath, the thistle with its beard, are, as Blair observes, the chief ornaments of his landscapes. The desert, with all its woods and deer, was enough for Fingal. We suspect it is the sameness—the perpetual recurrence of the same images—which fatigues the reader, and gives a misty confusion to the objects and incidents of the poem. That there is something poetical and striking in Ossian—a wild solitary magnificence, pathos, and tenderness—is undeniable. The Desolation of Balclutha, and the lamentations in the Song of Selma, are conceived with true feeling and poetical power. The battles of the car-borne heroes are, we confess, much less to our taste, and seem stilted and unnatural. They are like the Quixotic encounters of knightly romance, and want the air of remote antiquity, of dim and solitary grandeur, and of shadowy superstitious fear which shrouds the wild heaths, lakes, and mountains of Ossian.

Ossian's Address to the Sun.

I feel the sun, O Malvina! leave me to my rest. Perhaps they may come to my dreams; I think I hear a feeble voice! The beam of heaven delights to shine on the grave of Carthon: I feel it warm around.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave; but thou thyself movest alone. Who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountain fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven, but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain, for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art perhaps like me, for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult, then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills: the blast of the north is on the plain; the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

Desolation of Balclutha.

I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls; and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook there its lonely head; the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows; the rank grass of the wall waved round its head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina; silence is in the house of her fathers. Raise the song of mourning, O bards! over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us; for one day we must fall. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day: yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield. And let the blast of the desert come! we shall be renowned in our day! The mark of my arm shall be in battle; my name in the song of bards. Raise the song, send round the shell: let joy be heard in my hall. When thou, sun of heaven, shalt fail! if thou shalt fail, thou mighty light! if thy brightness is but for a season, like Fingal, our fame shall survive thy beams. Such was the song of Fingal in the day of his joy.

The Songs of Selma.

Star of descending night! fair is thy light in the west! thou liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud: thy steps are stately on thy hill. What dost thou behold in the plain? The stormy winds are laid. The murmur of the torrent comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the distant rock. The flies of evening are on their feeble wings; the hum of their course is on the field. What dost thou behold, fair ht? But thou dost smile and depart. The waves come with joy around thee: y bathe thy lovely hair. Farewell, thou silent beam! Let the light of Ossian's l arise!

And it does arise in its strength! I behold my departed friends. Their gather- is on Lora, as in the days of other years. Fingal comes like a watery column mist; his heroes are around: And see the bards of song, gray-haired Ullin! tely Ryno! Alpin with the tuneful voice! the soft complaint of Minona! How ye changed my friends, since the days of Selma's feast? when we contended, like les of spring, as they fly along the hill, and bend by turns the feebly whistling ass.

Minona came forth in her beauty, with downcast look and tearful eye. Her hair w slowly on the blast, that rushed unfrequent from the hill. The souls of the roes were sad when she raised the tuneful voice. Often had they seen the grave of lgar, the dark dwelling of white-bosomed Colma. Colma left alone on the hill, ith all her voice of song! Salgar promised to come: but the night descended ound. Hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill!

COLMA. It is night; I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard the mountain. The torrent pours down the rock. No hut receives me from the in; forlorn on the hill of winds!

Rise, moon! from behind thy clouds. Stars of the night, arise! Lead me, some ght, to the place where my love rests from the chase alone! his bow near him, untrung; his dogs panting around him. But here I must sit alone, by the rock of the nossy stream. The stream and the wind roar aloud. I hear not the voice of my ove! Why delays my Salgar, why the chief of the hill his promise? Here is the ock, and here the tree! here is the roaring stream! Thou didst promise with night o be here. Ah! whither is my Salgar gone? With thee I would fly from my ather; with thee from my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes; we are not foes, O Salgar!

Cease a little while, O wind! stream be thou silent a while! let my voice be heard around! Let my wanderer hear me! Salgar, it is Colma who calls! Here is the tree and the rock. Salgar my love! I am here. Why delayest thou thy coming? Lo! the calm moon comes forth. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are gray on the steep. I see him not on the brow. His dogs come not before him with tidings of his near approach. Here I must sit alone!

Who lie on the heath beside me? Are they my love and my brother? Speak to me, O my friend! To Colma they give no reply. Speak to me: I am alone! My soul is tormented with fears! Ah! they are dead! Their swords are red from the fight. O my brother! my brother! why hast thou slain my Salgar? why, O Salgar! hast thou slain my brother? Dear were ye both to me! what shall I say in your praise? Thou wert fair in the hill among thousands! he was terrible in fight. Speak to me; hear my voice; hear me, sons of my love! They are silent; silent for ever! Cold, cold are their breasts of clay! Oh! from the rock on the hill; from the top of the windy steep, speak, ye ghosts of the dead! speak. I will not be afraid! Whither are you gone to rest? In what cave of the hill shall I find the departed? No feeble voice is on the gale: no answer half-drowned in the storm!

I sit in my grief! I wait for morning in my tears! Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead. Close it not till Colma come. My life flies away like a dream: why should I stay behind? Here shall I rest with my friends by the stream of the sounding rock. When night comes on the hill, when the loud winds arise, my ghost shall stand in the blast, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter shall hear from his booth; he shall fear, but love my voice! for sweet shall my voice be for my friends; pleasant were her friends to Colma!

Such was thy song, Minona, softly blushing daughter of Torman. Our tears descended for Colma, and our souls were sad! Ullin came with his harp; he gave the song of Alpin. The voice of Alpin was pleasant; the soul of Ryno was a beam of fire! But they had rested in the narrow house; their voice had ceased in Selma. Ullin had returned one day from the chase before the heroes fell. He heard their strife on the hill; their song was soft but sad! They mourned the fall of Morar, first of mortal men! His soul was like the soul of Fingal; his sword like the sword of Oscar. But he fell, and his father mourned; his sister's eyes were full of tears. Minona's eyes were full of tears, the sister of car-borne Morar. She retired from the song of Ullin, like the moon in the west, when she forsees the shower, and hides her fair head in a cloud. I touched the harp, with Ullin; the song of mourning rose!

RYNO. The wind and the rain are past; calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills flies the inconstant sun. Red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream! but more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead! Bent is his head of age; red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? why complainest thou, as a blast in the wood; as a wave on the lonely shore?

ALPIN. My tears, O Ryno! are for the dead; my voice for those that have passed away. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the vale. But thou shalt fall like Morar; the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in the hall, unstrung!

Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the desert; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm. Thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was a stream after rain; like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain; like the moon in the silence of night; calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

Narrow is thy dwelling now: dark the place of thine abode! With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar! thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

Who on his staff is this? who is this, whose head is white with age? whose eyes are red with tears? who quakes at every step? It is thy father, O Morar! the father of no son but thee. He heard of thy fame in war; he heard of foes dispersed; he heard of Morar's renown; why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead; low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice; no more awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake! Farewell, thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field! but the field shall see thee no more; nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendour of thy steel. Thou hast left no son. The song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee; they shall hear of the fallen Morar! . . .

Such were the words of the bards in the days of song, when the king heard the music of harps, the tales of other times! The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely sound. They praised the voice of Cona! the first among a thousand bards! But age is now on my tongue; my soul has failed! I hear at times the ghosts of bards, and learn their pleasant song. But memory fails on my mind. I hear the call of years! They say, as they pass along, why does Ossian sing? Soon shall he lie in the narrow house, and no bard shall raise his fame! Roll on, ye dark-brown years; ye bring no joy on your course! Let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength has failed. The sons of song are gone to rest. My voice remains, like a blast that roars, lonely on a sea-surrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there; the distant mariner sees the waving trees!

When Macpherson had not the groundwork of Ossian to build upon, he was a very indifferent poet. The following, however, shews that, though his taste was defective, he had poetical fancy:

The Cave—Written in the Highlands.

The wind is up, the field is bare,
  Some hermit lead me to his cell,
Where Contemplation, lonely fair,
  With blest Content has chose to dwell.

Behold! it opens to my sight,
  Dark in the rock, beside the flood;
Dry fern around obstructs the light;
  The winds above it move the wood.

**Reflected in the lake, I see
The downward mountains and the skies,
The flying bird, the waving tree,
The goats that on the hill arise.**

**The grey-cloaked herd drives on the cow;
The slow-paced fowler walks the heath;
A freckled pointer scours the brow;
A musing shepherd stands beneath.**

**Curved o'er the ruin of an oak,
The woodman lifts his axe on high;
The hills re-echo to the stroke;
I see—I see the shivers fly!**

**Some rural maid, with apron full,
Brings fuel to the homely flame;
I see the smoky columns roll,
And, through the chinky hut, the beam.**

**Beside a stone o'ergrown with moss,
Two well-met hunters talk at ease;
Three panting dogs beside repose;
One bleeding deer is stretched on grass.**

**A lake at distance spreads to sight,
Skirted with shady forests round;
In midst, an island's rocky height
Sustains a ruin, once renowned.**

**One tree bends o'er the naked walls:
Two broad-winged eagles hover nigh;
By intervals a fragment falls,
As blows the blast along the sky.**

**The rough-spun hinds the pinnace guide
With labouring oars along the flood;
An angler, bending o'er the tide,
Hangs from the boat the insidious wood.**

**Beside the flood, beneath the rocks,
On grassy bank two lovers lean;
Bend on each other amorous looks,
And seem to laugh and kiss between.**

**The wind is rustling in the oak;
They seem to hear the tread of feet;
They start, they rise, look round the rock;
Again they smile, again they meet.**

**But see! the gray mist from the lake
Ascends upon the shady hills;
Dark storms the murmuring forests shake,
Rain beats around a hundred rills.**

**To Damon's homely hut I fly;
I see it smoking on the plain;
When storms are past, and fair the sky,
I'll often seek my cave again.**

From Macpherson's manuscripts at Belleville we copy the following fragment, marked 'An Address to Venus,' 1785:

Thrice blest, and more than thrice, the morn
Whose genial gale and purple light
Awaked, then chased the night,
On which the Queen of Love was born!
Yet hence the sun's unhallowed ray,
With native beams let Beauty glow;
What need is there of other day,
Than the twin-stars that light those hills of snow?

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

The success of Macpherson's 'Ossian' seems to have prompted the remarkable forgeries of Chatterton:

The marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride.[*]

Such precocity of genius was never perhaps before witnessed. We have the poems of Pope and Cowley written, one at *twelve* (at least the first draft), and the other at *fifteen* years of age, but both were inferior to the verses of Chatterton at *eleven;* and his imitations of the antique, executed when he was fifteen and sixteen, exhibit a vigour of thought and facility of versification—to say nothing of their antiquarian character, which puzzled the most learned men of the day, and stamp him a poet of a high order. His education also was miserably deficient; yet when a mere boy, eleven years of age, this obscure youth could write as follows:

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[*] Wordsworth: *Resolution and Independence.*

A Hymn.

Almighty Framer of the skies,
O let our pure devotion rise·
Like incense in thy sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable shade,
The texture of our souls was made,
Till thy command gave light.

The sun of glory gleamed, the ray
Refined the darkness into day,
And bid the vapours fly:
Impelled by his eternal love,
He left his palaces above,
To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day,
When God appeared in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn.
When the archangel's heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
And hailed Salvation's morn?

A humble form the Godhead wore,
The pains of poverty he bore,
To gaudy pomp unknown:
Though in a human walk he trod,
Still was the man Almighty God,
In glory all his own.

Despised, oppressed, the Godhead bears
The torments of this vale of tears,
Nor bids his vengeance rise:
He saw the creatures he had made
Revile his power, his peace invade,
He saw with Mercy's eyes.

THOMAS CHATTERTON was born at Bristol, November 20, 1752. He was a posthumous child, son of poor parents, and received a scanty education at a charity school, where nothing but English, writing, and arithmetic were taught. His first lessons were said to have been from a black-letter Bible, which may have had some effect on his youthful imagination. At the age of fourteen he was put apprentice to an attorney, where his situation was irksome and uncomfortable, but left him ample time to prosecute his private studies. He was passionately devoted to poetry, antiquities, and heraldry, and ambitious of distinction. His ruling passion, he says, was 'unconquerable pride.' He now set himself to accomplish a series of impositions by pretended discoveries of old manuscripts. In October 1768 the new bridge at Bristol was finished; and Chatterton sent to a newspaper in the town a pretended account of the ceremonies on opening the old bridge, introduced by a letter to the printer, intimating that 'the description of *the friars first passing over the old bridge* was taken from an ancient manuscript.' To one man, fond of heraldic honours, he gave a pedigree reaching up to the time of William the Conqueror; to another he presents an ancient poem, the 'Romaunt of the Cnyghte,' written by one of his ancestors 450 years before; to a religious citizen of Bristol he gives an ancient fragment of a sermon on the Divinity of the Holy Spirit, as *wroten* by Thomas Rowley, a monk of the fifteenth century; to another, solicitous of obtaining information about Bristol, he makes the valuable present of an account of all the churches of the city, as they appeared three hundred years before, and accompanies it with drawings and descriptions of the castle, the whole pretended to be drawn from writings of e 'gode prieste Thomas Rowley.' Horace Walpole was engaged writing the 'History of British Painters,' and Chatterton sent him account of eminent 'Carvellers and Peyncters,' who once flourhed in Bristol. His impositions duped the citizens of Bristol. hatterton had no confidant in his labours; he toiled in secret, gratied only by 'the stoical pride of talent.' He frequently wrote by oonlight, conceiving that the immediate presence of that luminary dded to the inspiration. His Sundays were commonly spent in alking alone into the country about Bristol, and drawing sketches f churches and other objects. He would also lie down on the meaows in view of St. Mary's Church, Bristol, fix his eyes upon the ncient edifice, and seem as if he were in a kind of trance. Though orrect and orderly in his conduct, Chatterton, before he was sixteen, mbibed principles of infidelity, and the idea of suicide was familiar o his mind. It was, however, overruled for a time by his passion or literary fame and distinction. It was a favourite maxim with him, hat man is equal to anything, and that everything might be achieved by diligence and abstinence. In the muniment room of St. Mary Redcliffe Church of Bristol, several chests had been anciently deposited. These were broken open by an order from proper authority, some ancient deeds taken out, and the remaining manuscripts left exposed as of no value.

Chatterton gave out that he had found many writings of Mr. Canynge, and of Thomas Rowley—the friend of Canynge—a priest of the fifteenth century. The fictitious poems were published in the 'Town and Country Magazine,' to which Chatterton had become a contributor, and occasioned a warm controversy among literary antiquaries. Some of them he had submitted to Horace Walpole, who shewed them to Gray and Mason; but these competent judges pronounced them to be forgeries. After three years spent in the attorney's office, Chatterton obtained his release from his apprenticeship, and went to London, where he engaged in various tasks for the booksellers, and wrote for the magazines and newspapers. He obtained an introduction to Beckford, the patriotic and popular lord-mayor, and his own inclinations led him to espouse the opposition party. 'But no money,' he says, 'is to be got on that side of the question; interest is on the other side. *But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides.*' He boasted that his company was courted everywhere, and 'that he would settle the nation before he had done.' The splendid visions of promotion and wealth, however, soon vanished and even his labours for the periodical press failed to afford him the means of comfortable subsistence. He applied for the appointment of a surgeon's mate to Africa, but was refused the necessary recommendation. This seems to have been his last hope, and he made no further effort at literary composition. His spirits had always been unequal, alternately *gloomy and elevated*—both in extremes; he had cast off ***the restraints of religion***, and had no steady principle to guide him, unless it was a strong affection for his mother and sister, to whom he sent remittances of money, while his means lasted. Habit of intemperance, succeeded by fits of remorse, exasperated his constitutional melancholy; and after being reduced to actual want—though with characteristic pride he rejected a dinner offered him by his landlady (a Mrs. Angel, sack-maker, No. 4 Brook Street, Holborn), the day before his death—he tore all his papers, and destroyed himself by taking arsenic, August 25, 1770. At the time of his death he was aged seventeen years, nine months and a few days. 'No English poet,' says Campbell, 'ever equalled him at the same age.' The remains of the unhappy youth were interred in a shell in the burying-ground of Shoe-Lane workhouse. His unfinished papers he had destroyed before his death, and his room, when broken open, was found covered with scraps of paper. The citizens of Bristol have erected a monument to the memory of their native poet.

The poems of Chatterton, published under the name of Rowley, consist of the tragedy of 'Ælla,' the 'Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin,' the 'Battle of Hastings,' the 'Tournament,' one or two Dialogues, and a description of Canynge's Feast. Some of them, as the roundelay to Ælla (which we subjoin), have exactly the air of modern poetry, only disguised with antique spelling and phraseology. The avowed compositions of Chatterton are equally inferior to the forgeries in poetical powers and diction; which is satisfactorily accounted for by Sir Walter Scott by the fact, that his whole powers and energies must, at his early age, have been converted to the acquisition of the obsolete language and peculiar style necessary to support the deep-laid deception. 'He could have had no time for the study of our modern poets, their rules of verse, or modes of expression; while his whole faculties were intensely employed in the Herculean task of creating the person, history, and language of an ancient poet, which, vast as these faculties were, were sufficient wholly to engross, though not to overburden them.' A power of picturesque painting seems to be Chatterton's most distinguishing feature as a poet. The heroism of Sir Charles Bawdin, who

Summed the actions of the day
Each night before he slept,

and who bearded the tyrant king on his way to the scaffold, is perhaps his most striking portrait. The following description of Morning in the tragedy of 'Ælla,' is in the style of the old poets:

Bright sun had in his ruddy robes been dight,
  From the red east he flitted with his train;
The Houris draw away the gate of Night,
  Her sable tapestry was rent in twain:
The dancing streaks bedeckèd heaven's plain,
  And on the dew did smile with skimmering eye,
Like gouts of blood which do black armour stain,
  Shining upon the bourn which standeth by;
The soldiers stood upon the hillis side,
Like young enleaved trees which in a forest bide.

A description of Spring in the same poem:

The budding floweret blushes at the light,
  The meads be sprinkled with the yellow hue,
In daisied mantles is the mountain dight,
  The fresh young cowslip bendeth with the dew;
The trees enleafed, into heaven straight,
  When gentle winds do blow, to whistling din is brought.
The evening comes, and brings the dews along,
  The ruddy welkin shineth to the eyne,
Around the ale-stake minstrels sing the song,
  Young ivy round the door-post doth entwine;
I lay me on the grass, yet to my will
Albeit all is fair, there lacketh something still.

In the epistle to Canynge, Chatterton has a striking censure of the religious interludes which formed the early drama; but the idea, as Warton remarks, is the result of that taste and discrimination which could only belong to a more advanced period of society:

Plays made from holy tales I hold unmeet;
  Let some great story of a man be sung;
When as a man we God in Jesus treat,
  In my poor mind we do the Godhead wrong.

Archbishop Trench has shewn that the whole fabric of Chatterton's literary imposture could have been blown up by one short monosyllable of three letters, the word *its*. This word did not find its way into our literature until two hundred years after the period of Chatterton's monk Rowley. It occurs only once in our translation of the Scriptures (Levit. xxv. 5), and only three times, Archbishop Trench says, in all Shakspeare. Even Milton, in describing Satan, says

His form had not yet lost
All *her* original brightness.

The satirical and town effusions of Chatterton are often in bad taste, yet display a wonderful command of easy language and lively sportive allusion. They have no traces of juvenility, unless it be in adopting the vulgar scandals of the day, unworthy his original genius. In his satire of 'Kew Gardens' are the following lines, alluding to the poet-laureate and the proverbial poverty of poets:

Though sing-song Whitehead ushers in the year,
With joy to Britain's king and sovereign dear,
And, in compliance to an ancient mode,
Measures his syllables into an ode:
Yet such the scurvy merit of his muse,
He bows to deans. and licks his lordship's shoes.
Then leave the wicked barren way of rhyme,
Fly far from poverty, be wise in time:
Regard the office more, Parnassus less,
Put your religion in a decent dress:
Then may your interest in the town advance,
Above the reach of muses or romance.

In a poem, entitled 'The Prophecy,' are some vigorous stanzas, in a different measure, and remarkable for maturity and freedom of style:

The Prophecy, a Political Satire.

This truth of old was sorrow's friend—
'Times at the worst will surely mend.'
The difficulty 's then to know
How long Oppression's clock can go;
When Britain's sons may cease to sigh,
And hope that their redemption's nigh.

When vile Corruption's brazen face
At council-board shall take her place;
And lords-commissioners resort
To welcome her at Britain's court;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

See Pension's harbour, large and clear,
Defended by St. Stephen's pier!
The entrance safe, by current led,
Tiding round G—'s jetty head;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When civil power shall snore at ease;
While soldiers fire—to keep the peace;
When murders sanctuary find,
And petticoats can Justice blind;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

Commerce o'er Bondage will prevail,
Free as the wind that fills her sail.
When she complains of vile restraint,
And Power is deaf to her complaint;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When at Bute's feet poor Freedom lies,
Marked by the priest for sacrifice,
And doomed a victim for the sins
Of half the *outs* and all the *ins;*
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When time shall bring your wish about,
Or, seven-years lease, *you sold,* is out;
No future contract to fulfil;
Your tenants holding at your will;
Raise up your heads! your right demand—
For your redemption 's in your hand.

Then is your time to strike the blow,
And let the slaves of Mammon know,
Britain's true sons a bribe can scorn,
And die as free as they were born.
Virtue again shall take her seat,
And your redemption stand complete.

The boy who could thus write at sixteen, might soon have proved a Swift or a Dryden. Yet in satire, Chatterton evinced but a small part of his power. His Rowleian poems have a compass of invention, and a luxuriance of fancy, that promised a great chivalrous or allegorical poet of the style of Spenser.

*Bristow Tragedy, or the Death of Sir Charles Bawdin.**

The feathered songster, Chanticleer,
Had wound his bugle-horn,
And told the early villager
The coming of the morn:

King Edward saw the ruddy streaks
Of light eclipse the gray,
And heard the raven's croaking throat
Proclaim the fated day.

'Thou 'rt right,' quoth he, 'for by the God
That sits enthroned on high!
Charles Bawdin, and his fellows twain,
To-day shall surely die.'

Then with a jug of nappy ale
His knights did on him wait;
'Go tell the traitor, that to-day
He leaves this mortal state.'

Sir Canterlone then bended low,
With heart brimful of woe;
He journeyed to the castle-gate,
And to Sir Charles did go.

But when he came, his children twain,
And eke his loving wife,
With briny tears did wet the floor,
For good Sir Charles's life.

'O good Sir Charles,' said Canterlone,
'Bad tidings I do bring.'
'Speak boldly, man,' said brave Sir Charles;
'What says the traitor-king?'

'I grieve to tell: before yon sun
Does from the welkin fly,
He hath upon his honour sworn
That thou shalt surely die.'

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* The antiquated orthography affected by Chatterton being an impediment to their being generally read, we dismiss it in this and other specimens. The diction is, in reality, almost purely modern, and Chatterton's spelling in a great measure arbitrary, so that there seems no longer any reason for retaining what was only designed at first as a means of supporting a deception.

'We all must die,' said brave Sir Charles;
'Of that I'm not afraid;
What boots to live a little space?
Thank Jesus, I'm prepared.

'But tell thy king, fôr mine he's not,
I'd sooner die to-day,
Than live his slave, as many are,
Though I should live for aye.' . . .

Then Mr. Canynge sought the king,
And fell down on his knee;
'I'm come,' quoth he, 'unto your grace,
To move your clemency.'

'Then,' quoth the king, 'your tale speak out,
You have been much our friend;
Whatever your request may be,
We will to it attend.'

'My noble liege! all my request
Is for a noble knight.
Who, though mayhap he has done wrong,
He thought it still was right.

'He has a spouse and children twain;
All ruined are for aye,
If that you are resolved to let
Charles Bawdin die to-day.'

'Speak not of such a traitor vile,'
The king in fury said;
'Before the evening-star doth shine,
Bawdin shall lose his head. . . .

'By Mary, and all saints in heaven,
This sun shall be his last!'
Then Canynge dropped a briny tear,
And from the presence passed.

With heart brimful of gnawing grief,
He to Sir Charles did go,
And sat him down upon a stool,
And tears began to flow.

'We all must die,' said brave Sir Charles;
'What boots it how or when?
Death is the sure, the certain fate
Of all we mortal men.

'Say why, my friend, thy honest soul
Runs over at thine eye;
Is it for my most welcome doom
That thou dost child-like cry?'

Saith godly Canynge: 'I do weep,
That thou so soon must die,
And leave thy sons and helpless wife;
'Tis this that wets mine eye.'

'Then dry the tears that out thine eye
From godly fountains spring;
Death I despise, and all the power
Of Edward, traitor-king.

'When through the tyrant's welcome means
I shall resign my life,
The God I serve will soon provide
For both my sons and wife.

'Before I saw the lightsome sun,
This was appointed me;
Shall mortal man repine or grudge
What God ordains to be?

'How oft in battle have I stood,
When thousands died around;
When smoking streams of crimson blood
Imbrued the fattened ground:

'How did I know that every dart
That cut the airy way,
Might not find passage to my heart,
And close mine eyes for aye?

'And shall I now, for fear of death,
Look wan and be dismayed?
No! from my heart fly childish fear;
Be all the man displayed. . . .

'My honest friend, my fault has been
To serve God and my prince;
And that I no time-server am,
My death will soon convince.

'In London city was I born,
Of parents of great note;
My father did a noble arms
Emblazoned on his coat. . . .

'He taught me justice and the laws
With pity to unite;
And eke he taught me how to know
The wrong cause from the right. . . .

'And none can say but all my life
I have his words kept;
And summed the actions of the day
Each night before I slept.

'What though I on a sledge be drawn,
And mangled by a hind,
I do defy the traitor's power;
He cannot harm my mind:

'What though, uphoisted on a pole,
My limbs shall rot in air,
And no rich monument of brass
Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

'Yet in the holy book above,
  Which time can't eat away,
There with the servants of the Lord
  My name shall live for aye.

'Then welcome death! for life eterne
  I leave this mortal life:
Farewell, vain world, and all that's dear,
  My sons and loving wife!' . . .

Upon a sledge he mounted then,
  With looks full brave and sweet;
Looks that enshone no more concern
  Than any in the street.

And when he came to the high cross,
  Sir Charles did turn and say:
'O thou that savest man from sin,
  Wash my soul clean this day.'

At the great minster window sat
  The king in mickle state,
To see Charles Bawdin go along
  To his most welcome fate.

Soon as the sledde drew nigh enough,
  That Edward he might hear,
The brave Sir Charles he did stand up,
  And thus his words declare:

'Thou seest me, Edward! traitor vile!
  Exposed to infamy;
But be assured, disloyal man,
  I'm greater now than thee.

'By foul proceedings, murder, blood,
  Thou wearest now a crown;
And hast appointed me to die
  By power not thine own.

'Thou thinkest I shall die to-day;
  I have been dead till now,
And soon shall live to wear a crown
  For aye upon my brow;

'Whilst thou, perhaps, for some few years,
  Shalt rule this fickle land,
To let them know how wide the rule
  'Twixt king and tyrant hand.

'Thy power unjust, thou traitor slave!
  Shall fall on thy own head'—
From out of hearing of the king
  Departed then the sledde.

King Edward's soul rushed to his face,
  He turned his head away,
And to his brother Gloucester
  He thus did speak and say:

'To him that so-much-dreaded death
  No ghastly terrors bring;
Behold the man! he spake the truth;
  He's greater than a king!'

'So let him die!' Duke Richard said;
  'And may each one our foes
Bend down their necks to bloody axe,
  And feed the carrion crows.'

And now the horses gently drew
  Sir Charles up the high hill;
The axe did glister in the sun,
  His precious blood to spill.

Sir Charles did up the scaffold go,
  As up a gilded car
Of victory, by valorous chiefs
  Gained in the bloody war.

And to the people he did say:
  'Behold you see me die,
For serving loyally my king,
  My king most rightfully.

'As long as Edward rules this land,
  No quiet you will know;
Your sons and husbands shall be slain,
  And brooks with blood shall flow.

'You leave your good and lawful king,
  When in adversity;
Like me, unto the true cause stick,
  And for the true cause die.'

Then he, with priests, upon his knees,
  A prayer to God did make,
Beseeching him unto himself
  His parting soul to take.

Then kneeling down, he laid his head
  Most seemly on the block;
Which from his body fair at once
  The able headsman stroke. . . .

Thus was the end of Bawdin's fate:
  God prosper long our king.
And grant he may, with Bawdin's soul,
  In heaven God's mercy sing!

The Minstrel's Song in Ælla.

O sing unto my roundelay;
  O drop the briny tear with me;
Dance no more at holiday,
  Like a running river be;
    My love is dead,
    Gone to his death-bed,
    All under the willow-tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his neck as summer snow,
Ruddy his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below:
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Sweet his tongue as throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought was he:
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;
Oh! he lies by the willow-tree.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing,
In the briered dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing,
To the nightmares as they go.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

See! the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true-love's shroud;
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Here, upon my true-love's grave,
Shall the baren (1) flowers be laid,
Nor one holy saint to save
All the celness (2) of a maid:
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

With my hands I'll bind the briers,
Round his holy corse to gre; (3)
Ouphante (4) fairy, light your fires,
Here my body still shall be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Come with acorn cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood all away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Water-witches, crowned with reytes, (5)
Bear me to your deadly tide.
I die—I come—my true-love waits.—
Thus the damsel spake, and died.

Freedom—A Chorus in the Imperfect Tragedy of 'Goddwyn.'

When Freedom, dressed in blood-stained vest,
To every knight her war-song sung,
Upon her head wild weeds were spread,
A gory anlace (6) by her hung.
She danced on the heath,
She heard the voice of death.
Pale-eyed Affright, his heart of silver hue,
In vain assailed her bosom to acale; (7)
She heard unflemed (8) the shrieking voice of woe
And sadness in the owlet shake the dale.
She shook the burlèd spear,
On high she hoist her shield,
Her foemen all appear,
And flies along the field.
Power, with his head straight unto the skies,
His spear a sunbeam, and his shield a star,
All like two burning gronfires (9) rolls his eyes,
Champs with his iron feet, and sounds to war.
She sits upon a rock,
She bends before his spear,
She rises from the shock,
Wielding her own in air.
Hard as the thunder doth she drive it on,
Yet closely wimpled (10) guides it to his crown,

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1 *Baren* flowers, flowers borne or carried. 2 Coldness. 3 Grow. 4 Elfin.
5 Water-flags. 6 A short sword or dagger. 7 To chill or freeze.
8 Undismayed or unbanished. Chaucer has: 'And appetite flemeth discretion.'
9 Meteors. 10 *Wimpled*, veiled.

His long sharp spear, his spreading shield is gone.
He falls, and falling rolleth thousands down!
War, gore-faced war, by Envy buried, arist (1)
His fiery helmet nodding to the air,
Ten bloody arrows in his straining fist.

WILLIAM FALCONER.

The terrors and circumstances of a shipwreck had been often described by poets, ancient and modern, but never with any attempt at professional accuracy or minuteness of detail before the poem of that name by Falconer. It was reserved for a genuine sailor to disclose, in correct and harmonious verse, the 'secrets of the deep,' and to enlist the sympathies of the general reader in favour of the daily life and occupations of his brother-seamen, and in all the movements, the equipage, and tracery of those magnificent vessels which have carried the British name and enterprise to the remotest corners of the world. Poetical associations—a feeling of boundlessness and sublimity—obviously belonging to the scene of the poem—the ocean; but its interest soon wanders from this source, and centres in the stately ship and its crew—the gallant resistance which the men made to the fury of the storm—their calm and deliberate courage—the various resources of their skill and ingenuity—their consultations and resolutions as the ship labours in distress—and the brave unselfish piety and generosity with which they meet their fate, when at last

The crashing ribs divide—
She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er the tide.

Such a subject Falconer justly considered as 'new to epic lore,' but it possessed strong recommendations to the British public, whose national pride and honour, and commercial greatness, are so closely identified with the sea, and so many of whom have 'some friend, some brother there.'

William Falconer was born in Edinburgh on the 11th of February 1732, and was the son of a poor barber, who had two other children, both of whom were deaf and dumb. He went early to sea, on board a Leith merchant ship, and was afterwards in the royal navy. Before he was eighteen years of age, he was second-mate in the *Britannia*, a vessel in the Levant trade, which was shipwrecked off Cape Colonna, as described in his poem. In 1751 he was living in Edinburgh, where he published his first poetical attempt, a monody on the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales. The choice of such a subject by a young friendless Scottish sailor, was as singular as the depth of grief he describes in his poem; for Falconer, on this occasion, wished, with a zeal worthy of ancient Pistol,

To assist the pouring rains with brimful eyes,
And aid hoarse howling Boreas with his sighs!

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1 *Buried*, *arist*, armed, arose.

He continued in the merchant-service for about ten years. In 1762 appeared his poem of 'The Shipwreck,' preceded by a dedication to the Duke of York. The work was eminently successful, and his royal highness procured him the appointment of midshipman on board the *Royal George*, whence he was subsequently transferred to the *Glory*, a frigate of 32 guns, on board which he held the situation of purser. After the peace, he resided in London, wrote a poor satire on Wilkes, Churchill, &c. and compiled a useful marine dictionary. In October 1769, the poet again took to the sea, and sailed from England as purser of the *Aurora* frigate, bound for India. The vessel reached the Cape of Good Hope in December, but afterwards perished at sea, having foundered, as is supposed, in the Mozambique Channel. No 'tuneful Arion' was left to commemorate this calamity, the poet having died under the circumstances he had formerly described in the case of his youthful associates of the *Britannia*.

Three editions of the 'Shipwreck' were published during the author's life. The second (1764) was greatly enlarged, having about nine hundred new lines added. Before embarking on his last fatal voyage, Falconer published a third edition, dated October 1, 1769—the day preceding his departure from England. About two hundred more lines were added to the poem in this edition, and various alterations and transpositions made in the text. These were not all improvements: some of the most poetical passages were injured, and parts of the narrative confused. Hence one of the poet's editors, Mr. Stanier Clarke, in a splendid illustrated copy of the poem (1804), restored many of the discarded lines, and presented a text compounded of the three different editions. This version of the poem is that now generally printed; but in a subsequent illustrated edition, by the Messrs. Black, Edinburgh (1858), Falconer's third and latest edition is more closely followed. Mr. Clarke conjectured—and other editors have copied his error—that Falconer, overjoyed at his appointment to the *Aurora*, and busy preparing for his voyage, had intrusted to his friend David Mallet the revision of the poem, and that Mallet had corrupted the text. Now, it is sufficient to say that Mallet had been four years dead, and that Falconer in the advertisement prefixed to the work, expressly states that he had himself subjected it to a strict and thorough revision. Unfortunately, as in the case of Akenside, the success of the poet had not been commensurate with his anxiety and labour.

'The Shipwreck' has the rare merit of being a pleasing and interesting poem, and a safe guide to practical seamen. Its nautical rules and directions are approved of by all experienced naval officers. At first, the poet does not seem to have done more than describe in nautical phrase and simple narrative the melancholy disaster he had witnessed. The characters of Albert, Rodmond, Palemon, and Anna were added in the second edition of the work. By choosing the shipwreck of the *Britannia*, Falconer imparted a train of interesting recollections and images to his poem. The wreck occurred off Cape Colonna—one of the fairest portions of the beautiful shores of Greece. 'In all Attica,' says Lord Byron, 'if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design; to the philosopher, the supposed scene of some of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over "isles that crown the Ægean deep;" but for an Englishman, Colonna has yet an additional interest, as the actual spot of Falconer's "Shipwreck." Pallas and Plato are forgotten in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell—

Here in the dead of night by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep.'

Falconer was not insensible to the charms of these historical and classic associations, and he was still more alive to the impressions of romantic scenery and a genial climate. Some of the descriptive and episodical parts of the poem are, however, drawn out to too great a length, as they interrupt the narrative where its interest is most engrossing, besides being occasionally feeble and affected. The characters of his naval officers are finely discriminated: Albert, the commander, is brave, liberal, and just, softened and refined by domestic ties and superior information; Rodmond, the next in rank, is coarse and boisterous, a hardy, weather-beaten son of Northumberland, yet of a kind, compassionate nature; Palemon, 'charged with the commerce,' is perhaps too effeminate for the rough sea: he is the lover of the poem, and his passion for Albert's daughter is drawn with truth and delicacy:

'Twas genuine passion, Nature's eldest born.

The truth of the whole poem is indeed one of its greatest attractions. We feel that it is a passage of real life; and even where the poet seems to violate the canons of taste and criticism, allowance is liberally made for the peculiar situation of the author, while he rivets our attention to the scenes of trial and distress which he so fortunately survived to describe.

Evening at Sea.

The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanced obliquely o'er the woodland scene.
Creation smiles around; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay.
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain;
The golden lime and orange there were seen,
On fragrant branches of perpetual green.
The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glassy ocean hushed forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore:

And lo! his surface, lovely to behold!
Glows in the west, a sea of living gold!
While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains:
Above, beneath, around enchantment reigns!
While yet the shades, on time's eternal scale,
With long vibration deepen o'er the vale;
While yet the songsters of the vocal grove
With dying numbers tune the soul to love,
With joyful eyes the attentive master sees
The auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.
Now radiant Vesper leads the starry train,
And night slow draws her veil o'er land and main;
Round the charged bowl the sailors form a ring;
By turns recount the wondrous tale, or sing;
As love or battle, hardships of the main,
Or genial wine, awake their homely strain:
Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

Appearance of the Ship on the Shores of Greece.

The natives, while the ship departs the land,
Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
Majestically slow, before the breeze,
In silent pomp she marches on the seas.
Her milk-white bottom casts a softer gleam,
While trembling through the green translucent stream.
The wales, (1) that close above in contrast shone,
Clasp the long fabric with a jetty zone.
Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
Gazed o'er the vassal-wave that rolled below:
Where'er she moved, the vassal-waves were seen
To yield obsequious, and confess their queen. . . .
High o'er the poop the flattering winds unfurled
The imperial flag that rules the watery world.
Deep-blushing armours all the tops invest;
And warlike trophies either quarter drest:
Then towered the masts; the canvas swelled on high;
And waving streamers floated in the sky.
Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,
Like some fair virgin on her bridal-day.
Thus like a swan she cleaves the watery plain,
The pride and wonder of the Ægean main! (2)

Cape Colonna—The Storm and Wreck.

But now Athenian mountains they descry,
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high.

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wales here alluded to are an assemblage of strong planks, which envelop the
t of the ship's side.

e Pope controversy (1821), Mr. Bowles quoted Lord Byron's beautiful image of
n the *Corsair*:

-That seems to walk the waves a thing of life!

r. Bowles himself had some years before written a fine description of a ship on

The tall ship,
That like a stately swan, in conscious pride
Breaks beautiful the rising surge, and throws
The gathered waves back, and seems to move
A living thing upon its lucid way,
Streaming in lovely glory to the morn.

Beside the cape's projecting verge is placed
A range of columns long by time defaced;
First planted by devotion to sustain,
In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane.
Foams the wild beach below with maddening rage,
Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage.
The sickly heaven, fermenting with its freight,
Still vomits o'er the main the feverish weight:
And now, while winged with ruin from on high,
Through the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,
A flash quick glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night:
Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
Touched with compassion, gazed upon the blind;
And while around his sad companions crowd,
He guides the unhappy victim to the shroud:
'Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend,' he cries;
'Thy only succour on the mast relies.'
The helm, bereft of half its vital force,
Now scarce subdued the wild unbridled course,
Quick to the abandoned wheel Arion came,
The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim.
Amazed he saw her, o'er the sounding foam
Upborne, to right and left distracted roam.
So gazed young Phaeton, with pale dismay,
When, mounted on the flaming car of day,
With rash and impious hand the stripling tried
The immortal coursers of the sun to guide.
The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly:
Fate spurs her on. Thus, issuing from afar,
Advances to the sun some blazing star;
And, as it feels the attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated force.
With mournful look the seamen eyed the strand,
Where death's inexorable jaws expand;
Swift from their minds elapsed all dangers past,
As, dumb with terror, they beheld the last.
Now on the trembling shrouds, before, behind,
In mute suspense they mount into the wind.
The genius of the deep, on rapid wing,
The black eventful moment seemed to bring.
The fatal sisters, on the surge before,
Yoked their infernal horses to the prore.
The steersmen now received their last command
To wheel the vessel sidelong to the strand.
Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend,
High on the platform of the top ascend:
Fatal retreat! for while the plunging prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down-pressed by watery weight the bowsprit bends,
And from above the stem deep crashing rends.
Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie;
The foremast totters, unsustained on high;
And now the ship, fore-lifted by the sea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee;
While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
Drags the maintop-mast from its post away.
Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain
Through hostile floods their vessel to regain.
The waves they buffet, till, bereft of strength,
O'erpowered, they yield to cruel fate at length.

hostile waters close around their head,
ey sink for ever, numbered with the dead!
Those who remain their fearful doom await,
or longer mourn their lost companions' fate.
he heart that bleeds with sorrows all its own,
orgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan.
lbert and Rodmond and Palemon here,
With young Arion on the mast appear;
Even they, amid the unspeakable distress,
In every look distracting thoughts confess;
In every vein the refluent blood congeals,
And every bosom fatal terror feels.
Enclosed with all the demons of the main,
They viewed the adjacent shore, but viewed in vain. . . .
  And now, lashed on by destiny severe,
With horror fraught the dreadful scene drew near
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath!
In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore,
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
Even Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyss had shuddered to behold.
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue famed,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaimed,
Beheld this scene of frenzy and distress,
His soul had trembled to its last recess!
O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above,
This last tremendous shock of fate to prove!
The tottering frame of reason yet sustain!
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain!
  In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For now the audacious seas insult the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shattered top half buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,
Earth groans, air trembles, and the deeps resound!
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment reels;
So reels, convulsed with agonising throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murderer's blows.
Again she plunges; hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock!
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak:
Till, like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides. . . .
  As o'er the surf the bending mainmast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung;
Some on a broken crag were struggling cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast;
Awhile they bore the o'erwhelming billows' rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till all benumbed and feeble, they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below;

Some, from the main-yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan;
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend;
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath the involving tide;
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive:
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And pressed the stony beach—a lifeless crew!
  Next, O unhappy chief! the eternal doom
Of heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb:
What scenes of misery torment thy view!
What painful struggles of thy dying crew!
Thy perished hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erspread with corses, red with human blood!
So pierced with anguish hoary Priam gazed,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blazed;
While he, severest sorrow doomed to feel,
Expired beneath the victor's murdering steel—
Thus with his helpless partners to the last,
Sad refuge! Albert grasps the floating mast.
His soul could yet sustain this mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath superior woe;
For now strong nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain;
His faithful wife, for ever doomed to mourn
For him, alas! who never shall return;
To black adversity's approach exposed,
With want, and hardships unforeseen, enclosed;
His lovely daughter, left without a friend
Her innocence to succour and defend,
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray—
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resigned,
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him rolled,
His outstretched arms the master's legs infold:
Sad Albert feels their dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fettered limbs to clear,
For death bids every clenching joint adhere.
All faint, to heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And 'Oh, protect my wife and child!' he cries—
The gushing streams roll back the unfinished sound;
He gasps! and sinks amid the vast profound.

ROBERT LLOYD.

Robert Lloyd, the friend of Cowper and Churchill, was b
London in 1733. His father was under-master at Westm
School. He distinguished himself by his talents at Cambridg
was irregular in his habits. After completing his education,
came an usher under his father. The wearisome routine of th
soon disgusted him, and he attempted to earn a subsistence
literary talents. His poem called 'The Actor' attracted some
and was the precursor of Churchill's 'Rosciad.' The style i
and easy, and the observations generally correct and spirited
contributing to periodical works as an essayist, a poet and stage
Lloyd picked up a precarious subsistence, but his mea

ghtlessly squandered in company with Churchill and other wits
n town.' He brought out two indifferent theatrical pieces, pub-
ed his poems by subscription, and edited the 'St. James's Maga-
,' to which Colman, Bonnel Thornton, and others contributed.
he magazine failed, and Lloyd was cast into prison for debt.
rchill generously allowed him a guinea a week, as well as a ser-
t; and endeavoured to raise a subscription for the purpose of
ricating him from his embarrassments. Churchill died in Novem-
1764. 'Lloyd,' says Southey, 'had been apprised of his danger;
t when the news of his death was somewhat abruptly announced
him, as he was sitting at dinner, he was seized with a sudden
kness, and saying: "I shall follow poor Charles," took to his bed,
m which he never rose again; dying, if ever man died, of a broken
art. The tragedy did not end here: Churchill's favourite sister,
ho is said to have possessed much of her brother's sense, and spirit,
d genius, and to have been betrothed to Lloyd, attended him dur-
g his illness; and, sinking under the double loss, soon followed her
rother and her lover to the grave.' Lloyd, in conjunction with
olman, parodied the Odes of Gray and Mason, and the humour of
eir burlesques is not tinctured with malignity. Indeed, this unfor-
unate young poet seems to have been one of the gentlest of witty
bservers and lively satirists; he was ruined by the friendship of
hurchill and the Nonsense Club, and not by the force of an evil
ature. The vivacity of his style—which both Churchill and Cowper
opied—may be seen from the following short extract:

The Miseries of a Poet's Life.

The harlot muse, so passing gay,
Bewitches only to betray.
Though for a while with easy air
She smoothes the rugged brow of care,
And laps the mind in flowery dreams,
With Fancy's transitory gleams;
Fond of the nothings she bestows,
We wake at last to real woes.
Through every age, in every place,
Consider well the poet's case;
By turns protected and caressed,
Defamed, dependent, and distressed.
The joke of wits, the bane of slaves,
The curse of fools, the butt of knaves;
Too proud to stoop for servile ends,
To lacquey rogues or flatter friends;
With prodigality to give,
Too careless of the means to live;
The bubble fame intent to gain,
And yet too lazy to maintain;
He quits the world he never prized,
Pitied by few, by more despised,
And, lost to friends, oppressed by foes,
Sinks to the nothing whence he rose.

O glorious trade! for wit 's a trade,
Where men are ruined more than made!
Let crazy Lee, neglected Gay,
The shabby Otway, Dryden gray,
Those tuneful servants of the Nine—
Not that I blend their names with mine—
Repeat their lives, their works, their fame,
And teach the world some useful shame.

But bad as the life of a hackney poet and critic seems to have been in Lloyd's estimation, the situation of a school-usher was as little to be desired, and so thought Goldsmith:

Wretchedness of a School-usher.

Were I at once empowered to shew
My utmost vengeance on my foe,
To punish with extremest rigour,
I could inflict no penance bigger,
Than, using him as learning's tool,
To make him usher of a school.

For, not to dwell upon the toil
Of working on a barren soil,
And labouring with incessant pains,
To cultivate a blockhead's brains,
The duties there but ill befit
The love of letters, arts, or wit.
For one, it hurts me to the soul,
To brook confinement or control;
Still to be pinioned down to teach
The syntax and the parts of speech;
Or, what perhaps is drudgery worse,
The links, and points, and rules of verse;
To deal out authors by retail,
Like penny pots of Oxford ale;
Oh, 'tis a service irksome more
Than tugging at the slavish oar!
Yet such his task, a dismal truth,
Who watches o'er the bent of youth,
And while a paltry stipend earning,
He sows the richest seeds of learning,
And tills *their* minds with proper care,
And sees them their due produce bear;
No joys, alas! his toil beguile,
His *own* lies fallow all the while.
'Yet still he's on the road,' you say,
'Of learning.' Why, perhaps he may,
But turns like horses in a mill,
Nor getting on, nor standing still;
For little way his learning reaches,
Who reads no more than what he teaches.

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

A second Dryden was supposed to have arisen in Churchill, when he published his satirical poem, the 'Rosciad,' in 1761. The impression was continued by his reply to the critical reviewers, shortly afterwards; and his 'Epistle to Hogarth,' the 'Prophecy of Famine,' 'Night,' and passages in his other poems—all thrown off in haste to serve the purpose of the day—evinced great vigour and facility of versification, and a breadth and boldness of personal invective that drew instant attention to their author. Though Cowper, from early predilections, had a high opinion of Churchill, and thought he was 'indeed a poet,' we cannot now consider the author of the 'Rosciad' as more than a special pleader or pamphleteer in verse. He seldom reaches the heart—except in some few lines of penitential fervour—and he never ascended to the higher regions of imagination, then trod by Collins, Gray, and Akenside. With the beauties of external nature he had not the slightest sympathy. He died before he had well attained the prime of life; yet there is no youthful enthusiasm about his works, nor any indications that he sighed for a higher fame than that of being the terror of actors and artists, noted for his libertine eccentricities, and distinguished for his devotion to Wilkes. That he misapplied strong original talents in following out these pitiful or unworthy objects of his ambition is undeniable. The 'fatal facility' of his verse, and his unscrupulous satire of living individuals and passing events, had the effect of making all London 'ring from side to side' with his applause, at a time when the real poetry of the age could hardly obtain either publishers or readers.

Excepting Marlowe, the dramatic poet, scarcely any English author of reputation has been more unhappy in his life and end than Charles Churchill. He was the son of a clergyman in Westminster, where he was born in 1731. After attending Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge—which he quitted abruptly—he made a clandestine marriage with a young lady in Westminster, and was assisted by his father, till he was ordained and settled in the curacy of Rainham, in Essex. His father died in 1758, and the poet was appointed his successor in the curacy and lectureship of St. John's at Westminster. This transition, which promised an accession of comfort and respectability, proved the bane of poor Churchill. He was in his twenty-seventh year, and his conduct had been up to this period irreproachable. He now, however, renewed his intimacy with Lloyd and other school-companions, and launched into a career of dissipation and extravagance. His poetry drew him into notice; and he not only disregarded his lectureship, but he laid aside the clerical costume, and appeared in the extreme of fashion, with a blue coat, gold-laced hat and ruffles. The dean of Westminster remonstrated with him against this breach of clerical propriety, and his animadversions were seconded by the poet's parishioners. Churchill affected to ridicule this prudery, and Lloyd made it the subject of an epigram:

> To Churchill, the bard, cries the Westminster dean,
> Leather breeches, white stockings! pray what do you mean?
> 'Tis shameful, irreverent—you must keep to church rules.
> If wise ones, I will; and, if not, they're for fools.
> If reason don't bind me, I'll shake off all fetters;
> To be black and all black, I shall leave to my betters.

The dean and the congregation were, however, too powerful, and Churchill found it necessary to resign the lectureship. His ready pen still threw off at will his popular satires, and he plunged into the grossest debaucheries. These excesses he attempted to justify in a poetical epistle to Lloyd, entitled 'Night,' in which he revenges himself on prudence and the world by railing at them in good set terms. 'This vindication proceeded,' says his biographer, 'on the exploded doctrine, that the barefaced avowal of vice is less culpable than the practice of it under a hypocritical assumption of virtue. The measure of guilt in the individual is, we conceive, tolerably equal; but the sanction and dangerous example afforded in the former case, renders it, in a public point of view, an evil of tenfold magnitude.' The poet's irregularities affected his powers of composition, and his poem of 'The Ghost,' published at this time, was an incoherent and tiresome production. A greater evil, too, was his acquaintance with Wilkes, unfortunately equally conspicuous for public faction and private debauchery. Churchill assisted his new associate in the 'North Briton,' and received the profit arising from its sale. 'This circumstance rendered him of importance enough to be included with Wilkes in the list of those whom the messengers had *verbal* instructions to apprehend under the general warrant issued for that purpose, the execution of which gave rise to the most popular and only beneficial part of the warm contest that ensued with government. Churchill was with Wilkes at the time the latter was apprehended, and himself only escaped owing to the messenger's ignorance of his person, and to the presence of mind with which Wilkes addressed him by the name of Thomson.'*

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* Life of Churchill prefixed to works (London, 1804). When Churchill entered the room, Wilkes was in custody of the messenger. 'Good-morning, Mr. Thomson,' said

The poet now set about his satire, the 'Prophecy of Famine,' which, like Wilkes's 'North Briton,' was specially directed against the Scottish nation. The outlawry of Wilkes separated the friends, but they kept up a correspondence, and Churchill continued to be a keen political satirist. The excesses of his daily life remained equally conspicuous. Hogarth, who was opposed to Churchill for being a friend of Wilkes, characteristically exposed his habits by caricaturing the satirist in the form of a bear dressed canonically, with ruffles at his paws, and holding a pot of porter. Churchill took revenge in a fierce and sweeping 'epistle' to Hogarth, which is said to have caused him the most exquisite pain. After separating from his wife, and forming an unhappy connection with another female, the daughter of a Westminster tradesman, wretched Churchill's career drew to a sad and premature close. In October 1764 he went to France to pay a visit to his friend Wilkes, and was seized at Boulogne with a fever, which proved fatal on the 4th of November. With his clerical profession Churchill had thrown off his belief in Christianity, and Southey mentions, that though he made his will only the day before his death, there is in it not the slightest expression of religious faith or hope. So highly popular and productive had his satires proved, that he was enabled to bequeath an annuity of sixty pounds to his widow, and fifty to the more unhappy woman whom he had latterly abused, and some surplus remained to his sons. The poet was buried at Dover, and some of his gay associates placed over his grave a stone, on which was engraved a line from one of his own poems:

Life to the last enjoyed, here Churchill lies.

The enjoyment may be doubted, and still more the taste of this inscription. It is certain that Churchill expressed his compunction for parts of his conduct, in verses that evidently came from the heart:

Remorse.

Look back! a thought which borders on despair,
Which human nature must, but cannot bear.
'Tis not the babbling of a busy world,
Where praise or censure are at random hurled,
Which can the meanest of my thoughts control,
Or shake one settled purpose of my soul;
Free and at large might their wild curses roam,
If all, if all, alas! were well at home.
No; 'tis the tale which angry conscience tells,
When she with more than tragic horror swells
Each circumstance of guilt; when stern, but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review,

Wilkes to him. 'How does Mrs. Thomson do? Does she dine in the country?' Churchill took the hint as readily as it had been given. He replied that Mrs. Thomson was waiting for him, and that he only came, for a moment, to ask him how he did. Then almost directly he took his leave, hastened home, secured his papers, retired into the country, and eluded all search.

And, like the dread handwriting on the wall,
Bids late remorse awake at reason's call;
Armed at all points, bids scorpion vengeance pass,
And to the mind holds up reflection's glass—
The mind which starting heaves the heartfelt groan.
And hates that form she knows to be her own. *The Conference.*

The most ludicrous, and, on the whole, the best of Churchill's satires, is his 'Prophecy of Famine,' a Scots pastoral, inscribed to Wilkes. The Earl of Bute's administration had directed the enmity of all disappointed patriots and keen partisans against the Scottish nation. Even Johnson and Junius descended to this petty national prejudice, and Churchill revelled in it with such undisguised exaggeration and broad humour, that the most saturnine or sensitive of our countrymen must have laughed at its absurdity. This unique pastoral opens as follows:

A Scots Pastoral.

Two boys whose birth, beyond all question, springs
From great and glorious, though forgotten kings,
Shepherds of Scottish lineage, born and bred
On the same bleak and barren mountain's head,
By niggard nature doomed on the same rocks
To spin out life, and starve themselves and flocks,
Fresh as the morning, which, enrobed in mist,
The mountain's top with usual dullness kissed,
Jockey and Sawney to their labours rose;
Soon clad, I ween, where nature needs no clothes;
Where from their youth inured to winter skies,
Dress and her vain refinements they despise.
  Jockey, whose manly high cheek-bones to crown,
With freckles spotted flamed the golden down,
With meikle art could on the bagpipes play,
Even from the rising to the setting day;
Sawney as long without remorse could bawl
Home's madrigals, and ditties from Fingal:
Oft at his strains, all natural though rude,
The Highland lass forgot her want of food,
And, whilst she scratched her lover into rest,
Sunk pleased, though hungry, on her Sawney's breast.
  Far as the eye could reach, no tree was seen,
Earth, clad in russet, scorned the lively green:
The plague of locusts they secure defy,
For in three hours a grasshopper must die;
No living thing, whate'er its food, feasts there,
But the chameleon, who can feast on air.
No birds, except as birds of passage, flew;
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo:
No streams, as amber smooth, as amber clear,
Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here:
Rebellion's spring, which through the country ran,
Furnished with bitter draughts the steady clan;
No flowers embalmed the air, but one white rose,
Which on the tenth of June,* by instinct blows;

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* The birthday of the old Chevalier. It used to be a great object with the gardener of a Scottish Jacobite family of those days to have the Stuart emblem in blow by the tenth of June.

By instinct blows at morn, and, when the shades
Of drizzly eve prevail, by instinct fades.

In the same poem, Churchill thus alludes to himself:

Me, whom no muse of heavenly birth inspires,
No judgment tempers, when rash genius fires;
Who boast no merit but mere knack of rhyme,
Short gleams of sense and satire out of time;
Who cannot follow where trim fancy leads
By prattling streams, o'er flower-impurpled meads;
Who often, but without success, have prayed
For apt alliteration's artful aid;
Who would, but cannot, with a master's skill,
Coin fine new epithets which mean no ill:
Me, thus uncouth, thus every way unfit
For pacing poesy, and ambling wit,
Taste with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place
Amongst the lowest of her favoured race.

The characters of Garrick, &c., in the 'Rosciad,' have now ceased to interest; but some of these rough pen-and-ink sketches of Churchill are happily executed. Smollett, who, as Churchill believed, had attacked him in the 'Critical Review,' he alludes to with mingled approbation and ridicule:

Whence could arise this mighty critic spleen,
The muse a trifler, and her theme so mean?
What had I done that angry heaven should send
The bitterest foe where most I wished a friend?
Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
And hailed the honours of thy matchless fame.
For me let hoary Fielding bite the ground
So nobler Pickle stand superbly bound;
From Livy's temples tear the historic crown,
Which with more justice blooms upon thine own.
Compared with thee, be all life-writers dumb,
But he who wrote the life of Tommy Thumb.
Whoever read the Regicide but swore
The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before?
Others for plots and under-plots may call,
Here's the right method—have no plot at all!

Of Hogarth:

In walks of humour, in that cast of style,
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smile;
In comedy, his natural road to fame,
Nor let me call it by a meaner name,
Where a beginning, middle, and an end
Are aptly joined; where parts on parts depend,
Each made for each, as bodies for their soul,
So as to form one true and perfect whole,
Where a plain story to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
Hogarth unrivalled stands, and shall engage
Unrivalled praise to the most distant age.

In 'Night' Churchill thus gaily addressed his friend Lloyd on the *proverbial* poverty of poets:

What is 't to us if taxes rise or fall?
Thanks to our fortune we pay none at all.

Let muckworms, who in dirty acres deal,
Lament those hardships which we cannot feel.
His Grace, who smarts, may bellow if he please,
But must I bellow too, who sit at ease?
By custom safe, the poet's numbers flow
Free as the light and air some years ago.
No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labours and excise our brains.
Burdens like these, vile earthly buildings bear•
No tribute's laid on castles in the air!

The reputation of Churchill was also an aërial structure. 'No English poet,' says Southey, 'had ever enjoyed so excessive and so short-lived a popularity; and indeed no one seems more thoroughly to have understood his own powers; there is no indication in any of his pieces that he could have done anything better than the thing he did. To Wilkes he said that nothing came out till he began to be pleased with it himself; but, to the public, he boasted of the haste and carelessness with which his verses were poured forth.

Had I the power, I could not have the time,
While spirits flow, and life is in her prime,
Without a sin 'gainst pleasure, to design
A plan, to methodise each thought, each line,
Highly to finish, and make every grace
In itself charming, take new charms from place.
Nothing of books, and little known of men,
When the mad fit comes on, I seize the pen;
Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts set down,
Rough as they run, discharge them on the town.

Popularity which is easily gained, is lost as easily; such reputations resembling the lives of insects, whose shortness of existence is compensated by its proportion of enjoyment. He perhaps imagined that his genius would preserve his subjects, as spices preserve a mummy, and that the individuals whom he had eulogised or stigmatised would go down to posterity in his verse, as an old admiral comes home from the West Indies in a puncheon of rum: he did not consider that the rum is rendered loathsome, and that the spices with which the Pharaohs and Potiphars were embalmed, wasted their sweetness in the catacombs. But, in this part of his conduct, there was no want of worldly prudence: he was enriching himself by hasty writings, for which the immediate sale was in proportion to the bitterness and personality of the satire.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

In massive force of understanding, multifarious knowledge, sagacity, and moral intrepidity, no writer of the eighteenth century surpassed Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON.. His various works, with their sententious morality and high-sounding sonorous periods—his manly character and appearance—his great virtues and strong prejudices—his early and severe struggles, illustrating his own noble verse—

Slow rises worth by poverty depressed—

his love of argument and society, into which he poured the treasures of a rich and full mind—his wit, repartee, and brow-beating—his rough manners and kind heart—his curious household, in which were congregated the lame, blind, and despised—his very looks, gesticulation, and dress—have all been brought so vividly before us by his biographer, Boswell, that to readers of every class Johnson is as well known as any member of their own family. His heavy form seems still to haunt Fleet Street and the Strand, and he has stamped his memory on the remote islands of the Hebrides. In literature, his influence has been scarcely less extensive. No prose writer of that day escaped the contagion of his peculiar style. He banished for a long period the naked simplicity of Swift, and the idiomatic graces of Addison; he depressed the literature and poetry of imagination, while he elevated that of the understanding; he based criticism on strong sense and solid judgment, not on scholastic subtleties and refinement; and though some of the higher qualities and attributes of genius eluded his grasp and observation, the withering scorn and invective with which he assailed all affected sentimentalism, immorality, and licentiousness, introduced a pure and healthful and invigorating atmosphere into the crowded walks of literature. These are solid and substantial benefits which should weigh down errors of taste or the caprices of a temperament constitutionally prone to melancholy and disease, and which was little sweetened by prosperity or applause at that period of life when the habits are formed and the manners become permanent. As a *man*, Johnson was an admirable representative of the Englishman—as an *author*, his course was singularly pure, high-minded, and independent. He could boast with more truth than Burke, that 'he had no arts but manly arts.' At every step in his progress, his passport was talent and virtue; and when the royal countenance and favour were at length extended to him, it was but a ratification by the sovereign of the wishes and opinions entertained by the best and wisest of the nation.

Johnson was born at Lichfield, September 18, 1709. His father was a bookseller. In his nineteenth year, he was placed at Pembroke College, Oxford. Misfortunes in trade happened to the elder Johnson, and Samuel was compelled to leave the university without a degree. He had been only fourteen months at Oxford, but during that time had distinguished himself by translating Pope's 'Messiah' into Latin verse. He was a short time usher in a school at Market Bosworth; but marrying a widow, Mrs. Porter—who was in her forty-eighth year (Johnson himself was twenty-seven)—he set up a private academy at Edial, near his native city. He had only three pupils, one of whom was David Garrick. After an unsuccessful career of a year and a half, Johnson went to London, accompanied by Garrick. He had written part of his tragedy of 'Irene,' hoping to get it brought on the stage, but it was refused. He now commenced author by profession, contributing essays, reviews, &c. to the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' He also wrote for the magazine a monthly account of the proceedings in parliament, under the title of 'Reports of the Debates of the Senate of Lilliput.' Notes of the speeches were furnished to him, and he extended them in his own peculiar, grandiloquent style (which was early formed), taking care, as he said, 'that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it.' He was himself a determined Tory. In 1738 appeared his poem of 'London,' in imitation of the third satire of Juvenal, for which Dodsley gave him ten guineas It instantly became popular, and a second edition was called for within a week. The author's name was not prefixed to the work. Pope made inquiries after the author, saying such a man would soon be known, and recommended Johnson to Lord Gower, who would have obtained for the poor poet the mastership of a grammar-school in Leicestershire, had not the academical degree of M. A. been indispensable, and this Johnson could not procure. He struggled on, writing task-work for Cave, the proprietor of the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' and in 1744 published the 'Life of Savage,' who had died the previous year. This admirable specimen of biography was also published anonymously, but it was known to be Johnson's, and his reputation continued to advance, so that the chief booksellers in London engaged him to prepare a 'Dictionary of the English Language,' for which he was to receive 1500 guineas. The prospectus of the 'Dictionary' was addressed to Lord Chesterfield, who acknowledged the honour by awarding Johnson a *honorarium* of ten guineas. Seven years and more elapsed before the 'Dictionary' was completed, and when it was on the eve of publication, Chesterfield—hoping, as Johnson believed, that the work might be dedicated to him—wrote two papers in the periodical called the 'World' in recommendation of the plan of the 'Dictionary.' Johnson thought all was false and hollow, and penned an indignant letter to the earl. He did Chesterfield injustice in the affair, as from a collation of the facts and circumstances is now apparent; but as a keen and dignified expression of wounded pride and surly independence, the composition is inimitable:

Letter to Lord Chesterfield.

February 7, 1755.

My Lord—I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the 'World,' that two papers, in which my 'Dictionary' is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had

The peculiarity of Juvenal, according to Johnson's own defi
'is a mixture of gaiety and stateliness, of pointed sentences an
clamatory grandeur.' He had less reflection and less moral d
than his English imitator.

The other poetical pieces of Johnson are short and occasiona
his beautiful 'Prologue on the Opening of Drury Lane,' and his
'On the Death of Levett,' are in his best manner.

From the Vanity of Human Wishes.

Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wavering man, betrayed by venturous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice.
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppressed,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with every wish the afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art,
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.
  But scarce observed, the knowing and the bold,
Fall in the general massacre of gold;
Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfined,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heaped on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.
  Let history tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the maddened land;
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower,
Untouched his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.
  Unnumbered suppliants crowd preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive fortune hears the incessant call.
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On every stage, the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From every room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place,
And smoked in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;

ıad to perform great part of the journey on horseback, travelling
mountains and bogs, and to cross stormy firths and arms of the
n open boats.

ut Johnson had a stout heart, and accompanied by his faithful
re, was willing to encounter all dangers. His narrative of his
els, published in 1775, is one of his most interesting works, but
uestionably the most valuable of all is his last work, the 'Lives of
Poets,' prefixed as prefaces to an edition of the English poets,
9-81. For this work Johnson received three hundred guineas—
hundred more than he had stipulated for, but Malone says the
ksellers made five or six thousand pounds by the undertaking.
e Tory predilections of Johnson, heightened by the recollection of
pension, induced him in his latter days to embark on the troubled
of party politics, and he wrote two pamphlets in defence of the
nistry and against the claims of the Americans, but they are un-
rthy of his reputation. His work was now done. His health had
ways been precarious. He had from his birth been afflicted with a
rofulous taint, and all his life he was a prey to constitutional mel-
ıcholy (often on the verge of insanity), and had a horror of death.
hile he was an inmate in the family of Mr. Thrale, the opulent
rewer, the agreeable society he met there, and especially the conver-
ıtion and attentions of Mrs. Thrale (afterwards Mrs. Piozzi), soothed
nd delighted him; but after this connection was rudely broken up,
ohnson's residence in Bolt Court was but a sad and gloomy resi-
ence. The end, however, was peace. He wished, he said, to meet
is God with an unclouded mind, and his prayer was heard. He
lied in a serene and happy frame of mind on the 13th of December, 1784.

The poetry of Johnson forms but a small portion of the history of ıis mind or of his works. His imitations of Juvenal are, however, among the best imitations of a classic author which we possess; and Gray has pronounced an opinion, that 'London'—the first in time, and by far the inferior of the two—'has all the ease and all the spirit of an original.' In 'The Vanity of Human Wishes,' Johnson departs more from his original, and takes wider views of human nature, society, and manners. His pictures of Wolsey and Charles of Sweden have a strength and magnificence that would do honour to Dryden, while the historical and philosophic paintings are contrasted by reflections on the cares, vicissitudes, and sorrows of life, so profound, so true and touching, that they may justly be denominated 'mottoes of the heart.' Sir Walter Scott has termed this poem 'a satire, the deep and pathetic morality of which has often extracted tears from those whose eyes wander dry over pages professedly sentimental.' Johnson was too prone to indulge in dark and melancholy views of human life; yet those who have experienced its disappointments and afflictions, must subscribe to the severe morality and pathos with which the contemplative poet

> *Expatiates free* o'er all this scene of man.

Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.
  On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
'Think nothing gained,' he cries, 'till nought remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost:
He comes, nor want, nor cold, his course delay;
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day;
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shews his miseries in distant lands;
Condemned a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.* . . .
  But grant the virtues of a temperate prime,
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;
The general favourite as the general friend;
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?

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* To shew how admirably Johnson has imitated this part of Juvenal, applying to the modern hero, Charles XII., what the Roman satirist directed against Hannibal, we subjoin a literal version of the words of Juvenal. 'Weigh Hannibal—how many pounds weight will you find in that consummate general? This is the man whom Africa, washed by the Moorish sea, and stretching to the warm Nile, cannot contain. Again, in addition to Ethiopia, and other elephant-breeding countries, Spain is added to his empire: He jumps over the Pyrenees: in vain nature opposed to him the Alps with their snows: he severed the rocks, and rent the mountains with vinegar. Now he reaches Italy yet he determines to go further: "Nothing is done," says he, "unless with our Punic soldiers we break down their gates, and I plant my standard in the midst of Saburra (street)." O what a figure, and what a fine picture he would make, the one-eyed general, carried by the Getulian brute! What, after all, was the end of it? Alas for glory! this very man is routed, and flies headlong into banishment, and there the great and wonderful commander sits like a poor dependent at the palace door of a king, till it please the Bithynian tyrant to awake. That life, which had so long disturbed all human affairs, was brought to an end, not by swords, nor stones, nor darts, but by that redresser of Cannæ and avenger of the blood that had been shed—a ring. Go, madman; hurry over the savage Alps, to please the school-boys, and become their subject of declamation!' It will be recollected that Hannibal, to prevent his falling into the hands of the Romans swallowed poison, which he carried in a ring on his finger.

Yet even on this her load misfortune flings,
To press the weary minute's flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from withering life away;
New forms arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
Till pitying nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.
But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon cautioned to regard his end.
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show. . . .
Where, then, shall hope and fear their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain,
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to heaven the measure and the choice.
Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer.
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain;
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

Prologue spoken by Mr. Garrick, at the Opening of the Theatre in Drury Lane, in 1747.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First reared the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;
Each change of many-coloured life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toiled after him in vain:
His powerful strokes presiding truth impressed,
And unresisted passion stormed the breast.
Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art
By regular approach essayed the heart:

Cold approbation gave the lingering bays,
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the general doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.
The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wished for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's flame;
Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ,
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleased their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspired to lasting praise,
And proudly hoped to pimp in future days:
Their cause was general, their supports were strong,
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long;
Till shame regained the post that sense betrayed,
And virtue called oblivion to her aid.
Then crushed by rules, and weakened as refined,
For years the power of Tragedy declined:
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roared, whilst passion slept;
Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread;
Philosophy remained, though nature fled.
But forced at length her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit:
Exulting folly hailed the joyful day,
And Pantomime and song confirmed her sway.
But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new D'Urfeys yet remain in store;
Perhaps, where Lear has raved, and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride:
Perhaps—for who can guess the effects of chance?—
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.[*]
Hard is his lot that, here by fortune placed,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubble of the day.
Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice;
The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.
Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence
Of rescued nature and reviving sense;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and salutary woe,
Bid Scenic Virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

On the Death of Dr. Robert Levett—1782.

Condemned to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind;
Nor, lettered arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

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[*] *Hunt*, a famous boxer on the stage; Mahomet, a rope-dancer who had exhibited
Covent Garden Theatre the winter before.

When fainting nature called for aid,
  And hovering death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy displayed
  The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
  His useful care was ever nigh.
Where hopeless anguish poured his groan,
  And lonely want retired to die.

No summons mocked by chill delay,
  No petty gain disdained by pride;
The modest wants of every day,
  The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walked their narrow round,
  Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure the Eternal Master found
  The single talent well employed.

The busy day—the peaceful night,
  Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
  Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
  No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
  And freed his soul the nearest way.

MRS. THRALE.

Mrs. Thrale is author of an interesting little moral poem, the 'Three Warnings,' which is so superior to her other compositions, that it was supposed to have been partly written, or at least corrected, by Johnson. It first appeared in a volume of 'Miscellanies,' published by Mrs. Anna Williams (the blind inmate of Johnson's house) in 1766. Hester Lynch Salusbury (afterwards Mrs. Thrale) was a native of Bodvel. Carnarvonshire, born in 1739. In 1763 she was married to Mr Henry Thrale, an eminent brewer, who had taste enough to appreciate the rich and varied conversation of Johnson, and whose hospitality and wealth afforded the great moralist an asylum in his house. After the death of this excellent man in 1781, his widow in 1784 married Signior Piozzi, an Italian music-master, a step which Johnson never could forgive. The lively lady proceeded with her husband on a continental tour and they took up their abode for some time on the banks of the Arno. In 1785, she published a volume of miscellaneous pieces, entitled The Florence Miscellany,' and afforded a subject for the satire of Gifford, whose 'Baviad and Mæviad,' was written to lash the Della Cruscan songsters with whom Mrs. Piozzi was associated. Returning to England, she became a rather voluminous writer. In 1786 she issued 'Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson;' in 1788, 'Lettters to and from Dr. Johnson;' in 1789, 'A Journey through France, Italy, and Germany;' in 1794, 'British Synonymy, or an Attempt at regulating the Choice of Words in familiar Conversation;' in 1801, 'Retrospection, or a Review of the most striking and important Events, &c. which the late 1800 years have presented to the view of Mankind, &c.'

In her 80th year Mrs. Piozzi had a flirtation with a young actor, William Augustus Conway, aged 27. A collection of her 'love-letters' was surreptitiously published in 1843. She died at Clifton, May 2, 1821. Mrs. Piozzi's eldest daughter, Viscountess Keith (Johnson's 'Queeny'), lived to the age of 95, and one of her sisters to the age of 90. The anecdotes and letters of Dr. Johnson, by Mrs. Piozzi, are the only valuable works which proceeded from her pen. She was a minute and clever observer of men and manners, but deficient in judgment, and not particular as to the accuracy of her relations. In 1861, the 'Autobiography, Letters, and Literary Remains' of Mrs Piozzi were published, with notes and memoir, by A. Hayward.

The Three Warnings.

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
  That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
  The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

  When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dodson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And looking grave—'You must,' says he,
'Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.'
'With you! and quit my Susan's side?
With you!' the hapless husband cried;
'Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:
My thoughts on other matters go;
This is my wedding-day, you know.'

What more he urged I have not heard,
  His reasons could not well be stronger;
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
  And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
'Neighbour,' he said, 'farewell! no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:
And further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summoned to the grave;
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
  And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you'll have no more to say;
But, when I call again this way,
  Well pleased the world will leave.'
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,
  The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffered, then he bought and sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
  Nor thought of Death as near:
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
  He passed his hours in peace.
But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road,
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
  Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood,
  As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of Fate
  Once more before him stood.

  Half-killed with anger and surprise,
'So soon returned!' old Dodson cries.
'So soon, d'ye call it?' Death replies:
'Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!
  Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
  And you are now fourscore.'

  'So much the worse,' the clown rejoined;
'To spare the aged would be kind:
However, see your search be legal;
And your authority—is't regal?
Else you come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.*
Beside, you promised me Three Warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings;
But for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages.'

  'I know,' cries Death, 'that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least;
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable:
Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength!'

  'Hold!' says the farmer; 'not so fast!

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* *An allusion to the illegal warrant used against Wilkes, which was the cause of so much contention in its day.*

I have been lame these four years past.'
'And no great wonder,' Death replies;
'However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends.'

'Perhaps,' says Dodson, 'so it might,
But latterly I 've lost my sight.'
'This is a shocking tale, 'tis true;
But still there 's comfort left for you:
Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news.'
'There 's none,' cries he; 'and if there
were,
I 'm grown so deaf, I could not hear.'
'Nay, then,' the spectre stern rejoined,
'These are unjustifiable yearnings:
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You 've had your Three sufficient
Warnings;
So come along; no more we 'll part;'
He said, and touched him with his dart.
And now old Dodson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Oliver Goldsmith (1728–1774), whose writings range over every department of miscellaneous literature, challenges attention as a poet chiefly for the unaffected ease, grace, and tenderness of his descriptions of rural and domestic life, and for a certain vein of pensive philosophic reflection. His countryman Burke said of himself, that he had taken his ideas of liberty not too high, that they might last him through life. Goldsmith seems to have pitched his poetry in a subdued undertone, that he might luxuriate at will among those images of quiet beauty, comfort, benevolence, and simple pathos, which were most congenial to his own character, his hopes, or his experience. This popular poet was born at Pallas, a small village in the parish of Forney, county of Longford, Ireland, on the 10th of November 1728. He was the fourth of a family of seven children, and his father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, was a poor curate, who eked out the scanty funds which he derived from his profession, by renting and cultivating some land. The poet's father afterwards succeeded to the rectory of Kilkenny West, and removed to the house and farm of Lissoy, in his former parish. Here Goldsmith's youth was spent, and here he found the materials for his 'Deserted Village.' Having been taught his letters by a maid-servant, Oliver was sent to the village-school, which was kept by an old soldier named Byrne, who had been a quarter-master in the wars of Queen Anne, and was fond of relating his adventures. Byrne had also a large store of Irish traditions, fairy tales, and ghost stories, which were eagerly listened to by his pupils, and are supposed to have had some effect in giving to Goldsmith that wandering unsettled disposition which marked him through life. A severe attack of small-pox, which left traces of its ravages on his face ever after, caused his removal from school. He was, however, placed at better seminaries of education, and in his seventeenth year was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. The expense of his education was chiefly defrayed by his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarine, an excellent man, son to an Italian of the Contarini family at Venice, and a clergyman of the established church. At college the poet was thoughtless and irregular. His tutor was a man of fierce and brutal passions, and having struck him on one occasion before a party of friends, the poet left college, and wandered about the country for some time in the utmost poverty. His brother Henry clothed and carried him back to college, and on the 27th of February, 1749, he was admitted to the degree of B.A. Goldsmith now gladly left the university, and returned to Lissoy. His father was dead, but he idled away two years among his relations. He afterwards became tutor in the family of a gentleman in Ireland, where he remained a year. His uncle then gave him £50 to study the law in Dublin, but he lost the whole in a gaming-house. A second contribution was raised, and the poet next proceeded to Edinburgh, where he continued a year and a half studying medicine. He then drew upon his uncle for £20, and embarked for Bordeaux. The vessel was driven into Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and whilst there, Goldsmith and his fellow-passengers were arrested and put into prison, where the poet was kept a fortnight. It appeared that his companions were Scotsmen in the French service, and had been in Scotland enlisting soldiers for the French army. Before he was released the ship sailed, and was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, the whole of the crew having perished. He embarked in a vessel bound for Rotterdam, and arriving there in nine days, travelled by land to Leyden. These particulars (which have a very apocryphal air) rest upon the authority of a letter written from Leyden by Goldsmith to his uncle, Contarine. At Leyden he appears to have remained, without making an effort for a degree, about a twelvemonth; and in February 1775, he set off on a continental tour, provided, it is said, with a guinea in his pocket, one shirt to his back, and a flute in his hand. He stopped some time at Louvain in Flanders, at Antwerp, and at Brussels. In France, he is said, like George Primrose in his 'Vicar of Wakefield,' to have occasionally earned a night's lodging and food by playing on his flute.

How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch, falt'ring still,
But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour. *Traveller.*

Scenes of this kind formed an appropriate school for the poet. He brooded with delight over these pictures of humble happiness, and his imagination loved to invest them with the charms of poetry. Goldsmith afterwards visited Germany and the Rhine. From Switzerland he sent the first sketch of the 'Traveller' to his brother. The loftier charms of nature in these Alpine scenes seem to have had no permanent effect on the character or direction of his genius. He visited Florence, Verona, Venice, and stopped at Padua some months, where he is supposed to have taken his medical degree. In 1756 the poet reached England, after one year of wandering, lonely, and in poverty, yet buoyed up by dreams of hope and fame. Many a hard struggle he had yet to encounter! He was some time assistant to a in a shop at the corner of Monument Yard on Fish Street A college-friend, Dr. Sleigh, enabled him to commence prac- humble physician in Bankside, Southwark, but this failed; er serving for a short time as a reader and corrector of the Richardson the novelist, he was engaged as usher in a school ham, kept by Dr. Milner. At Milner's table he met Griffiths kseller, proprietor of the 'Monthly Review;' and in April oldsmith agreed to leave Dr. Milner's, to board and lodge with s, to have a small salary, and devote himself to the 'Review.' ver he wrote is said to have been tampered with by Griffiths wife! In five months the engagement abruptly closed. For time he was again at Dr. Milner's as usher. In 1758 he pre- himself at Surgeons' Hall for examination as an hospital mate, e view of entering the army or navy; but he had the mortifi- of being rejected as unqualified. That he might appear before amining surgeon suitably dressed, Goldsmith obtained a new clothes, for which Griffiths became security. The clothes were iately to be returned when the purpose was served, or the debt be discharged.

r Goldsmith, having failed in his object, and probably distressed ent want, *pawned the clothes.* The publisher threatened, and et replied: 'I know of no misery but a jail, to which my own dences and your letter seem to point. I have seen it inevitable three or four weeks, and, by heavens! request it as a favour—as ur that may prevent somewhat more fatal. I have been some struggling with a wretched being—with all that contempt and nce brings with it—with all those strong passions which make npt insupportable. What, then, has a jail that is formidable?' was the almost hopeless condition, the deep despair, of this im- nt but amiable author, who has added to the delight of millions, the glory of English literature.

nceforward the life of Goldsmith was that of a man of letters. ed solely by his pen. Besides numerous contributions to the thly' and 'Critical Reviews,' the 'Lady's Magazine,' the 'British zine,' &c. he published anonymously an 'Enquiry into the Present of Polite Learning in Europe' (1759), his admirable 'Chinese rs' (contributed to Newbery's 'Public Ledger,' and for which he aid a guinea each), afterwards published with the title of 'The n of the World,' a 'Life of Beau Nash,' and a 'History of Eng- (1762), in a series of letters from a nobleman to his son. The was highly successful, and was popularly attributed to Lord lton. In December 1764 appeared his poem of the 'Traveller, rospect of Society,' the chief corner-stone of his fame, 'without bad line,' as has been said; 'without one of Dryden's careless s.' Charles Fox pronounced it one of the finest poems in the ish language; and Dr. Johnson—then numbered among Gold- h's friends—said that the merit of the 'Traveller' was so well established, that Mr. Fox's praise could not augment it, nor his censure diminish it. The periodical critics were unanimous in its praise.

In 1766 appeared his exquisite novel, the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' which had been written two years before, and sold to Newbery, the bookseller, to discharge a pressing debt. Goldsmith's landlady had called in a sheriff's officer to enforce payment of her bill. In this extremity he sent a messenger to Johnson, who forwarded a guinea, and followed himself shortly after. He found Goldsmith railing at the landlady over a bottle of Madeira (the guinea having been changed), and on his inquiring how money could be procured, the poor debtor produced the manuscript of his novel, which Johnson took to the bookseller and sold for £60. Yet Newbery did not venture to publish it until the 'Traveller' had rendered the name of the author popular. Goldsmith's comedy of the 'Good-natured Man' was produced in 1768, his 'Roman History' next year, and the 'Deserted Village' in 1770. The latter was as popular as the 'Traveller,' and speedily ran through a number of editions. Goldsmith was now at the summit of his fame and popularity. The march had been long and toilsome, and he was often nearly fainting by the way; but his success was at length complete. His name stood among the foremost of his contemporaries: the booksellers courted him, and his works brought him in large sums. Difficulty and distress, however, still clung to him: poetry had found him poor at first, and kept him so. From heedless profusion and extravagance, chiefly in dress, and from a benevolence which knew no limit while his funds lasted, Goldsmith was scarcely ever free from debt. The gaming-table also presented irresistible attractions. He hung loosely on society, without wife or domestic tie; and his early habits and experience were ill calculated to teach him strict conscientiousness or regularity. He continued to write task-work for the booksellers, and produced (1771) a 'History of England' in four volumes.

In 1773 his comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer' was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre with immense applause. The same year appeared his 'History of Greece,' in two volumes, for which he was paid £250. He had contracted to write a 'History of Animated Nature' in eight volumes, at the rate of a hundred guineas for each volume; but this work he did not live to complete, though the greater part was finished in his own attractive and easy manner. In March 1774, he was attacked by a painful complaint (strangury) caused by close study, which was succeeded by a nervous fever. Contrary to the advice of his apothecary, he persisted in the use of James's powders, a medicine to which he had often had recourse; and gradually getting worse, he expired in convulsions on the morning of the 4th of April. His last words were melancholy. 'Your pulse,' said his physician, 'is in greater disorder than it should be from the degree of fever which you have: is your mind at ease?' 'No, it is not,' was the sad reply. The death of so popular an author, at the age of forty-six, was a shock equally to his friends and the public. The former knew his sterling worth, and loved him with all his foibles—his undisguised vanity, his national proneness to blundering, his thoughtless extravagance, his credulity, and his frequent absurdities. Under these ran a current of generous benevolence, of enlightened zeal for the happiness and improvement of mankind, and of manly independent feeling. He died £2000 in debt: 'Was ever poet so trusted before!' exclaimed Johnson. His remains were interred in the Temple burying-ground, and a monument erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, next the grave of Gay, whom he somewhat resembled in character, and far surpassed in genius. The fame of Goldsmith has been constantly on the increase, and two copious lives of him have been produced—one by Prior, in 1837, and another, the 'Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith,' by John Forster, in 1848, and since enlarged. The latter is a valuable and interesting work.

The plan of the 'Traveller' is simple, yet comprehensive and philosophical. The poet represents himself as sitting among Alpine solitudes, looking down on a hundred realms. He views the whole with delight, yet sighs to think that the hoard of human bliss is so small, and he wishes to find some spot consigned to real happiness. But where is such a spot to be found? The natives of each country think their own the best. If nations are compared, the amount of happiness in each is found to be about the same; and to illustrate this position, the poet describes the state of manners and government in Italy, Switzerland, France, Holland, and England. In general correctness and beauty of expression, these sketches have never been surpassed. The politician may think that the poet ascribes too little importance to the influence of government on the happiness of mankind, seeing that in a despotic state the whole must depend on the individual character of the governor; yet in the cases cited by Goldsmith, it is difficult to resist his conclusions; while his short sententious reasoning is relieved and elevated by bursts of true poetry. There was no greater master of the art of contrast in heightening the effect of his pictures. His character of the men of England used to draw tears from Dr. Johnson.

The poem is so truly felicitous in thought and expression, that we give it entire, following the ninth edition, or the last that appeared during the lifetime of the author.

The Traveller, or Prospect of Society.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee;

Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a length'ning chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire:
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair:
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jest or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale:
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.
But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care:
Impelled with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.
Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend:
And placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.
When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain,
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crowned,
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!
As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.
But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,

Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art of nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.
  Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.
  But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares resigned,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.
  Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping, deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.
  Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.
  But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue:
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;

For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourished through the state;
At her command the palace learned to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies;
The canvas glowed beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teemed with human form.
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores displayed her sail;
While nought remained of all that riches gave,
But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave;
And late the nation found with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.
Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride!
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp arrayed,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions formed for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repressed by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.
My soul, turn from them; turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks that brighten at the blaze;

While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply, too, some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shade to which his soul conforms;
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.
Such are the charms to barren states assigned;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest,
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Unquenched by want, unfanned by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till buried in debauch the bliss expire.
But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low.
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unaltered, unimproved the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way
These, far dispersed on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.
To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch, falt'ring still
But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.
So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:

Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here,
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land;
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.
But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise:
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought.
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robe of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.
To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.
Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here displayed. Their much-loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is bartered here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow—
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!
Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;

Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide,
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great.
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of humankind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashioned fresh from nature's hand.
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.
Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest indeed were such without alloy,
But fostered e'en by freedom ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled.
Ferments arise, imprisoned factions roar,
Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
Till over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.
Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown:
Till time may come, when stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toiled, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings unhonoured die.
Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire
Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure;
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportioned grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.
O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms;

But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bear my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.
  Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scattered hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?
  E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathise with mine.
  Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind;
Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find;
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own.

The 'Deserted Village' is limited to design, and, according t
Macaulay, is incongruous in its parts. The village in its happies

days is a true English village, while in its decay it is an Irish village. 'The felicity and the misery which he has brought close together belong to two different countries and to two different stages in the progress of society.' But there is no poem in the English language more universally popular than the 'Deserted Village.' Its best passages are learned in youth, and never quit the memory. Its delineations of rustic life accord with those ideas of romantic purity, seclusion, and happiness, which the young mind associates with the country and all its charms, before modern manners and oppression had driven them away—

To pamper luxury, and thin mankind.

Political economists may dispute the axiom that luxury is hurtful to nations; but Goldsmith has a surer advocate in the feelings of the heart, which yield a spontaneous assent to the principles he inculcates, when teaching by examples, with all the efficacy of apparent truth, and all the effect of poetical beauty and excellence.

Description of Auburn—The Village Preacher, the Schoolmaster, and Ale-house—Reflections.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm;
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm;
The never-failing brook, the busy mill;
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill;
The hawthorn-bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play;
And all the village train, from labour free;
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove—
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please. . . .
Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There as I passed, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;

The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made. . . .
  Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and shewed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
  Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
  Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
  At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway;
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,

Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
  Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning's face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame; the very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.
  Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired;
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.
  Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be pressed,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd.
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain:
And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?
Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name,
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

Edwin and Angelina.

'Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

'For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go.'

'Forbear, my son,' the hermit cries,
'To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder phantom only flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

'Here, to the houseless child of want,
My door is open still:
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

'Then turn to-night, and freely share
What'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

'No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

'But from the mountain's grassy side,
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip, with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring

'Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego,
All earth-born cares are wrong:
"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."'*

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* *From Young.*—'Man wants but little, nor that little long.' Goldsmith, in the original *copy*, maked the passage as a quotation.

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure,
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire,
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimmed his little fire,
And cheered his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily pressed and smiled;
And, skilled in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling fagot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
With answering care oppressed:
'And whence, unhappy youth,' he cried,
'The sorrows of thy breast?

'From better habitations spurned,
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturned,
Or unregarded love?

'Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things
More trifling still than they.

'And what is friendship but a name.
A charm that lulls to sleep!
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep!

'And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair-one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

'For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex,' he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betrayed.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms;
The lovely stranger stands confessed
A maid in all her charms.

'And ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn,' she cried,
'Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

'But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray:
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

'My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was marked as mine
He had but only me.

'To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumbered suitors came;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feigned, a flame.

'Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Amongst the rest young Edwin bowed,
But never talked of love.

'In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

'The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

'The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his; but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

'For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touched my heart,
I triumphed in his pain.

'Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

'But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay:
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

'And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die:
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.'

'Forbid it, Heaven!' the hermit cried,
And clasped her to his breast:
The wondering fair one turned to chide:
'Twas Edwin's self that pressed!

'Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

'Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign;
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine?

'No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too.'

Extracts from 'Retaliation.'

Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined together at the St. James's Coffee-house. One day it was proposed to write epitaphs upon him. His country, dialect, and blunders furnished subjects for witticism. He was called on for retaliation, and, at the next meeting, produced part of this poem (which was left unfinished at his death), in which we find much of the shrewd observation, wit and liveliness which distinguish the happiest of his prose writings.

Here lies our good Edmund,* whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,
To persuade Tommy Townsend to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining.
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit:
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient,
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor. . . .

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that is pleasant in man;
As an actor, confessed without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings—a dupe to his art;
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting:
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turned and he varied full ten times a day;
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased, he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came;
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous almost to disease,
Who peppered the highest was surest to please.

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* Burke.

But let us be candid, and speak out our mind;
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
While he was be-Rosciused, and you were be-praised!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies:
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will:
Old Shakspeare, receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above. . . .

Here Reynolds is laid; and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind.
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering;
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing:
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff;
He shifted his trumpet,* and only took snuff.
By flattery unspoiled. . . .

BISHOP PERCY.

DR. THOMAS PERCY (1729–1811), afterwards bishop of Dromore, in 1765 published his 'Reliques of English Poetry,' in which several excellent old songs and ballads were revived, and a selection made of the best lyrical pieces scattered through the works of dramatic and other authors. The learning and ability with which Percy executed his task, and the sterling value of his materials, recommended his volumes to public favour. They found their way into the hands of poets and poetical readers, and awakened a love of nature, simplicity, and true passion, in contradistinction to that coldly correct and sentimental style which pervaded part of our literature. The influence of Percy's collection was general and extensive. It is evident in many contemporary authors. It gave the first impulse to the genius of Sir Walter Scott; and it may be seen in the writings of Coleridge and Wordsworth. A fresh fountain of poetry was opened up—a spring of sweet, tender, and heroic thoughts and imaginations, which could never be again turned back into the artificial channels in which the genius of poesy had been too long and too closely confined. Percy was himself a poet. His ballad, 'O Nancy, wilt thou go with Me?' the 'Hermit of Warkworth,' and other detached pieces, evince both taste and talent. We subjoin a cento, the 'Friar of Orders Gray,' which Percy says he compiled from fragments of ancient ballads, to which he added supplemental stanzas to connect them together. The greater part, however, is his own, and it must be admitted that he was too prone to tamper with the old ballads. Dr. Percy was born at Bridgnorth, Shropshire, son of a grocer, and having taken holy orders, became successively chaplain to the king, dean of Carlisle, and bishop of Dromore: the latter dignity he possessed from 1782 till his death at the advanced age of eighty-two. He enjoyed the friendship of Johnson, Goldsmith, and other distinguished men of his day, and lived long enough to hail the genius of Scott.

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* Sir Joshua was so deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company. *Goldsmith* was engaged on this portrait when his last illness seized him.

A complete reprint of Bishop Percy's folio MS. was published in 1868, in three volumes, edited by John W. Hales, M.A. and F. J. Furnival, M.A. Mr. Furnival describes the MS. as 'a scrubby, shabby paper book,' which had lost some pages both at the beginning and end. Percy found it lying dirty on the floor under a bureau in the parlour of his friend Humphrey Pitt of Shifnall, Shropshire, being used by the maids to light the fire. The date, as appears from the handwriting, was about 1650. 'As to the text,' says Mr. Furnival, 'he (Percy) looked on it as a young woman from the country with unkempt locks, whom he had to fit for fashionable society. He puffed out the thirty-nine lines of the "Child of Elle" to two hundred; he pomatumed the "Heir of Linne" till it shone again; he stuffed bits of wool into Sir Carline and Sir Aldingar; he powdered everything.' The 'Reliques' contained one hundred and seventy-six pieces and of these forty-five were from the folio MS.

*O Nancy, wilt thou go with Me?**

O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
  Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
  The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer dressed in silken sheen,
  No longer decked with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy, when thou 'rt far away,
  Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
  Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O can that soft and gentle mien
  Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy, canst thou love so true,
  Through perils keen with me to go?
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
  To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
  Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recall,
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
  Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
  And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
  Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

The Friar of Orders Gray

It was a friar of orders gray
  Walked forth to tell his beads,
And he met with a lady fair,
  Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

'Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar!
  I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
  My true love thou didst see.'

'And how should I know your true love
  From many another one?'
'Oh! by his cockle hat and staff,
  And by his sandal shoon:

'But chiefly by his face and mien,
  That were so fair to view,
His flaxen locks that sweetly curled,
  And eyes of lovely blue.'

From Dodsley's Collection of Poems*, 1758. In Johnson's ***Musical Museum* it is *printed as a* Scottish production. 'It is too barefaced,' says Burns, 'to take Dr Percy's *charming* song, and, by means of transposing a few English words into Scots, to offer to *pass it for a Scots song*.'

'O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he 's dead and gone!
At his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

'Within these holy cloisters long
He languished, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

'Here bore him barefaced on his bier
Six proper youths and tall;
And many a tear bedewed his grave
Within yon kirkyard wall.'

'And art thou dead, thou gentle youth—
And art thou dead and gone?
And didst thou die for love of me?
Break, cruel heart of stone!'

'O weep not, lady, weep not so,
Some ghostly comfort seek:
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.'

'O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love.

'And now, alas! for thy sad loss
I 'll evermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wished to live,
For thee I wish to die.'

'Weep no more, lady, weep no more;
Thy sorrow is in vain:
For violets plucked, the sweetest shower
Will ne'er make grow again.

'Our joys as winged dreams do fly;
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past.'

'O say not so, thou holy friar!
I pray thee say not so;
For since my true love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

'And will he never come again—
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah, no! he is dead, and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

'His cheek was redder than the rose—
The comeliest youth was he;
But he is dead, and laid in his grave,
'Alas! and woe is me.'

'Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on sea, and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

'Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy.'

'Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so;
My love he had the truest heart—
O he was ever true!

'And art thou dead, thou much-loved youth?
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell home; for evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

'But first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I 'll lay,
And thrice I 'll kiss the green grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay.'

'Yet stay, fair lady, rest a while,
Beneath this cloister wall;
The cold wind through the hawthorn blows,
And drizzly rain doth fall.'

'O stay me not, thou holy friar,
O stay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can wash my fault away.'

'Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of gray,
Thy own true love appears.

'Here, forced by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought;
And here, amid these lonely walls,
To end my days I thought.

'But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet passed away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay.'

'Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For since I 've found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part.' *

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* As this ballad resembles Goldsmith's *Edwin and Angelina*, it is but right to mention that Goldsmith had the priority. For the original story, see 'Gentle Heardsman' in Percy's *Reliques*.

RICHARD GLOVER.

Richard Glover (1712–1785), a London merchant, who sat several years in parliament as member for Weymouth, was distinguished in private life for his spirit and independence. He published two elaborate poems in blank verse, 'Leonidas' and the 'Athenaid'—the former bearing reference to the memorable defence of Thermoplyæ, and the latter continuing the war betweeen the Greeks and Persians. The length of these poems, their want of sustained interest, and lesser peculiarities not suited to the existing poetical taste, render them next to unknown in the present day. But there is smoothness and even vigour, a calm moral dignity and patriotic elevation in 'Leonidas,' which might even yet find admirers. Thomson is said to have exclaimed, when he heard of the work of Glover: 'He write an epic poem, who never saw a mountain!' Yet Thomson himself, familiar as he was in his youth with mountain scenery, was tame and common-place when he ventured on classic or epic subjects. 'Leonidas' first appeared in 1737, and was hailed with acclamations by the Opposition or Prince of Wales's party, of which Glover was an active member. He was eloquent, intrepid, and of incorruptible integrity. In 1739, he published 'London, or the Progress of Commerce,' a poem written to excite the national spirit against the Spaniards; in 1742, he appeared before the bar of the House of Commons, the chosen delegate of the London merchants, who complained of the neglect of their trade and interests. In 1744, he declined, as already mentioned, to join Mallet in writing a Life of the Duke of Marlborough, though his affairs had become somewhat embarrassed. A fortunate speculation in copper enabled him to retrieve his position, and in 1761 he was returned M P. for Weymouth. He distinguished himself by his advocacy of the mercantile interests, and during his leisure enlarged his poem of 'Leonidas,' from nine to twelve books (1770), and wrote as a sequel to it, the 'Athenaid,' which was published after his death (in 1788.) Two tragedies by Glover, 'Boadecia' (1753), and 'Medea' (1761), are but indifferent performances. His chief honour is that of having been an eloquent and patriotic city merchant, at the same time that he was eminent as a scholar and man of letters.

Address of Leonidas.

He alone
Remains unshaken. Rising, he displays
His godlike presence. Dignity and grace
Adorn his frame, and manly beauty, joined
With strength Herculean. On his aspect shines
Sublimest virtue and desire of fame,
Where justice gives the laurel; in his eye
The inextinguishable spark, which fires
The souls of patriots; while his brow supports
Undaunted valour, and contempt of death.
Serene he rose, and thus addressed the throng:
'Why this astonishment on every face,

Ye men of Sparta? Does the name of death
Create this fear and wonder? O my friends!
Why do we labour through the arduous paths
Which lead to virtue? Fruitless were the toil.
Above the reach of human feet were placed
The distant summit, if the fear of death
Could intercept our passage. But in vain
His blackest frowns and terrors he assumes
To shake the firmness of the mind which knows
That, wanting virtue, life is pain and woe;
That, wanting liberty, even virtue mourns,
And looks around for happiness in vain.
Then speak, O Sparta! and demand my life;
My heart exulting, answers to thy call,
And smiles on glorious fate. To live with fame
The gods allow to many; but to die
With equal lustre is a blessing Heaven
Selects from all the choicest boons of fate,
And with a sparing hand on few bestows.'
Salvation thus to Sparta he proclaimed.
Joy, wrapt awhile in admiration, paused,
Suspending praise; nor praise at last resounds
In high acclaim to rend the arch of heaven;
A reverential murmur breathes applause.

The nature of the poem affords scope for interesting situations and descriptions of natural objects in a romantic country, which Glover occasionally avails himself of with good effect. There is great beauty and classic elegance in this sketch of the fountain at the dwelling of Oileus:

Beside the public way an oval fount
Of marble sparkled with a silver spray
Of falling rills, collected from above.
The army halted, and their hollow casques
Dipped in the limpid stream. Behind it rose
An edifice, composed of native roots,
And oaken trunks of knotted girth unwrought.
Within were beds of moss. Old battered arms
Hung from the roof. The curious chiefs approach.
These words, engraven on a tablet rude,
Megistias reads; the rest in silence hear:
'Yon marble fountain, by Oileus placed,
To thirsty lips in living water flows;
For weary steps he framed this cool retreat;
A grateful offering here to rural peace,
His dinted shield, his helmet he resigned.
O passenger! if born to noble deeds,
Thou wouldst obtain perpetual grace from Jove,
Devote thy vigour to heroic toils,
And thy decline to hospitable cares.
Rest here; then seek Oileus in his vale.'

In the 'Athenaid' we have a continuation of the same classic story and landscape. The following is an exquisite description of a night-scene:

Silver Phœbe spreads
A light reposing on the quiet lake,
Save where the snowy rival of her hue,
The gliding swan, behind him leaves a trail

In luminous vibration. Lo! an isle
Swells on the surface. Marble structures there
New gloss of beauty borrow from the moon
To deck the shore. Now silence gently yields
To measured strokes of oars. The orange groves,
In rich profusion round the fertile verge,
Impart to fanning breezes fresh perfumes
Exhaustless, visiting the scene with sweets,
Which soften even Briareus; but the son
Of Gobryas, heavy with devouring care,
Uncharmed, unheeding sits.

The scene presented by the shores of Salamis on the morning of the battle is thus strikingly depicted. The poet gives no burst of enthusiasm to kindle up his page, and his versification retains most of its usual hardness and want of flow and cadence; yet the assemblage described is so vast and magnificent, and his enumeration is so varied, that the picture carries with it a host of spirit-stirring associations:

The Armies at Salamis.

O sun! thou o'er Athenian towers,
The citadel and fanes in ruin huge,
Dost, rising now, illuminate a scene
More new, more wondrous to thy piercing eye
Than ever time disclosed. Phaleron's wave
Presents three thousand barks in pendants rich;
Spectators, clustering like Hymettian bees,
Hang on the burdened shrouds, the bending yards,
The reeling masts; the whole Crecropian strand,
Far as Eleusis, seat of mystic rites,
Is thronged with millions, male and female race,
Of Asia and of Libya, ranked on foot,
On horses, camels, cars. Ægaleos tall,
Half down his long declivity, where spreads
A mossy level, on a throne of gold,
Displays the king, environed by his court,
In oriental pomp; the hill behind
By warriors covered, like some trophy huge,
Ascends in varied arms and banners clad;
Below the monarch's feet the immortal guard,
Line under line, erect their gaudy spears;
The arrangement, shelving downward to the beach,
Is edged by chosen horse. With blazing steel
Of Attic arms encircled, from the deep
Psyttalia lifts her surface to the sight.
Like Ariadne's heaven-bespangling crown,
A wreath of stars; beyond in dread array,
The Grecian fleet, four hundred galleys, fill
The Salaminian Straits; barbarian prows
In two divisions point to either mouth;
Six hundred brazen beaks of tower-like ships,
Unwieldy bulks; the gently swelling soil
Of Salamis, rich island, bounds the view.
Along her silver-sanded verge arrayed,
The men-at-arms exalt their naval spears
Of length terrific. All the tender sex,
Ranked by Timothea, from a green ascent,
Look down in beauteous order on their sires,
Their husbands, lovers, brothers, sons, prepared

To mount the rolling deck. The younger dames
In bridal robes are clad; the matrons sage,
In solemn raiment, worn on sacred days;
But white in vesture, like their maiden breasts,
Where Zephyr plays, uplifting with his breath
The loosely waving folds, a chosen line
Of Attic graces in the front is placed;
From each fair head the tresses fall, entwined
With newly gathered flowerets; chaplets gay
The snowy hand sustains; the native curls,
O'ershading half, augment their powerful charms;
While Venus, tempered by Minerva, fills
Their eyes with ardour, pointing every glance
To animate, not soften. From on high
Her large controlling orbs Timothea rolls,
Surpassing all in stature, not unlike
In majesty of shape the wife of Jove,
Presiding o'er the empyreal fair.

A popular vitality has been awarded to a ballad of Glover's, while epics have sunk into oblivion:

Admiral Hosier's Ghost.[*]

near Portobello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode;
here while Vernon sat all glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat,
nd his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet;

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appeared;
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And, with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleamed the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster,
Rising from their watery grave:
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the Burford reared her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

'Heed, oh heed our fatal story!
I am Hosier's injured ghost;
You who now have purchased glory
At this place where I was lost:
Though in Portobello's ruin,
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on my undoing,
You will mix your joys with tears.

'See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stained with weeping;
These were English captains brave.
Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
Who were once my sailors bold;
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

'I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my orders—not to fight!
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obeyed my heart's warm motion,
To have quelled the pride of Spain!

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[*] Written on the taking of Carthagena from the Spaniards, 1739. The case of Hosier, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this: In April 1726, that commander was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country; or, should they presume to come out, to seize and carry them into England. He accordingly arrived at the Bastimentos, near Portobello; but being restricted by his orders from obeying the dictates of his courage, lay inactive on that station until he became the jest of the Spaniards. He afterwards removed to Carthagena, and continued cruising in those seas until the far greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ship exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart.—PERCY.

'For resistance I could fear none;
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achieved with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the seas the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been

'Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemned for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom:
To have fallen, my country crying,
"He has played an English part,"
Had been better far than dying
Of a grieved and broken heart.

'Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrong prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

'Hence with all my train attend
From their oozy tombs below
Through the hoary foam ascend,
Here I feed my constant woe.
Here the Bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And, our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

'O'er these waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam, deprived of rest,
If, to Britain's shores returning,
You neglect my just request;
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England—shamed in me.'

WILLIAM MASON.

WILLIAM MASON, the friend and literary executor of Gray, long survived the connection which did him so much honour, but he appeared early as a poet. He was the son of the Rev. Mr. Mason, vicar of St. Trinity, Yorkshire, where he was born in 1725. At Pembroke College, Cambridge, he became acquainted with Gray, who assisted him in obtaining his degree of M. A. His first literary production was a poem, entitled 'Isis,' being an attack on the Jacobitism of Oxford, to which Thomas Warton replied in his 'Triumph of Isis.' In 1753 appeared his tragedy of 'Elfrida,' 'written,' says Southey, 'on an artificial model, and in a gorgeous diction, because he thought Shakspeare had precluded all hope of excellence in any other form of drama.' The model of Mason was the Greek drama, and he introduced into his play the classic accompaniment of the chorus. A second drama, 'Caractacus,' is of a higher cast than 'Elfrida:' more noble and spirited in language, and of more sustained dignity in scenes, situations, and character. Mason also wrote a series of odes on 'Independence,' 'Memory,' 'Melancholy,' and the 'Fall of Tyranny,' in which his gorgeousness of diction swells into extravagance and bombast. His greatest poetical work is his 'English Garden,' a long descriptive poem in blank verse, extended over four books, which were published separately between 1772 and 1782. He wrote odes to the naval officers of Great Britain, to the Honourable William Pitt, and in commemoration of the Revolution of 1688. Mason, under the name of Malcolm Macgregor, published a lively satire, entitled 'An Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, Knight,' 1773. The taste for Chinese pagodas and Eastern bowers is happily ridiculed in this production, so different from the other poetical works of Mason. Gray having left Mason a legacy of £500, together with his books and manuscripts, the latter discharged the debt due to his friend's memory, by publishing, in 1775, the poems of Gray with memoirs of his life. As in his dramas Mason had made an innovation on the established taste of the times, he ventured, with greater success, to depart from the practice of English authors, in writing the life of Gray. Instead of presenting a continuous narrative, in which the biographer alone is visible, he incorporated the journals and letters of the poet in chronological order, thus making the subject of the memoir in some degree his own biographer. The plan was afterwards adopted by Boswell in his 'Life of Johnson,' and has been sanctioned by subsequent usage, in all cases where the subject is of importance enough to demand copious information and minute personal details. The circumstances of Mason's life are soon related. After his career at college, he entered into orders, and was appointed one of the royal chaplains. He held the living of Ashton, and was precentor of York Cathedral. When politics ran high, he took an active part on the side of the Whigs, but was respected by all parties. He died in 1797.

Mason's poetry cannot be said to be popular, even with poetical readers. His greatest want is simplicity, yet at times his rich diction has a fine effect. In his 'English Garden,' though verbose and languid as a whole, there are some exquisite images. Gray quotes the following lines in one of Mason's odes as 'superlative:'

While through the west, where sinks the crimson day,
Meek twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners gray.

Apostrophe to England—From the 'English Garden.'

In thy fair domain,
Yes, my loved Albion! many a glade is found,
The haunt of wood-gods only, where if Art
E'er dared to tread, 'twas with unsandalled foot,
Printless, as if the place were holy ground.
And there are scenes where, though she whilome trod,
Led by the worst of guides, fell Tyranny,
And ruthless Superstition, we now trace
Her footsteps with delight, and pleased revere
What once had roused our hatred. But to Time,
Not her, the praise is due: his gradual touch
Has moulded into beauty many a tower
Which, when it frowned with all its battlements,
Was only terrible; and many a fane
Monastic, which, when decked with all its spires,
Served but to feed some pampered abbot's pride,
And awe the unlettered vulgar.

Mount Snowdon.—From 'Caractacus.'

Mona on Snowdon calls:
Hear, thou king of mountains, hear:
Hark, she speaks from all her strings:
Hark, her loudest echo rings;
King of mountains, bend thine ear:
Send thy spirits, send them soon,
Now, when *midnight and the moon*,
Meet upon thy front of snow;
See their gold and ebon rod,
Where the sober sisters nod,
And greet in whispers sage and slow.
Snowdon, mark! 'tis magic's hour,
Now the muttered spell hath power;
Power to rend thy ribs of rock,

And burst thy base with thunder's shock:
But to thee no ruder spell
Shall Mona use, than those that dwell
In music's secret cells, and lie
Steeped in the stream of harmony.
Snowdon has heard the strain:
Hark, amid the wondering grove
Other harpings answer clear,
Other voices meet our ear,
Pinions flutter, shadows move,
Busy murmurs hum around,
Rustling vestments brush the ground;
Round and round, and round they go,
Through the twilight, through the shade,
Mount the oak's majestic head,
And gild the tufted mistletoe.
Cease, ye glittering race of light,
Close your wings, and check your flight;
Here arranged in order due;
Spread your robes of saffron hue;
For lo! with more than mortal fire,
Mighty Mador smites the lyre:
Hark, he sweeps the master-strings!

Epitaph on Mrs. Mason, in the Cathedral of Bristol.

Take, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear:
Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave:
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form; she bowed to taste the wave,
And died! Does youth, does beauty, read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine;
Even from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;
And if so fair, from vanity as free;
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.
Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die
('Twas even to thee), yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids 'the pure in heart behold their God.'

FRANCIS FAWKES.

FRANCIS FAWKES (1721–1777) translated Anacreon, Sappho, Bion, and other classic poets, and wrote some pleasing original verses. He was a clergyman, and died vicar of Hayes, in Kent. Fawkes enjoyed the friendship of Johnson and Warton; but, however classic in his tastes and studies, he seems to have relished a cup of English ale. The following song is still, and will always be, a favourite:

The Brown Jug.

Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale—
In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale—
Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul,
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathomed a bowl;
In bousing about 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jolly topers he bore off the bell.

It chanced as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
In his flower-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrows away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had resolved it again,
A potter found out in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he formed this brown jug;
Now sacred to friendship, and mirth, and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale!

Johnson acknowledged that 'Frank Fawkes had done the Odes of Anacreon very finely.'

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM (1729–1773), the son of a wine-cooper in Dublin, was an actor, and performed several years in Digges's company, Edinburgh. In his latter years he sunk into careless, dissipated habits, and resided at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the house of a 'generous printer,' whose hospitality for some time supported the poet. Cunningham's pieces are full of pastoral simplicity and lyrical melody. He aimed at nothing high, and seldom failed.

Song—May-eve, or Kate of Aberdeen.

The silver moon's enamoured beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go, balmy sleep—
'Tis where you 've seldom been—
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promised May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare
The promised May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We 'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love.
And see—the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we 'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love:
For see, the rosy May draws nigh;
She claims a virgin queen;
And hark! the happy shepherds cry:
''Tis Kate of Aberdeen.'

Content, a Pastoral.

O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,
As wildered and wearied I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home.
Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crowned,
Green rushes were strewed on her floor,
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And decked the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she culled me the best;
While thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
Love slyly stole into my breast!
I told my soft wishes; she sweetly replied—
Ye virgins, her voice was divine!—
'I 've rich ones rejected, and great ones denied,
But take me fond shepherd—I 'm thine.'

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet, were her charms!
I kissed the ripe roses that glowed on her cheek,
And locked the loved maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if, by yon prattler, the stream,
Reclined on her bosom, I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,
  Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
  And point out new themes for my muse.
To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
  The damsel's of humble descent;
The cottager Peace, is well known for her sire,
  And shepherds have named her Content.

DR. JOHN LANGHORNE.

DR. JOHN LANGHORNE (1735–1779) was born at Kirkby Steven, in Westmoreland, and held the curacy and lectureship of St. John's, Clerkenwell, in London. He afterwards obtained a prebend's stall in Wells Cathedral, and was much admired as a preacher. Langhorne wrote various prose works, the most successful of which was his 'Letters of Theodosius and Constantia;' and in conjunction with his brother, he published a translation of Plutarch's Lives, which still maintains its ground. His poetical works were chiefly slight effusions, dictated by the passion or impulse of the moment; but he made an abortive attempt to repel the coarse satire of Churchill, and to walk in the magic circle of the drama. His ballad, 'Owen of Carron,' founded on the old Scottish tale of Gil Morrice, is smoothly versified, but in poetical merit is inferior to the original. The only poem of Langhorne's which has a cast of originality is his 'Country Justice.' Here he seems to have anticipated Crabbe in painting the rural life of England in true colours. His picture of the gipsies, and his sketches of venal clerks and rapacious overseers, are genuine likenesses. He has not the raciness or the distinctness of Crabbe, but is equally faithful, and as sincerely a friend to humanity. He pleads warmly for the poor vagrant tribe:

Still mark if vice or nature prompts the deed;
Still mark the strong temptation and the need:
On pressing want, on famine's powerful call,
At least more lenient let thy justice fall.
For him who, lost to every hope of life,
Has long with Fortune held unequal strife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless, homeless object of despair;
For the poor vagrant feel, while he complains,
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.
Alike if folly or misfortune brought
Those last of woes his evil days have wrought;
Believe with social mercy and with me,
Folly's misfortune in the first degree.
  Perhaps on some inhospitable shore
The houseless wretch a widowed parent bore;
Who then, no more by golden prospects led,
Of the poor Indian begged a leafy bed.
Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptised in tears.

sion to the dead soldier and his widow on the field of battle le the subject of a print by Bunbury, under which were en- the pathetic lines of Langhorne. Sir Walter Scott has men- hat the only time he saw Burns, the Scottish poet, a copy of ure was in the room. Burns shed tears over it; and Scott, d of fifteen, told him where the lines were to be found. The is beautiful in itself, but this incident will embalm and pre- for ever.[*]

ppeal to Country Justices in behalf of the Rural Poor.

Let age no longer toil with feeble strife,
Worn by long service in the war of life;
Nor leave the head, that time hath whitened, bare
To the rude insults of the searching air;
Nor bid the knee, by labour hardened, bend,
O thou, the poor man's hope, the poor man's friend
If, when from heaven severer seasons fall,
Fled from the frozen roof and mouldering wall,
Each face the picture of a winter day,
More strong than Teniers' pencil could portray;
If then to thee resort the shivering train,
Of cruel days, and cruel man complain,
Say to thy heart—remembering him who said—
'These people come from far, and have no bread.'
Nor leave thy venal clerk empowered to hear;
The voice of want is sacred to thy ear.
He where no fees his sordid pen invite,
Sports with their tears, too indolent to write;
Like the fed monkey in the fable, vain
To hear more helpless animals complain.
But chief thy notice shall one monster claim;
A monster furnished with a human frame—
The parish-officer!—though verse disdain
Terms that deform the splendour of the strain,
It stoops to bid thee bend the brow severe
On the sly, pilfering, cruel overseer;
The shuffling farmer, faithful to no trust,
Ruthless as rocks, insatiate as the dust!
When the poor hind, with length of years decayed,
Leans feebly on his once-subduing spade,
Forgot the service of his abler days,
His profitable toil, and honest praise,
Shall this low wretch abridge his scanty bread,
This slave, whose board his former labours spread?
When harvest's burning suns and sickening air
From labour's unbraced hand the grasped hook tear,
Where shall the helpless family be fed,
That vainly languish for a father's bread?
See the pale mother, sunk with grief and care,
To the proud farmer fearfully repair;
Soon to be sent with insolence away,
Referred to vestries, and a distant day!

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cident took place in the house of Dr. Adam Ferguson. The print seen by ow in the Chambers Institution, Peebles, having been presented to the late Chambers by Sir Adam Ferguson, son of the historian, and transferred by Dr ers to his brother Dr. W. Chambers for preservation in the Institution. The zed in a black frame. The name of 'Langhorne,' though in very small char- *ngraved on the print*, and this had drawn the attention of Scott (who even at *fteen was a great reader)* to the poem in which the lines occur.

Referred—to perish! Is my verse severe?
Unfriendly to the human character?
Ah! to this sigh of sad experience trust:
The truth is rigid, but the tale is just.
 If in thy courts this caitiff wretch appear,
Think not that patience were a virtue here.
His low-born pride with honest rage control;
Smite his hard heart, and shake his reptile soul.
 But, hapless! oft through fear of future woe,
And certain vengeance of the insulting foe;
Oft, ere to thee the poor prefer their prayer,
The last extremes of penury they bear.
 Wouldst thou then raise thy patriot office higher?
To something more than magistrate aspire!
And, left each poorer, pettier chase behind,
Step nobly forth, the friend of humankind!
The game I start courageously pursue!
Adieu to fear! to insolence adieu!
And first we'll range this mountain's stormy side,
Where the rude winds the shepherd's roof deride,
As meet no more the wintry blast to bear,
And all the wild hostilities of air.
That roof have I remembered many a year;
It once gave refuge to a hunted deer—
Here, in those days, we found an aged pair;
But time untenants—ha! what seest thou there?
'Horror!—by Heaven, extended on a bed
Of naked fern, two human creatures dead!
Embracing as alive!—ah, no!—no life!
Cold, breathless!'
 'Tis the shepherd and his wife.
I knew the scene, and brought thee to behold
What speaks more strongly than the story told—
They died through want.
 'By every power I swear,
If the wretch treads the earth, or breathes the air,
Through whose default of duty, or design,
These victims fell, he dies.'
 They fell by thine.
'Infernal! Mine!—by'—
 Swear on no pretence:
A swearing justice wants both grace and sense.

The Dead.

Of them who wrapt in earth are cold,
 No more the smiling day shall view,
Should many a tender tale be told,
 For many a tender thought is due.

Why else the o'ergrown paths of time,
 Would thus the lettered sage explore,
With pain these crumbling ruins climb,
 And on the doubtful sculpture pore?

Why seeks he with unwearied toil,
 Through Death's dim walks to urge his way,
Reclaim his long-asserted spoil,
 And lead Oblivion into day?

'Tis nature prompts by toil or fear,
 Unmoved to range through Death's domain;
The tender parent loves to hear
 Her children's story told again!

A Farewell Hymn to the Valley of Irwan.

Farewell, the fields of Irwan's vale,
 My infant years where Fancy led,
And soothed me with the western gale,
 Her wild dreams waving round my head,
While the blithe blackbird told his tale.
Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale!

The primrose on the valley's side,
 The green thyme on the mountain's head,
The wanton rose, the daisy pied,
 The wilding's blossom blushing red;
No longer I their sweets inhale.
Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale!

How oft, within yon vacant shade,
Has evening closed my careless eye!
How oft, along those banks I've strayed,
And watched the wave that wandered by;
Full long their loss shall I bewail.
Farewell, the fields of Irwan's vale!
Yet still, within yon vacant grove,
To mark the close of parting day;
Along yon flowery banks to rove,
And watch the wave that winds away;
Fair Fancy sure shall never fail,
Though far from these and Irwan's vale.

JOHN SCOTT.

JOHN SCOTT (1730–1783) was our only Quaker poet till Bernard Barton graced the order with a sprig of laurel. Scott was the son of a draper in London, who retired to Amwell, in Hertfordshire, and here the poet spent his days, improving his garden and grounds, and writing moral and descriptive poems, elegies, eclogues, epistles, &c. Scott 'fondly hoped to immortalise his native village,' on which he wrote a poem, 'Amwell,' 1776; but of all his works only the subjoined lines are remembered. This little piece seems to have been dictated by real feeling, as well as Quaker principle:

Ode on Hearing the Drum.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms;
And when Ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruined swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears and orphans' moans;
And all that misery's hand bestows
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

MICHAEL BRUCE was born at Kinnesswood, parish of Portmoak, county of Kinross, on the 27th of March, 1746. His father was a humble tradesman, a weaver. The dreariest poverty and obscurity hung over the poet's infancy, but the elder Bruce was a good and pious man, and trained his children to a knowledge of their letters, and a deep sense of religious duty. In the summer months, Michael was put out to herd cattle. His education was retarded by this employment; but his training as a poet was benefited by solitary communion with nature, amidst scenery that overlooked Lochleven, and its fine old ruined castle. When he had arrived at his fifteenth year, the poet was judged fit for college, and at this time a relation of his father died, leaving him a legacy of 200 merks Scots, or £11, 2s. 2d. sterling. This sum the old man piously devoted to the education of his favourite son, who proceeded with it to Edinburgh, and was enrolled a student of the university. Michael was soon distinguished for his proficiency, and for his taste for poetry. Having been three sessions at college, supported by his parents and some kind friends and neighbours, Bruce engaged to teach a school at Gairney Bridge, where he received for his labours about £11 per annum. He afterwards removed to Forest Hill, near Alloa, where he taught for some time with no better success. His school-room was low-roofed and damp, and the poor youth, confined for five or six hours a day in this unwholesome atmosphere, depressed by poverty and disappointment, soon lost health and spirits. He wrote his poem of 'Lochleven' at Forest Hill, but was at length forced to return to his father's cottage, which he never again left. A pulmonary complaint had settled on him, and he was in the last stage of consumption. With death full in his view, he wrote his 'Elegy,' the finest of all his productions. He was pious and cheerful to the last, and died on the 5th of July 1767, aged twenty-one years and three months. His Bible was found upon his pillow, marked down at Jer. xxii. 10: 'Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him.' So blameless a life could not indeed be contemplated without pleasure, but its premature termination must have been a heavy blow to his aged parents, who had struggled in their poverty to nurture his youthful genius.

The poems of Bruce were first given to the world by his college-friend John Logan, in 1770, who warmly eulogised the character and talents of his brother poet. They were reprinted in 1784, and afterwards included in Anderson's edition of the poets. The late venerable and benevolent Principal Baird, in 1807, published an edition by subscription for the benefit of Bruce's mother, then a widow. In 1837, a complete edition of the poems was brought out, with a life of the author from original sources, by the Rev. William Mackelvie, Balgedie, Kinross-shire. The pieces left by Bruce have all the marks of youth; a style only half formed and immature, and resemblances to other poets so close and frequent, that the reader is constantly stumbling on some familiar image or expression. In 'Lochleven,' a descriptive poem in blank verse, he has taken Thomson as his model. The opening is a paraphrase of the commencement of Thomson's 'Spring,' and epithets taken from the 'Seasons' occur throughout the whole poem, with traces of Milton, Ossian, &c.

'The Last Day' is another poem by Bruce in blank verse, but is inferior to 'Lochleven' In poetical beauty and energy, as in biographical interest, his latest effort, the 'Elegy,' must ever rank the first in his productions. With many weak lines and borrowed ideas, this poem impresses the reader, and leaves him to wonder at the fortitude of the youth, who, in strains of such sensibility and genius could describe the cheerful appearances of nature, and the certainty of his own speedy dissolution.

Elegy—Written in Spring.

'Tis past; the iron North has spent his rage;
  Stern Winter now resigns the lengthening day;
The stormy howlings of the winds assuage,
  And warm o'er ether western breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,
  From southern climes, beneath another sky,
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course:
  Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far to the north grim Winter draws his train,
To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore;
Where, throned on ice, he holds eternal reign;
Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests roar.

Loosed from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flowers; and all around
Smiling, the cheerful face of spring is seen.

Behold! the trees new deck their withered boughs;
Their ample leaves, the hospitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty ash disclose;
The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sewed nor spun;
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings;
And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers;
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.

On the green furze, clothed o'er with golden blooms
That fill the air with fragrance all around,
The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
Along the greensward, marked with Roman mound,
Beneath the blithsome shepherd's watchful eye,
The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
Who love to walk in Virtue's flowery road,
Along the lovely paths of spring to rove,
And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

Thus Zoroaster studied Nature's laws;
Thus Socrates, the wisest of mankind;
Thus heaven-taught Plato traced the Almighty cause,
And left the wondering multitude behind.

Thus Ashley gathered academic bays;
Thus gentle Thomson, as the seasons roll,
Taught them to sing the great Creator's praise,
And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walked along the dewy lawn;
My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn;
Before the lark I 've sung the beauteous dawn,
And gathered health from all the gales of morn.

And, even when winter chilled the aged year,
I wandered lonely o'er the hoary plain:
Though frosty Boreas warned me to forbear,
Boreas, with all his tempests, warned in vain.

Then, sleep my nights, and quiet blessed my days;
I feared no loss, my mind was all my store;
No anxious wishes e'er disturbed my ease;
Heaven gave content and health—I asked no more.

Now, spring returns: but not to me returns
  The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
  And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in the inconstant wind,
  Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,
  And count the silent moments as they pass:

The wingèd moments, whose unstaying speed
  No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
  And lay me down in peace with them at rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate;
  And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true.
Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
  And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
  I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
  Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
  Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
  And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,
  When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes:
The world and all its busy follies leave,
  And talk with Wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten in the clay,
  When death shall shut these weary aching eyes;
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
  Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

JOHN LOGAN.

Mr. D'Israeli, in his 'Calamities of Authors,' has included the name of **John Logan** as one of those unfortunate men of genius whose life has been marked by disappointment and misfortune. He had undoubtedly formed to himself a high standard of literary excellence and ambition, to which he never attained; but there is no evidence to warrant the assertion that Logan died of a broken heart. He died of consumption at the age of forty, leaving a sum of £200. Logan was born at Soutra, in the parish of Fala, Mid-Lothian, in 1748. His father, a small farmer, educated him for the church, and, after he had obtained a license to preach, he distinguished himself so much by his pulpit eloquence, that he was appointed one of the ministers of South Leith. He held this charge from 1773 till December 1786. He read a course of lectures on the 'Philosophy of History' in Edinburgh, the substance of which he published in 1781; and next year he gave to the public one of his lectures entire on the 'Government of Asia.' The same year he published his poems; and in 1783 he produced a tragedy called 'Runnimede,' founded on the signing of Magna Charta.

His parishioners were opposed to such an exercise of his talents, and unfortunately Logan had lapsed into irregular and dissipated habits. The consequence was, that he resigned his charge on receiving a small annuity, and proceeded to London, where he resided till his death in December 1788. During his residence in London, Logan was a contributor to the 'English Review,' and wrote a pamphlet on the 'Charges against Warren Hastings'—an eloquent defence of the accused, and attack on his accusers—which led to the trial of Stockdale the publisher, and to one of the most memorable of Erskine's speeches. Among Logan's manuscripts were found several unfinished tragedies, thirty lectures on Roman history, portions of a periodical work, and a collection of sermons, from which two volumes were selected and published by his executors. The sermons are warm and passionate, full of piety and fervour.

One act in the literary life of Logan we have already adverted to—his publication of the poems of Michael Bruce. His conduct as an editor cannot be justified. He left out several pieces by Bruce, and, as he states in his preface: 'To make up a miscellany, poems wrote by different authors are inserted.' The best of these he claimed, and published afterwards as his own. Certain relations and friends of Bruce, indignant at his conduct, have since endeavoured to snatch this laurel from his brows. With respect to the most valuable piece in the collection, the ode 'To the Cuckoo'—'magical stanzas,' says D'Israeli, and all will echo the praise, 'of picture, melody, and sentiment,' and which Burke admired so much that on visiting Edinburgh, he sought out Logan to compliment him—with respect to this beautiful effusion of fancy and feeling, the evidence seems to be as follows: In favour of Logan, there is the open publication of the ode under his own name in 1781; the fact of his having shewn it in manuscript to several friends before its publication, and declared it to be his composition; and that, during his life, his claim to be the author was not disputed. In republishing the Ode, Logan made some corrections, such as an author was likely to make in a piece written by himself eleven or twelve years before. In 1873, Mr. David Laing, in a tract on the authorship of this ode, established Logan's claim beyond all dispute—one of the many services to Scottish literature, which Mr. Laing during a long life has rendered. Apart from the ode 'To the Cuckoo,' the best of Logan's productions are his verses on a 'Visit to the Country in Autumn,' his half-dramatic poem of 'The Lovers,' and his ballad stanzas on the 'Braes of Yarrow.' A vein of tenderness and moral sentiment runs through the whole, and his language is select and poetical. In some lines 'On the Death of a Young Lady,' we have the following true and touching exclamation;

What tragic tears bedew the eye!
What deaths we suffer ere we die!
Our broken friendships we deplore,
And *loves of youth that* are no more!

No after-friendships e'er can raise
The endearments of our early days,
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,
As when it first began to love.

To the Cuckoo.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
  Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
  And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
  Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
  Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
  I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
  From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
  To pull the primrose gay,
Starts. the new voice of spring to hear,[*]
  And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
  Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
  Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
  Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
  No Winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
  We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
  Companions of the Spring.

Complaint of Nature.

'Few are thy days, and full of woe,
  O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
  And shalt to dust return."

'Determined are the days that fly
  Successive o'er thy head;
The numbered hour is on the wing
  That lays thee with the dead.

'Alas! the little day of life
  Is shorter than a span;
Yet black with thousand hidden ills
  To miserable man.

'Gay is thy morning, flattering hope
  Thy sprightly step attends;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
  And the dark night descends.

'Before its splendid hour the cloud
  Comes o'er the beam of light;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
  Man tarries but a night.

'Behold, sad emblem of thy state,
  The flowers that paint the field;
Or trees that crown the mountain's brow,
  And boughs and blossoms yield.

'When chill the blast of Winter blows,
  Away the summer flies,
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
  And all their beauty dies.

'Nipt by the year the forest fades;
  And, shaking to the wind,
The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
  The wilderness behind.

'The Winter past, reviving flowers
  Anew shall paint the plain,
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
  And flourish green again.

'But man departs this earthly scene,
  Ah! never to return!
No second Spring shall e'er revive
  The ashes of the urn.

'The inexorable doors of death,
  What hand can e'er unfold?
Who from the cerements of the tomb
  Can raise the human mold?

'The mighty flood that rolls along
  Its torrents to the main,
The waters lost can ne'er recall
  From that abyss again.

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[*] This line originally stood:

'Starts thy curious voice to hear,'

which was probably altered by Logan as defective in quantity. 'Curious may be a Scotticism, but it is felicitous. It marks the unusual resemblance of the note of the *cuckoo to the* human voice, the cause of the *start* and *imitation* which follow. Whereas *the "new voice of spring"* is not true; for many voices in spring precede that of the *cuckoo, and it is* not peculiar or striking, nor does it connect either with the *start* or *imitation.'—Note by Lord Mackenzie* (son of the 'Man of Feeling') in Bruce's Poems by *Rev. W. Mackelvie*

lays, the years, the ages, dark
ending down to night,
ever, never be redeemed
k to the gates of light.

an departs the living scene,
night's perpetual gloom:
oice of morning ne'er shall break
e slumbers of the tomb.

ere are our fathers? Whither gone
e mighty men of old?
patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
sacred books enrolled?

ne to the resting-place of man,
ne everlasting home,
ere ages past have gone before,
here future ages come.'

Thus nature poured the wail of woe,
And urged her earnest cry;
Her voice in agony extreme,
Ascended to the sky.

The Almighty heard: then from his throne
In majesty he rose;
And from the heaven, that opened wide.
His voice in mercy flows:

'When mortal man resigns his breath,
And falls a clod of clay,
The soul immortal wings its flight
To never-setting day.

'Prepared of old for wicked men
The bed of torment lies;
The just shall enter into bliss
Immortal in the skies.'

e above hymn has been claimed for Michael Bruce by Mr. Mackel-, his biographer, on the faith of 'internal evidence,' because two of e stanzas resemble a fragment in the handwriting of Bruce. We bjoin the stanzas and the fragment:

When chill the blast of Winter blows,
Away the Summer flies,
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
And all their beauty dies.

Nipt by the year the forest fades;
And, shaking to the wind,
The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
The wilderness behind.

The hoar-frost glitters on the ground, the frequent leaf falls from the wood, and tosses to and fro down on the wind. The summer is gone with all his flowers; summer, the season of the muses; yet not the more cease I to wander where the muses haunt near spring or shadowy grove, or sunny hill. It was on a calm morning, while yet the darkness strove with the doubtful twilight, I rose and walked out under the opening eyelids of the morn.'

If the originality of a poet is to be questioned on the ground of such resemblances as the above, what modern is safe? The images in both pieces are common to all descriptive poets. Bruce's Ossianic fragment is patched with expressions from Milton, which are neither marked as quotations nor printed as poetry. The reader will easily recollect the following:

Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the muses haunt
Clear spring or shady grove, or sunny hill.
Par. Lost, Book iii.

Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove afield.
Lycidas.

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD (1715–1785) succeeded to the office of poet-laureate, after it had been refused by Gray. He was the son of a *baker in Cambridge*, and distinguished himself at Winchester School, on leaving which he obtained a scholarship at Clare Hall, in the university of his native town. He was afterwards tutor to the son of the Earl of Jersey. Whitehead had a taste for the drama, and wrote the 'Roman Father,' and 'Creusa,' two indifferent plays. After he had received his appointment as laureate, he was attacked by Churchill, and a host of inferior satirists, but he wisely made no reply. In the family of Lord Jersey he enjoyed comfort and happiness, till death, at seventy, put a period to his inoffensive life.

Variety.

This easy and playful poem opens with the description of a rural pair of easy fortune, who live much apart from society.

Two smiling springs had waked the flowers
That paint the meads, or fringe the bowers—
Ye lovers, lend your wondering ears,
Who count by months, and not by years—
Two smiling springs had chaplets wove
To crown their solitude, and love:
When, lo! they find, they can't tell how,
Their walks are not so pleasant now.
The seasons sure were changed; the place
Had, somehow, got a different face,
Some blast had struck the cheerful scene;
The lawns, the woods were not so green.
The purling rill, which murmured by,
And once was liquid harmony,
Became a sluggish, reedy pool;
The days grew hot, the evenings cool.
The moon, with all the starry reign,
Were melancholy's silent train.
And then the tedious winter-night—
They could not read by candle-light.
Full oft, unknowing why they did,
They called in adventitious aid.
A faithful favourite dog—'twas thus
With Tobit and Telemachus—
Amused their steps; and for a while
They viewed his gambols with a smile.
The kitten, too, was comical,
She played so oddly with her tail.
Or in the glass was pleased to find
Another cat, and peeped behind,
A courteous neighbour at the door,
Was deemed intrusive noise no more.
For rural visits, now and then,
Are right, as men must live with men.
Then cousin Jenny, fresh from town,
A new recruit, a dear delight!
Made many a heavy hour go down,
At morn, at noon, at eve, at night:
Sure they could hear her jokes for ever,
She was so sprightly and so clever!
Yet neighbours were not quite the *thing—*
What joy, alas! could converse bring
With awkward creatures bred at home—
The dog grew dull, or troublesome,
The cat had spoiled the kitten's merit,
And, with her youth, had lost her spirit.
And jokes repeated o'er and o'er,
Had quite exhaused Jenny's store.
—'And then, my dear, I can't abide
This always sauntering side by side.'
'Enough,' he cries; 'the reason's plain:
For causes never rack your brain.
Our neighbours are like other folks;
Skip's playful tricks, and Jenny's jokes,
Are still delightful, still would please,
Were we, my dear, ourselves at ease.
Look round, with an impartial eye,
On yonder fields, on yonder sky;
The azure cope, the flowers below,
With all their wonted colours glow;
The rill still murmurs; and the moon
Shines, as she did, a softer sun.
No change has made the seasons fail,
No comet brushed us with his tail.
The scene's the same, the same the weather—
We live, my dear, too much together.'
Agreed. A rich old uncle dies,
Add added wealth the means supplies.
With eager haste to town they flew,
Where all must please, for all was new. . .
Advanced to fashion's wavering head,
They now, where once they followed, led;
Devised new systems of delight,
Abed all day and up all night,
In different circles reigned supreme;
Wives copied her, and husbands him;
Till so *divinely* life ran on,
So separate, so quite *bon-ton*,
That, meeting in a public place,
They scarcely knew each other's face.
At last they met, by his desire,
A tete-à-tete across the fire:
Looked in each other's face a while,
With half a tear, and half a smile.
The ruddy health, which wont to grace
With manly glow his rural face,
Now scarce retained its faintest streak,
So sallow was his leathern cheek.

She, lank and pale, and hollow-eyed,
With rouge had striven in vain to hide
What once was beauty, and repair
The rapine of the midnight air.
Silence is eloquence, 'tis said.
Both wished to speak, both hung the head.
At length it burst. ''Tis time,' he cries,
'When tired of folly, to be wise.
Are you, too, tired?'—then checked a groan.
She wept consent, and he went on•
'True to the bias of our kind,
'Tis happiness we wish to find.
In rural scenes retired we sought
In vain the dear, delicious draught,
Though blest with love's indulgent store,
We found we wanted something more
'Twas company, 'twas friends to share
The bliss we languished to declare;
'Twas social converse, change of scene,
To soothe the sullen hour of spleen;
Short absences to wake desire,
And sweet regrets to fan the fire.
'We left the lonesome place, and found,
In dissipation's giddy round,
A thousand novelties to wake
The springs of life, and not to break.
As, from the nest not wandering far,
In light excursions through the air,
The feathered tenants of the grove
Around in mazy circles move,
Sip the cool springs that murmuring flow,
Or taste the blossom on the bough;
We sported freely with the rest;
And still, returning to the nest,
In easy mirth we chatted o'er
The trifles of the day before.
'Behold us now, dissolving quite
In the full ocean of delight;
In pleasures every hour employ,
Immersed in all the world calls joy;
Our affluence easing the expense
Of splendour and magnificence;
Our company, the exalted set
Of all that's gay, and all that's great:
Nor happy yet! and where's the wonder!
We live, my dear, too much asunder!'
The moral of my tale is this:
Variety 's the soul of bliss;
But such variety alone
As makes our home the more our own.
As from the heart's impelling power
The life-blood pours its genial store;
Though taking each a various way,
The active streams meandering play
Through every artery, every vein,
All to the heart return again;
From thence resume their new career,
But still return and centre there;
So real happiness below
Must from the heart sincerely flow;
Nor, listening to the siren's song,
Must stray too far, or rest too long
All human pleasures thither tend;
Must there beg n, and there must end;
Must there recruit their languid force,
And gain fresh vigour from their source.

SAMUEL BISHOP.

SAMUEL BISHOP (1731–1795) was an English clergyman, Master of Merchant Taylors' School, London, and author of some miscellaneous essays and poems. The best of his poetry was devoted to the praise of his wife; and few can read such lines as the following without believing that Bishop was an amiable and happy man:

To Mrs. Bishop, on the Anniversary of her Wedding-day, which was also her Birthday, with a Ring.

'Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed'—
So, fourteen years ago, I said.
Behold another ring!—'For what?'
'To wed thee o'er again?' Why not?
With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth;
Taste long admired, sense long revered,
And all my Molly then appeared.
If she, by merit since disclosed,
Proved twice the woman I supposed,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.
Here, then, to-day—with faith as sure,
With ardour as intense, as pure,
As when, amidst the rites divine,
I took thy troth, and plighted mine—
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring
A token and a pledge I bring:
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
Those virtues which, before untried,
The wife has added to the bride;
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience' sake as well as love's.
And why?—They shew me every hour
Honour's high thought, Affection's power,
Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence,
And teach me all things—but repentance.

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

Christopher Smart, an unfortunate and irregular man of genius, was born in 1722 at Shipbourne, in Kent. His father was steward to Lord Barnard—afterwards Earl of Darlington—and dying when his son was eleven years of age, the patronage of Lord Barnard was generously continued to his family. Through the influence of this nobleman, Christopher procured from the Duchess of Cleveland an allowance of £40 per annum. He was admitted of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, in 1739, elected a fellow of Pembroke in 1745, and took his degree of M.A. in 1747. At college, Smart was remarkable for folly and extravagance, and his distinguished contemporary Gray prophesied truly that the result of his conduct would be a jail or bedlam. In 1747, he wrote a comedy called a 'Trip to Cambridge, or the Grateful Fair,' which was acted in Pembroke College Hall, the parlour of which was made the green-room. No remains of this play have been found, excepting a few songs and a mock-heroic soliloquy, the latter containing the following humorous simile:

> Thus when a barber and a collier fight,
> The barber beats the luckless collier *white;*
> The dusty collier heaves his ponderous sack,
> And, big with vengeance, beats the barber *black.*
> In comes the brick-dust man, with grime o'erspread,
> And beats the collier and the barber *red;*
> Black, red, and white, in various clouds are tossed,
> And in the dust they raise the combatants are lost.

Having written several pieces for periodicals published by Newbery, Smart became acquainted with the bookseller's family, and married his step-daughter, Miss Carnan, in the year 1753 He now removed to London, and endeavoured to subsist by his pen. The notorious Sir John Hill—whose wars with the Royal Society, with Fielding, &c. are well known, and who closed his life by becoming a quack-doctor—having insidiously attacked Smart, the latter replied by a spirited satire, entitled 'The Hilliad.' Among his various tasks was a metrical translation of the 'Fables' of Phædrus. He also translated the psalms and parables into verse, but the version is destitute of talent. He had, however, in his better days, translated with success, and to Pope's satisfaction, the 'Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.' In 1756, Smart was one of the conductors of a monthly periodical called 'The Universal Visitor;' and to assist him, Johnson—who sincerely sympathised, as Boswell relates, with Smart's unhappy vacillation of mind—contributed a few essays. In 1763, we find the poor poet confined in a madhouse. 'He has partly as much exercise,' said Johnson, 'as he used to have, for he digs in the garden. Indeed, before his confinement, he used for exercise to walk to the alehouse; but he was carried back again. I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him—also falling upon his knees and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it.' During his confinement, it is said, writing materials were denied him, and Smart used to indent his poetical thoughts with a key on the wainscot of his walls. A religious poem, the 'Song to David,' written at this time in his saner intervals, possesses passages of considerable power, and must be considered one of the greatest curiosities of our literature. What the unfortunate poet did not write down—and the whole could not possibly have been committed to the walls of his apartment—must have been composed and retained from memory alone. Smart was afterwards released from his confinement; but his ill-fortune—following, we suppose, his intemperate habits—again pursued him. He was committed to the King's Bench prison for debt, and died there, after a short illness, in 1770. The following is part of his

Song to David.

O thou, that sit'st upon a throne,
With harp of high, majestic tone,
  To praise the King of kings:
And voice of heaven, ascending swell,
Which, while its deeper notes excel,
  Clear as a clarion rings:

To bless each valley, grove, and coast,
And charm the cherubs to the post
  Of gratitude in throngs;
To keep the days on Zion's Mount,
And send the year to his account,
  With dances and with songs:

O servant of God's holiest charge,
The minister of praise at large,
  Which thou mayest now receive;
From thy blest mansion hail and hear,
From topmost eminence appear
  To this the wreath I weave.

Great, valiant, pious, good, and clean,
Sublime, contemplative, serene,
  Strong, constant, pleasant, wise!
Bright effluence of exceeding grace;
Best man! the swiftness and the race,
  The peril and the prize!

Great—from the lustre of his crown,
From Samuel's horn, and God's renown,
  Which is the people's voice;
For all the host, from rear to van,
Applauded and embraced the man—
  The man of God's own choice.

Valiant—the word, and up he rose;
The fight—he triumphed o'er the foes
  Whom God's *just laws* abhor;
And, armed in gallant faith, he took
Against the boaster, from the brook,
  The weapons of the war.

Pious—magnificent and grand,
'Twas he the famous temple planned—
  The seraph in his soul:
Foremost to give the Lord his dues,
Foremost to bless the welcome news,
  And foremost to condole.

Good—from Jehudah's genuine vein,
From God's best nature, good in grain
  His aspect and his heart:
To pity, to forgive, to save,
Witness En-gedi's conscious cave,
  And Shimei's blunted dart.

Clean—if perpetual prayer be pure,
And love, which could itself inure
  To fasting and to fear—
Clean in his gestures, hands, and feet,
To smite the lyre, the dance complete,
  To play the sword and spear.

Sublime—invention ever young,
Of vast conception, towering tongue,
  To God the eternal theme;
Notes from yon exaltations caught,
Unrivalled royalty of thought,
  O'er meaner strains supreme.

Contemplative—on God to fix
His musings, and above the six
  The Sabbath-day he blest; [pruned,
'Twas then his thoughts self-conquest
And heavenly melancholy tuned,
  To bless and bear the rest.

Serene—to sow the seeds of peace,
Remembering when he watched the fleece,
 How sweetly Kidron purled—
To further knowledge, silence vice,
And plant perpetual paradise,
 When God had calmed the world.

Strong—in the Lord, who could defy
Satan, and all his powers that lie
 In sempiternal night;
And hell, and horror, and despair
Were as the lion and the bear
 To his undaunted might.

Constant—in love to God, the Truth,
Age, manhood, infancy, and youth—
 To Jonathan his friend
Constant beyond the verge of death;
And Ziba, and Mephibosheth,
 His endless fame attend.

Pleasant—and various as the year;
Man, soul, and angel without peer,
 Priest, champion, sage, and boy;
In armour, or in ephod clad,
His pomp, his piety was glad:
 Majestic was his joy.

Wise—in recovery from his fall,
Whence rose his eminence o'er all,
 Of all the most reviled;
The light of Israel in his ways,
Wise are his precepts, prayer, and praise,
 And counsel to his child. . . .

O David, scholar of the Lord!
Such is thy science, whence reward,
 And infinite degree;
O strength, O sweetness, lasting ripe!
God's harp thy symbol, and thy type
 The lion and the bee!

There is but One who ne'er rebelled,
But One by passion unimpelled,
 By pleasures unenticed;
He from himself his semblance sent,
Grand object of his own content,
 And saw the God in Christ.

'Tell them, I Am,' Jehovah said
To Moses; while earth heard in dread,
 And, smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
 Replied: 'O Lord, Thou Art.'

THOMAS AND JOSEPH WARTON.

The Wartons, like the Beaumonts, were a poetical race. As literary antiquaries, they were also honourably distinguished. Thomas, the historian of English poetry, was the second son of Dr. Warton of Magdalen College, Oxford, who was twice chosen Professor of Poetry by his university, and who wrote some pleasing verses, half scholastic and half sentimental. A sonnet by the elder Warton is worthy being transcribed, for its strong family likeness:

Written after seeing Windsor Castle.

From beauteous Windsor's high and storied halls,
Where Edward's chiefs start from the glowing walls,
To my low cot from ivory beds of state,
Pleased I return unenvious of the great.
So the bee ranges o'er the varied scenes
Of corn, of heaths, of fallows, and of greens,
Pervades the thicket, soars above the hill,
Or murmurs to the meadow's murmuring rill:
Now haunts old hollowed oaks, deserted cells,
Now seeks the low vale lily's silver bells;
Sips the warm fragrance of the greenhouse bowers,
And tastes the myrtle and the citron's flowers;
At length returning to the wonted comb,
Prefers to all his little straw-built home.

The poetry-professor died in 1745, aged fifty-eight. His tastes, his *love of poetry*, and of the university, were continued by his son *Thomas* (1728–1790). At sixteen, Thomas Warton was entered of *Trinity College*. He began early to write verses, and his 'Pleasures of Melancholy,' published when he was nineteen, gave a promise of excellence which his riper productions did not fulfil.

Having taken his degree, Warton obtained a fellowship, and in 1757 was appointed Professor of Poetry. He was also curate of Woodstock, and rector of Kiddington, a small living near Oxford. The even tenor of his life was only varied by his occasional publications, one of which was an elaborate Essay on Spenser's 'Faery Queen.' He also edited the minor poems of Milton, an edition which Leigh Hunt says is a wilderness of sweets, and is the only one in which a true lover of the original can pardon an exuberance of annotation. Some of the notes are highly poetical, while others display Warton's taste for antiquities, for architecture, superstition, and his intimate acquaintance with the old Elizabethan writers. A still more important work, the 'History of English Poetry (1774–1778) forms the basis of his reputation. In this history, Warton poured out the treasures of a full mind. His antiquarian lore, his love of antique manners, and his chivalrous feelings, found appropriate exercise in tracing the stream of our poetry from its first fountain-springs, down to the luxuriant reign of Elizabeth, which he justly styled 'the most poetical age of our annals.' Pope and Gray had planned schemes of a history of English poetry, in which the authors were to be arranged according to their style and merits. Warton adopted the chronological arrangement, as giving freer exertion for research, and as enabling him to exhibit, without transposition, the gradual improvement in our poetry, and the progression of our language. The untiring industry and learning of the poet-historian accumulated a mass of materials equally valuable and curious. His work is a vast storehouse of facts connected with our early literature; and if he sometimes wanders from his subject, or overlays it with extraneous details, it should be remembered, as his latest editor, Mr. Price, remarks, that new matter was constantly arising, and that Warton 'was the first adventurer in the extensive region through which he journeyed, and into which the usual pioneers of literature had scarcely penetrated.' It is to be regretted that Warton's plan excluded the drama, which forms so rich a source of our early imaginative literature; but this defect has been partly supplied by Mr. Collier's 'Annals of the Stage.'

On the death of Whitehead in 1785, Warton was appointed poet-laureate. His learning gave dignity to an office usually held in small esteem, and which in our day has been wisely converted into a sinecure. The same year he was made Camden Professor of History. While pursuing his antiquarian and literary researches, Warton was attacked with gout, and his enfeebled health yielded to a stroke of paralysis in 1790. Notwithstanding the classic stiffness of his poetry, and his full-blown academical honours, Warton appears to have been an easy companionable man, who delighted to unbend in common society, and especially with boys. 'During his visits to his brother, Dr. J. Warton—master of Winchester School—the reverend professor became an associate and confidant in all the sports of the school-boys. When engaged with them in some culinary occupation, and when alarmed by the sudden approach of the master, he has been known to hide himself in a dark corner of the kitchen; and has been dragged from thence by the doctor, who had taken him for some great boy. He also used to help the boys in their exercises, generally putting in as many faults as would disguise the assistance.'* If there was little dignity in this, there was something better—a kindliness of disposition and freshness of feeling which all would wish to retain.

The poetry of Warton is deficient in natural expression and general interest, but some of his longer pieces, by their martial spirit and Gothic fancy, are calculated to awaken a stirring and romantic enthusiasm. Hazlitt considered some of his sonnets the finest in the language, and they seem to have caught the fancy of Coleridge and Bowles. The following are picturesque and graceful:

Written in a Blank Leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon.

Deem not devoid of elegance the sage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguiled
Of painful pedantry, the poring child,
Who turns of these proud domes the historic page,—
Now sunk by Time, and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'st thou the warbling muses never smiled
On his lone hours? Ingenious views engage
His thoughts on themes unclassic falsely styled,
Intent. While cloistered piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores.
Not rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.

On Revisiting the River Loddon.

Ah! what a weary race my feet have run
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crowned,
And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
Beneath the azure sky and golden sun—
When first my muse to lisp her notes begun!
While pensive memory traces back the round
Which fills the varied interval between;
Much pleasure, more of sorrow marks the scene.
Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure,
No more return to cheer my evening road!
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure
Nor useless, all my vacant days have flowed
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature,
Nor with the muse's laurel unbestowed.

Joseph, the elder brother of Thomas Warton, closely resembled him in character and attainments. He was born in 1722, and was the school-fellow of Collins at Winchester. He was afterwards a commoner of Oriel College, Oxford, and ordained on his father's curacy at Basingstoke. He was also rector of Tamworth. In 1766 he was appointed head-master of Winchester School, to which were subsequently added a prebend of St. Paul's and of Winchester. He survived his brother ten years, dying in 1800. Dr. Joseph Warton early appeared as a poet, but is considered inferior to his brother in the graphic and romantic style of composition at which he aimed. His ode 'To Fancy' seems, however, to be equal to all but a few pieces of Thomas Warton's. He published an 'Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope (vol. i. in 1756, vol. ii. 1782), and edited an edition of Pope's works (1797), which was the most complete then published. Warton was long intimate with Johnson, and a member of his literary club.

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* Campbell's *Specimens of the British Poets.*

From the Ode to Fancy.

O parent of each lovely muse!
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide,
To offer at thy turf-built shrine
In golden cups no costly wine,
No murdered fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock
O nymph with loosely flowing hair,
With buskined leg and bosom bare,
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crowned,
Waving in thy snowy hand,
An all-commanding magic wand,
Of power to bid fresh gardens grow
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
Through air, and over earth and sea,
While the various landscape lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes!
O lover of the desert, hail!
Say in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain side,
'Midst falls of water you reside;
'Midst broken rocks a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between;
'Midst forest dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
Where never human heart appeared,
Nor e'er one straw-roofed cot was reared,
Where nature seemed to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne;
Tell me the path, sweet wanderer, tell,
To thy unknown sequestered cell,
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
And on whose top a hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
Some Nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest;
Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Wrapt in some wild poetic dream,
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser through a fairy grove;
Till suddenly awaked I hear
Strange whispered music in my ear,
And my glad soul in bliss is drowned
By the sweetly soothing sound! . . .
When young-eyed Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose;
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale:
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks;
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold;
At every season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear!

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

A blind descriptive poet seems such an anomaly in nature, that the case of Dr. Blacklock (1721–1791) has engaged the attention of the learned and curious in no ordinary degree. We read all concerning him with strong interest, *except his poetry*, for this is generally tame, languid, and commonplace. He was an amiable and excellent man, son of a Cumberland bricklayer, who had settled in the town of Annan, Dumfriesshire. When a child about six months old, he was totally deprived of sight by the small-pox; but his worthy father, assisted by his neighbours, amused his solitary boyhood by reading to him; and before he had reached the age of twenty, he was familiar with Spenser, Milton, Pope, and Addison. He was enthusiastically fond of poetry, particularly of the works of Thomson and Allan Ramsay. From these he must, in a great degree, have derived his images and impressions of nature and natural objects; but in after-life the classic poets were added to his store of intellectual enjoyment. His father was accidentally killed when the poet was about the age of nineteen; but some of his attempts at verse having been seen by Dr. Stevenson, Edinburgh, that benevolent gentleman took their blind author to the Scottish metropolis, where he was enrolled as a student of divinity. In 1746, he published a volume of his poems, which was reprinted with additions in 1754 and 1756. He was licensed in 1759, and through the patronage of the Earl of Selkirk, was appointed minister of Kirkcudbright. The parishioners, however, were opposed both to church patronage in the abstract, and to this exercise of it in favour of a blind man, and the poet relinquished the appointment on receiving in lieu of it a moderate annuity. He now resided in Edinburgh, and took boarders into his house. His family was a scene of peace and happiness. To his literary pursuits Blacklock added a taste for music, and played on the flute and flageolet. Latterly, he suffered from depression of spirits, and supposed that his imaginative powers were failing him; yet the generous ardour he evinced in 1786, in the case of Burns, shews no diminution of sensibility or taste. Besides his poems, Blacklock wrote some sermons and theological treatises, an article on Blindness for the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and two dissertations, entitled 'Paraclesis; or Consolations deduced from Natural and Revealed Religion,' one of them original, and the other translated from a work ascribed to Cicero.

Apart from the circumstances under which they were produced, the poems of Blacklock offer little room for or temptation to criticism. He has no new imagery, no commanding power of sentiment, reflection, or imagination. Still, he was a fluent and correct versifier, and his familiarity with the visible objects of nature—with trees, streams, the rocks, and sky, and even with different orders of flowers and plants—is a wonderful phenomenon in one blind from infancy. He could distinguish colours by touch; but this could only apply to objects at hand, not to the features of a landscape, or to the appearances of storm or sunshine, sunrise or sunset, or the variation in the seasons, all of which he has described. Images of this kind he had at will. Thus, he exclaims:

Ye vales, which to the raptured eye
  Disclosed the flowery pride of May;
Ye circling hills, whose summits high
  Blushed with the morning's earliest ray.

Or he paints flowers with artist-like precision:

Let long-lived pansies here their scents bestow,
The violet languish, and the roses glow;
In yellow glory let the crocus shine,
Narcissus here his love-sick head recline:
Here hyacinths in purple sweetness rise,
And tulips tinged with beauty's fairest dyes.

In a man to whom all external phenomena were, and had ever been, one 'universal blank,' this union of taste and memory was certainly remarkable. Poetical feeling he must have inherited from nature, which led him to take pleasure even from his infancy in descriptive poetry; and the language, expressions, and *pictures* thus imprinted on his mind by habitual acquaintance with the best authors, and in literary conversation, seem to have risen spontaneously in the moment of composition.

Terrors of a Guilty Conscience.

Cursed with unnumbered groundless fears,
How pale yon shivering wretch appears!
For him the daylight shines in vain,
For him the fields no joys contain:
Nature's whole charms to him are lost,
No more the woods their music boast;
No more the meads their vernal bloom,
No more the gales their rich perfume:
Impending mists deform the sky,
And beauty withers in his eye.
In hopes his terrors to elude,
By day he mingles with the crowd,
Yet finds his soul to fears a prey,
In busy crowds and open day.
If night his lonely walks surprise,
What horrid visions round him rise!
The blasted oak which meets his way,
Shewn by the meteor's sudden ray,
The midnight murderer's lone retreat
Felt heaven's avengeful bolt of late:
The clashing chain, the groan profound,
Loud from yon ruined tower resound;
And now the spot he seems to tread,
Where some self-slaughtered corse was laid;
He feels fixed earth beneath him bend,
Deep murmurs from her caves ascend;
Till all his soul, by fancy swayed,
Sees livid phantoms crowd the shade.

Ode to Aurora on Melissa's Birthday.

'A compliment and tribute of affection to the tender assiduity of an excellent wife, which I have not anywhere seen more happily conceived or more elegantly expressed.'—*Henry Mackenzie.*

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-fingered morn;
Emerge in purest dress arrayed,
And chase from heaven night's envious shade,
That I once more may pleased survey,
And hail Melissa's natal day.

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-fingered morn;
In order at the eastern gate
The hours to draw thy chariot wait;
Whilst Zephyr on his balmy wings,
Mild nature's fragrant tribute brings,
With odours sweet to strew thy way,
And grace the bland revolving day.

But, as thou lead'st the radiant sphere,
That gilds its birth and marks the year,
And as his stronger glories rise,
Diffused around the expanded skies,
Till clothed with beams serenely bright,
All heaven's vast concave flames with light;

So when, through life's protracted day,
Melissa still pursues her way,
Her virtues with thy splendour vie,
Increasing to the mental eye;
Though less conspicuous, not less dear,
Long may they Bion's prospect cheer;
So shall his heart no more repine,
Blessed with her rays, though robbed of thine.

JAMES BEATTIE.

James Beattie was the son of a small farmer and shopkeeper at Laurencekirk, county of Kincardine, where he was born October 25, 1735. His father died while he was a child, but an elder brother, seeing signs of talent in the boy, assisted him in procuring a good education; and in his fourteenth year he obtained a bursary or exhibition (always indicating some proficiency in Latin) in Marischal College, Aberdeen. His habits and views were scholastic, and four years afterwards, Beattie was appointed schoolmaster of the parish of Fordoun. He was now situated amidst interesting and romantic scenery, which increased his passion for nature and poetry. The scenes which he afterwards delineated in his 'Minstrel' were, as Southey had justly remarked, those in which he had grown up, and the feelings and aspirations therein expressed were those of his own boyhood and youth. In 1758, he was elected usher of the grammar-school of Aberdeen; and in 1760, professor of moral philosophy and logic in Marischal College. About the same time, he published in London a collection of his poems, with some translations One piece, 'Retirement,' displays poetical feeling and taste; but the collection, as a whole, gave little indication of the 'Minstrel.' The poems, without the translations, were reprinted in 1766, and a copy of verses on the Death of Churchill were added. The latter are mean and reprehensible in spirit. Beattie was a sincere lover of truth and virtue, but his ardour led him at times into intolerance, and he was too fond of courting the notice and approbation of the great. In 1770 the poet appeared as a metaphysician, by his 'Essay on Truth,' in which good principles were advanced, though with an unphilosophical spirit, and in language which suffered greatly from comparison with that of his illustrious opponent, David Hume.

Next year, Beattie appeared in his true character as a poet. The first part of the 'Minstrel' was published, and was received with universal approbation. Honours flowed in on the fortunate author. He visited London, and was admitted to all its brilliant and distinguished circles. Goldsmith, Johnson, Garrick, and Reynolds were numbered among his friends. On a second visit in 1773, he had an interview with the king and queen, which resulted in a pension of £200 per annum. The university of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., and Reynolds painted his portrait in an allegorical picture, in which Beattie was seen by the side of an angel pushing down Prejudice, Scepticism, and Folly! Need we wonder that poor Goldsmith was envious of his brother-poet? To the honour of Beattie, it must be recorded, that he declined entering the Church of England, in which preferment was promised him. The second part of the 'Minstrel' was published in 1774. Domestic circumstances marred the felicity of Beattie's otherwise happy and prosperous lot. His wife—the daughter of Dr. Dun, Aberdeen—became insane, and

ed to be confined in an asylum. He had two sons, both
ad accomplished youths. The eldest lived till he was twenty-
was associated with his father in the professorship: he died
nd the afflicted parent soothed his grief by writing his life,
shing some specimens of his composition in prose and verse.
ıd son died in 1796, aged eighteen; and the only consolation
w lonely poet was, that he could not have borne to see their
minds mangled with madness'—an allusion to the heredi-
nity of their mother. By nature, Beattie was a man of
d tender sensibilities. A fine landscape, or music—in which
proficient—affected him even to tears. He had a sort of hys-
read of meeting with his metaphysical opponents, which was
nly weakness. Such an organization, physical and moral,
tted to insure happiness or fortitude in adversity. When his
on died, he said he had done with the world. He ceased to
nd with his friends, or to continue his studies. Shat-
y a long train of nervous complaints, in April 1799 the
l a stroke of palsy, and after different returns of the same
, which excluded him from all society, he died on the 18th of
, 1803. His 'Life' was written by his attached friend, Sir
n Forbes of Pitsligo, Baronet; it was published in 1805, and
igh among the biographies of literary personages.

he early training of his eldest and beloved son, Dr. Beattie
l an expedient of a romantic and interesting description. His
was to give him the first idea of a Supreme Being; and his
l, as Dr. Porteous, bishop of London, remarked, 'had all the
ation of Rosseau, without his folly and extravagance.'

Imparting to a Boy the First Idea of a Supreme Being.

had,' says Beattie, 'reached his fifth (or sixth) year, knew the alphabet, and
ead a little; but had received no particular information with respect to the
of his being, because I thought he could not yet understand such in-
ion, and because I had learned from my own experience, that to be made to
words not understood, is extremely detrimental to the faculties of a young
In a corner of a little garden, without informing any person of the circum-
, I wrote in the mould, with my finger, the three initial letters of his name, and
r garden cresses in the furrows, covered up the seed, and smoothed the
l. Ten days after, he came running to me, and with astonishment in his coun-
e, told me that his name was growing in the garden. I smiled at the report, and
d inclined to disregard it; but he insisted on my going to see what had hap-
. "Yes," said I carelessly, on coming to the place; "I see it is so; but
is nothing in this worth notice; it is mere chance;" and I went away. He fol-
me, and taking hold of my coat, said with some earnestness: "It could not be
chance, for that somebody must have contrived matters so as to produce it." I
nd not to give his words or my own, for I have forgotten both, but I give the
ance of what passed between us in such language as we both understood.
you think," I said, "that what appears so regular as the letters of your name can-
e by chance?" "Yes," said he with firmness, "I think so." "Look at your-
' I replied, "and consider your hands and fingers, your legs and feet, and other
s; are they not regular in their appearance, and useful to you?" He said they
. "Came *you then hither,*" said I, "by chance?" "No," he answered;
at cannot be; something must have made me." "And who is that something?"

I asked. He said he did not know. (I took particular notice that he did not say, as Rousseau fancies a child in like circumstances would say, that his parents made him.) I had now gained the point I aimed at; and saw that his reason taught him—though he could not so express it—that what begins to be, must have a cause, and that what is formed with regularity, must have an intelligent cause. I therefore told him the name of the Great Being who made him and all the world, concerning whose adorable nature I gave him such information as I thought he could in some measure comprehend. The lesson affected him deeply, and he never forgot either it or the circumstance that introduced it.'

The 'Minstrel,' on which Beattie's fame now rests, is a didactic poem, in the Spenserian stanza, designed to 'trace the progress of a poetical genius, born in a rude age, from the first dawning of fancy and reason till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as a minstrel.' The idea was suggested by Percy's preliminary Dissertation to his 'Reliques.' The character of Edwin, the minstrel—in which Beattie embodied his own early feelings and poetical aspirations—is very finely drawn.

Opening of the Minstrel.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war;
Checked by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropped into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

And yet the languor of inglorious days
Not equally oppressive is to all;
Him, who ne'er listened to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear the obstreperous trump of Fame;
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore;
Nor need I here describe, in learned lay,
How forth the minstrel fared in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array;
His waving locks and beard all hoary gray;
While from his bending shoulder, decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung:
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor villager inspires my strain;
With thee let Pageantry and Power abide;
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign;
Where through wild groves at eve the lonely swain
Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms.
They hate the sensual and scorn the vain;
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float:
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the gray linnets carol from the hill
O let them ne'er, with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where they will.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand;
Nor was perfection made for man below.
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are planned,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow,
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise;
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

Then grieve not thou, to whom the indulgent Muse
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire:
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
The imperial banquet and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined?
No; let thy heaven-taught soul to Heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony, resigned;
Ambition's grovelling crew for ever left behind.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul,
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
Stung with disease, and stupefied with spleen;
Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide—
The mansion then no more of joy serene—
Where fear, distrust, malevolence abide,
And impotent desire, and disappointed pride?

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven? . . . .

There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd swain, a man of low degree,
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady;
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie;
A nation famed for song, and beauty's charms;
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

The shepherd swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;
The sickle, scythe, or plough he never swayed;
An honest heart was almost all his stock;

His drink the living water from the rock:
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er they went.

Description of Edwin.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy.
Deep thought oft seemed to fix his infant eye
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy;
Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy;
And now his look was most demurely sad,
And now he laughed aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbours stared and sighed, yet blessed the lad;
Some deemed him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad.

But why should I his childish feats display?
Concourse, and noise, and toil he ever fled;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped,
Or roamed at large the lonely mountain's head,
Or where the maze of some bewildered stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team.

The exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring:
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
To work the woe of any living thing,
By trap or net, by arrow or by sling;
These he detested, those he scorned to wield;
He wished to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field,
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

Lo! where the stripling, rapt in wonder roves,
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees on high, amidst the encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine;
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And echo swells the chorus to the skies,
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah, no! he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

And oft he traced the uplands to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain gray,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn.
Far to the west, the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while,
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil:
But lo! the sun appears, and heaven, earth, ocean smile

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost—
What dreadful pleasure there to stand sublime,
Like shipwrecked mariner on desert coast,

And view the enormous waste of vapour, tost
In billows lengthening to the horizon round,
Now scooped in gulfs, with mountains now embossed!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene.
In darkness and in storm he found delight;
Nor less than when on ocean-wave serene,
The southern sun diffused his dazzling sheen.
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul;
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wished not to control.

Morning Landscape.

Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are borne.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield: and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aërial tower.

Life and Immortality.

O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom!—
The Muse interprets thus his tender thought—
Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought?
Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?
For now the storm howls mournful through the brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crowned?
Ah! see, the unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
Have all the solitary vale embrowned;
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound,
The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray.
And hark! the river, bursting every mound,
Down the vale thunders, and with wasteful sway
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shattered rocks away.

Yet such the destiny of all on earth:
So flourishes and fades majestic man.
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales a while the nursling fan.
O smile, ye heavens, serene; ye mildews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span.
Borne on the swift, though silent wings of Time,
Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

And be it so. Let those deplore their doom
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn;
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
Shall Spring to these sad scenes no more return?
Is yonder wave the sun's eternal bed?
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And Spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No: Heaven's immortal Spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant reign.

Retirement.

When in the crimson cloud of even
The lingering light decays,
And Hesper on the front of Heaven
His glittering gem displays;
Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
Beside a lulling stream,
A pensive youth, of placid mien,
Indulged this tender theme:

'Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled
High o'er the glimmering dale;
Ye woods, along whose windings wild
Murmurs the solemn gale:
Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
And Woe retires to weep,
What time the wan moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the western deep:

'To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
'Scaped a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your most sequestered bower
Let me at last recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modest power,
Leans on her ivied shrine. . . .

'Thy shades, thy silence now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream.
Whence the scared owl on pinions gray
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose.

'Oh, while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling song,
And balmy from the bank of flowers
The zephyr breathes along;
Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
Flash on the startled eye.

'But if some pilgrim through the glade
Thy hallowed bowers explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head,
And listen to his lore;
For he of joys divine shall tell,
That wean from earthly woe,
And triumph o'er the mighty spell
That chains his heart below.

'For me, no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb those toilsome heights,
By guileful Hope misled;
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To Mirth's enlivening strain;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain.'

The Hermit.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began:
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

'Ah! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom inthral:
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away:
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

'Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguished her crescent displays;
But lately I marked, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again;
But man's faded glory what change shall renew?
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

''Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew:
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save.
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn—
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?

''Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind
"O pity, great Father of Light," then I cried,
"Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee;
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free!"

'And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.'

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

irable translation of the 'Lusiad' of Camoens, the most ed poet of Portugal, was executed by WILLIAM JULIUS imself a poet of taste and fancy, but of no great originality *Mickle* was son of the minister of Langholm, in Dumfriesshire, where he was born in 1734. He was engaged in trade in Edinburgh as conductor, and afterwards partner, of a brewery; but he failed in business, and in 1764 went to London, desirous of literary distinction. Lord Lyttelton noticed and encouraged his poetical efforts, and Mickle was buoyed up with dreams of patronage and celebrity. Two years of increasing destitution dispelled this vision, and the poet was glad to accept the situation of corrector of the Clarendon press at Oxford. Here he published 'Pollio,' an elegy, and the 'Concubine,' a moral poem in the manner of Spenser, which he afterwards reprinted with the title of 'Syr Martyn.' Mickle adopted the obsolete phraseology of Spenser, which was too antiquated even for the age of the 'Faery Queen,' and which Thomson had almost wholly discarded in his 'Castle of Indolence.' The first stanza of this poem has been quoted by Sir Walter Scott—divested of its antique spelling—in illustration of a remark made by him, that Mickle, 'with a vein of great facility, united a power of verbal melody, which might have been envied by bards of much greater renown:'

Awake, ye west winds, through the lonely dale,
And Fancy to thy faery bower betake;
Even now, with balmy sweetness, breathes the gale,
Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake;
Through the pale willows faltering whispers wake,
And Evening comes with locks bedropped with dew;
On Desmond's mouldering turrets slowly shake,
The withered rye-grass and the harebell blue,
And ever and anon sweet Mulla's plaints renew.

Sir Walter adds, that Mickle, being a printer by profession, frequently put his lines into types without previously taking the trouble to put them into writing. This is mentioned by none of the poet's biographers, and is improbable. The office of a corrector of the press is quite separate from the mechanical operations of the printer. Mickle's poem was highly successful—not the less perhaps, because it was printed anonymously, and was ascribed to different authors—and it went through three editions. In 1771, he published the first canto of his great translation, which was completed in 1776; and being supported by a long list of subscribers, was highly advantageous both to his fame and fortune. In 1779, he went out to Portugal as secretary to Commodore Johnston, and was received with much distinction in Lisbon by the countrymen of Camoens. On the return of the expedition, Mickle was appointed joint-agent for the distribution of the prizes. His own share was considerable; and having received some money by his marriage with a lady whom he had known in his obscure sojourn at Oxford, the latter days of the poet were spent in ease and leisure. He died at Forest Hill, near Oxford, in 1788.

The most popular of Mickle's original poems is his ballad of 'Cumnor Hall' which has attained additional celebrity by its having suggested to Sir Walter Scott the groundwork of his romance of 'Kenilworth.'* The plot is interesting, and the versification easy and musical. Mickle assisted in Evans's 'Collection of Old Ballads'—in which 'Cumnor Hall' and other pieces of his first appeared; and though in this style of composition he did not copy the direct simplicity and unsophisticated ardour of the real old ballads, he had much of their tenderness and pathos. A still stronger proof of this is afforded by a Scottish song, 'The Mariner's Wife,' but better known as 'There's nae Luck about the House,' which was claimed by a poor schoolmistress, named Jean Adams, who died in the Town's Hospital, Glasgow, in 1765. It is probable that Jean Adams had written some song with the same burthen ('There's nae luck about the house'), but the popular lyric referred to seems to have been the composition of Mickle. An imperfect, altered, and corrected copy was found among his manuscripts after his death; and his widow being applied to, confirmed the external evidence in his favour, by an express declaration that her husband had said the song was his own, and that he had explained to her the Scottish words. It is the fairest flower in his poetical chaplet. The delineation of humble matrimonial happiness and affection which the song presents, is almost unequalled. Beattie added a stanza to this song, containing a happy Epicurean fancy, elevated by the situation and the faithful love of the speaker—which Burns says is 'worthy of the first poet'—

The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.

Mickle would have excelled in the Scottish dialect, and in portraying Scottish life, had he truly known his own strength, and trusted to the impulses of his heart instead of his ambition.

Cumnor Hall.

The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon—sweet regent of the sky—
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies—
The sounds of busy life were still—
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

'Leicester,' she cried, 'is this thy love
That thou so oft has sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privity?

'No more thou com'st, with lover's speed,
Thy once belovèd bride to see;
But be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

'Not so the usage I received
When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appal.

'I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark so blithe, no flower more gay;
And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the livelong day.

'If that my beauty is but small,
Among court-ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?

'And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was, you oft would say!
And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

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* Sir Walter intended to have named his romance *Cumnor Hall*, but was persuaded—wisely, we think—by Mr. *Constable*, his publisher, to adopt the title of *Kenilworth*.

'Yes! now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily's dead;
But he that once their charms so prized,
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

'For know, when sickening grief doth prey,
And tender love 's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay:
What floweret can endure the storm?

'At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady's passing rare,
That eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

'Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by?

''Mong rural beauties I was one;
Among the fields wild-flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my passing beauty rare.

'But, Leicester—or I much am wrong—
It is not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

'Then, Leicester, why, again I plead—
The injured surely may repine—
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine?

'Why didst thou praise my humble charms
And, oh! then leave them to decay?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave me to mourn the livelong day?

'The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go:
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a countess can have woe.

'The simple nymphs! they little know
How far more happy 's their estate;
To smile for joy, than sigh for woe;
To be content, than to be great.

'How far less blest am I than them,
Daily to pine and waste with care!
Like the poor plant, that, from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.

'Nor, cruel Earl! can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns, or pratings rude.

'Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear;
They winked aside, and seemed to say:
"Countess, prepare—thy end is near."

'And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

'My spirits flag, my hopes decay;
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear;
And many a body seems to say:
"Countess, prepare—thy end is near."'

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An aerial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped his wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green;
Woe was the hour, for never more
That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor, now no more
Is cheerful feast or sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller has sighed,
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
As wandering onwards they 've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

The Mariner's Wife, or 'There's nae Luck about the House.'

But are ye sure the news is true?
  And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
  Ye jauds, fling by your wheel.
    There's nae luck about the house,
      There's nae luck at a',
    There's nae luck about the house,
      When our gudeman's awa'.

Is this a time to think o' wark,
  When Colin 's at the door?
Rax down my cloak—I 'll to the quay,
  And see him come ashore.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside,
  Put on the mickle pot;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,*
  And Jock his Sunday's coat.

And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
  Their stockins white as snaw;
It 's a' to pleasure our gudeman—
  He likes to see them braw.

There are twa hens into the crib,
  Hae fed this month and mair,
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
  That Colin weel may fare.

Bring down to me my bigonet,
  My bishop's satin gown,
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
  That Colin's come to town.

My Turkey slippers I 'll put on,
  My stockins pearl blue—
It 's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
  For he 's baith leal and true.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his tongue;
  His breath 's like caller air;
His very fit has music in 't
  As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again?
  And will I hear him speak?
I 'm downright dizzy wi' the thought:
  In troth I 'm like to greet.

In the author's manuscript, another verse is added:

If Colin's weel, and weel content,
  I hae nae mair to crave,
And gin I live to mak him say,
  I 'm blest aboon the lave.

The following is the addition made by Dr. Beattie:

The cauld blasts of the winter wind
  That thrillèd through my heart,
They 're a' blawn by; I hae him safe,
  Till death we 'll never part.

But what put parting in my head?
  It may be far awa;
The present moment is our ain,
  The neist we never saw.

The Spirit of the Cape.—From the 'Lusiad.'

Now prosperous gales the bending canvas swelled;
From these rude shores our fearless course we held:
Beneath the glistening wave the god of day
Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,
When o'er the prow a sudden darkness spread,
And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head
A black cloud hovered; nor appeared from far
The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling star;
So deep a gloom the lowering vapour cast,
Transfixed with awe the bravest stood aghast.
Meanwhile a hollow bursting roar resounds,
As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds,
Nor had the blackening wave, nor frowning heaven,
The wonted signs of gathering tempest given.
Amazed we stood—O thou, our fortune's guide,
Avert this omen, mighty God, I cried;
Or through forbidden climes adventurous strayed,
Have we the secrets of the deep surveyed,

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* *In the author's manuscript 'button gown.'*

Which these wide solitudes of seas and sky
Were doomed to hide from man's unhallowed eye?
Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more
Than midnight tempest and the mingled roar,
When sea and sky combine to rock the marble shore.
  I spoke, when rising through the darkened air,
Appalled, we saw a hideous phantom glare;
High and enormous o'er the flood he towered,
And thwart our way with sullen aspect lowered.
Unearthly paleness o'er his cheeks were spread,
Erect uprose his hairs of withered red;
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and disjoined, his gnashing teeth's blue rows;
His haggard beard flowed quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combined;
His clouded front, by withering lightning scared,
The inward anguish of his soul declared.
His red eyes glowing from their dusky caves
Shot livid fires: far echoing o'er the waves
His voice resounded, as the caverned shore
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.
Cold gliding horrors thrilled each hero's breast;
Our bristling hair and tottering knees confessed
Wild dread; the while with visage ghastly wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began:
  'O you, the boldest of the nations, fired
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired,
Who, scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,
Through these my waves advance your fearless prows,
Regardless of the lengthening watery way,
And all the storms that own my sovereign sway,
Who 'mid surrounding rocks and shelves explore
Where never hero braved my rage before;
Ye sons of Lusus, who, with eyes profane,
Have viewed the secrets of my awful reign,
Have passed the bounds which jealous Nature drew,
To veil her secret shrine from mortal view.
Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,
And bursting soon shall o'er your race descend.
  'With every bounding keel that dares my rage,
Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage;
The next proud fleet that through my dear domain,
With daring search shall hoist the streaming vane,
That gallant navy by my whirlwinds tossed,
And raging seas, shall perish on my coast.
Then he who first my secret, reign descried,
A naked corse wide floating o'er the tide
Shall drive. Unless my heart's full raptures fail,
O Lusus! oft shalt thou thy children wail;
Each year thy shipwrecked sons shalt thou deplore,
Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my shore.'
  He spoke, and deep a lengthened sigh he drew,
A doleful sound, and vanished from the view;
The frightened billows gave a rolling swell,
And distant far prolonged the dismal yell;
Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,
And the black cloud dispersing, leaves the sky.

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY.

Christopher Anstey (1724-1805) was author of the 'New Bath *Guide*,' a light satirical and humorous poem, original in design, and which set an example in this description of composition, that has since been followed in numerous instances, and with great success. Smollett, in his 'Humphry Clinker,' published five years later, may be almost said to have reduced the 'New Bath Guide' to prose. Many of the characters and situations are exactly the same as those of Anstey. The poem seldom rises above the tone of conversation, but is easy, sportive, and entertaining. The fashionable Fribbles of the day, the chat, scandal, and amusements of those attending the wells, and the canting hypocrisy of some sectarians, are depicted, sometimes with indelicacy, but always with force and liveliness. Mr. Anstey was son of the Rev. Dr. Anstey, rector of Brinkeley, in Cambridgeshire, a gentleman who possessed a considerable landed property, which the poet afterwards inherited. He was educated at Eton School, and elected to King's College, Cambridge, and in both places he distinguished himself as a classical scholar. In consequence of his refusal to deliver certain declamations, Anstey quarreled with the heads of the university, and was denied the usual degree. In the epilogue to the 'New Bath Guide,' he alludes to this circumstance:

Granta, sweet Granta, where studious of ease,
Seven years did I sleep, and then lost my degrees.

He then went into the army, and married Miss Calvert, sister to his friend John Calvert, Esq. of Allbury Hall, in Hertfordshire, through whose influence he was returned to parliament for the borough of Hertford. He was a frequent resident in the city of Bath, and a favourite in the fashionable and literary coteries of the place. In 1766 was published his celebrated poem, which instantly became popular. He wrote various other pieces—but while the 'New Bath Guide' was 'the only thing in fashion,' and relished for its novel and original kind of humour, the other productions of Anstey were neglected by the public, and have never been revived. In the enjoyment of his paternal estate, the poet, however, was independent of the public support, and he took part in the sports of the field up to his eightieth year. While on a visit to his son-in-law, Mr. Bosanquet, at Harnage, Wiltshire, he was taken ill, and died on the 3d of August 1805.

The Public Breakfast.

Now my lord had the honour of coming down post,
To pay his respects to so famous a toast;
In hopes he her ladyship's favour might win,
By playing the part of a host at an inn.
I'm sure he's a person of great resolution,
Though delicate nerves, and a weak constitution;
For he carried us all to a place 'cross the river,
And vowed that the rooms were too hot for his liver:
He said it would greatly our pleasure promote,
If we all for Spring Gardens set out in a boat:
I never as yet could his reason explain,
Why we all sallied forth in the wind and the rain;

For sure such confusion was never yet known;'
Here a cap and a hat, there a cardinal blown:
While his lordship, embroidered and powdered all o'er,
Was bowing, and handing the ladies ashore:
How the Misses did huddle, and scuddle, and run;
One would think to be wet must be very good fun;
For by waggling their tails, they all seemed to take pains
To moisten their pinions like ducks when it rains;
And 'twas pretty to see, how, like birds of a feather,
The people of quality flocked all together;
All pressing, addressing, caressing, and fond,
Just the same as those animals are in a pond:
You 've read all their names in the news, I suppose,
But, for fear you have not, take the list as it goes:
    There was Lady Greasewrister,
    And Madam Van-Twister,
    Her ladyship's sister:
    Lord Cram, and Lord Vulture,
    Sir Brandish O'Culter,
    With Marshal Carouzer,
    And old Lady Touzer,
And the great Hanoverian Baron Panzmowzer;
Besides many others who all in the rain went,
On purpose to honour this great entertainment:
The company made a most brilliant appearance,
And ate bread and butter with great perseverance:
All the chocolate too, that my lord set before 'em,
The ladies despatched with the utmost decorum.
Soft musical numbers were heard all around,
The horns and the clarions echoing sound.
  Sweet were the strains, as odorous gales that blow
  O'er fragrant banks, where pinks and roses grow.
The peer was quite ravished, while close to his side
Sat Lady Bunbutter, in beautiful pride!
Oft turning his eyes, he with rapture surveyed
All the powerful charms she so nobly displayed:
As when at the feast of the great Alexander,
Timotheus, the musical son of Thersander,
Breathed heavenly measures. . . . .
  Oh, had I a voice that was stronger than steel
With twice fifty tongues to express what I feel,
And as many good mouths, yet I never could utter
All the speeches my lord made to Lady Bunbutter!
So polite all the time, that he ne'er touched a bit,
While she ate up his rolls and applauded his wit:
For they tell me that men of *true taste*, when they treat,
Should talk a great deal, but they never should eat:
And if that be the fashion, I never will give
Any grand entertainment as long as I live:
For I 'm of opinion, 'tis proper to cheer
The stomach and bowels as well as the ear.
Nor me did the charming concerto of Abel
Regale like the breakfast I saw on the table:
I freely will own I the muffins preferred
To all the genteel conversation I heard.
E'en though I 'd the honour of sitting between
My Lady Stuff-damask and Peggy Moreen,
Who doth flew to Bath in the nightly machine.
Cries Peggy: 'This place is enchantingly pretty;
We never can see such a thing in the city.
You may spend all your lifetime in Cateaton Street,
And never so civil a gentleman meet;

You may talk what you please; you may search London through;
You may go to Carlisle's, and to Almack's too;
And I'll give you my head if you find such a host,
For coffee, tea, chocolate, butter, and toast:
How he welcomes at once all the world and his wife,
And how civil to folk he ne'er saw in his life!'
'These horns,' cries my lady, 'so tickle one's ear,
Lard! what would I give that Sir Simon was here!
To the next public breakfast Sir Simon shall go,
For I find here are folks one may venture to know:
Sir Simon would gladly his lordship attend,
And my lord would be pleased with so cheerful a friend.'
So when we had wasted more bread at a breakfast
Than the poor of our parish have ate for this week past,
I saw, all at once, a prodigious great throng
Come bustling, and rustling, and jostling along;
For his lordship was pleased that the company now
To my Lady Bunbutter should curtsy and bow;
And my lady was pleased too, and seemed vastly proud
At once to receive all the thanks of a crowd.
And when, like Chaldeans, we all had adored
This beautiful image set up by my lord,
Some few insignificant folk went away,
Just to follow the employments and calls of the day;
But those who knew better their time how to spend,
The fiddling and dancing all chose to attend.
Miss Clunch and Sir Toby performed a cotillon,
Just the same as our Susan and Bob the postilion;
All the while her mamma was expressing her joy,
That her daughter the morning so well could employ.
Now, why should the Muse, my dear mother relate
The misfortunes that fall to the lot of the great?
As homeward we came—'tis with sorrow you'll hear
What a dreadful disaster attended the peer;
For whether some envious god had decreed
That an Naiad should long to ennoble her breed;
Or whether his lordship was charmed to behold
His face in the stream, like Narcissus of old;
In handing old Lady Comefidget and daughter,
This obsequious lord tumbled into the water;
But a nymph of the flood brought him safe to the boat,
And I left all the ladies a-cleaning his coat.

RICHARD JAGO.

The Rev. RICHARD JAGO (1715–1781), vicar of Snitterfield, near Stratford-on-Avon, was author of 'Edgehill,' a Poem (1767); 'Labour and Genius, or the Mill-Stream and the Cascade,' a Fable (1768); and other poetical pieces, all collected and published in one volume in 1784.

Absence.

With leaden foot Time creeps along,
While Delia is away;
With her, nor plaintive was the song,
Nor tedious was the day.

Ah! envious power, reverse my doom,
Now double thy career;
Strain every nerve, stretch every plume,
And rest them when she's here.

CHRISTOPHER PITT—GILBERT WEST—MRS. CARTER.

Two translators of this period have been admitted by Johnson into his gallery of English poets. The Rev. CHRISTOPHER PITT (1699–1748) published in 1725 'Vida's Art of Poetry, translated into English Verse;' and in 1740 he gave a complete English 'Æneid.' He also imitated some of the satires and epistles of Horace. 'Pitt pleases the critics, and Dryden the people; Pitt is quoted, and Dryden read.' Such is the criticism of Johnson; but even the merit of being quoted can scarcely now be accorded to the lesser bard.—**Gilbert West** (1700?—1756) translated the Odes of Pindar (1749), prefixing to the work—which is still our standard version of Pindar—a good dissertation on the Olympic games. New editions of West's Pindar were published in 1753 and 1766. He wrote several pieces of original poetry, included in Dodsley's collection. One of these, 'On the Abuse of Travelling,' a canto in imitation of Spenser (1739) is noticed by Gray in enthusiastic terms. West was also author of a prose work, 'Observations on the Resurrection,' for which the university of Oxford conferred on him the degree of LL.D.; and Lyttelton addressed to him his treatise on St. Paul. Pope left West a sum of £200, but payable only after the death of Martha Blount, and he did not live to receive it. By all his contemporaries, this accomplished and excellent man was warmly esteemed; and through the influence of Pitt, he enjoyed a competence in his latter days, having been appointed (1752) one of the clerks of the privy council, and under-treasurer of Chelsea Hospital.

In 1758 appeared 'All the Works of Epictetus now Extant, translated from the Greek,' by **Elizabeth Carter**. This learned and pious lady, familiar to the readers of Boswell's Johnson, had previously (1738) translated Crousaz's 'Examen of Pope's Essay on Man,' and Algarotti's 'Explanation of the Newtonian Philosophy.' She also published a small collection of poems written by her before her twentieth year, and was a frequent correspondent of the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' Hence her early acquaintance with Johnson, who has commemorated the talents and virtues of his young friend in a Greek and a Latin epigram.* Mrs. Carter lived to read and admire Scott's 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.' She died in 1806, in the eighty-ninth year of her age. Her nephew, the Rev. Montagu Pennington, published 'Memoirs of Mrs. Carter' (1808), and 'A Series of Letters between Mrs. E. Carter and Miss Catharine Talbot' (1808). The correspondence has added to the reputation of Mrs. Carter. Of her original poetry the best is an 'Ode to Wisdom,' published by Richardson in his 'Clarissa Harlowe.' It is in the stately Johnsonian style, and opens thus:

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* One of these, on Miss Carter, gathering laurels in Pope's garden at Twickenham, is peculiarly happy:

Elysios Popi dum ludit læta per hortos,
  En avida lauros carpit Elisa manu.
Nil opus est furto. Lauros tibi, dulcis Elisa,
  Si neget optatas Popus, Apollo dabit.

In Pope's Elysian scenes Eliza roves,
And spoils with greedy hands his laurel groves
A needless theft! A laurel wreath to thee,
Should Pope deny, Apollo would decree.

CROKER.

ird of night [flight,
thick shades now wings his
his time-shook tower,
red from the blaze of day,
e gloom he lay
s ivy bower.

With joy I hear the solemn sound
Which midnight echoes waft around,
  And sighing gales repeat.
Favourite of Pallas! I attend,
And, faithful to thy summons, bend
  At wisdom's awful seat.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Ad Amicos.

ARD WEST—the friend of Gray and Walpole. He was the only son of m. R. West, Chancellor of Ireland. The following piece was written in tieth year, and its amiable author died in his twenty-sixth year, 1742.

Yes, happy youths, on Camus' sedgy side,
You feel each joy that friendship can divide;
Each realm of science and of art explore,
And with the ancient blend the modern lore.
Studious alone to learn whate'er may tend
To raise the genius, or the heart to mend;
Now pleased along the cloistered walk you rove,
And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
Where social oft, and oft alone, ye choose,
To catch the zephyr, and to court the muse.
Meantime at me—while all devoid of art
These lines give back the image of my heart—
At me the power that comes or soon or late,
Or aims, or seems to aim, the dart of fate;
From you remote, methinks, alone I stand,
Like some sad exile in a desert land;
Around no friends their lenient care to join
In mutual warmth, and mix their heart with mine.
Or real pains, or those which fancy raise,
For ever blot the sunshine of my days;
To sickness still, and still to grief a prey,
Health turns from me her rosy face away.
  Just Heaven! what sin ere life begins to bloom,
Devotes my head untimely to the tomb?
Did e'er this hand against a brother's life
Drug the dire bowl, or point the murderous knife?
Did e'er this tongue the slanderer's tale proclaim,
Or madly violate my Maker's name?
Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
Or know a thought but all the world might know?
As yet just started from the lists of time,
My growing years have scarcely told their prime;
Useless, as yet, through life I've idly run,
No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.
Ah, who, e'er autumn's mellowing suns appear,
Would pluck the promise of the vernal year;
Or, ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
Tear the crude cluster from the mourning spray?
Stern power of fate, whose ebon sceptre rules
The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools,
Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,
A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;
Ah, stay till age shall blast my withering face,
Shake in my head, and falter in my pace;

Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,
And to the dead my willing shade shall go.
How weak is man to reason's judging eye!
Born in this moment, in the next we die;
Part mortal clay, and part etherial fire,
Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire.
In vain our plans of happiness we raise,
Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise;
Wealth, lineage, honours, conquest, or a throne,
Are what the wise would fear to call their own.
Health is at best a vain precarious thing,
And fair-faced youth is ever on the wing;
'Tis like the stream beside whose watery bed,
Some blooming plant exalts his flowery head;
Nursed by the wave the spreading branches rise,
Shade all the ground and flourish to the skies;
The waves the while beneath in secret flow,
And undermine the hollow bank below;
Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey.
Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,
And sinks, untimely, in the whelming tide.
But why repine? Does life deserve my sigh;
Few will lament my loss whene'er I die.
For those the wretches I despise or hate,
I neither envy nor regard their fate.
For me, whene'er all-conquering death shall spread
His wings around my unrepining head,
I care not; though this face be seen no more,
The world will pass as cheerful as before;
Bright as before the day-star will appear,
The fields as verdant, and the skies as clear;
Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,
Nor signs on earth nor portents in the air;
Unknown and silent will depart my breath,
Nor nature e'er take notice of my death.
Yet some there are—ere spent my vital days—
Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise.
Loved in my life, lamented in my end,
Their praise would crown me as their precepts mend:
To them may these fond lines my name endear,
Not from the Poet, but the Friend sincere.

Elegy.

By **James Hammond** (born 1710, died 1742). This seems to be almost the only tolerable specimen of the once admired and highly famed love-elegies of Hammond. This poet, nephew to Sir Robert Walpole, and a man of fortune, bestowed his affections on a Miss Dashwood, whose agreeable qualities and inexorable rejection of his suit inspired the poetry by which his name has been handed down to us. His verses are imitations of Tibullus—smooth, tame, and frigid. Miss Dashwood died unmarried in 1779. In the following elegy, Hammond imagines himself married to his mistress (Delia), and that, content with each other, they are retired to the country.

Let others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields, with waving plenty crowned,
Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound:

While calmly poor, I trifle life away,
Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
But, cheaply blest, I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I 'll sow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its master's hand,
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I 'll bring the wanderer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast?
Or, lulled to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, sink at last to rest?

Or, if the sun in flaming Leo ride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And with my Delia, walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur as they glide away?

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop and gaze on Delia as I go?
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know?

Thus pleased at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
In silent happiness I rest unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I seem,
I live for Delia and myself alone.

Ah, foolish man, who thus of her possessed,
Could float and wander with ambition's wind,
And if his outward trappings spoke him blest,
Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind!

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,
Nor trust to happiness that's not our own
The smile of fortune might suspicion raise,
But here I know that I am loved alone.

Hers be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am blest,
The favourite subject of her gentle reign,
By love alone distinguished from the rest.

For her I 'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock;
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And sleep extended on the naked rock:

Ah, what avails to press the stately bed,
And far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur weep,
By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep?

Delia alone can please, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight;
With her, enjoyment wakens new desire,
And equal rapture glows through every night:

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind;
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason joined.

On her I'll gaze, when others' loves are o'er,
  And dying press her with my clay-cold hand—
Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,
  Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

Oh, when I die my latest moments spare,
  Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill,
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
  Though I am dead, my soul shall love thee still.

Oh, quit the room, oh, quit the deathful bed,
  Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart,
Oh, leave me, Delia, ere thou see me dead,
  These weeping friends will do thy mournful part:

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
  Convey the corse in melancholy state,
Through all the village spread the tender tear,
  While pitying maids our wondrous loves relate.

Song—Away! let nought to Love displeasing.[*]

Away! let nought to love displeasing,
  My Winifreda, move your care;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
  Nor squeamish pride nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors,
  With pompous titles grace our blood:
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
  And, to be noble, we'll be good.[†]

Our name while virtue thus we tender,
  Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke;
And all the great ones, they shall wonder
  How they respect such little folk.

What though, from fortune's lavish bounty,
  No mighty treasures we possess;
We'll find, within our pittance, plenty,
  And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
  Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
  And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age, in love excelling,
  We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
  And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
  While round my knees they fondly clung!
To see them look their mother's features,
  To hear them lisp their mother's tongue!

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[*] This beautiful piece first appeared in a volume of Miscellaneous Poems, published by D. Lewis, 17.6. It has been erroneously ascribed to John Gilbert Cooper (1723-1769), author of a volume of poems, and some prose works (including a Life of Socrates).

[†] This sentiment has been expressed in similar, but more pointed language by Mr. Tennyson:

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
  'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
  And simple faith than Norman blood.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

And when with envy Time transported,
  Shall think to rob us of our joys;
You'll in your girls again be courted,
  And I'll go wooing in my boys.

The Mystery of Life.

By **John Gambold**, a bishop among the Moravian Brethren, who died in 1771.

So many years I've seen the sun,
  And called these eyes and hands my own,
A thousand little acts I've done,
  And childhood have, and manhood known:
O what is life! and this dull round
To tread, why was a spirit bound?

So many airy draughts and lines,
  And warm excursions of the mind,
Have filled my soul with great designs:
  While practice grovelled far behind;
O what is thought! and where withdraw
The glories which my fancy saw?

So many tender joys and woes
  Have on my quivering soul had power;
Plain life with heightening passions rose,
  The boast or burden of their hour:
O what is all we feel! why fled
Those pains and pleasures o'er my head?

So many human souls divine.
  So at one interview displayed,
Some oft and freely mixed with mine,
  In lasting bonds my heart have laid:
O what is friendship! why impressed
On my weak, wretched, dying breast?

So many wondrous gleams of light,
  And gentle ardours from above,
Have made me sit, like seraph bright,
  Some moments on a throne of love:
O what is virtue! why had I,
Who am so low, a taste so high?

Ere long, when sovereign wisdom wills,
  My soul an unknown path shall tread,
And strangely leave, who strangely fills
  This frame, and waft me to the dead:
O what is death! 'tis life's last shore,
Where vanities are vain no more;
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And life is all retouched again;
Where in their bright result shall rise
Thoughts, virtues, friendships, griefs, and joys.

The Beggar.

By the Rev. T. Moss, who died in 1808, minister of Brierly Hill and of Trentham, Staffordshire. He published in 1769 a small collection of miscellaneous poems.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!
  Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
  Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
  These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
  Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
  With tempting aspect drew me from my road,
For plenty there a residence has found,
  And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!)
  Here craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial forced me from the door,
  To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome,
  Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
  For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,
  If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
  And tears of pity could not be repressed.

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we repine?
  'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see:
And your condition may be soon like mine,
  The child of sorrow, and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
  Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn;
But ah! oppression forced me from my cot;
  My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my age!
  Lured by a villain from her native home,
Is cast, abandoned, on the world's wide stage,
  And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife—sweet soother of my care!
  Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell—lingering fell, a victim to despair,
  And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!
  Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
  Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

Song from 'The Shamrock' (Dublin, 1772).

Belinda's sparkling eyes and wit
  Do various passions raise;
And, like the lightning, yield a bright,
  But momentary blaze.

Eliza's milder, gentler sway,
  Her conquests fairly won,
Shall last till life and time decay,
  Eternal as the sun.

Thus the wild flood, with deafening roar,
  Bursts dreadful from on high;
But soon its empty rage is o'er,
  And leaves the channel dry:

While the pure stream, which still and slow,
  Its gentler current brings,
Through every change of time shall flow,
  With unexhausted springs.

Lines.

By Sir John Henry Moore (1756–1780).

Cease to blame my melancholy,
  Though with sighs and folded arms
  I muse with silence on her charms;
Censure not—I know 'tis folly.

Yet these mournful thoughts possessing,
  Such delights I find in grief,
  That, could Heaven afford relief,
My fond heart would scorn the blessing.[*]

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[*] These lines of the young poet seem to have suggested a similar piece by Samuel Rogers, entitled, 'To ....'

Go—you may call it madness, folly:
  You shall not chase my gloom away;
There's such a charm in melancholy,
  I would not, if I could, be gay.

Oh, if you knew the pensive pleasure
  That fills my bosom when I sigh,
You would not rob me of a treasure
  Monarchs are too poor to buy.

SCOTTISH POETS.

Though most Scottish authors at this time—as Thomson, Mallet, &c.—composed in the English language, a few, stimulated by the success of Allan Ramsay, cultivated their native tongue. The best of these was Fergusson. The popularity of Ramsay's 'Tea-table Miscellany' led to other collections and to new contributions to Scottish song, including 'The Charmer,' by J. Yair, 1749–51. In 1776 appeared 'Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads,' &c. The editor of this collection was **David Herd** (1732–1810), a native of St. Cyrus, in Kincardineshire, who was clerk to an accountant in Edinburgh. Sir Walter Scott calls Herd's collection 'the first classsical collection of Scottish Songs and Ballads.' Above fifty pieces were written down from recitation, and thus preserved by the meritorious editor.

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

William Hamilton of Bangour, a Scottish gentleman of education, rank, and accomplishments, was born of an ancient family in Ayrshire in 1704. He was the delight of the fashionable circles of his native country, and became early distinguished for his poetical talents. Struck, we may suppose, with the *romance* of the enterprise, Hamilton, in 1745, joined the standard of Prince Charles, and became the 'volunteer laureate' of the Jacobites, by celebrating the battle of Gladsmuir. On the discomfiture of the party, Hamilton succeeded in effecting his escape to France; but having many friends and admirers among the royalists at home, a pardon was procured for the rebellious poet, and he was soon restored to his native country and his paternal estate. He did not, however, live long to enjoy his good-fortune. His health had always been delicate, and a pulmonary complaint forced him to seek the warmer climate of the continent. He gradually declined, and died at Lyon in 1754.

Hamilton's first and best strains were dedicated to lyrical poetry. Before he was twenty he had assisted Allan Ramsay in his 'Tea-table Miscellany.' In 1748, some person, unknown to him, collected and published his poems in Glasgow; but the first genuine and correct copy did not appear till after the author's death, in 1760, when a collection was made from his own manuscripts. The most attractive feature in his works is his pure English style, and a somewhat ornate poetical diction. He had more fancy than feeling, and in this respect his amatory songs resemble those of the courtier-poets of Charles II.'s court. Nor was he more sincere, if we may credit an anecdote related of him by Alexander Tytler in his life of Henry Home, Lord Kames. One of the ladies whom Hamilton annoyed by his perpetual compliments and solicitations, consulted Home how she should get rid of the poet, who, she was convinced, had no serious object in view. The philosopher advised her to dance with him, and shew him every mark of her kindness, as if she had resolved to favour his suit. The lady adopted the counsel, and the success of the experiment was complete. Hamilton wrote a serious poem, entitled 'Contemplation,' and a national one on the Thistle, which is in blank verse:

How oft beneath
Its martial influence have Scotia's sons,
Through every age, with dauntless valour fought
On every hostile ground! While o'er their breast,
Companion to the silver star, blest type
Of fame, unsullied and superior deed,
Distinguished ornament! this native plant
Surrounds the sainted cross, with costly row
Of gems emblazed, and flame of radiant gold,
A sacred mark, their glory and their pride!

Professor Richardson of Glasgow—who wrote a critique on Hamilton in the 'Lounger'—quotes the following as a favourable specimen of his poetical powers:

In everlasting blushes seen,
Such Pringle shines, of sprightly mien·
To her the power of love imparts,
Rich gift! the soft successful arts,
That best the lover's fire provoke,
The lively step, the mirthful joke,
The speaking glance, the amorous wile,
The sportful laugh, the winning smile.
Her soul awakening every grace,
Is all abroad upon her face;
In bloom of youth still to survive,
All charms are there, and all alive.

Others of his amatory strains are full of quaint conceits and exaggerated expression, without any trace of real passion. His ballad of 'The Braes of Yarrow' is by far the finest of his effusions: it has real nature, tenderness, and pastoral simplicity. Having led to the composition of Wordsworth's three beautiful poems, 'Yarrow Unvisited,' 'Yarrow Visited,' and 'Yarrow Revisited,' it has, moreover, some external importance in the records of British literature. The poet of the lakes has copied some of its lines and images. A complete collated edition of Hamilton's poems and songs, edited by James Paterson, was published in 1850.

The Braes of Yarrow.

A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride;
  Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,
  And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny, bonny bride?
  Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
A. I gat her where I darena weil be seen,
  Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny, bonny bride;
  Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
  Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny, bonny bride?
  Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen,
  Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
  Lang maun she weep with dool and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
  Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
  Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
  That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
  Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds
  Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What 's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?
  What 's yonder floats? O dool and sorrow!
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
  Upon the doolful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
  His wounds in tears with dool and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
  And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
  Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow.
And weep around in waeful wise,
  His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
  My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
  His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lo'e,
  And warn from fight? but to my sorrow;
O'er rashly bauld a stronger arm
  Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
  Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
  Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowin'.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
  As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
  The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love;
  In flowery bands thou him didst fetter;
Though he was fair and weil beloved again,
  Than me he never lo'ed thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny, bonny bride;
  Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks of Tweed,
  And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny, bonny bride,
  How can I busk a winsome marrow,
How lo'e him on the banks of Tweed,
  That slew my love on the Braes of Yarrow.

O Yarrow fields! may never, never rain
  Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my love,
  My love, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
  His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing.
Ah! wretched me! I little, little ken'd
  He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
  Unheedful of my dool and sorrow,
But ere the to-fall of the night,
  He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoiced that waeful, waeful day;
  I sang, my voice the woods returning,
But lang ere night, the spear was flown
  That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
  But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
  How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me.

My happy sisters, may be, may be proud,
  With cruel and ungentle scoffin',
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes
  My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
  And strive with threatening words to move me,
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
  How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
  With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
  Let in the expected husband-lover.

But who the expected husband, husband is?
  His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
  Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down;
  O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
  And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,
  O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Ye'd lie all night between my breasts;
  No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale, indeed, O lovely, lovely youth,
  Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts;
  No youth shall ever lie there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
  Return and dry thy useless sorrow:
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs;
  He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

JOHN SKINNER.

Something of a national as well as a patriotic character may be claimed for the lively song of 'Tullochgorum,' the composition of the Rev. JOHN SKINNER (1721–1807), who inspired some of the strains of Burns, and who delighted, in life as in his poetry, to diffuse feelings of kindliness and good-will among men. Mr. Skinner officiated as Episcopal minister of Longside, Aberdeenshire, for sixty-five years. After the troubled period of the rebellion of 1745, when the Episcopal clergy of Scotland laboured under the charge of disaffection, Skinner was imprisoned six months for preaching to more than four persons! He died in his son's house at Aberdeen, having realised his wish of 'seeing once more his children's grandchildren, and peace upon Israel.' Besides 'Tullochgorum,' and other songs, Skinner wrote an 'Ecclesiastical History of Scotland,' and some theological treatises.

Tullochgorum.

Come gie 's a sang, Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes all aside;
What signifies 't for folks to chide
For what 's been done before them?
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To drop their Whigmegmorum.
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend this night with mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing alang wi' me
The reel of Tullochgorum.

O, Tullochgorum 's my delight;
It gars us a' in ane unite:
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we's be a',
And mak a cheerfu' quorum.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
The reel of Tullochgorum.

There need nae be sae great a phrase
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;
I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
For half a hundred score o' 'em.
They 're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
They 're douff and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum.
They 're douff and dowie at the best,
Their allegros, and a' the rest,
They canna please a Highland taste,
Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let wardly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fear of want, and double cess,
And sullen sots themselves distress
Wi' keeping up decorum.
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Like auld Philosophorum?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
And canna rise to shake a fit
At the reel of Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings still attend
Each honest-hearted, open friend;
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's good watch o'er him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties, a great store o' 'em!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstained by any vicious blot;
And may he never want a groat,
That 's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
Who wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And nane say, Wae's me for 'im!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
The reel of Tullochgorum!

ROBERT CRAWFORD.

Robert Crawford, author of 'The Bush aboon Traquair,' and the still finer lyric of 'Tweedside,' was a cadet of the family of Crawford of Drumsoy. He assisted Allan Ramsay in his 'Tea-table Miscellany,' and, according to information obtained by Burns, was drowned in coming from France in the year 1733, aged about thirty-eight. Crawford had genuine poetical fancy and expression. 'The true muse of native pastoral,' says Allan Cunningham, 'seeks not to adorn herself with unnatural ornaments; her spirit is in homely love and fireside joy; tender and simple, like the religion of the land, she utters nothing out of keeping with the character of her people and the aspect of the soil; and of this spirit, and of this feeling, Crawford is a large partaker.'

The Bush aboon Traquair.

Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
  I 'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
Though thus I languish and complain,
  Alas!-she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
  Unheeded, never move her;
At the bonny Bush aboon Traquair,
  'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smiled and made me glad,
  No maid seemed ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
  So sweetly there to find her;
I tried to soothe my amorous flame,
  In words that I thought tender;
If more there passed. I 'm not to blame—
  I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
  The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet she shews disdain,
  She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny bush bloomed fair in May,
  Its sweets I 'll aye remember;
But now her frowns make it decay—
  It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
  Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
O make her partner in my pains,
  Then let her smiles relieve me:
If not, my love will turn despair,
  My passion no more tender;
I 'll leave the Bush aboon Traquair—
  To lonely wilds I 'll wander.

Tweedside.

What beauties does Flora disclose!
  How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
  Both nature and fancy exceed.
No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
  Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Not Tweed, gliding gently through those,
  Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
  The linnet, the lark, and the thrush;
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
  With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead;
  Let us see how the primroses spring;
We 'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
  And love while the feathered folk sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
  Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray
  While happily, she lies asleep?
Should Tweed's murmurs lull her to rest,
  Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To ease the soft pains of my breast,
  I 'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel;
  No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell;
  She 's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
  Oh, tell me at morn where they feed?
Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay?
  Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

LADY GRISELL BAILLIE.

A favourite Scottish song, 'Were na my Heart licht I wad dee,' appeared in the 'Orpheus Caledonius' about 1725, and was copied by Allan Ramsay into his 'Tea-table Miscellany.' It was written by

Lady **Grisell Home**, daughter of Sir Patrick Home, created Earl of Marchmont. She was born at Redbraes Castle, December 25, 1665; was married to George Baillie of Jerviswood in 1692, and died in London, December 6, 1746. The eldest daughter of Lady Grisell, namely, Lady Murray of Stanhope (whom Gay in his poem entitled 'Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece,' has celebrated as 'the sweet-tongued Murray'), wrote Memoirs of her parents, first published entire by Thomas Thomson, Deputy Clerk Register, Edinburgh, in 1822. This is a highly interesting and affecting biography, illustrating the profligacy and contempt of law and justice in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. We quote part of the narrative in which Lady Murray describes the sufferings of Lady Grisell and her father, Sir Patrick Home.

Her father thought it necessary to keep concealed; and soon found he had too good reason for so doing, parties being continually sent out in search of him, and often to his own house to the terror of all in it; though not from any fear for his safety, whom they imagined at a great distance from home; for no soul knew where he was, but my grandfather and my mother, except one man, a carpenter, named Jamie Winter, who used to work in the house. The frequent examinations and oaths put to servants, in order to make discoveries, were so strict they durst not run the risk of trusting any of them. By the assistance of this man, they got a bed and bed-clothes carried in the night to the burying-place—a vault under ground at Polwarth church, a mile from the house, where he was concealed a month, and had only for light an open slit at one end. She went every night by herself at midnight to carry him victuals and drink, and stayed with him as long as she could to get home before day. Often did they laugh heartily, in that doleful habitation, at different accidents that happened. She at that time had a terror for a churchyard, especially in the dark, as is not uncommon at her age, by idle nursery stories; but when engaged by concern for her father, she stumbled every night alone over the graves without fear of any kind entering her thoughts, but for soldiers and parties in search of him. The minister's house was near the church; the first night she went, his dogs kept such a barking as put her to the utmost fear of a discovery: my grandmother sent for the minister next day, and upon pretence of a mad dog, got him to hang all his dogs. There was also difficulty of getting victuals to carry to him, without the servants suspecting; the only way it was done was by stealing it off her plate at dinner into her lap. Her father liked sheep's head; and while the children were eating their broth, she had conveyed most of one into her lap; when her brother Sandy (the late Lord Marchmont) had done, he looked up with astonishment, and said: 'Mother, will you look at Grisell? while we have been eating our broth, she has ate up the whole sheep's head!' This occasioned so much mirth amongst them, that her father at night was greatly entertained by it, and desired Sandy might have a share of the next. His great comfort and constant entertainment—for he had no light to read by—was repeating Buchanan's Psalms, which he had by heart from beginning to end, and retained them to his dying day.

As the gloomy habitation my grandfather was in, was not to be long endured but from necessity, they were contriving other places of safety for him; amongst others, particularly one under a bed which drew out in a ground floor, in a room of which my mother kept the key. She and the same man worked in the night, making a hole in the earth, after lifting the boards; which they did by scratching it up with their hands, not to make any noise, till she left not a nail upon her fingers; she helping the man to carry the earth, as they dug it, in a sheet on his back, out at the window into the garden. He then made a box at his own house, large enough for her father to lie in, with bed and bed-clothes, and bored holes in the boards for air. When all this was finished, she thought herself the most secure, happy creature alive. When it had stood the trial for a month of no water coming into it, her father ventured home, having that to trust to. After being at home a week or two, one day the bed bounced to the top, the box being full of water. In her life she was never so struck and had near dropped down, it being at that time their only refuge. Her father, with great composure, said to his wife and her, he saw they must tempt Providence no longer, and that it was fit and necessary for him to go off and leave them.

Accordingly, Sir Patrick left Scotland disguised, travelling on horseback, and passing for a surgeon. He reached London in safety, and from thence proceeded to France and Holland; he had been joined by his wife and family, and they remained three years and a half in Holland; their estate was forfeited; but on the abdication of James II. and the accession of the Prince of Orange to the throne of England, the exiles were restored to their country, their honours, and their patrimony. The faithful Grisell Home was married to her early love, George Baillie of Jerviswood, of whom she wrote in a book: 'The best of husbands, and delight of my life for forty-eight years, without one jar betwixt us.'

Were na my Heart licht.

There was ance a May, (1) and she lo'ed na men;
She biggit her bonny bower down i' yon glen,
But now she cries dool and well-a-day!
Come down the green gait, and come here away.

When bonny young Johnny cam ower the sea,
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;
He hecht (2) me baith rings and mony braw things;
And werena my heart licht I wad dee.

He had a wee titty (3) that lo'ed na me,
Because I was twice as bonny as she;
She raised such a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
That werena my heart licht I wad dee.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be:
The wife took a dwam, (4) and lay down to dee;
She maned and she graned out o' dolour and pain,
Till he vowed he never wad see me again.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, what had he to do wi' the like of me?
Albeit I was bonny, I wasna for Johnny:
And werena my heart licht I wad dee.

They said I had neither cow nor calf,
Nor dribbles o' drink rins through the draff, (5)
Nor pickles o' meal rins through the mill-ee;
And werena my heart licht I wad dee.

His titty she was baith wily and slee,
She spied me as I cam owre the lea;
And then she cam in and made a loud din;
Believe your ain een an he trow na me.

His bonnet stood aye fu' round on his brow;*
His auld ane looked aye as weel as some's new;
But now he lets 't wear ony gait it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing. (6)

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1 A maid. 2 Offered or proffered. 3 Sister. 4 Took an ill turn, a sickness. 5 Grains.

* This stanza and the concluding one, somewhat altered, were applied by Burns to himself in his latter days, when the Dumfries gentry held aloof from the poet. See Lockhart's *Life of Burns.*

6 A heap of grain inclosed, or boarded off.

And now he gaes daunerin about the dykes,
And a' he dow dae is to hound the tykes;
The live-lang nicht he ne'er steeks his ee,
And werena my heart licht I wad dee.

Were I young for thee as I hae been
We should hae been gallopin' down on yon green,
And linkin' it on you lily-white lea;
And wow! gin I were but young for thee.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.

Sir Gilbert Elliot (1722–1777), author of what Sir Walter Scott calls 'the beautiful pastoral song,' beginning

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,

was third baronet of Minto, and brother of Miss Jane Elliot. Sir Gilbert was educated for the Scottish bar; he was twenty years in parliament as member successively for the counties of Selkirk and Roxburgh, and was distinguished as a speaker. He was in 1763 appointed treasurer of the navy, and afterwards keeper of the Signet in Scotland. He died at Marseille, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health, in 1777. Mr. Tytler of Woodhouselee says, that Sir Gilbert Elliott, who had been taught the German flute in France, was the first who introduced that instrument into Scotland, about the year 1725.

Amynta.

My sheep I neglected. I broke my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;
For ambition. I said, would soon cure me of love.
  Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do?
  Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my vow?
  Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
  And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love
O fool! to imagine that aught could subdue
A love so well-founded, a passion so true!

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;
Poor shepherd, Amynta can never be thine:
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.

ALEXANDER ROSS.

Alexander Ross, a schoolmaster in Lochlee, in Angus, when nearly seventy years of age, in 1768, published at Aberdeen, by the advice of Dr. Beattie, a volume entitled 'Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess, a Pastoral Tale in the Scottish Dialect, to which are added a few Songs by the Author.' Ross was a good descriptive poet, and some of his songs—as 'Woo'd, and Married, and a';' 'The Rock and the Wee Pickle Tow'—are still popular in Scotland.

My father couldna wark—my mother couldna spin—
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said: 'Jeanie, O for their sakes, will ye no marry me?'

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back,
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack,
His ship was a wrack—why didna Jamie die,
Or why am I spared to cry wae is me?

My father urged me sair—my mither didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand—my heart was in the sea—
And so Robin Gray he was guidman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said; 'I'm come hame, love, to marry thee!'

Oh, sair sair did we greet, and mickle say of a',
I gied him ae kiss, and bade him gang awa'—
I wish that I were dead, but I'm na like to die,
For, though my heart is broken, I'm but young, wae is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin,
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin,
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For, oh! Robin Gray, he is kind to me.

MISS JANE ELLIOT AND MRS. COCKBURN.

Two national ballads, bearing the name of 'The Flowers of the Forest,' continue to divide the favour of all lovers of song, and both are the composition of ladies. In minute observation of domestic life, traits of character and manners, and the softer language of the heart, ladies have often excelled the 'lords of the creation.' The first copy of verses, bewailing the losses sustained at Flodden, was written by Miss Jane Elliot of Minto (1727–1805), daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto. The second song, which appears to be on the same subject, but was in reality occasioned by the bankruptcy of a number of gentlemen in Selkirkshire, is by Alicia Rutherford of Fernilie, who was afterwards married to Mr. Patrick Cockburn, advocate, and died in Edinburgh in 1794. We agree with Allan Cunningham in preferring Miss Elliot's song; but both are beautiful, and in singing, the second is the most effective. Sir Walter Scott has noticed how happily the manner of the ancient minstrels is imitated by Miss Elliot.

The Flowers of the Forest; by Miss Jane Elliot.

I've heard the lilting at our yowe-milking,
  Lasses a-lilting before the dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
  The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blithe lads are scorning,
  The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
  Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
The bandsters (1) are lyart, (2) and runkled, and gray;
At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play,
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost,
The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair lilting at our yowe-milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

The Flowers of the Forest; by Mrs. Cockburn.

I've seen the smiling
Of Fortune beguiling;
I 've felt all its favours, and found its decay:
Sweet was its blessing,
Kind its caressing;
But now 'tis fled—fled far away.

I 've seen the forest,
Adornèd the foremost
With flowers of the fairest most pleasant and gay;
Sae bonny was their blooming!
Their scent the air perfuming!
But now they are withered and weeded away.

I 've seen the morning
With gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempest storming before the mid-day;
I 've seen Tweed's silver streams,
Shining in the sunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as he rowed on his way.

Oh fickle Fortune,
Why this cruel sporting?
Oh, why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
Nae mair your frowns can fear me;
For the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

ROBERT FERGUSSON.

r Fergusson was the poet of Scottish city-life, or rather the
of Edinburgh. A happy talent in portraying the peculiari-
cal manners, a keen perception of the ludicrous, a vein of
omic humour, and language at once copious and expressive,
shed him as a poet. He had not the invention of picturesque
Allan Ramsay, nor the energy and passion of Burns. His
a light warm soil, that threw up early its native products,
chance or little exertion; but it had not strength and tenacity

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o binds sheaves after reapers in the harvest-field. 2 Gray-haired.

to nurture any great or valuable production. A few short years, however, comprised his span of literature and of life; and criticism would be ill employed in scrutinising with severity the occasional poems of a youth of twenty-three, written from momentary feelings and impulses, amidst professional drudgery or midnight dissipation. Fergusson was born in Edinburgh on the 17th of October 1751. His father, who was an accountant in the British Linen Company's Bank, died early; but the poet received a university education, having obtained a bursary in St. Andrews, where he continued from his thirteenth to his seventeenth year. On quitting college, he seems to have been truly 'unfitted with an aim,' and he was glad to take employment as a copying-clerk in a lawyer's office. In this mechanical and irksome duty his days were spent. His evenings were devoted to the tavern, where, over 'cauler oysters,' with ale or whisky, the choice spirits of Edinburgh used to assemble. Fergusson had dangerous qualifications for such a life. His conversational powers were of a very superior description, and he could adapt them at will to humour, pathos, or sarcasm, as the occasion might require. He was well educated, had a fund of youthful gaiety, and sung Scottish songs with taste and effect. To these qualifications he soon added the reputation of a poet.

Ruddiman's 'Weekly Magazine' had been commenced in 1768, and was the chosen receptacle for the floating literature of that period in Scotland, particularly in Edinburgh. During the last two years of his life, Fergusson was a constant contributor to this miscellany, and in 1773 he collected and published his pieces in one volume. It was well received by the public. His dissipations, however, were always on the increase. His tavern-life and boon-companions were hastening him on to a premature and painful death. His reason first gave way, and his widowed mother being unable to maintain him at home, he was sent to an asylum for the insane. The religious impressions of his youth returned at times to overwhelm him with dread, but his gentle and affectionate nature was easily soothed by the attentions of his relatives and friends. His recovery was anticipated, but after about two months' confinement, he died in his cell on the 16th of October 1774. His remains were interred in the Canongate churchyard, where they lay unnoticed for many years, till Burns erected a simple stone to mark the poet's grave. The heartlessness of convivial friendships is well known: they literally 'wither and die in a day.' It is related, however, that a youthful companion of Fergusson, named Burnet, having gone to the East Indies, and made some money, invited over the poet, sending at the same time a draft for £100 to defray his expenses. This instance of generosity came too late: the poor poet had died before the letter arrived.

Fergusson may be considered the poetical progenitor of Burns. Meeting with his poems in his youth, the latter 'strung his lyre anew,' and copied the style and subjects of his youthful prototype.

The resemblance, however, was only temporary and incidental. Burns had a manner of his own, and though he sometimes condescended, like Shakspeare, to work after inferior models, all that was rich and valuable in the composition was original and unborrowed. He had an excessive admiration for the writings of Fergusson, and even preferred them to those of Ramsay, an opinion in which few will concur. The *forte* of Fergusson lay, as we have stated, in his representations of town-life. 'The King's Birthday,' 'The Sitting of the Session,' 'Leith Races,' &c. are all excellent. Still better is his feeling description of the importance of 'Guid Braid Claith,' and his 'Address to the Tron Kirk Bell.' In these we have a current of humorous observations, poetical fancy, and genuine idiomatic Scottish expression. 'The Farmer's Ingle' suggested the 'Cotter's Saturday Night' of Burns, and it is as faithful in its descriptions, though of a humbler class. Burns added passion, sentiment, and patriotism to the subject: Fergusson's is a mere sketch, an inventory of a farmhouse, unless we except the concluding stanza, which speaks to the heart:

Peace to the husbandman, and a' his tribe,
Whase care fells a' our wants frae year to year!
Lang may his sock and cou'ter turn the glebe,
And banks of corn bend down wi' laded ear!
May Scotia's simmers aye look gay and green;
Her yellow hairsts frae scowry blasts decreed!
May a' her tenants sit fu' snug and bien,
Frae the hard grip o' ails and poortith freed—'
And a lang lasting train o' peacefu' hours succeed!

In one department—lyrical poetry, whence Burns draws so much of his glory—Fergusson does not seem, though a singer, to have made any efforts to excel. In English poetry he utterly failed; and if we consider him in reference to his countrymen, Falconer or Logan—he received the same education as the latter—his inferior rank as a general poet will be apparent.

Braid Claith.

Ye wha are fain to hae your name
Wrote i' the bonny book o' fame,
Let merit nae pretension claim
To laurelled wreath,
But hap ye weel, baith back and wame,
In guid braid claith.

He that some ells o' this may fa',
And slae-black hat on pow like snaw,
Bids bauld to bear the gree awa',
Wi' a' this graith,
When bienly clad wi' shell fu' braw,
O' guid braid claith.

Waesucks for him wha has nae feck o 't!
For he 's a gowk they 're sure to geck at;
A chiel that ne'er will be respeckit
While he draws breath,
Till his four quarters are bedeckit
Wi' guid braid claith.

On Sabbath-days the barber spark,
When he has done wi' scrapin' wark,
Wi' siller broachie in his sark,
Gangs trigly, faith!
Or to the Meadows, or the Park,
In guid braid claith.

Weel might ye trow, to see them there,
That they to shave your haffits bare,
Or curl and sleek a pickle hair,
Would be right laith,
When pacin' wi' a gawsy air
In guid braid claith.

If only mettled stirrah grien
For favour frae a lady's een,
He maunna care for bein' seen
Before he sheath
His body in a scabbard clean
O' guid braid claith.

For, gin he come wi' coat threadbare,
A fig for him she winna care,
But crook her bonny mou fou sair,
And scauld him baith:
Wooers should aye their travel spare,
Without braid claith.

Braid claith lends fouk an unco heeze;
Maks mony kail-worms butterflees;
Gies mony a doctor his degrees,
For little skaith:
In short, you may be what you please,
Wi' guid braid claith.

For though ye had as wise a snout on,
As Shakespeare or Sir Isaac Newton,
Your judgment fouk would hae a doubt on,
I'll tak my aith,
Till they could see ye wi' a suit on
O' guid braid claith.

Cauler Water.

When father Adie first pat spade in
The bony yard o' ancient Eden,
His amry had nae liquor laid in
To fire his mou;
Nor did he thole his wife's upbraidin',
For bein' fou.

A cauler burn o' siller sheen,
Ran cannily out-owre the green;
And when our gutcher's drouth had been
To bide right sair,
He loutit down, and drank bedeen
A dainty skair.

His bairns had a', before the flood,
A langer tack o' flesh and blood,
And on mair pithy shanks they stood
Than Noah's line,
Wha still hae been a feckless brood,
Wi' drinkin' wine.

The fuddlin' bardies, now-a-days,
Rin maukin-mad in Bacchus' praise;
And limp and stoiter through their lays
Anacreontic,
While each his sea of wine displays
As big 's the Pontic.

My Muse will no gang far frae hame,
Or scour a' airths to hound for fame;
In troth, the jillet ye might blame
For thinkin' on 't,
When eithly she can find the theme
O' *aquafont*.

This is the name that doctors use,
Their patients' noddles to confuse;
Wi' simples clad in terms abstruse,
They labour still
In kittle words to gar you roose
Their want o' skill.

But we'll hae nae sic clitter-clatter;
And, briefly to expound the matter,
It shall be ca'd guid cauler water;
Than whilk, I trow,
Few drugs in doctors' shops are better
For me or you.

Though joints be stiff as ony rung,
Your pith wi' pain be sairly dung,
Be you in cauler water flung
Out-owre the lugs,
'Twill mak you souple, swack, and young,
Withouten drugs.

Though colic or the heart-scad tease us;
Or ony inward dwaam should seize us;
It masters a' sic fell diseases
That would ye spulzie,
And brings them to a canny crisis
Wi' little tulzie.

Were 't no for it, the bonny lasses
Wad glower nae mair in keekin'-glasses;
And soon tyne dint o' a' the graces
That aft conveen
In gleefu' looks, and bonny faces,
To catch our een.

The fairest, then, might die a maid,
And Cupid quit his shootin' trade;
For wha, through clarty masquerade,
Could then discover
Whether the features under shade
Were worth a lover?

As simmer rains bring simmer flowers,
And leaves to cleed the birken bowers,
Sae beauty gets by cauler showers
Sae rich a bloom,
As for estate, or heavy dowers,
Aft stands in room.

What maks Auld Reekie's dames sae fair?
It canna be the halesome air;
But cauler burn, beyond compare,
The best o' ony,
That gars them a' sic graces skair,
And blink sae bonny.

On May-day, in a fairy ring.
We 've seen them round St. Anthon's spring,[1]
Frae grass the cauler dew-draps wring
To weet their een,
And water, clear as crystal spring,
To synd them clean.
O may they still pursue the way
To look sae feat, sae clean, sae gae!
Then shall their beauties glance like May;
And, like her, be
The goddess of the vocal spray,
The Muse and me.

A Sunday in Edinburgh.—From 'Auld Reekie.'

On Sunday, here, an altered scene
O' men and manners meets our een.
Ane wad maist trow, some people chose
To change their faces wi' their clo'es,
And fain wad gar ilk neibour think
They thirst for guidness as for drink;
But there 's an unco dearth o' grace,
That has nae mansion but the face,
And never can obtain a part
In benmost corner o' the heart.
Why should religion mak us sad
If good frae virtue 's to be had?
Na: rather gleefu' turn your face,
Forsake hypocrisy, grimace;
And never hae it understood
You fleg mankind frae being good.
In afternoon, a' brawly buskit,
The joes and lasses lo'e to frisk it
Some tak a great delight to place
The modest bon-grace ower the face;
Though you may see, if so inclined,
The turning o' the leg behind.
Now, Comely-Garden and the Park
Refresh them, after forenoon's wark:
Newhaven, Leith, or Canonmills,
Supply them in their Sunday's gills;
Where writers aften spend their pence,
To stock their heads wi' drink and sense.
While danderin' cits delight to stray,
To Castle-hill or public way.
Where they nae other purpose mean,
Than that fool cause o' being seen,
Let me to Arthur's Seat pursue,
Where bonny pastures meet the view,
And mony a wild-lorn scene accrues,
Befitting Willie Shakspeare's muse.
If Fancy there would join the thrang,
The desert rocks and hills amang,
To echoes we should lilt and play,
And gie to mirth the livelang day.
Or should some cankered biting shower
The day and a' her sweets deflower,
To Holyroodhouse let me stray,
And gie to musing a' the day;
Lamenting what auld Scotland knew,
Bien days for ever frae her view.
O Hamilton, for shame! the Muse
Would pay to thee her couthy vows,
Gin ye wad tent the humble strain,
And gie 's our dignity again!
For, oh, wae 's me! the thistle springs
In domicile o' ancient kings,
Without a patriot to regret
Our palace and our ancient state.

DRAMATISTS.

The tragic drama of this period bore the impress of the French school, in which cold correctness or turgid declamation was more regarded than the natural delineation of character and the fire of genius. One improvement was the complete separation of tragedy and comedy. Otway and Southerne had marred the effect of some of their most pathetic and impressive dramas, by the introduction of farcical and licentious scenes and characters, but they were the last who committed this incongruity. Public taste had become more critical, aided perhaps by the papers of Addison in the 'Spectator,' and by other essayists, as well as by the more general diffusion of literature and knowledge. Fashion and interest combined to draw forth dramatic talent. A writer for the stage, it has been justly remarked, like the public orator, has the gratification of 'witnessing his own triumphs; of seeing in the plaudits, tears, or smiles of delighted spectators, the strongest testimony to his own powers.' The publication of his play may also insure him the fame and profit of authorship. If successful on the stage, the remuneration was then considerable. Authors were generally allowed the profits of three nights' performances; and Goldsmith, we find, thus derived between four and five hundred pounds by 'She Stoops to Conquer.' The genius of Garrick may also be considered as lending fresh attraction and popularity to the stage. Authors were ambitious of fame as well as profit by the exertions of an actor so well fitted to portray the various passions and emotions of human nature, and who partially succeeded in recalling the English taste to the genius of Shakspeare.

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[1] St. Anthony's Well, a beautiful small spring on Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh. Thither it was long the practice of young Edinburgh maidens to resort on May-day.

One of the most successful and conspicuous of the tragic dramatists was the author of the 'Night Thoughts,' who, before he entered the church, produced three tragedies, all having one peculiarity, that they ended in suicide. 'The Revenge,' still a popular acting play, contains, amidst some rant and hyperbole, passages of strong passion and eloquent declamation. Like 'Othello,' 'The Revenge' is founded on jealousy, and the principal character, Zanga, is a Moor. The latter, son of the Moorish king Abdallah, is taken prisoner after a conquest by the Spaniards, in which his father fell, and is condemned to servitude by Don Alonzo. In revenge, he sows the seeds of jealousy in the mind of his conqueror, Alonzo, and glories in the ruin of his victim:

Thou seest a prince, whose father thou hast slain,
Whose native country thou hast laid in blood,
Whose sacred person, oh! thou hast profaned,
Whose reign extinguished—what was left to me,
So highly born? No kingdom but revenge;
No treasure but thy torture and thy groans.
If men should ask who brought thee to thy end,
Tell them the Moor, and they will not despise thee.
If cold white mortals censure this great deed,
Warn them they judge not of superior beings,
Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
With whom revenge is virtue.

Dr. Johnson's tragedy of 'Irene' was performed in 1749, but met with little success, and has never since been revived. It is cold and stately, containing some admirable sentiments and maxims of morality, but destitute of elegance, simplicity, and pathos. At the conclusion of the piece, the heroine was to be strangled upon the stage, after speaking two lines with the bowstring round her neck. The audience cried out 'Murder! murder!' and compelled the actress to go off the stage alive, in defiance of the author. An English audience could not, as one of Johnson's friends remarked, bear to witness a *strangling* scene on the stage, though a dramatic poet may stab or *slay by* hundreds. The following passage in 'Irene' was loudly applauded:

To-morrow!
That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
The coward and the fool, condemned to lose
A useless life in waiting for to-morrow—
To gaze with longing eyes upon to-morrow,
Till interposing death destroys the prospect!
Strange! that this general fraud from day to day
Should fill the world with wretches undetected.
The soldier labouring through a winter's march,
Still sees to-morrow dressed in robes of triumph;
Still to the lover's long-expecting arms
To-morrow brings the visionary bride.
But thou, too old to bear another cheat,
Learn that the present hour alone is man's.

Five tragedies were produced by Thomson betwixt the year 1729 and the period of his death: these were 'Sophonisba,' 'Agamemnon,' 'Edward and Eleonora,' 'Tancred and Sigismunda,' and 'Coriolanus' None of them can be considered as worthy of the author of the 'Seasons:' they exhibit the defects of his style without its virtues. He wanted the plastic powers of the dramatist; and though he could declaim forcibly on the moral virtues, and against corruption and oppression, he could not draw characters or invent scenes to lead captive the feelings and imagination.

Mallet was the author of three tragedies—'Eurydice' (1731), 'Mustapha' (1739), and 'Elvira' (1763). 'Mustapha,' as a party play, directed against Walpole, was successful, and had a run of fourteen nights. Besides these, Mallet was associated with Thomson in the composition of 'Alfred,' a mask, acted at Cliefden before the Prince of Wales in 1740. Another mask, 'Britannia,' was produced by Mallet in 1755.

Glover, the author of 'Leonidas,' produced in 1754 a tragedy, 'Boadicea,' which was brought on the stage by Garrick, but without success. In this play, Davies, the biographer of Garrick, relates that Glover 'preserved a custom of the Druids, who enjoined the persons who drank their poison to turn their faces towards the wind, in order to facilitate the operation of the potion!'

Two tragedies of a similar kind, but more animated in expression, were produced—'Gustavus Vasa,' by Henry Brooke, author of 'The Fool of Quality,' a popular novel; and 'Barbarossa,' by Dr. Brown, an able miscellaneous writer. The acting of Garrick mainly contributed to the success of the latter, which had a great run. The sentiment at the conclusion of 'Barbarossa' is finely expressed:

Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction,
And oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days.

Aaron Hill translated some of Voltaire's tragedies with frigid accuracy, and they were performed with success. In 1753, 'The Gamester,' an affecting domestic tragedy, was produced. Though wanting the merit of ornamented poetical language and blank verse, the vivid picture drawn by the author—Edward Moore—of the evils of gambling, ending in despair and suicide, and the dramatic art evinced in the characters and incidents, drew loud applause. 'The Gamester' is still a popular play.

Of a more intellectual and scholar-like cast were the two dramas of Mason, 'Elfrida' and 'Caractacus.' They were brought on the stage by Colman—which Southey considers to have been a bold experiment in those days of sickly tragedy—and were well received. They are now known as dramatic poems, not as acting plays. The most natural and affecting of all the tragic productions of the day was the 'Douglas' of Home, founded on the old ballad of 'Gil Morrice,' which Percy has preserved in his 'Reliques.' 'Douglas' was rejected by Garrick, and was first performed in Edinburgh in 1756. Next year Lord Bute procured its representation at Covent Garden, where it drew tears and applause as copiously as in Edinburgh. The plot of this drama is pathetic and interesting. The dialogue is sometimes flat and prosaic, but other parts are written with the liquid softness and moral beauty of Heywood or Dekker. Thus, on the wars of England and Scotland, we have these fine lines:

> Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
> The battle is their pastime. They go forth
> Gay in the morning, as to summer sport:
> When evening comes, the glory of the morn,
> The youthful warrior, is a clod of clay.

Maternal affection is well depicted under novel and striking circumstances—the accidental discovery of a lost child—'My beautiful! my brave!'—and Henry Mackenzie, the 'Man of Feeling,' considered that the chief scene between Lady Randolph and Old Norval, in which the preservation and existence of Douglas are described, had no equal in modern, and scarcely a superior in the ancient drama. Douglas himself, the young hero, 'enthusiastic, romantic, desirous of honour, careless of life, and every other advantage when glory lay in the balance,' is beautifully drawn, and formed the school-boy model of most of the Scottish youth 'sixty years since.' As a specimen of the style and diction of Home, we subjoin part of the discovery scene. Lord Randolph is attacked by four men, and rescued by young Douglas. An old man is found in the woods and is taken up as one of the assassins, some rich jewels being also in his possession.

Discovery of her Son by Lady Randolph.

PRISONER—LADY RANDOLPH, ANNA, *her maid.*

LADY RANDOLPH. Account for these; thine own they cannot be:
For these, I say: be steadfast to the truth;
Detected falsehood is most certain death.
[Anna removes the servants and returns.

PRISONER. Alas! I am sore beset: let never man,
For sake of lucre, sin against his soul!
Eternal justice is in this most just!
I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.

Lady R. O Anna, hear!—Once more I charge thee speak
The truth direct; for these to me foretell
And certify a part of thy narration;
With which, if the remainder tallies not,
An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.
Pris. Then, thus adjured, I'll speak to you as just
As if you were the minister of heaven,
Sent down to search the secret sins of men.
Some eighteen years ago, I rented land
Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarmo's lord;
But falling to decay, his servants seized
All that I had, and then turned me and mine—
Four helpless infants and their weeping mother—
Out to the mercy of the winter winds.
A little hovel by the river's side
Received us: there hard labour, and the skill
In fishing, which was formerly my sport,
Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly lived,
One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof;
Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the water shrieked.
At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran
To where the circling eddy of a pool,
Beneath the ford, used oft to bring within
My reach whatever floating thing the stream
Had caught. The voice was ceased; the person lost:
But looking sad and earnest on the waters,
By the moon's light I saw, whirled round and round,
A basket; soon I drew it to the bank,
And nestled curious there an infant lay.
Lady R. Was he alive?
Pris. He was.
Lady R. Inhuman that thou art!
How couldst thou kill what waves and tempests spared?
Pris. I was not so inhuman.
Lady R. Didst thou not?
Anna. My noble mistress, you are moved too much:
This man has not the aspect of stern murder;
Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear
Good tidings of your kinsman's long lost child.
Pris. The needy man who has known better days,
One whom distress has spited at the world,
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon
To do such deeds as make the prosperous men
Lift up their hands, and wonder who could do them;
And such a man was I; a man declined,
Who saw no end of black adversity;
Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not
Have touched that infant with a hand of harm.
Lady R. Ha! dost thou say so? Then perhaps he lives!
Pris. Not many days ago he was alive.
Lady R. O God of heaven! Did he then die so lately?
Pris. I did not say he died; I hope he lives.
Not many days ago these eyes beheld
Him, flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty.
Lady R. Where is he now?
Pris. Alas! I know not where.
Lady R. O fate! I fear thee still. Thou riddler, speak
Direct and clear, else I will search thy soul.
Anna. Permit me, ever honoured! keen impatience,

Though hard to be restrained, defeats itself.—
Pursue thy story with a faithful tongue,
To the last hour that thou didst keep the child.
PRIS. Fear not my faith, though I must speak my shame.
Within the cradle where the infant lay
Was stowed a mighty store of gold and jewels;
Tempted by which we did resolve to hide,
From all the world, this wonderful event,
And like a peasant breed the noble child.
That none might mark the change of our estate,
We left the country, travelled to the north,
Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth
Our secret wealth. But God's all-seeing eye
Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore;
For one by one all our own children died,
And he, the stranger, sole remained the heir
Of what indeed was his. Fain then would I,
Who with a father's fondness loved the boy,
Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,
With his own secret; but my anxious wife,
Foreboding evil, never would consent.
Meanwhile the stripling grew in years and beauty;
And, as we oft observed, he bore himself
Not as the offspring of our cottage blood,
For nature will break out: mild with the mild,
But with the froward he was fierce as fire,
And night and day he talked of war and arms.
I set myself against his warlike bent;
But all in vain; for when a desperate band
Of robbers from the savage mountains came——
LADY R. Eternal Providence! What is thy name?
PRIS. My name is Norval; and my name he bears.
LADY R. 'Tis he, 'tis he himself! It is my son!
O sovereign mercy! 'Twas my child I saw!
No wonder, Anna, that my bosom burned.
ANNA. Just are your transports: ne'er was woman's heart
Proved with such fierce extremes. High-fated dame!
But yet remember that you are beheld
By servile eyes; your gestures may be seen
Impassioned, strange; perhaps your words o'erheard.
LADY R. Well dost thou counsel, Anna; Heaven bestow
On me that wisdom which my state requires!
ANNA. The moments of deliberation pass,
And soon you must resolve. This useful man
Must be dismissed in safety, ere my lord
Shall with his brave deliverer return.
PRIS. If I, amidst astonishment and fear,
Have of your words and gestures rightly judged,
Thou art the daughter of my ancient master;
The child I rescued from the flood is thine.
LADY R. With thee dissimulation now were vain.
I am indeed the daughter of Sir Malcolm;
The child thou rescuedst from the flood is mine.
PRIS. Blest be the hour that made me a poor man!
My poverty hath saved my master's house.
LADY R. Thy words surprise me; sure thou dost not feign!
The tear stands in thine eye: such love from thee
Sir Malcolm's house deserved not, if aright
Thou told'st the story of thy own distress.
PRIS. Sir Malcolm of our barons was the flower;
The fastest friend, the best, the kindest master;
But ah! he knew not of my sad estate.

After that battle, where his gallant son,
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old lord
Grew desperate and reckless of the world;
And never, as he erst was wont, went forth
To overlook the conduct of his servants.
By them I was thrust out, and them I blame;
May Heaven so judge me as I judged my master,
And God so love me as I love his race!
  Lady R. His race shall yet reward thee. On thy faith
Depends the fate of thy loved master's house.
Rememberest thou a little lonely hut,
That like a holy hermitage appears
Among the cliffs of Carron?
  Pris. I remember
The cottage of the cliffs.
  Lady R. 'Tis that I mean:
There dwells a man of venerable age,
Who in my father's service spent his youth:
Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,
Till I shall call upon thee to declare,
Before the king and nobles, what thou now
To me hast told. No more but this, and thou
Shalt live in honour all thy future days;
Thy son so long shall call thee father still,
And all the land shall bless the man who saved
The son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir.

John Home, author of 'Douglas,' was by birth connected with the family of the Earl of Home; his father was town-clerk of Leith, where the poet was born in 1722. He entered the church, and succeeded Blair, author of 'The Grave,' as minister of Athelstaneford. Previous to this, however, he had taken up arms as a volunteer in 1745 against the Chevalier, and after the defeat at Falkirk, was imprisoned in the old castle of Doune, whence he effected his escape, with some of his associates, by cutting their blankets into shreds, and letting themselves down on the ground. The romantic poet soon found the church as severe and tyrannical as the army of Charles Edward. So violent a storm was raised by the fact that a Presbyterian minister had written a play, that Home was forced to succumb to the presbytery, and resign his living. Lord Bute rewarded him with the sinecure office of conservator of Scots privileges at Campvere, and on the accession of George III. in 1760, when the influence of Bute was paramount, the poet received a pension of £300 per annum. He wrote various other tragedies, which soon passed into oblivion; but with an income of about £600 per annum, with an easy, cheerful, and benevolent disposition, and enjoying the friendship of David Hume, Blair, Robertson, and all the most distinguished for rank or talents, John Home's life glided on in happy tranquillity. He survived all his literary associates, and died in 1808, aged eighty-six.

We subjoin some fragments from the tragic dramas mentioned above:

Against the Crusades.

                    I here attend him
In expeditions which I ne'er approved,
In *holy wars*. Your pardon, reverend father,

I must declare I think such wars the fruit
Of idle courage, or mistaken zeal;
Sometimes of rapine, and religious rage,
To every mischief prompt. . . .
Sure I am, 'tis madness,
Inhuman madness, thus from half the world
To drain its blood and treasure, to neglect
Each art of peace, each care of government;
And all for what? By spreading desolation,
Rapine, and slaughter o'er the other half,
To gain a conquest we can never hold.
I venerate this land. Those sacred hills,
Those vales, those cities, trod by saints and prophets,
By God himself, the scenes of Heavenly wonders,
Inspire me with a certain awful joy.
But the same God, my friend, pervades, sustains,
Surrounds, and fills this universal frame;
And every land, where spreads his vital presence,
His all-enlivening breath, to me is holy.
Excuse me, Theald, if I go too far:
I meant alone to say, I think these wars
A kind of persecution. And when that—
That most absurd and cruel of all vices,
Is once begun, where shall it find an end?
Each in its turn, or has or claims a right
To wield its dagger to return its furies,
And first or last they fall upon ourselves.
THOMSON'S *Edward and Eleonora.*

Love.

Why should we kill the best of passions, Love?
It aids the hero, bids Ambition rise
To nobler heights, inspires immortal deeds,
Even softens brutes, and adds a grace to virtue.
THOMSON'S *Sophonisba.*

Miscalculations of Old Men.

Those old men, those plodding grave state pedants,
Forget the course of youth; their crooked prudence,
To baseness verging still, forgets to take
Into their fine-spun schemes the generous heart,
That, through the cobweb system bursting, lays
Their labours waste. THOMSON'S *Tancred and Sigismunda.*

Awfulness of a Scene of Pagan Rites.

This is the secret centre of the isle:
Here, Romans, pause, and let the eye of wonder
Gaze on the solemn scene; behold yon oak,
How stern he frowns, and with his broad brown arms
Chills the pale plain beneath him: mark yon altar,
The dark stream brawling round its rugged base;
These cliffs, these yawning caverns, this wide circus,
Skirted with unhewn stone; they awe my soul,
As if the very genius of the place
Himself appeared, and with terrific dread
Stalked through his drear domain. And yet, my friends,
If shapes like his be but the fancy's coinage,
Surely there is a hidden power that reigns
'Mid the lone majesty of untamed nature,

Controlling sober reason; tell me else,
Why do these haunts of barbarous superstition
O'ercome me thus? I scorn them; yet they awe me.

Mason's *Caractacus.*

Forgiveness.

So prone to error is our mortal frame,
Time could not step without a trace of horror,
If wary nature on the human heart,
Amid its wild variety of passions,
Had not impressed a soft and yielding sense,
That when offences give resentment birth,
The kindly dews of penitence may raise
The seeds of mutual mercy and forgiveness.

Glover's *Boadicea.*

GEORGE COLMAN—ARTHUR MURPHY—HUGH KELLY.

George Colman (1733–1794), manager of Covent Garden Theatre, was an excellent comic writer, and produced above thirty pieces, a few of which deservedly keep possession of the stage. His 'Jealous Wife,' founded on Fielding's 'Tom Jones,' has some highly effective scenes and well-drawn characters. It was produced in 1761; five years afterwards, Colman joined with Garrick and brought out 'The Clandestine Marriage,' in which the character of an aged beau affecting gaiety and youth is strikingly personified in Lord Ogleby. Colman translated the comedies of Terence (1764) and Horace's 'Art of Poetry' (1783). He also wrote some excellent light humorous essays.—**Arthur Murphy** (1727–1805), a voluminous and miscellaneous writer, added comedies as well as tragedies to the stage, and his 'Way to Keep Him' is still occasionally performed.—**Hugh Kelly** (1739–1777), an Irish dramatic poet and a scurrilous newspaper writer, surprised the public by producing, in 1768, a comedy, 'False Delicacy,' which had remarkable success both on the fortunes and character of the author; the profits of his first third night realised £150—the largest sum of money he had ever before seen—'and from a low, petulant, absurd, and ill-bred censurer,' says Davies, 'Kelly was transformed to the humane, affable, good-natured, well-bred man.'

RICHARD CUMBERLAND—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The marked success of Kelly's sentimental style gave the tone to a much abler dramatist, **Richard Cumberland** (1732–1811), who, after two or three unsuccessful pieces, in 1771 brought out 'The West Indian,' one of the best stage-plays which English comedy can yet boast. The plot, incidents, and characters—including the first draught of an Irish gentleman which the theatre had witnessed—are all well sustained. Other dramas of Cumberland, as 'The Wheel of Fortune,' 'The Fashionable Lover,' &c. were also acted with applause, though now too stiff and sentimental for our audiences.—**Goldsmith** thought that Cumberland had carried the refinement of comedy to excess, and he set himself to correct the fault. His first dramatic performance, 'The Good-natured Man,' presents one of the happiest of his delineations in the character of Croaker; but as a whole, the play wants point and sprightliness. His second drama, 'She Stoops to Conquer,' performed in 1773, has all the requisites for interesting and amusing an audience; and Johnson said, 'he knew of no comedy for many years that had answered so much the great end of comedy—making an audience merry.' The plot turns on what may be termed a farcical incident—two parties mistaking a gentleman's house for an inn. Such an adventure, however, is said to have occurred to Goldsmith himself. He was returning to school after the holidays on a borrowed hack, and being overtaken by night in the streets of Ardagh, he inquired with a lofty confident air—having a guinea in his pocket—for the best house of entertainment in the town. A wag pointed to the house of the squire, a Mr. Featherston, and Goldsmith entering, ordered supper and a bottle of wine, with a hot cake for breakfast in the morning! 'It was not till he had despatched this latter meal, and was looking at his guinea with pathetic aspect of farewell, that the truth was told him by the good-natured squire.'—(*Forster's Life.*) This was a good foundation for a series of comic mistakes. But the excellent discrimination of character, and the humour and vivacity of the dialogue throughout the play, render this piece one of the richest contributions which has been made to modern comedy. The native pleasantry and originality of Goldsmith were never more happily displayed, and his success, as Davies records, 'revived fancy, wit, gaiety, humour, incident, and character, in the place of sentiment and moral preachment.'

A Deception.—From 'She Stoops to Conquer.'

LANDLORD *of the 'Three Jolly Pigeons' and* TONY LUMPKIN.

LANDLORD. There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They've lost their way upo' the forest, and they are talking something about Mr. Hardcastle.

TONY. As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

LAND. I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

TONY. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. [*Exit Landlord.*] Gentlemen, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. [*Exeunt Mob from the Alehouse.*] Father-in-law has been calling me a whelp and hound this half-year. Now, if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I am afraid—afraid of what? I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a year, and let him frighten me out of that if he can.

Enter LANDLORD, *conducting* MARLOW *and* HASTINGS.

MARLOW. What a tedious uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore. . . .

TONY. No offence, gentlemen; but I am told you have been inquiring for one Mr. Hardcastle in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

HAST. Not in the least, sir; but should thank you for information.

TONY. Nor the way you came?

HAST. No, sir; but if you can inform us——

TONY. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is that—you have lost your way.

Mar. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Mar. That 's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offence; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face, a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hast. We have not seen the gentleman; but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall, trapesing, trolloping, talkative may-pole; the son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of.

Mar. Our information differs in this: the daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son, an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

Tony. He-he-hem. Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

Hast. Unfortunate!

Tony. It 's a long, dark, boggy, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Hardcastle's [*winking at the Landlord*]—Mr. Hardcastle's of Quagmire-marsh. You understand me?

Land. Master Hardcastle's! Lack-a-daisy, my masters, you 're come a deadly deal wrong. When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have crossed down Squash-lane.

Mar. Cross down Squash-lane?

Land. Then you were to keep straight forward till you came to four roads.

Mar. Come to where four roads meet?

Tony. Ay; but you must be sure to take only one of them.

Mar. O, sir! you 're facetious.

Tony. Then, keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crack-skull Common; there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward till you come to Farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill——

Mar. Zounds, man! we could as soon find out the longitude!

Hast. What 's to be done, Marlow?

Mar. This house promises but a poor reception; though perhaps the landlord can accommodate us.

Land. Alack, master! we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And to my knowledge, that 's taken up by three lodgers already. [*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted.*] I have hit it: don't you think, Stingo, our landlady would accommodate the gentlemen by the fireside with—three chairs and a bolster?

Hast. I hate sleeping by the fireside.

Mar. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

Tony. You do, do you? Then let me see—what if you go on a mile further to the Buck's Head, the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole county.

Hast. O ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Land. [*Apart to Tony.*] Sure you bean't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum! you fool, you; let them find that out. [*To them.*] You have only to keep on straight forward till you come to a large old house by the roadside: you'll see a pair of large horns over the door; that 's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hast. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

Tony. No, no: but I tell you, though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he, he, he! He 'll be for giving you his company; and, ecod! if you mind him, he 'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of the peace.

Land. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but a keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country.

Mar. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connection. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no, straight forward. I'll just step myself and shew you a piece of the way. [*To the landlord.*] Mum! [*Exeunt.*

[*Arrival at the Supposed Inn.*]

Enter Marlow *and* Hastings.

Hast. After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well-looking house; antique, but creditable. . . .

Enter Hardcastle.

Hardcastle. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? [*Mar. advances.*] Sir, you're heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception, in the old style, at my gate; I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Mar. [*Aside.*] He has got our names from the servants already. [*To Hard.*] We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. [*To Hast.*] I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling-dresses in the morning; I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

Hard. I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

Hast. I fancy, Charles, you're right: the first blow is half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold.

Hard. Mr. Marlow—Mr. Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty-hall, gentlemen; you may do just as you please here.

Mar. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reserve the embroidery to secure a retreat.

Hard. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough when we went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison——

Mar. Don't you think the *ventre d' or* waistcoat will do with the plain brown?

Hard. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

Hast. I think not: brown and yellow mix but very poorly.

Hard. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

Mar. The girls like finery.

Hard. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now, says the Duke of Marlborough to George Brooks, that stood next to him—you must have heard of George Brooks—I'll pawn my dukedom, says he, but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood. So——

Mar. What? My good friend, if you give us a glass of punch in the meantime; it would help us to carry on the siege with vigour.

Hard. Punch, sir!—This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with. [*Aside.*

Mar. Yes, sir, punch. A glass of warm punch after our journey will be comfortable.

Enter Servant *with a tankard.*

This is Liberty-hall, you know.

Hard. Here's a cup, sir.

Mar. So this fellow, in his Liberty-hall, will only let us have just what he pleases. [*Aside to Hast.*

Hard. [*Taking the cup.*] I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance. [*Drinks.*

Mar. A very impudent fellow this: but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little. [*Aside.*] Sir, my service to you. [*Drinks.*

Hast. I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper before he has learned to be a gentleman. [*Aside.*

Mar. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good s in this part of the country. Warm work now and then at elections,

sir; I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit
lient of electing each other, there's no business 'for us that sell ale.'
ou have no turn for politics, I find.
in the least. There was a time indeed, I fretted myself about the mis-
nment, like other people; but finding myself every day grow more
government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I
le my head about who's in or who's out than I do about Hyder Ally, or
m about Ally Croaker. Sir, my service to you.
hat, with eating above stairs and drinking below, with receiving your
and amusing them without, you lead a good, pleasant, bustling life

stir about a good deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the
asted in this very parlour.
er drinking.] And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman.
y in Westminster Hall.
, young gentlemen, that, and a little philosophy.
l, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy.
[*Aside.*
then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter.
eir reason manageable, you attack them with your philosophy; if you
e no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philoso-
[*Drinks*
ood, very good; thank you; ha! ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in
ce Eugene when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You

tead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's almost time to talk about
at has your philosophy got in the house for supper?
or supper, sir? Was ever such a request to a man in his own house?
[*Aside.*
s, sir; supper, sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish
it in the larder, I promise you.
uch a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. [*Aside.*] Why really, sir,
r, I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the cookmaid settle these things
m. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.
u do, do you?
Entirely. By the by, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's
his moment in the kitchen.
en I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy-council. It's a way I
When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook
No offence, I hope, sir.
no, sir, none in the least: yet, I don't know how, our Bridget, the cook-
t very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she
l us all out of the house.
et's see the list of the larder, then. I always match my appetite to my

To Hardcastle, who looks at them with surprise.] Sir, he's very right, and
y too.
Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of
night's supper: I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr. Hastings,
mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his that no man
his supper till he had eaten it.
[*Servant brings in the bill of fare, and exit.*
All upon the high ropes! His uncle a colonel! We shall soon hear of his
ng a justice of peace. [*Aside.*] But let's hear the bill of fare.
Perusing.] What's here? For the first course; for the second course;
sert. The devil, sir! Do you think we have brought down the whole
mpany, or the Corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or
things, clean and comfortable, will do.
But let's hear it.
Reading.] *For the first course*: at the top, a pig and pruin sauce.

HAST. Confound your pig, I say.

MAR. And confound your pruin sauce, say I.

HARD. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig with pruin sauce is very good eating.

MAR. At the bottom a calf's tongue and brains.

HAST. Let your brains be knocked out, my good sir; I don't like them.

MAR. Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves.

HARD. Their impudence confounds me. [*Aside.*] Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there anything else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

MAR. Item: a pork-pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a florentine, a shaking-pudding and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream.

HAST. Confound your made dishes! I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

HARD. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like; but if there be anything you have a particular fancy to——

MAR. Why, really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper: and now to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken care of.

HARD. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

MAR. Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must excuse me; I always look to these things myself.

HARD. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

MAR. You see I'm resolved on it. A very troublesome fellow, as ever I met with. [*Aside.*

HARD. Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you. This may be modern modesty, but I never saw anything look so like old-fashioned impudence. [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt Mar. and Hard.*

In the reign of George II. the witty and artificial comedies of Vanbrugh and Farquhar began to lose their ground, partly on account of their licentiousness, and partly in consequence of the demand for new pieces, necessary to keep up the interest of the theatres. A taste for more natural portraiture and language began to prevail. Among the first of the plays in which this improvement was seen, was the 'Suspicious Husband' of Dr. Hoadly (1706–1757), son of the bishop, and author of several works in prose and verse. In the 'Suspicious Husband' (1747) there is a slight dash of the license of Farquhar, but its leading character, Ranger, is still a favourite.

This period may be said to have given birth to the well-known species of sub-comedy entitled the *Farce*—a kind of entertainment more peculiarly English than comedy itself, and in which the literature of our country is rich.

HENRY CAREY.

Several farces and musical pieces once popular on the stage were written by HENRY CAREY (died in 1743), an illegitimate son of George Saville, Marquis of Halifax. His 'Chrononhotonthologos,' 1734, and 'The Dragon of Wantley,' 1737, were long theatrical favourites, and some of his songs (especially what may be called his classical lyric of 'Sally in our Alley'*) are still admired and sung. Both the words and *melody* are by Carey.

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* Carey says the occasion of his ballad was this: 'A shoemaker's apprentice making holiday with his sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet-shows, the

Sally in our Alley.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
  There's none like pretty Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
  Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
  And through the streets does cry 'em:
Her mother she sells laces long,
  To such as please to buy 'em:
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
  So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work
  (I love her so sincerely),
My master comes like any Turk,
  And bangs me most severely:
But let him bang his belly full,
  I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
  I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
  A Saturday and Monday.
For then I'm dressed all in my best,
  To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
  And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch
  As soon as text is named:
I leave the church in sermon time,
  And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
  O then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up and box it all,
  I'll give it to my honey:
I would it were ten thousand pounds,
  I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
  Make game of me and Sally;
And (but for her) I'd better be
  A slave, and row a galley:
But when my seven long years are out,
  O then I'll marry Sally,
O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
  But not in our alley.

From Henry Carey, as Lord Macaulay has remarked, 'descended that Edmund Kean, who in our time transformed himself so marvellously into Shylock, Iago, and Othello.'

DAVID GARRICK—HENRY FIELDING—CHARLES MACKLIN—JAMES TOWNLEY.

The greatest of all English actors, eminent alike in tragedy and in comedy, **David Garrick** (1716–1779) was also author of some slight dramatic pieces. Garrick was a native of Lichfield, and a pupil of Dr. Johnson, with whom he came to London to push his fortune. He entered himself a student of Lincoln's Inn, but receiving a legacy of £1000 from an uncle who had been in the wine-trade in Lisbon, he commenced business, in partnership with an elder brother, as wine-merchant of London and Lichfield. A passion for the stage led him to attempt the character of Richard III. 19th October, 1741, and his success was so decided that he adopted the profession of an actor. His merits quickly raised him to the head of his profession. As the

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flying-chairs, and all the elegancies of Moorfields: from whence proceeding to the Farthing Piehouse, he gave her a collation of buns, cheese-cakes, gammon of bacon, stuffed beef, and bottled ale: through all which scenes the author dodged them (charmed with the simplicity of their courtship), from whence he drew this little sketch of nature.' The song, he adds, made its way into the polite world, and was more than once mentioned with approbation by '*the divine Addison.*'

manager of one of the principal theatres for a long course of years, he banished from the stage many plays which had an immoral tendency; and his personal character, though marked by excessive vanity and other foibles, gave a dignity and respectability to the profession of an actor. As an author he was more lively and various than vigorous or original. He wrote some epigrams, and even ventured on an ode or two; he succeeded in the composition of some dramatic pieces, and the adaptation of others to the stage. His principal plays are 'The Lying Valet' and 'Miss in her Teens,' which are still favourites. But, unquestionably, the chief strength of Garrick lay in his powers as an actor, by which he gave a popularity and importance to the drama that it had not possessed since its palmy days in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. Sheridan honoured his memory with a florid sentimental monody, in which he invoked the 'gentle muse' to 'guard his laurelled shrine'—

And with soft sighs disperse the irreverent dust
Which time may strew upon his sacred bust.

Fielding was another distinguished writer in this walk, though of all his pieces only one, 'Tom Thumb,' has been able to keep possession of the stage. He threw off these light plays to meet the demands of the town for amusement, and parry his own clamorous necessities, and they generally have the appearance of much haste. 'Love à-la-Mode,' by **Charles Macklin** (1760), presented a humorous satire on the Scottish character, which was followed up by his more sarcastic comedy of 'The Man of the World.' Macklin was an actor by profession, remarkable for his personation of Shylock after he was ninety years of age; and his dramatic pieces are lively and entertaining. He survived till 1797, when he is said to have attained to the extraordinary age of 107. The Rev. **James Townley** (1715–1778), master of Merchant Taylors' School, was author of 'High Life below Stairs,' a happy burlesque on the extravagance and affectation of servants in aping the manners of their masters, and which had the effect, by a well-timed exposure, of correcting abuses in the domestic establishments of the opulent classes.

But by far the greatest of this class of dramatists was **Samuel Foote** (*circa* 1720–1777). He was born at Truro, in Cornwall, of a good family, and studied at Worcester College, Oxford; but squandering away his fortune, he became an actor and dramatic writer. In powers of mimicry, and in broad humour, Foote has had few equals. Johnson, though he disliked the man for his easy morals and his making the burlesquing of private characters a profession, was forced to admit his amazing powers and the fascination of his conversation.

It was in 1747 that Foote commenced his new entertainment in the Haymarket Theatre, in which he was himself the sole performer, and which proved highly attractive, in consequence of the humorous and whimsical portraits of character which they presented, many of these being transcripts or caricatures of persons well known. 'The Diversions of the Morning,' 'The Auction of Pictures,' and 'The Englishman in Paris,' were the names of some of these pieces. Of the regular farces of Foote, which were somewhat later in production, 'The Minor'—an unjustifiable attack upon the Methodists—was the most successful. It was followed by 'The Mayor of Garratt,' a coarse but humorous sketch, including two characters—Major Sturgeon, the city militia officer, and Jerry Sneak—which can never be completely obsolete. His plays are twenty in number, and he boasted, at the close of his life, that he had added sixteen decidedly new characters to the English stage.

Tuft-hunting.—From 'The Lame Lover.'

CHARLOTTE *and* SERJEANT CIRCUIT.

CHARLOTTE. Sir, I have other proofs of your hero's vanity not inferior to that I have mentioned.

SERJEANT. Cite them.

CHAR. The paltry ambition of levying and following titles.

SERJ. Titles! I don't understand you.

CHAR. I mean the poverty of fastening in public upon men of distinction, for no other reason but because of their rank; adhering to Sir John till the baronet is superseded by my lord; quitting the puny peer for an earl; and sacrificing all three to a duke.

SERJ. Keeping good company!—a laudable ambition!

CHAR. True, sir, if the virtues that procured the father a peerage could with that be entailed on the son.

SERJ. Have a care, hussy; there are severe laws against speaking evil of dignities.

CHAR. Sir!

SERJ. Scandalum magnatum is a statute must not be trifled with: why, you are not one of those vulgar sluts that think a man the worse for being a lord?

CHAR. No, sir; I am contented with only not thinking him the better.

SERJ. For all this, I believe, hussy, a right honourable proposal would soon make you alter your mind.

CHAR. Not unless the proposer had other qualities than what he possesses by patent. Besides, sir, you know Sir Luke is a devotee to the bottle.

SERJ. Not a whit the less honest for that.

CHAR. It occasions one evil at least; that when under its influence, he generally reveals all, sometimes more than he knows.

SERJ. Proofs of an open temper, you baggage; but come, come, all these are but trifling objections.

CHAR. You mean, sir, they prove the object a trifle.

SERJ. Why, you pert jade, do you play on my words? I say Sir Luke is——

CHAR. Nobody.

SERJ. Nobody! how the deuce do you make that out? He is neither a person attainted nor outlawed, may in any of his majesty's courts sue or be sued, appear by attorney or in propriâ personâ, can acquire, buy, procure, purchase, possess, and inherit, not only personalities, such as goods and chattels, but even realities, as all lands, tenements, and hereditaments, whatsoever and wheresoever.

CHAR. But, sir——

SERJ. Nay, further, child, he may sell, give, bestow, bequeath, devise, demise, lease, or to farm let, ditto lands, or to any person whomsoever—and——

CHAR. Without doubt, sir; but there are, notwithstanding, in this town a great number of nobodies, not described by Lord Coke.

SIR LUKE LIMP *makes his appearance, and after a short dialogue, enter a* SERVANT, *and delivers a card to* SIR LUKE.

SIR LUKE. [*Reads.*] 'Sir Gregory Goose desires the honour of Sir Luke Limp's company to dine. An answer is desired.' Gadso! a little unlucky; I have been engaged for these three weeks.

SERJ. What! I find Sir Gregory is returned for the corporation of Fleecem.

SIR LUKE. Is he so? Oh, oh! that alters the case. George, give my compliments to Sir Gregory, and I'll certainly come and dine there. Order Joe to run to Alderman Inkle's in Threadneedle Street; sorry can't wait upon him, but confined to bed two days with the new influenza. [*Exit Servant.*

CHAR. You make light, Sir Luke, of these sort of engagements.

SIR LUKE. What can a man do? These fellows—when one has the misfortune to meet them—take scandalous advantage: when will you do me the honour, pray, Sir Luke, to take a bit of mutton with me? Do you name the day? They are as bad as a beggar who attacks your coach at the mounting of a hill; there is no getting rid of them without a penny to one, and a promise to t'other.

SERJ. True; and then for such a time too—three weeks! I wonder they expect folks to remember. It is like a retainer in Michaelmas term for the summer assizes.

SIR LUKE. Not but upon these occasions no man in England is more punctual than——

Enter a SERVANT *who gives* SIR LUKE *a letter.*

From whom?

SERV. Earl of Brentford. The servant waits for an answer.

SIR LUKE. Answer! By your leave, Mr. Serjeant and Charlotte. [*Reads.*] 'Taste for music—Mons. Duport—fail—dinner upon table at five.' Gadso! I hope Sir Gregory's servant an't gone.

SERV. Immediately upon receiving the answer.

SIR LUKE. Run after him as fast as you can—tell him quite in despair—recollect an engagement that can't in nature be missed, and return in an instant. [*Exit Servant.*

CHAR. You see, sir, the knight must give way for my lord.

SIR LUKE. No, faith, it is not that, my dear Charlotte; you saw that was quite an extempore business. No, hang it, no, it is not for the title; but, to tell you the truth, Brentford has more wit that any man in the world: it is that makes me fond of his house.

CHAR. By the choice of his company he gives an unanswerable instance of that.

SIR LUKE. You are right, my dear girl. But now to give you a proof of his wit; you know Brentford's finances are a little out of repair, which procures him some visits that he would very gladly excuse.

SERJ. What need he fear? His person is sacred; for by the tenth of William and Mary——

SIR LUKE. He knows that well enough; but for all that——

SERJ. Indeed, by a late act of his own house—which does them infinite honour—his goods or chattels may be——

SIR LUKE. Seized upon when they can find them; but he lives in ready furnished lodgings, and hires his coach by the month.

SERJ. Nay, if the sheriff return 'non inventus.'

SIR LUKE. A plague o' your law; you make me lose sight of my story. One morning a Welch coachmaker came with his bill to my lord, whose name was unluckily Lloyd. My lord had the man up. You are called, I think, Mr. Lloyd? At your lordship's service, my lord. What, Lloyd with an L! It was with an L, indeed, my lord. Because in your part of the world I have heard that Lloyd and Flloyd were synonymous, the very same names. Very often, indeed, my lord. But you always spell yours with an L? Always. That, Mr. Lloyd, is a little unlucky; for you must know I am now paying my debts alphabetically, and in four or five years you might have come in with an F; but I am afraid I can give you no hopes for your L. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter a SERVANT.

SERV. There was no overtaking the servant.

SIR LUKE. That is unlucky: tell my lord I'll attend him. I'll call on Sir Gregory myself. [*Exit Serv.*

SERJ. Why, you won't leave us, Sir Luke?

SIR LUKE. Pardon, dear Serjeant and Charlotte; have a thousand things to do for half a million of people, positively; promised to procure a husband for Lady Cicely Sulky, and match a coach-horse for Brigadier Whip; after that, must run into the city to borrow a thousand for young At-all at Almack's; send a Cheshire cheese by the stage to Sir Timothy Tankard in Suffolk; and get at the Heralds' Office a coat-of-arms to clap on the coach of Billy Bengal, a nabob newly arrived; so you see I have not a moment to lose.

Serj. True, true.

Sir Luke. At your toilet to-morrow you may—— [*Enter a Servant abruptly, and runs against Sir Luke.*] Can't you see where you are running, you rascal?

Serv. Sir, his grace the Duke of——

Sir Luke. Grace! Where is he? Where——

Serv. In his coach at the door. If you an't better engaged, would be glad of your company to go into the city, and take a dinner at Dolly's.

Sir Luke. In his own coach, did you say?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Sir Luke. With the coronets—or——

Serv. I believe so.

Sir Luke. There 's no resisting of that. Bid Joe run to Sir Gregory Goose's.

Serv. He is already gone to Alderman Inkle's.

Sir Luke. Then do you step to the knight—hey!—no—you must go to my lord's—hold, hold, no—I have it—step first to Sir Greg's, then pop in at Lord Brentford's just as the company are going to dinner.

Serv. What shall I say to Sir Gregory

Sir Luke. Anything—what I told you before.

Serv. And what to my lord?

Sir Luke. What!—Why, tell him that my uncle from Epsom—no—that won't do, for he knows I don't care a farthing for him—hey! Why, tell him—hold, I have it. Tell him that as I was going into my chair to obey his commands, I was arrested by a couple of bailiffs, forced into a hackney-coach, and carried into the Pied Bull in the Borough; I beg ten thousand pardons for making his grace wait, but his grace knows my misfor—— [*Exeunt Sir Luke and Serv.*

Char. Well, sir, what d'ye think of the proofs? I flatter myself I have pretty well established my case.

Serj. Why, hussy, you have hit upon points; but then they are but trifling flaws; they don't vitiate the title; that stands unimpeached.

The popularity of 'The Beggar's Opera' being partly owing to the excellent music which accompanied the piece, we find in this period a number of comic operas, in which songs and dialogues alternate. 'The Devil to Pay,' by C. **Coffey** (died 1745), was long a favourite, chiefly for the female character, Nell, which made the fortune of several actresses; and among the best pieces of this description are those by **Isaac Bickerstaff** (1735–1787), whose operas, 'The Padlock,' 'Love in a Village,' 'Lionel Clarissa,' &c. present a pleasing union of lyrical pieces with dramatic incident and dialogue.

ESSAYISTS.

An attempt was made at this period to revive the style of periodical literature, which had proved so successful in the hands of Addison and Steele. After the cessation of the 'Guardian,' there was a long interval, during which periodical writing was chiefly confined to politics. An effort was made to connect it again with literature by Dr. Johnson, who published the first paper of the 'Rambler' on the 20th of March 1750, and it was continued twice a week, without interruption, till the 14th of March 1752. Johnson received only four contributions, one from Richardson the novelist, during the whole course of the publication, and, consequently, the work bore the stamp of but one mind, and that mind cast in a peculiar mould. The light graces and genialities of Steele were wanting, and sketches of the fashions and frivolities of the times, which had contributed so much to the popularity of the former essayists, found no place in the grave and gloomy pages of the 'Rambler.' The serious and somewhat pedantic style of the work was ill calculated for general readers, and it was no favourite with the public. Johnson, when he collected these essays, revised and corrected them with great care, but even then they appeared heavy and cumbrous; his attempts at humour were not happy, and the female characters introduced were all, as Garrick remarked, Johnsons in petticoats. They all speak the same measured lofty style, and resemble figures in sculpture rather than real life. The author's use of hard words was a common complaint; but it is somewhat curious to find, among the words objected to in the 'Rambler,' *resuscitation*, *narcotic*, *fatuity*, and *germination*, which have now become of daily use, and carry with them no appearance of pedantry. The turgid style of Johnson, however, often rose into passages of grandeur and beauty; his imagery is striking and original, and his inculcation of moral and religious duty was earnest and impressive. Goldsmith declared that a system of morals might be drawn from these essays. No other English writer of that day could have moralised in such a dignified strain as in the following passages:

On Useful Knowledge and Kindness.

To lessen that disdain with which scholars are inclined to look on the common business of the world, and the unwillingness with which they condescend to learn what is not to be found in any system of philosophy, it may be necessary to consider, that though admiration is excited by abstruse researches and remote discoveries, yet pleasure is not given, nor affection conciliated, but by softer accomplishments, and qualities more easily communicable to those about us. He that can only converse upon questions about which only a small part of mankind has knowledge sufficient to make them curious, must lose his days in unsocial silence, and live in the crowd of life without a companion. He that can only be useful on great occasions may die without exercising his abilities, and stand a helpless spectator of a thousand vexations which fret away happiness, and which nothing is required to remove but a little dexterity of conduct and readiness of expedients.

No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance, or to extinguish the desire of fond endearments and tender officiousness; and, therefore, no one should think it unnecessary to learn those arts by which friendship may be gained. Kindness is preserved by a constant reciprocation of benefits or interchange of pleasures; but such benefits only can be bestowed as others are capable to receive, and such pleasures only imparted as others are qualified to enjoy.

By this descent from the pinnacles of art, no honour will be lost; for the condescensions of learning are always overpaid by gratitude. An elevated genius employed in little things, appears, to use the simile of Longinus, like the sun in his evening declination; he remits his splendour, but retains his magnitude, and pleases more though he dazzles less.

On Revenge.

A wise man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. He that willingly suffers the corrosions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom and malice and perturbations of stratagem, cannot surely be said to consult his ease. Resentment is a union of sorrow with malignity: a combination of a passion which all endeavour to avoid, with a passion which all concur to detest. The man who retires to meditate mischief, and to exasperate his own rage—whose thoughts are employed only on means of distress and contrivances of ruin—whose mind never pauses from the remembrance of his own sufferings, but to indulge some hope of enjoying the calamities of another—may justly be numbered among the most miserable of human beings, among those who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladness of prosperity nor the calm of innocence.

Whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others, will not long want persuasives to forgiveness. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed; or how much its guilt, if we were to inspect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by mistake, precipitance, or negligence; we cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended to be inflicted, or how much we increase the mischief to ourselves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to design the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only because we have made ourselves delicate and tender; we are on every side in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by speedy forgiveness.

From this pacific and harmless temper, thus propitious to others and ourselves, to domestic tranquillity and to social happiness, no man is withheld but by pride, by the fear of being insulted by his adversary, or despised by the world. It may be laid down as an unfailing and universal axiom, that 'all pride is abject and mean.' It is always an ignorant, lazy, or cowardly acquiescence in a false appearance of excellence, and proceeds not from consciousness of our attainments, but insensibility of our wants.

Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to anything but conviction, to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice or overpower our resolves, is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives.

The utmost excellence at which humanity can arrive is a constant and determinate pursuit of virtue without regard to present dangers or advantages; a continual reference of every action to the divine will; a habitual appeal to everlasting justice; and an unvaried elevation of the intellectual eye to the reward which perseverance only can obtain. But that pride which many, who presume to boast of generous sentiments, allow to regulate their measures, has nothing nobler in view than the approbation of men; of beings whose superiority we are under no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when we have courted them with the utmost assiduity, can confer no valuable or permanent reward; of beings who ignorantly judge of what they do not understand, or partially determine what they have never examined; and whose sentence is therefore of no weight, till it has received the ratification of our own conscience.

He that can descend to bribe suffrages like these at the price of his innocence—he that can suffer the delight of such acclamations to withhold his attention from the commands of the universal sovereign—has little reason to congratulate himself upon the greatness of his mind; whenever he awakes to seriousness and reflection, he must become despicable in his own eyes, and shrink with shame from the remembrance of his cowardice and folly.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive. It is therefore superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is suspended; and to him that refuses to practice it, the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain.

A still finer specimen of Johnson's style is afforded in an essay on

Retirement from the World.

On him that appears to pass through things temporal with no other care than not to lose finally the things eternal, I look with such veneration as inclines me to approve his conduct in the whole, without a minute examination of its parts; yet I could never forbear to wish, that while Vice is every day multiplying seducements, and stalking forth with more hardened effrontery, Virtue would not withdraw the influence of her presence, or forbear to assert her natural dignity by open and undaunted perseverance in the right. Piety practised in solitude, like the flower that blooms in the desert, may give its fragrance to the winds of heaven, and delight those unbodied spirits that survey the works of God and the actions of men: but it bestows no assistance upon earthly beings, and, however free from taints of impurity, yet wants the sacred splendour of beneficence.

These sentences shew the stately artificial style of Johnson, which, when supported by elevated sentiment or pointed morality, as in the foregoing extracts, appears to great advantage, but is unsuited to ordinary topics of life and conversation. Hence, he shines more in his colloquial displays, as recorded by Boswell, where much of this extraneous pomp was left off, while all the point and vigour of his understanding, and his powers of wit and imagination, were retained. He is in fact, as Burke first remarked, a greater man in the pages of his biographer than in his own works. The intellectual gladiator of the club evinced a more powerful, ready, and various mind than he could embody in his deliberate writings in the closet. Goldsmith was directly the reverse: he could argue best, as he said, with the pen in his hand.

The 'Adventurer,' by Dr Hawkesworth, succeeded the 'Rambler,' and was published twice a week from 1752 to 1754. JOHN HAWKESWORTH (1715-1773) rose from being a watchmaker to considerable literary eminence by his talents and learning. He was employed to write the narrative of Captain Cook's discoveries in the Pacific Ocean, by which he realised a large sum of money, and he made an excellent translation of 'Telemachus.' With the aid of Dr. Johnson, Warton, and others, he carried on the 'Adventurer' with considerable success. It was more various than the 'Rambler'—more in the style of light reading. Hawkesworth, however, was an imitator of Johnson, and the conclusion of the 'Adventurer' has the Johnsonian swell and cast of imagination:

'The hour is hastening in which whatever praise or censure I have acquired by these compositions, if they are remembered at all, will be remembered with equal indifference, and the tenor of them only will afford me comfort. Time, who is impatient to date my last paper, will shortly moulder the hand that is now writing it in the dust, and still this breast that now throbs at the reflection: but let not this be read as something that relates only to another; for a few years only can divide the eye that is now reading from the hand that has written. This awful truth, however obvious, and however reiterated, is yet frequently forgotten; for surely, if we did not lose our remembrance, or at least our sensibility, that view would always predominate in our lives which alone can afford us comfort when we die.'

The 'World' was the next periodical of this class. It was edited by Dr. Moore, author of the tragedy of the 'Gamester,' and other works, and was distinguished by contributions from Horace Walpole, Lord Lyttleton, Soame Jenyns, and the Earl of Chesterfield. The 'World' has the merit of being very readable: its contents are more lively than any of its predecessors, and it is a better picture of the times. It was published weekly, from January 1753 to December 1756, and reached a sale of 2500 a week.

Another weekly miscellany of the same kind, the 'Connoisseur,' was commenced by George Colman and Bonnel Thornton—two professed wits, who wrote in unison, so that, as they state, 'almost every single paper is the joint product of both' Cowper the poet contributed a few essays to the 'Connoisseur,' short but lively, and in that easy style which marks his correspondence. One of them is on the subject of 'Conversation,' and he afterwards extended it into an admirable poem. From another we give an extract which seems like a leaf from the note-book of Washington Irving;

The Country Church.

It is a difficult matter to decide which is looked upon as the greatest man in a country church—the parson or his clerk. The latter is most certainly held in higher veneration, when the former happens to be only a poor curate, who rides post every Sabbath from village to village, and mounts and dismounts at the church-door. The clerk's office is not only to tag the prayers with an amen, or usher in the sermon with a stave; but he is also the universal father to give away the brides, and the standing godfather to all the new-born bantlings. But in many places there is a still greater man belonging to the church than either the parson or clerk himself. The person I mean is the squire, who, like the king, may be styled head of the church in his own parish. If the benefice be in his own gift, the vicar is his creature, and of consequence entirely at his devotion; or if the care of the church be left to a curate, the Sunday fees of roast-beef and plum-pudding, and a liberty to shoot in the manor, will bring him as much under the squire's command as his dogs and horses. For this reason, the bell is often kept tolling and the people waiting in the churchyard an hour longer than the usual time; nor must the service begin till the squire has strutted up the aisle, and seated himself in the great pew in the chancel. The length of the sermon is also measured by the will of the squire, as formerly by the hour-glass; and I know one parish where the preacher has always the complaisance to conclude his discourse, however abruptly, the minute that the squire gives the signal by rising up after his nap.

The 'Connoisseur' was in existence from January 1754 to September 1756.

In April 1758, Johnson—who thought there was 'no matter' in the 'Connoisseur,' and who had a very poor opinion of the 'World'—entered again into this arena of light literature, and commenced his 'Idler.' The example of his more mercurial predecessors had some effect on the moralist, for the 'Idler' is more gay and spirited than the 'Rambler.' It lived through 103 numbers, twelve of which were contributed by his friends Thomas Warton, Langton, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. The 'Idler' was the last experiment on the public taste in England of periodical essays published separately. In the 'Bee' (a miscellany which existed only through eight weekly numbers in 1759), the 'Busy Body,' the 'Lady's Magazine,' the 'Town and Country Magazine,' and other monthly miscellanies, essays were given along with other contributions.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The 'Citizen of the World,' by GOLDSMITH, was published in a collected shape in 1762, and his 'Essays' in 1765. The former were at first, as they appeared in Newbery's 'Public Ledger,' entitled 'Chinese Letters,' being written in the character of a Chinese philosopher giving his impressions of England and the English. As a light and genial satirist, a sportive yet tender and insinuating moralist, and as an observer of men and manners, we have no hesitation in placing Goldsmith far above Johnson. His chaste humour, poetical fancy, and admirable style, render these essays a mine of lively observation and pleasant satire, happy imagery, and pure English. The story of the Old Soldier, Beau Tibbs, the Reverie at the Boar's Head Tavern, and the Strolling Player, are in the finest vein of story-telling; while the Eastern apologue, Asem, an Eastern Tale, and Alcander and Septimius, are tinged with the light of true poetry and imagination. Where the author speaks of actual life, and the 'fashion of our estate,' we see the workings of experience and a finely meditative mind.

The 'History of Animated Nature,' is imbued with the same graces of composition. Goldsmith was no naturalist, strictly speaking, but his descriptions are often vivid and beautiful, and his history is well calculated to awaken a love of nature and a study of its various phenomena. There is no exaggeration in the statement made by Johnson in his epitaph, that whatever Goldsmith touched he adorned.

Beau Tibbs.

Though naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive I am often found in the centre of a crowd; and wherever pleasure is to be sold, am always a purchaser. In these places, without being marked by any, I win in whatever goes forward, work my passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for a while below its natural standard, is qualified for stronger flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigour.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, my friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when stopping on a sudden, my friend caught me by the elbow, and led me out of the public walk: I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed; we now turned to the right, then to the left; as we went forward he still went faster, but in vain; the person whom he attempted to escape, hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment; so that at last, we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. 'My dear Drybone,' cries he, shaking my friend's hand, 'where have you been hiding this half-century? Positively I had fancied you were gone down to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country.' During the reply, I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion; his hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black riband, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply, in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes, and the bloom on his countenance. 'Pshaw, pshaw, Will,' cried the figure 'no more of that, if you love me; you know I hate flattery, on my soul I do; and yet to be sure, an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten; and yet, faith, I despise the great as much as you do; but there are a great many honest fellows among them, and we must not quarrel with one half because the other wants weeding. If they were all such as my Lord Muddler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's; my lord was there. "Ned," says he to me, "Ned," says he, "I'll hold gold to silver I can tell where you were poaching last night." "Poaching, my lord," said I, "faith, you have missed already; for I stayed at home and let the girls poach for me." That's my way; I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey; stand still, and swoop, they fall into my mouth.'

'Ah, Tibbs, thou art a happy fellow,' cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity. 'I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company?' 'Improved!' replied the other, 'you shall know, but let it go no farther—a great secret—five hundred a year to begin with. My lord's word of honour for it—his lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a tete-á-tete dinner in the country; where we talked of nothing else.' 'I fancy you forget, sir,' cried I, 'you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town!' 'Did I say so?' replied he coolly, 'to be sure, if I said so, it was so—dined in town; egad, now I do remember, I did dine in town, but I dined in the country too; for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By the bye, I am grown nice in my eating. I'll tell you a pleasant affair about that. We were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogram's, an affected piece, but let it go no further—a secret. Well there happened to be no assafœtida in the sauce to turkey, upon which, says I, "I'll hold a thousand guineas, and say done first, that"——But dear Drybone, you are an honest creature, lend me half-a-crown for a minute or two, or so, just till—but hark'e, ask me for it the next time we meet, as it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you.

When he left us, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. 'His very dress,' cries my friend, 'is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day you find him in rags; if the next, in embroidery. With those persons of distinction, of whom he talks so familiarly, he has scarcely a coffee-house acquaintance. However, both for the interest of society, and perhaps for his own, Heaven has made him poor; and while all the world perceives his wants, he fancies them concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion, because he understands flattery, and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse. While his youth countenances the levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious subsistence; but when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then will he find himself forsaken by all; condemned in the decline of life to hang upon some rich family whom he once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt, to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a bugbear to fright the children into obedience. Adieu.

Beau Tibbs continued.

I am apt to fancy I have contracted a new acquaintance whom it will be no easy matter to shake off. My little beau of yesterday overtook me again in one of the public walks, and slapping me on the shoulder saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair, wore a dirtier shirt, a pair of Temple spectacles, and his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be a harmless, amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity; so we walked forward on terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics preliminary to particular conversation.

The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear; he bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums before all the company, with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole walk, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at not less than him by every spectator.

When we were got to the end of the procession, 'Hang me,' said he, with an air of vivacity, 'I never saw the Park so thin in my life before; there's no company at all to-day. Not a single face to be seen.' 'No company!' interrupted I peevishly; 'no company where there's such a crowd! why, man, there's too much. What are the thousands that have been laughing at us but company?' 'La, my dear!' returned he, with the utmost good-humour, 'you seem immensely chagrined: but, hang me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at all the world, and so we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash the Creolian, and I sometimes make a party at being ridiculous; and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke. But I see you are grave, and if you are for a fine grave sentimental companion, you shall dine with me and my wife to-day; I must insist on't. I'll introduce you to Mrs. Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature; she was bred, but that's between ourselves, under the inspection of the Countess of All-night. A charming body of voice; but no more of that, she will give us a song. You shall see my little girl, too, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet pretty creature; I design her for my Lord Drumstick's eldest son, but that's in friendship, let it go no further; she's but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet, and plays on the guitar immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place, I'll make her a scholar: I'll teach her Greek myself, and learn that language purposely to instruct her; but let that be a secret.'

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm, and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every street. At last, however, we got to the door of a dismal-looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which ever seemed to lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase, when, as he mounted to shew me the way, he demanded whether I delighted in prospects, to which answering in the affirmative, 'Then,' says he, 'I shall show you one of the most charming in the world out of my windows; we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip-top quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand pounds for such a one; but, as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always like to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may see me the oftener.'

By this time, we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first-floor down the chimney, and knocking at the door, a voice from within demanded: 'Who's there?' My conductor answered that it was he. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand; to which he answered louder than before; and now the door was opened by an old woman with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and, turning to the old woman, asked where was her lady? 'Good troth,' replied she, in a peculiar dialect, 'she's washing your two shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer.' 'My two shirts!' cries he, in a tone that faltered with confusion, 'what does the idiot mean?' 'I ken what I mean well enough,' replied the other; 'she's washing your two shirts next door, because'—— 'Fire and fury! no more of thy stupid exclamations,' cried he, 'Go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag to be for ever in the family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life; and yet it is very surprising too, as I had her from a parliament man, a friend of mine, from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world; but that's a secret.'

We waited for some time for Mrs. Tibb's arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture; which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery, a square table that had once been japanned, a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarin without a head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls, several paltry unframed pictures, which he observed were all his own drawing. 'What do you think, sir, of that head in a corner, done in the manner of Grisoni? There's the true keeping in it; it's my own face, and though there happens to be no likeness, a countess offered me a

its fellow; I refused her, for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you

at last made her appearance, at once a slattern and a coquette; much ut still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for ι such odious dishabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had staid out he gardens with the countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. 1, my dear,' added she, turning to her husband, 'his lordship drank your umper.' 'Poor Jack,' cries he, a 'dear good-natured creature; I know ; but I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner. You need at preparations neither; there are but three of us; something elegant, ll do; a turbot, an ortolan, or a'—— 'Or what do you think, my dear,' ıe wife, 'of a nice pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a own sauce.' 'The very thing,' replies he, 'it will eat best with some d beer; but be sure to let's have the sauce his grace was so fond of. I nmense loads of meat; that is country all over; extreme disgusting to re in the least acquainted with high life.'

ime my curiosity began to abate, and my appetite to increase; the com-ls may at first make us smile, but at last never fails to render us melan-ıerefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and after having shewn to the house, according to the fashion of the English, by giving the old iece of money at the door, I took my leave. Mr. Tibbs assured me that staid, would be ready at least in less than two hours.

On the Increased Love of Life and Age.

at lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those hich, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new ter-grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at evailing passion of the mind, and the small remainder of life is taken up efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I lge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already prospect is hideous. Experience tells me that my past enjoyments have o real felicity, and sensation assures me that those I have felt are stronger which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; e powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; pines in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

e, then, is this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? omes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence at a ıen it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that nature, attentive to rvation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our en-; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the Life would be insupportable to an old man who, loaded with infirmities, ath no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calami-caying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at nce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but happily mpt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial, and lres an imaginary value in proportion as its real value is no more.

ang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who justly detained in prison during the preceding reigns should be set free. he number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion there ap-majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as fol-Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now olitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with As yet, dazzled with the splendour of that sun to which you have restored ve been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist, or r remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations are all dead, and gotten. Permit me, then, O Chinvang, to wear out the wretched remains of y former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the ndid palace: I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed—in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me.'

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth, and imbitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases, yet for all this it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise, yet still we love it; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure with increasing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and promised a long succession of future happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even at the beginning. He professed an aversion to living, was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. 'If life be in youth so displeasing,' cried he to himself, 'what will it appear when age comes on? if it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable.' This thought imbittered every reflection; till at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprised that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shrinking; he would have boldly dared to live, and served that society by his future assiduity which he basely injured by his desertion.

A General Election (*about* 1760).

The English are at present employed in celebrating a feast which becomes general every seventh year; the parliament of the nation being then dissolved, and another appointed to be chosen. This solemnity falls infinitely short of our [Chinese] feast of the lanterns, in magnificence and splendour; it is also surpassed by others of the east in unanimity and pure devotion; but no festival in the world can compare with it for eating. Their eating, indeed, amazes me; had I five hundred heads, and were each head furnished with brains, yet would they all be insufficient to compute the number of cows, pigs, geese and turkeys, which upon this occasion die for the good of their country.

To say the truth, eating seems to make a grand ingredient in all English parties of zeal, business, or amusement. When a church is to be built, or an hospital endowed, the directors assemble, and instead of consulting upon it, they eat upon it, by which means the business goes forward with success. When the poor are to be relieved, the officers appointed to dole out public charity assemble and eat upon it: nor has it ever been known that they filled the bellies of the poor till they had previously satisfied their own. But in the election of magistrates, the people seem to exceed all bounds; the merits of a candidate are often measured by the number of his treats; his constituents assemble, eat upon him, and lend their applause, not to his integrity or sense, but to the quantities of his beef and brandy.

And yet I could forgive this people their plentiful meals on this occasion, as it is extremely natural for every man to eat a great deal when he gets it for nothing; but what amazes me is, that all this good living no way contributes to improve their good-humour. On the contrary, they seem to lose their temper as they lose their appetites; every morsel they swallow, and every glass they pour down, serves to increase their animosity. Many an honest man, before as harmless as a tame rabbit, when loaded with a single election dinner, has become more dangerous than a charged culverin. Upon one of these occasions I have actually seen a bloody-minded man-milliner sally forth at the head of a mob, determined to face a desperate pastry-cook, who was general of the opposite party.

But you must not suppose they are without a pretext for thus beating each other. On the contrary, no man here is so uncivilised as to beat his neighbour without producing very sufficient reasons. One candidate, for instance, treats with gin, a spirit

of their own manufacture; another always drinks brandy imported from abroad. Brandy is a wholesome liquor; gin a liquor wholly their own. This then furnishes an obvious cause of quarrel, whether it be most reasonable to get drunk with gin, or get drunk with brandy? The mob meet upon the debate; fight themselves sober; and then draw off to get drunk again, and charge for another encounter. So that the English may now properly be said to be engaged in war; since, while they are subduing their enemies abroad, they are breaking each other's heads at home.

NOVELISTS.

The decline of the tragic drama was accompanied by a similar decline of the heroic romances, both being in some measure the creation of an imaginative and chivalrous spirit. As France had been the country in which the early romance, metrical or prosaic, flourished in greatest strength, it was from the same nation that the second class of prose fictions, the heroic romances, also took its rise. The heroes were no longer Arthur or Charlemagne, but a sort of pastoral lovers, like the characters of Sir Philip Sidney's 'Arcadia,' who blended modern with chivalrous manners, and talked in a style of conventional propriety and decorum. This spurious offspring of romance was begun in the seventeenth century by an author named Honore d'Urfé, who was followed by Gomberville, Calprenede, and Madame Scudery. D'Urfé had, episodically, and under borrowed names, given an account of the gallantries of Henri IV.'s court, which rendered his style more piquant and attractive; but generally, this species of composition was harmless and insipid, and its productions of intolerable length. The 'Grand Cyrus' filled ten volumes! Admired as they were in their own day, the heroic romances could not long escape being burlesqued. The poet Scarron, about the time of our commonwealth, attempted this in a work which he entitled the 'Comique Roman,' or 'Comic Romance,' which detailed a long series of adventures, as low as those of Cyrus were elevated, and in a style of wit and drollery of which there is hardly any other example. This work, though designed only as a ludicrous travesty of the romantic tales, became the first of a class of its own, and found followers in England long before we had any writers of the pure novel.

Mrs. Aphra Behn amused the public during the reign of Charles II. by writing tales of personal adventure similar to those of Scarron, but loosely constructed. She was followed by Mrs. Manley, whose works are equally personal and equally licentious. Other models were presented in the early part of the century by the French novelist Le Sage, whose 'Gil Blas' and 'Devil on Two Sticks,' imitating in their turn the fictions of certain Spanish writers, consist of humorous and satirical pictures of modern manners, connected by a series of adventures. In England, the first pictures of real life in prose fiction were given by Defoe, who, in his graphic details, and personal adventures, all impressed with the strongest appearance of truth or probability, has never, in his own walk, been excelled. That walk, however, was limited; of genuine humour or variety of character he had no conception; and he paid little attention to the arrangement of his plot. The gradual improvement in the tone and manners of society, the complicated relations of life, the growing contrast between town and country manners, and all the artificial distinctions that crowd in with commerce, wealth, and luxury, banished the heroic romance, and gave rise to the novel, in which the passion of love still maintained its place, but was surrounded by events and characters, such as are witnessed in ordinary life, under various aspects and modifications. The three great founders of this improved species of composition—this new theatre of living and breathing characters—were Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, who even yet, after the lapse of more than a century, have had no superiors.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

Samuel Richardson was born in Derbyshire in 1689, and was the son of a joiner, who could not afford to give his son more than the ordinary elements of education. In his seventeenth year, he was put an appentice to a printer in London, served seven years, and was afterwards five or six years a compositor and corrector of the press. He then set up for himself in a court in Fleet Street, whence he removed to Salisbury Court. He became master of an extensive business, and printer of the Journals of the House of Commons. In 1754 he was chosen master of the Stationers' Company, and in 1760 he purchased a moiety of the patent of printer to the king, which greatly increased his emoluments. He was a prosperous and liberal man—mild in his manners and dispositions—and seems to have had only one marked foible—excessive vanity. From a very early period of his life, Richardson was a fluent letter-writer; at thirteen he was the confidant of three young women, whose love correspondence he carried on without any one knowing that he was secretary to the others. Two London publishers having urged him, when he was above the age of fifty, to write them a book of familiar letters on the useful concerns of life, he set about the composition of his 'Pamela,' as a warning to young people, and with a hope that it would 'turn them into a course of reading different from the pomp and parade of romance writing.' The work as first published in two volumes was written in two months, and published in 1740, with such success, that five editions were exhausted in the course of one year.

'It requires a reader,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'to be in some degree acquainted with the huge folios of inanity over which our ancestors yawned themselves to sleep, ere he can estimate the delight they must have experienced from this unexpected return to truth and nature.' '*Pamela*' became the rage of the town; ladies carried the volumes with them to Ranelagh Gardens, and held them up to one another in triumph. Pope praised the novel as likely to do more good than twenty volumes of sermons; and Dr. Sherlock recommended it from the pulpit! A second part of 'Pamela' was added in 1742, but, like all such continuations, it was greatly inferior to the first, and was quite superfluous as regards the story. In 1748 appeared, in eight volumes, Richardson's second and greatest work, the 'History of Clarissa Harlowe;' and in 1753, in six volumes, his novel, designed to represent the *beau-idéal* of a gentleman and Christian, the 'History of Sir Charles Grandison.' The almost unexampled success and popularity of Richardson's life and writings were to himself disturbed and clouded by nervous attacks, which rendered him delicate and feeble in health. He was flattered and soothed by a number of female friends, in whose society he spent most of his time, and after reaching the goodly age of seventy-two, he died on the 4th of July 1761.

The works of Richardson are all pictures of the heart. No man understood human nature better, or could draw with greater distinctness the minute shades of feeling and sentiment, or the final results of our passions. He wrote his novels, it is said, in his back-shop, in the intervals of business; and must have derived exquisite pleasure from the moral anatomy in which he was silently engaged—conducting his characters through the scenes of his ideal world, and giving expression to all the feelings, motives, and impulses of which our nature is susceptible. He was happiest in female characters. Much of his time had been spent with the gentler sex, and his own retired habits and nervous sensibility approximated to feminine softness. He well repaid the sex for all their attentions by his character of Clarissa, one of the noblest tributes ever paid to female virtue and honour. The moral elevation of this heroine, the saintly purity which she preserves amidst scenes of the deepest depravity and the most seductive gaiety, and the never-failing sweetness and benevolence of her temper, render Clarissa one of the brightest triumphs of the whole range of imaginative literature. Perhaps the climax of her distress is too overwhelming—too oppressive to the feelings—but it is a healthy sorrow. We see the full radiance of virtue; and no reader ever rose from the perusal of those tragic scenes without feeling his moral nature renovated, and his detestation of vice increased.

'Pamela' is a work of much humbler pretensions than 'Clarissa Harlowe:' it is like the 'Domestic Tragedy' of Lillo compared with 'Lear' or 'Macbeth.' A simple country-girl, whom her master attempts to seduce, and afterwards marries, can be no very dignified heroine. But the excellences of Richardson are strikingly apparent in this his first novel. His power of circumstantial painting is evinced in the multitude of small details which he brings to bear on his story—the very wardrobe of poor 'Pamela,' her gown of sad-coloured stuff, and her round-eared caps—her various attempts at escape, and the conveyance of her letters—the hateful character of Mrs. Jewkes, and the fluctuating passions of her master, before the better part of his nature obtains the ascendency—these are all touched with the hand of a master. The seductive scenes are too highly coloured for modern taste, and 'Pamela' is deficient in natural dignity; she is too calculating, too tame and submissive; but while engaged with the tale, we think only of her general innocence and artlessness; of her sad trials and afflictions, down to her last confinement, when she hid her papers in the rose-bush in the garden, and sat by the side of the pond in utter despair, half-meditating suicide. The elevation of this innocent and lovely young creature to be the bride of her master is an act of justice; but after all, we feel she was too good for him, and wish she had effected her escape, and been afterwards united to some great and wealthy nobleman who had never condescended to oppress the poor and unfortunate. The moral of the tale would also have been improved by some such termination. Esquire B—— should have been mortified, and waiting-maids taught not to tolerate liberties from their young masters, because, like Pamela, they may rise to obtain their hand in marriage.

'Sir Charles Grandison' is inferior in general interest, as well as truth, to either of Richardson's other novels. The 'good man' and perfect gentleman, perplexed by the love of two ladies whom he regarded with equal affection, is an anomaly in nature with which we cannot sympathise. The hero of 'Clarissa,' Lovelace, being a splendid and accomplished, a gay and smiling villain, Richardson wished to make Sir Charles in all respects the very opposite: he has given him too little passion and too much perfection for frail humanity. In this novel, however, is one of the most powerful of all our author's delineations—the madness of Clementina. Shakspeare himself has scarcely drawn a more affecting or harrowing picture of high-souled suffering and blighting calamity. The same accumulation of details as in 'Clarisssa,' all tending to heighten the effect and produce the catastrophe, hurry on the reader with breathless anxiety, till he has learned the last sad event, and is plunged in unavailing grief. This is no exaggerated account of the sensations produced by Richardson's pathetic scenes. He is one of the most powerful and tragic of novelists; and that he is so, in spite of much tediousness of description, much repetition and prolixity of narrative, is the best testimony to his art and genius. The extreme length of our author's novels, the epistolatory style in which they are all written, and the number of minute and apparently unimportant circumstances with which they abound, added to the more energetic character of our subsequent literature, have tended to cast Richardson's novels into the shade. Even Lord Byron could not, he said, read 'Clarissa.' We admit that it requires some resolution to get through a fictitious work of eight volumes; but having once begun, most readers will find it difficult to leave off the perusal of these works. They are eminently original, which is always a powerful recommendation. They shew an intimate acquaintance with the human heart, and an absolute command over the passions; they are, in fact, romances of the heart.

embellished by sentiment, and as such possess a deep and enchaining interest, and a power of exciting virtuous emotions, which blind us to blemishes in style and composition, and to those errors in taste and manners (partly characteristic of the past century) which are more easily ridiculed than avoided in works so voluminous, confined to domestic portraiture.

The elaborate and minute details by which Richardson produces his dramatic scenes and pathetic incidents, render it difficult to make a quotation suited to our space, that shall convey any idea of his peculiar style. We venture, however, on one short extract:

First Appearance of Pamela and her Master in Church after Marriage.

Yesterday (Sunday) we set out, attended by John, Abraham, Benjamin, and Isaac, in fine new liveries in the best chariot, which had been new cleaned and lined, and new-harnessed; so that it looked like a quite new one. But I had no arms to quarter with my dear lord and master's, though he jocularly, upon my taking notice of my obscurity, said that he had a good mind to have the olive-branch, which would allude to his hopes, quartered for mine. I was dressed in the suit I mentioned, of white, flowered with silver, and a rich head, and the diamond necklace, ear-rings, &c. I also mentioned before. And my dear sir, in a fine laced silk waistcoat, of blue paduasoy, and his coat a pearl-coloured fine cloth with gold buttons and button-holes, and lined with white silk; and he looked charmingly indeed. I said I was too fine, and would have laid aside some of the jewels: but he said it would be thought a slight to me from him, as his wife; and though, as I apprehended, it might be that people would talk as it was, yet he had rather they should say anything, than that I was not put upon an equal foot, as his wife, with any lady he might have married.

It seems the neighbouring gentry had expected us, and there was a great congregation, for (against my wish) we were a little of the latest; so that, as we walked up the church to his seat, we had abundance of gazers and whisperers. But my dear master behaved with so intrepid an air, and was so cheerful and complaisant to me, that he did credit to his kind choice, instead of shewing as if he was ashamed of it; and as I was resolved to busy my mind entirely with the duties of the day, my intentness on that occasion, and my thankfulness to God for his unspeakable mercies to me, so took up my thoughts, that I was much less concerned than I should otherwise have been at the gazings and whisperings of the ladies and gentlemen, as well as the rest of the congregation, whose eyes were all turned to our seat.

When the sermon was ended, we staid the longer because the church should be pretty empty; but we found great numbers at the church-doors, and in the church porch; and I had the pleasure of hearing many commendations, as well of my person as my dress and behaviour, and not one reflection or mark of disrespect. Mr. Martin, who is single, Mr. Chambers, Mr. Arthur, and Mr. Brooks, with their families, were all there; and the four gentlemen came up to us before we went into the chariot, and in a very kind and respectful manner, complimented us both; and Mrs. Arthur and Mrs. Brooks were so kind as to wish me joy. And Mrs. Brooks said: 'You sent Mr. Brooks, madam home t' other day quite charmed with a manner which you have convinced a thousand persons this day is natural to you.' 'You do me great honour, madam,' replied I; 'such a good lady's approbation must make me too sensible of my happiness.' My dear master handed me into the chariot, and stood talking with Sir Thomas Atkyns at the door of it (who was making him abundance of compliments, and is a very ceremonious gentleman, a little too extreme in that way), and I believe to familiarise me to the gazers, which concerned me a little; for I was dashed to hear the praises of the country-people, and to see how they crowded about the chariot. Several poor people begged my charity; and I beckoned John with my fan, and said: 'Divide in the further church-porch that money to the poor, and let them come to-morrow morning to me, and I will give them something more if they don't importune me now.' So I gave him all the silver I had, which happened to be between twenty and thirty shillings; and this drew away from me their clamorous prayers for charity.

Mr. Martin came up to me on the other side of the chariot, and leaned on the very door, while my master was talking to Sir Thomas, from whom he could not get away, and said: 'By all that 's good, you have charmed the whole congregation. Not a soul but is full of your praises. My neighbour knew, better than anybody could tell him, how to choose for himself. Why,' said he, 'the Dean himself looked more upon you than his book!' 'O sir,' said I, 'you are very encouraging to a weak mind.' 'I vow,' said he, 'I say no more than is truth. I 'd marry to-morrow, if I was sure of meeting with a person of but one-half of the merit you have. You are,' continued he—'and it is not my way to praise too much—an ornament to your sex, an honour to your spouse, and a credit to religion. Everybody is saying so,' added he, 'for you have by your piety edified the whole church.'

As he had done speaking, the Dean himself complimented me, that the behaviour of so worthy a lady would be very edifying to his congregation, and encouraging to himself. 'Sir,' said I, 'you are very kind: I hope I shall not behave unworthy of the good instructions I shall have the pleasure to receive from so worthy a divine.' He bowed and went on.

Sir Thomas then applied to me, my master stepping into the chariot, and said: 'I beg pardon, madam, for detaining your good spouse from you. But I have been saying he is the happiest man in the world.' I bowed to him; but I could have wished him further, to make me sit so in the notice of every one: which, for all I could do, dashed me not a little.

Mr. Martin said to my master: 'If you 'll come to church every Sunday with your charming lady, I will never absent myself, and she 'll give a good example to all the neighbourhood.' 'O my dear sir,' said I to my master, 'you know not how much I am obliged to good Mr. Martin: he has by his kind expression made me dare to look up with pleasure and gratitude.' Said my dear master: 'My dear love, I am very much obliged, as well as you, to my good friend Mr. Martin.' And he said to him: 'We will constantly go to church, and to every other place where we can have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Martin.' Mr. Martin said: 'Gad, sir, you are a happy man, and I think your lady's example has made you more polite and handsome too, than I ever knew you before, though we never thought you unpolite neither.' And so he bowed, and went to his own chariot; and as we drove away, the people kindly blessed us, and called us a charming pair.

ROBERT PALTOCK.

Southey has acknowledged that he took the idea of his Glendoveers, those winged celestial agents in the 'Curse of Kehama'—

> The loveliest race of all of heavenly birth,
> Hovering with gentle motion o'er the earth—

from the neglected story of 'Peter Wilkins.' The author of this story was long unknown; but in 1835, at a sale by auction of books and manuscripts which had belonged to Dodsley the publisher, the original agreement for the copyright of the work was found. The writer, it appears, was 'ROBERT PALTOCK or PULTOCK of Clement's Inn, Gentleman;' and he had disposed of his tale for £20, with twelve copies of the work, and a set of the first impressions of the engravings that were to accompany it. The tale is dedicated to Elizabeth, Countess of Northumberland—an amiable and accomplished lady, to whom Percy inscribed his 'Reliques,' and Goldsmith the first printed copy of his 'Edwin and Angelina.' The dates of the different editions are 1750, 1751, 1783, 1784. To the countess, Paltock had been indebted for some personal favour—'a late instance of benignity;' and it was after the pattern of her virtues, he says, that he drew the mind of his heroine Youwarkee. Nothing more is known of Paltock.* He was most probably a bachelor—a solitary bencher—for had he left descendants, some one of the number would have been proud to claim the relationship. Having delivered his 'wild and wondrous tale,' to the world, he retired into modest and unbroken obscurity. The title of Paltock's story may serve for an index to its nature and incidents: 'The Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins, a Cornish Man: relating particularly his Shipwreck near the South Pole; his wonderful Passage through a subterraneous Cavern into a kind of New World; his there meeting with a Gawrey, or Flying Woman, whose Life he preserved, and afterwards married her; his extraordinary conveyance to the Country of Glumms and Gawreys, or Men and Women that fly; likewise a description of this strange Country, with the Law, Customs, and Manners of its Inhabitants, and the Author's remarkable Transactions among them: taken from his own mouth on his Passage to England from off Cape Horn in America, in the ship Hector; with an Introduction giving an Account of the Surprising Manner of his coming on Board that Vessel, and his Death on his landing at Plymouth in the year 1739; by R. S., a Passenger in the Hector.' The initials, 'R. S.,' may either have been designed to remind the reader of Gulliver's *cousin*, Richard Sympson—who stands sponsor for the redoubted Captain Lemuel—or inserted by an oversight of the author, who signs his proper initials, R. P., to the dedication and introduction. The name of the hero, and the first conception of the story, would seem to have been suggested by Bishop Wilkin's 'Discovery of a New World,' in which there are speculations on the possibility of a man being able to fly by the application of wings to his body. Having taken up this idea of a flying human race, Paltock modelled his story on that of 'Robinson Crusoe,' making his hero a shipwrecked voyager cast upon a solitary shore, of which he was for a time the sole inhabitant. The same virtues of fortitude, resignation, and patient ingenuity are assigned to both, with a depth and purity of religious feeling in the case of Peter Wilkins which was rare at that time in works of fiction. The literal, minute, matter-of-fact style of Defoe is copied with success; but except in his description of the flying heroine, Paltock is inferior to the old master. At least one-half of the tale is felt to be tedious and uninteresting. Its principal charm consists in the lonely situation and adventures of the hero, struggling with misfortunes and cut off from society, and in the original and beautiful conception of the flying woman, who comes, endowed with all feminine graces and tenderness, to share his solitude and affection. When Wilkins describes the flying nation, their family alliances, laws, customs, and mechanical works, the romance disappears, and we see only a poor imitation of the style or manner of

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* He is supposed, however, to be author of another work, *Memoirs of the Life of Parnesse, a Spanish Lady*, &c. *Translated from the Spanish* MS. by R. P. Gent. London, 1751.

Swift. The language of this new race is also singularly inharmonious. The name of the country, Nosmnbdsgrsutt, is unpronounceable, and *glumm* and *gawrey*, man and woman, have nothing to recommend their adoption. The flying apparatus is termed a *graundee*, and a flight is a *swangean*. The *locale* of Wilkins's romance is a grassy plain by the side of a lake, surrounded by a woody amphitheatre, behind which rises a huge naked rock, that towers up to a great height. In this retreat he constructs a grotto, and with fruits and fish subsists pleasantly during the summer. Winter approaches, and strange voices are heard. He sallies out one evening and finds a beautiful woman near his door. This is Youwarkee, the heroine. She had been engaged with a party of young people of the flying nation, resident on the other side of the great rock, chasing and pursuing one another, when falling among the branches of a tree, her *graundee* became useless, and she sank to the ground stunned and senseless. The *graundee*, with its variety of ribs, drapery, and membrane, is described at length; but we may take the more poetical miniature sketch of it given by Leigh Hunt in his work 'The Seer:' 'A peacock, with his plumage displayed, full of "rainbows and starry eyes," is a fine object, but think of a lovely woman, set in front of an ethereal shell, and wafted about like a Venus. This is perhaps the best general idea that can be given of Peter Wilkins's bride. In the first edition of the work, there is an engraved explanation of the wings, or rather drapery, for such it was when at rest. It might be called a natural webbed silk. We are to picture to ourselves a nymph in a vest of the finest texture, and most delicate carnation. On a sudden, this drapery parts in two, and flies back, stretched from head to foot behind the figure like an oval fan or umbrella; and the lady is in front of it, preparing to sweep blushing away from us, and "winnow the buxom air."' The picture is poetical and suggestive, though in working it up, the author of the story introduces homely enough materials.

Peter Wilkins and his Flying Bride.

I passed the summer—though I had never yet seen the sun's body—very much to my satisfaction, partly in the work I have been describing—for I had taken two more of the beast-fish, and had a great quantity of oil from them—partly in building me a chimney in my ante-chamber, of mud and earth burnt on my own hearth into a sort of brick; in making a window at one end of the above-said chamber, to let in what little light would come through the trees, when I did not choose to open my door; in moulding an earthen lamp for my oil; and, finally, in providing and laying in stores, fresh and salt—for I had now cured and dried many more fish—against winter. These, I say, were my summer employments at home, intermixed with many agreeable excursions. But now the winter coming on, and the days growing very short, or indeed, there being no day, properly speaking, but a kind of twilight, I kept mostly in my habitation.

An indifferent person would now be apt to ask, what would this man desire more *than he had?* To this I answer, that I was contented while my condition was such *as I have* been describing; but a little while after the darkness or twilight came on, *I frequently* heard voices, sometimes a few only at a time, as it seemed, and then again in great numbers.

In the height of my distress, I had recourse to prayer, with no small benefit; begging that if it pleased not the Almighty Power to remove the object of my fears, at least to resolve my doubts about them, and to render them rather helpful than hurtful to me. I hereupon, as I always did on such occasions, found myself much more placid and easy, and began to hope the best, till I had almost persuaded myself that I was out of danger; and then laying myself down, I rested very sweetly till I was awakened by the impulse of the following dream.

Methought I was in Cornwall, at my wife's aunt's; and inquiring after her and my children, the old gentlewoman informed me both my wife and children had been dead some time, and that my wife, before her departure, desired her—that is, her aunt—immediately upon my arrival to tell me she was only gone to the lake, where I should be sure to see her, and be happy with her ever after. I then, as I fancied, ran to the lake to find her. In my passage she stopped me, crying: 'Whither so fast, Peter? I am your wife, your Patty.' Methought I did not know her, she was so altered; but observing her voice, and looking more wistfully at her, she appeared to me as the most beautiful creature I ever beheld. I then went to seize her in my arms, but the hurry of my spirits awakened me. . . .

I then heard a sort of shriek, and a rustle near the door of my apartment, all which together seemed very terrible. But I, having before determined to see what and who it was, resolutely opened my door and leaped out. I saw nobody; all was quite silent, and nothing that I could perceive but my own fears a-moving. I went then softly to the corner of the building, and there, looking down by the glimmer of my lamp, which stood in the window, I saw something in human shape lying at my feet. I gave the word: 'Who 's there?' Still no one answered. My heart was ready to force a way through my side. I was for a while fixed to the earth like a statue. At length recovering, I stepped in, fetched my lamp, and returning, saw the very beautiful face my Patty appeared under in my dream; and not considering that it was only a dream, I verily thought I had my Patty before me, but she seemed to be stone dead. Upon viewing her other parts, for I never yet removed my eyes from her face, I found she had a sort of brown chaplet, like lace, round her head, under and about which her hair was tucked up and twined; and she seemed to me to be clothed in a thin hair-coloured silk garment, which, upon trying to raise her, I found to be quite warm, and therefore hoped there was life in the body it contained. I then took her into my arms, and treading a step backwards with her, I put out my lamp; however, having her in my arms, I conveyed her through the doorway, in the dark, into my grotto. . . .

I thought I saw her eyes stir a little. I then set the lamp further off, for fear of offending them if she should look up; and warming the last glass I had reserved of my Madeira, I carried it to her, but she never stirred. I now supposed the fall had absolutely killed her, and was prodigiously grieved, when laying my hand on her breast, I perceived the fountain of life had some motion. This gave me infinite pleasure; so, not despairing, I dipped my finger in the wine, and moistened her lips with it two or three times, and I imagined they opened a little. Upon this I bethought me, and taking a tea-spoon, I gently poured a few drops of the wine by that means into her mouth. Finding she swallowed it, I poured in another spoonful, and another, till I brought her to herself so well as to be able to sit up.

I then spoke to her, and asked divers questions, as if she had really been Patty, and understood me; in return of which, she uttered a language I had no idea of, though, in the most musical tone, and with the sweetest accent I ever heard. It grieved me I could not understand her. However, thinking she might like to be upon her feet, I went to lift her off the bed, when she felt to my touch in the oddest manner imaginable; for while in one respect it was as though she had been cased in whalebone, it was at the same time as soft and warm as if she had been naked.

You may imagine we stared heartily at each other, and I doubted not but she wondered as much as I by what means we came so near each other. I offered her everything in my grotto which I thought might please her, some of which she gratefully received, as appeared by her looks and behaviour. But she avoided my lamp, and always placed her back toward it. I observing that, and ascribing it to her modesty in my company, let her have her will, and took care to set it in such a position myself as seemed agreeable to her though it deprived me of a prospect I very much admired.

After we had sat a *good while*, now and then, I may say, chattering to one another, she got up and took a turn or two about the room. When I saw her in that attitude, her grace and motion perfectly charmed me, and her shape was incomparable. . . .

I treated her for some time with all the respect imaginable, and never suffered her to do the least part of my work. It was very inconvenient to both of us only to know each other's meaning by signs; but I could not be otherwise than pleased to see that she endeavoured all in her power to learn to talk like me. Indeed I was not behindhand with her in that respect, striving all I could to imitate her. What I all the while wondered at was, she never shewed the least disquiet at her confinement; for I kept my door shut at first, through fear of losing her, thinking she would have taken an opportunity to run away from me, for little did I then think she could fly.

After my new love had been with me a fortnight, finding my water run low, I was greatly troubled at the thought of quitting her any time to go for more; and having hinted it to her, with seeming uneasiness, she could not for a while fathom my meaning; but when she saw me much confused, she came at length, by the many signs I made, to imagine it was my concern for her which made me so; whereupon she expressively enough signified I might be easy, for she did not fear anything happening to her in my absence. On this, as well as I could declare my meaning, I entreated her not to go away before my return. As soon as she understood what I signified to her by actions, she sat down with her arms across, leaning her head against the wall, to assure me she would not stir.

I took my boat, net, and water-cask as usual, desirous of bringing her home a fresh fish-dinner, and succeeded so well as to catch enough for several good meals, and to spare. What remained I salted, and found she liked that better than the fresh, after a few days' salting. As my salt grew very low, though I had been as sparing of it as possible, I now resolved to try making some; and the next summer I effected it.

Thus we spent the remainder of the winter together, till the days began to be light enough for me to walk abroad a little in the middle of them; for I was now under no apprehensions of her leaving me, as she had before this time had so many opportunities of doing so, but never once attempted it. I did not even then know that the covering she wore was not the work of art but the work of nature, for I really took it for silk, though it must be premised, that I had never seen it by any other light than of my lamp. Indeed, the modesty of her carriage, and sweetness of her behaviour to me, had struck into me a dread of offending her.

When the weather cleared up a little, by the lengthening of daylight, I took courage one afternoon to invite her to walk with me to the lake; but she sweetly excused herself from it, whilst there was such a frightful glare of light as she said;* but, looking out at the door, told me if I would not go out of the wood, she would accompany me, so we agreed to take a turn only there. I first went myself over the stile of the door, and thinking it rather too high for her, I took her in my arms, and lifted her over. But even when I had her in this manner, I knew not what to make of her clothing, it sat so true and close; but seeing her by a steadier and truer light in the grove, though a heavy gloomy one, than my lamp had afforded, I begged she would let me know of what silk or other composition her garment was made. She smiled, and asked me if mine was not the same under my jacket. 'No, lady,' says I, 'I have nothing but my skin under my clothes.' 'Why, what do you mean?' replies she, somewhat tartly; 'but, indeed, I was afraid something was the matter, by that nasty covering you wear, that you might not be seen. Are you not a glumm?' (a man). 'Yes,' says I, 'fair creature.' (Here, though you may conceive she spoke part English, part her own tongue, and I the same, as we best understood each other, yet I shall give you our discourse, word for word, in plain English.) 'Then,' says she, 'I am afraid you must have been a very bad man, and have been crashee,† which I should be very sorry to hear.' I told her I believed we were none of us so good as we might be, but I hoped my faults had not at most exceeded other men's; but I had suffered abundance of hardships in my time, and that at last Providence having settled me in this spot, from whence I had no prospect of ever departing, it was none of the least of its mercies to bring to my knowledge and com-

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* *In the regions of the flying people it is always twilight.*

† *Slit.* Criminals, in the flying regions, are punished by having their wings slit, thus rendering them unable to fly.

exquisite piece of all his works in her, which I should acknowledge
ved. . . .

she, ‘pray answer me first how you came here?’ ‘Madam,’ replied I,
se to take a walk to the verge of the wood, and I will shew you the
’ ‘Sir,’ says she, ‘I perfectly know the range of the rocks all round,
ast description, without going to see them, can tell from which you
‘In truth,’ said I, ‘most charming lady, I descended from no rock at
d I, for a thousand worlds, attempt what could not be accomplished
struction.’ ‘Sir,’ says she, in some anger, ‘it is false, and you impose
I declare to you,’ says I, ‘madam, what I tell you is strictly true; I
ar the summit of any of the surrounding rocks, or anything like it; but
t far from the verge of the wood, be so good as to step a little further,
iew you my entrance in hither.’ ‘Well,’ says she, ‘now this odious
it is lessened, I do not care if I do go with you.’

came far enough to see the bridge, ‘There, madam,’ says I, ‘there is
, where the sea pours into this lake from yonder cavern.’ . . . We
e lake, and going to my wet-dock, ‘Now, madam,’ says I, ‘pray satisfy
ether I spake true or no.’ She looked at my boat, but could not yet
er notion of it. Says I: ‘Madam, in this very boat I sailed from the
through that cavern into this lake; and shall at last think myself the
ill men, if you continue with me, love me, and credit me; and I promise
ever deceive you, but think my life happily spent in your service.’ I
as hardly content yet to believe what I told her of my boat to be true,
ed into it, and pushing from the shore, took my oars in my hand, and
the lake by her as she walked on the shore. At last, she seemed so well
o me and my boat, that she desired I would take her in. I immediately
we sailed a good way, and as we returned to my dock, I described to her
ured the water we drank, and brought it to the shore in that vessel.

ays she, ‘I have sailed, as you call it, many a mile in my lifetime, but
ch a thing as this. I own it will serve very well where one has a great
gs to carry from place to place; but to be labouring thus at an oar,
intends pleasure in sailing, is, in my mind, a most ridiculous piece of
Why, pray, madam, how would you have me sail? for getting into the
will not carry us this way or that, without using some force.’ ‘But,’ says
where did you get this boat, as you call it?’ ‘O madam,’ says I, ‘that is
id fatal a story to begin upon now; this boat was made many thousand
hence, among a people coal-black, a quite different sort from us; and
t had it, I little thought of seeing this country; but I will make a faithful
all to you when we come home.’

alked, and walked by the lake, she made a little run before me, and sprang
erceiving this, I cried out; whereupon she merrily called on me to follow
light was then so dim as prevented my having more than a confused sight
en she jumped in: and looking earnestly after her, I could discern nothing
a small boat on the water, which skimmed along at so great a rate that I
t sight of it presently: but running along the shore, for fear of losing her, I
avely walking to meet me, and then had entirely lost sight of the boat upon
‘This,’ says she, accosting me with a smile, ‘is my way of sailing, which, I
y the fright you were in, you are altogether unacquainted with; and as you
u came from so many thousand miles off, it is possible you may be made dif-
om me; but surely we are the part of the creation which has had most care
upon it; and I suspect from all your discourse, to which I have been very
it is possible you may no more be able to fly than to sail as I do.’ ‘No,
creature,’ says I, ‘that I cannot, I will assure you.’ She then, stepping to
f the lake, for the advantage of a descent before her, sprang up into the
way she went, further than my eyes could follow her.

uite astonished. So, says I, then all is over, all a delusion which I have
en in, a mere phantom! better had it been for me never to have seen her,
to lose her again! I had but very little time for reflection; for in about ten
fter she had left me in this mixture of grief and amazement, she alighted
e on her feet.

urn, as she plainly saw, filled me with a transport not to be concealed, and
she afterwards told me, was very agreeable to her. Indeed, I was some

moments in such an agitation of mind, from these unparalleled incidents, that I was like one thunderstruck; but coming presently to myself, and clasping her in my arms, with as much love and passion as I was capable of expressing, 'Are you returned again, kind angel,' said I, 'to bless a wretch who can only be happy in adoring you? Can it be that you, who have so many advantages over me, should quit all the pleasures that nature has formed for you, and all your friends and relations, to take an asylum in my arms? But I here make you a tender of all I am able to bestow, my love and constancy.' 'Come, come,' says she, 'no more raptures; I find you are a worthier man than I thought I had reason to take you for; and I beg your pardon for my distrust whilst I was ignorant of your imperfections; but now, I verily believe all you have said is true; and I promise you, as you have seemed so much to delight in me, I will never quit you till death or other as fatal accident shall part us. But we will now, if you choose, go home, for I know you have been some time uneasy in this gloom, though agreeable to me. For, giving my eyes the pleasure of looking eagerly on you, it conceals my blushes from your sight.'

In this manner, exchanging mutual endearments and soft speeches, hand in hand, we arrived at the grotto.

HENRY FIELDING.

Coleridge has said, that to 'take up Fielding after Richardson is like emerging from a sick-room heated by stoves into an open lawn on a breezy day in May.' We have felt the agreeableness of the transition: from excited sensibilities and overpowering pathos, to light humour, lively description, and keen yet sportive satire, must always be a pleasant change. The feeling, however, does not derogate from the power of Richardson as a novelist. The same sensation may be experienced by turning from Lear to Falstaff, from tragedy to comedy. The feelings cannot remain in a state of constant tension, but seek relief in variety. Perhaps Richardson stretches them too violently and too continuously; his portraits are in classes, full charged with the peculiarities of their master. Fielding has a broader canvas, more light than shade, a clear and genial atmosphere, and groups of characters finely and naturally diversified. Johnson considered him barren compared with Richardson, because Johnson loved strong moral painting, and had little sympathy for wit that was not strictly allied to virtue. Richardson, too, was a pious respectable man, for whom the critic entertained great regard, and to whom he was under obligations. Fielding was a thoughtless man of fashion—a rake who had dissipated his fortune, and passed from high to low life without dignity or respect; and who had commenced author without any higher motive than to make money, and confer amusement. Ample success crowned him in the latter department! The inimitable character of Parson Adams, the humour of roadside adventures and alehouse dialogues, Towwouse and his termagant wife, Parson Trulliber, Squire Western, the faithful Partridge, and a host of ludicrous and witty scenes, and characters, and situations, all rise up at the very mention of the name of Fielding! If Richardson 'makes the passions move at the command of virtue,' Fielding binds them at will in mirth and enjoyment. He is the prince of novelists—including the power to include wit, love, satire, humour, observation, genuine pictures of human nature without romance, and the most perfect art in the arrangement of his plot and incidents.

Henry Fielding was of high birth; his father—a grandson of the Earl of Denbigh—was a general in the army, and his mother the daughter of a judge. He was born at Sharpham Park, Somersetshire, April 22, 1707. The general had a large family, and was a bad economist, and Henry was early familiar with embarrassments. He was educated at Eton, and afterwards studied the law for two years at Leyden. In his twentieth year his studies were stopped, 'money-bound,' as a kindred genius, Sheridan, used to say, and the youth returned to England, and commenced writing for the stage. His first play, 'Love in Several Masks,' was brought out in February 1727-8. In the course of five years he wrote seventeen dramatic pieces, only one of which, the burlesque entitled 'Tom Thumb,' can be said to have kept possession of the stage. His father promised him £200 per annum, but this, the son remarked, 'any one might pay who would!' He obtained £1500 by his marriage with Miss Cradock, a lady of great beauty and worth, who resided in Salisbury, and he retired with his wife to the country. His mother had left him a small estate at East Stour, Dorsetshire; but there Fielding's hospitality and extravagance—a large retinue of servants in yellow liveries, entertainments, hounds and horses—soon devoured his little patrimony and wife's fortune. In the following year (1736) he took the Haymarket Theatre, and engaged a dramatic company. This project failed, and in 1737 he entered himself as a student in the Middle Temple. He was called to the bar in June 1740. His practice, however, was insufficient for the support of his family, and he continued to write pieces for the stage, and pamphlets to suit the topics of the day. In politics he was an anti-Jacobite, and a steady supporter of the Hanoverian succession. In 1742 appeared his novel of 'Joseph Andrews,' which at once stamped him as a master, uniting to genuine English humour the spirit of Cervantes and the mock-heroic of Scarron. There was a wicked wit in the choice of his subject.

To ridicule Richardson's 'Pamela,' Fielding made his hero a brother of that renowned and popular lady; he quizzed Gammer Andrews and his wife, the rustic parents of Pamela: and in contrast to the style of Richardson's work, he made his hero and his friend, Parson Adams, models of virtue and excellence, and his leading female characters (Lady Booby and Mrs. Slipslop) quite the reverse. Lady Booby is eager to marry her footman, who resists all her blandishments as his sister Pamela had resisted Mr. B. Even Pamela is brought down from her high standing of moral perfection, and is represented as Mrs. Booby, with the airs of an upstart, whom the parson is compelled to reprove for laughing in church. Richardson's vanity was deeply wounded by this insult, and he never forgave the desecration of his favorite production. The ridicule was certainly unjustifiable; but, as Sir Walter Scott has remarked, 'how can we wish that undone without which Parson Adams would not have existed?' The burlesque portion of the work would not have caused its extensive and abiding popularity. It heightened its humour, and may have contributed at first to the number of its readers; but 'Joseph Andrews' possessed strong and original claims to public favour, and has found countless admirers among persons who know nothing of 'Pamela.' Setting aside some ephemeral essays and light pieces, Fielding, in the following year (1743), brought out three volumes of 'Miscellanies,' which included 'A Journey from this World to the Next,' and 'The History of Jonathan Wild.' A vein of keen satire runs through the latter; but the hero and his companions are such callous rogues, and unsentimental ruffians, that we cannot take pleasure in their dexterity and success. The ordinary of Newgate, who administers consolation to Wild before his execution, is the best character in the novel. The ordinary preferred a bowl of punch to any other liquor, as it is nowhere spoken against in Scripture; and his ghostly admonitions to the malefactor are in harmony with this predilection.

In 1749, Fielding was appointed one of the justices of Westminster and Middlesex, for which he was indebted to the services of Lyttleton. He was an active magistrate; but the office of a trading justice, paid by fees, was as unworthy the genius of Fielding, as that of an exciseman was unsuited to Burns. It appears, from a statement made by himself, that this appointment did not bring him in, 'of the dirtiest money upon earth,' £300 a year. In the midst of his official drudgery and too frequent dissipations, our author produced 'Tom Jones,' unquestionably the first of English novels. He received £600 for the copyright, and such was its success that Millar the publisher presented £100 more to the author. In 1751 appeared 'Amelia,' for which he received £1000. Johnson was a great admirer of this novel, and read it through without stopping. Its domestic scenes moved him more deeply than heroic or ambitious adventures; but the conjugal tenderness and affection of Amelia are but ill requited by the conduct of Booth, her husband, who has the vices without the palliation of youth possessed by Tom Jones, independently of his ties as a husband and father. The character of Amelia was drawn for Fielding's wife, even down to the accident which disfigured her beauty, and the frailties of Booth are said to have shadowed forth some of the author's own backslidings and experiences. The lady whose amiable qualities he delighted to recount, and whom he passionately loved, died while they struggled on in their worldly difficulties. He was almost broken-hearted for her loss, and found no relief, it is said, but in weeping, in concert with her servant-maid, 'for the angel they mutually regretted.' This made the maid his habitual confidential associate; and in process of time he began to think he could not give his children a tenderer mother, or secure for himself a more faithful housekeeper and nurse. The maid accordingly became mistress of his household, and her conduct as his wife fully justified his good opinion. If there is little of romance, there is sound sense, affection, and gratitude in this step of Fielding, but it is probable the noble families to whom he was allied might regard it as a stain on his escutcheon. 'Amelia' was the last work of fiction that Fielding gave to the world. His last public act was an undertaking to extirpate several gangs of thieves and highwaymen that then infested London. The government employed him in this somewhat perilous enterprise, placing a sum of £600 at his disposal, and he was completely successful. The vigour and sagacity of his mind still remained, but Fielding was paying, by a premature old age and decrepitude, for the follies and excesses of his youth. A complication of disorders weighed down his latter days, the most formidable of which was dropsy. As a last resource he was advised to try the effect of a milder climate, and departed for Lisbon in the spring of 1754. Nothing can be more touching than the description he has given in his posthumous work, 'A Voyage to Lisbon,' of this parting scene:

'*Wednesday, June* 26, 1754.—On this day the most melancholy sun I had ever beheld arose, and found me awake at my house at Fordhook. By the light of this sun I was, in my own opinion, last to behold and take leave of some of those creatures on whom I doted with a mother-like fondness, guided by nature and passion, and uncured and unhardened by all the doctrine of that philosophical school where I had learned to bear pains and to despise death.

'In this situation, as I could not conquer nature, I submitted entirely to her, and she made as great a fool of me as she had ever done of any woman whatsoever; under pretense of giving me leave to enjoy, she drew me into suffer, the company of my little ones during eight hours; and I doubt whether in that time I did not undergo more than in all my distemper.

'At twelve precisely my coach was at the door, which was no sooner told me than I kissed my children round, and went into it with some little resolution. My wife, who behaved more like a heroine and philosopher, though at the same time the tenderest mother in the world, and my eldest daughter, followed me; some friends went with us, and others here took their leave; and I heard my behaviour applauded, with many murmurs and praises to which I well knew I had no title; as all other such philosophers may, if they have any modesty, confess on the like occasions.'

The great novelist reached Lisbon, and resided in that genial climate for about two months. His health, however, gradually declined, and he died on the 8th of October, 1754. It is pleasing to record that his family, about which he evinced so much tender solicitude in his last days, were sheltered from want by his brother and a private friend, Ralph Allen, Esq., whose character for worth and benevolence he had drawn in Allworthy, in *Tom Jones*.

Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

POPE.

The English factory at Lisbon erected a monument over his remains. A new tomb was erected to him in 1830.

The irregularities of Fielding's life—however dearly he may have paid for fame—contributed to his riches as an author. He had surveyed human nature in various aspects, and experienced its storms and sunshine. His kinswoman, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, assigns to him an enviable vivacity of temperament, though it is at the expense of his morality. 'His happy constitution,' she says, 'even when he had, with great pains, half demolished it, made him forget every evil when he was before a venison-pasty, or over a flask of champagne; and I am persuaded he has known more happy moments than any prince upon earth. His natural spirits gave him rapture with his cook-maid, and cheerfulness when he was starving in a garret.' Fielding's experience as a Middlesex justice was unfavourable to his personal respectability; but it must also have brought him into contact with scenes and characters well fitted for his graphic delineations. On the other hand, his birth and education as a gentleman, and his brief trial of the life of a rural squire, immersed in sports and pleasures, furnished materials for a Squire Western, an Allworthy, and other country characters, down to black George the gamekeeper; while, as a man of wit and fashion on the town, and a gay dramatist, he must have known various prototypes of Lord Fellamar and his other city portraits. The profligacy of Lady Bellaston, and the meanness of Tom Jones in accepting support from such a source, are, we hope, circumstances which have rarely occurred even in the fashionable life of that period. The tone of morality is never very high in Fielding, but the case we have cited is his lowest descent.

Though written amidst discouraging circumstances and irksome duties 'Tom Jones' bears no marks of haste. The author committed some errors as to time and place, but his fable is constructed with historical exactness and precision, and is a finished model of the comic romance. Byron has styled Fielding 'the prose Homer of human nature.' 'Since the days of Homer,' says Dr. Beattie, 'the world has not seen a more artful epic fable. The characters and adventures are wonderfully diversified; yet the circumstances are all so natural, and rise so easily from one another, and co-operate with so much regularity in bringing on, even while they seem to retard the catastrophe, that the curiosity of the reader is always kept awake, and, instead of flagging, grows more and more impatient as the story advances, till at last it becomes downright anxiety. And when we get to the end, and look back on the whole contrivance, we are amazed to find that of so many incidents there should be so few superfluous; that in such a variety of fiction there should be so great a *probability*, and that so complex a tale should be so perspicuously *conducted*, and with perfect unity of design.' The only digression from the main story which is felt to be tedious is the episode of the Man of the Hill. In 'Don Quixote' and 'Gil Blas' we are reconciled to such interpolations by the air of romance which pervades the whole, and which seems indigenous to the soil of Spain. In Cervantes, too, these digressions are sometimes highly poetical and striking tales. But in the plain life-like scenes of 'Tom Jones'—English life in the eighteenth century, in the county of Somerset—such a tedious 'hermit of the vale' is felt to be an unnatural incumbrance.

Fielding had little of the poetical or imaginative faculty. His study lay in real life and everyday scenes, which he depicted with a truth and freshness, a buoyancy and vigour, and such an exuberance of practical knowledge, easy satire, and lively fancy, that in his own department he stands unrivalled. Others have had bolder invention, a higher cast of thought, more poetical imagery, and profounder passion (for Fielding has little pathos or sentiment); but in the perfect nature of his characters, especially in low life, and in the perfect skill with which he combined and wrought up his comic powers, seasoning the whole with wit and wisdom, the ripened fruit of genius and wide experience, this great English author is still unapproached.

A passage from Fielding to Smollett can convey no more idea of the work from which it is taken, or the manner of the author, than a single stone or brick would of the architecture of a house. We are tempted, however, to extract the account of Partridge's impressions on first visiting a playhouse, when he witnessed the representation of 'Hamlet.' The faithful attendant of Tom Jones was half-barber and half-schoolmaster, shrewd, yet simple as a child.

Partridge at the Theatre.

In the first row, then, of the first gallery, did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge, take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said: 'It was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time without putting one another out.' While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he cried out to Mrs. Miller: 'Look, look, madam; the very picture of the man in the end of the common-prayer book, before the gunpowder treason service.' Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted: 'That here were candles enough burnt in one night to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelvemonth.'

As soon as the play, which was 'Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,' began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost; upon which he asked Jones; 'What man that was in the strange dress; something,' said he, 'like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armour, is it?' Jones answered: 'That is the ghost.' To which Partridge replied, with a smile: 'Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever exactly saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one if I saw him better than that comes to. No, no, sir; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that neither.' In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighbourhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue till the scene between the ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage. 'O la! sir,' said he, 'I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play; and if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person.' 'Why, who,' cries Jones, 'dost thou take to be such a coward here beside thyself?' 'Nay, you may call me a coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man *frightened* in my life. Ay, ay; go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who 's fool, then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such foolhardiness! Whatever happens, it is good enough for you. Follow you! I 'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the devil—for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases. Oh! here he is again. No further! No, you have gone far enough already; further than I 'd have gone for all the king's dominions.' Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried: ‘Hush, hush, dear sir; don't you hear him?' And during the whole speech of the ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost, and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said: ‘Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible.' ‘Nay, sir,' answered Partridge, ‘if you are not afraid of the devil, I can't help it; but, to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them: not that it was the ghost that surprised me neither: for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me.' ‘And dost thou imagine then, Partridge,' cries Jones, ‘that he was really frightened?' ‘Nay, sir,' said Partridge, ‘did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been had it been my own case. But hush! O la! what noise is that? There he is again. Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder where those men are.' Then turning his eyes again upon Hamlet: ‘Ay, you may draw your sword; what signifies a sword against the power of the devil?'

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the king's countenance. ‘Well,' said he, ‘how people may be deceived by faces? *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the king's face, that he had ever committed a murder?' He then inquired after the ghost; but Jones, who intended he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction than, ‘that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire.'

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this; and now, when the ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cried out: ‘There, sir, now; what say you now? is he frightened now or no? As much frightened as you think me, and, to be sure, nobody can help some fears. I would not be in so bad a condition as—what's his name? Squire Hamlet is there, for all the world. Bless me! what's become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth.' ‘Indeed you saw right,' answered Jones. ‘Well, well,' cries Partridge, ‘I know it is only a play; and besides, if there was anything in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so; for, as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in person. There, there; ay, no wonder you are in such a passion; shake the vile wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother, I should serve her so. To be sure all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. Ay, go about your business; I hate the sight of you.'

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet introduces before the king. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it, than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her: ‘If she did not imagine the king looked as if he was touched; though he is,' said he, ‘a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he ran away; for your sake I 'll never trust an innocent face again.'

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered: ‘That it was one of the most famous burial-places about town.' ‘No wonder, then,' cries Partridge, ‘that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton when I was clerk that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe.' Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out: ‘Well! it is strange to see how fearless some men are: I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man on any account. He seemed frightened enough too at the ghost, I thought. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*'

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play: at the end of which Jones asked him which of the players he had liked best. To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question: 'The king, without doubt.' 'Indeed, Mr. Partridge,' says Mrs. Miller, 'you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage.' 'He the best player!' cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer; 'why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me! any man—that is, any good man—that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but, indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country: and the king for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor.'

Thus ended the adventure at the playhouse, where Partridge had afforded great mirth, not only to Jones and Mrs. Miller, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he said than to anything that passed on the stage. He durst not go to bed all that night for fear of the ghost; and for many nights after, sweated two or three hours before he went to sleep with the same apprehensions, and waked several times in great horrors, crying out: 'Lord have mercy upon us! there it is.'

Philosophy and Christianity.

Being now provided with all the necessaries of life, I betook myself once again to study, and that with a more ordinate application than I had ever done formerly. The books which now employed my time solely were those, as well ancient as modern, which treat of true philosophy, a word which is by many thought to be the subject only of farce and ridicule. I now read over the works of Aristotle and Plato, with the rest of those inestimable treasures which ancient Greece hath bequeathed to the world.

To this I added another study, compared to which all the philosophy taught by the wisest heathens is little better than a dream, and is indeed as full of vanity as the silliest jester ever pleased to represent it. This is that divine wisdom which is alone to be found in the Holy Scriptures: for those impart to us the knowledge and assurance of things much more worthy our attention, than all which this world can offer to our acceptance; of things which heaven itself hath condescended to reveal to us, and to the smallest knowledge of which the highest human wit unassisted could never ascend. I began now to think all the time I had spent with the best heathen writers was little more than labour lost; for however pleasant and delightful their lessons may be, or however adequate to the right regulation of our conduct with respect to this world only, yet, when compared with the glory revealed in Scripture, their highest documents will appear as trifling, and of as little consequence as the rules by which children regulate their childish little games and pastime. True it is, that philosophy makes us wiser, but Christianity makes us better men. Philosophy elevates and steels the mind, Christianity softens and sweetens it. The former makes us the objects of human admiration, the latter of divine love. That insures us a temporal, but this an eternal happiness.

I had spent about four years in the most delightful manner to myself, totally given up to contemplation, and entirely unembarrassed with the affairs of the world, when I lost the best of fathers, and one whom I so entirely loved, that my grief at his loss exceeds all description. I now abandoned my books, and gave myself up for a whole month to the efforts of melancholy and despair. Time, however, the best physician of the mind, at length brought me relief. I then betook myself again to my former studies, which I may say perfected my cure: for philosophy and religion may be called the exercises of the mind, and when this is disordered, they are as wholesome as exercise can be to a distempered body. They do indeed produce similar effects with exercise: for they strengthen and confirm the mind; till man becomes, in the noble strain of Horace,

> Fortis, et in seipso totus teres atque rotundus,
> Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari;
> In quem manca ruit semper Fortuna.

[Firm in himself who on himself relies:
Polished and round who runs his proper course,
And breaks misfortune with superior force. FRANCIS.]

A sister of the eminent novelist, SARAH FIELDING (1714–1768), was also distinguished in literature. She was the author of the novel of 'David Simple,' a work not unworthy the sister of Henry Fielding; also another tale, 'The Cry;' and she translated from the Greek the 'Memorabilia' of Xenophon. Some other works of less importance proceeded from the pen of this accomplished woman.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT.

Six years after the publication of 'Joseph Andrews,' and before 'Tom Jones' had been produced, a third novelist had taken the field, different in many respects from either Richardson or Fielding, but, like them, devoted to that class of fictitious composition founded on truth and nature. We have previously noticed the circumstances of Smollett's life. A young unfriended Scotsman, he went to London eager for distinction as a dramatic writer. In this his failure was more signal than the want of success which had attended Fielding's theatrical productions. Smollett, however, was of a dauntless, intrepid spirit, and when he again resumed his pen, his efforts were crowned with the most gratifying success. He had adopted Le Sage as his model, but his characters, his scenes, his opinions, and prejudices, were all decidedly British. The novels of Smollett were produced in the following order: 1748, 'Roderick Random;' 1751, 'Peregrine Pickle;' 1754, 'Ferdinand Count Fathom;' 1762, 'Sir Launcelot Greaves;' 1771, 'The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker.' From the date of his first to that of his latest production, Smollett had improved in taste and judgment; but his powers of invention, his native humour, and his knowledge of life and character, are as conspicuous in 'Roderick Random' as in any of his works. His 'Tom Bowling' is his most perfect sea character, though in 'Peregrine Pickle' he has preserved the same general features, with additional colouring, and a greater variety of ludicrous incidents. The adventures of Roderick are such as might naturally have occurred to any young Scotsman of the day in quest of fortune. Scene follows scene with astonishing rapidity: at one time his hero basks in prosperity, in another he is plunged in utter destitution. He is led into different countries, whose national peculiarities are described, and into society of various descriptions, with wits, sharpers, courtiers, courtesans, and men of all grades.

In this tour of the world and of human life, the reader is amazed at the careless profusion, the inexhaustible humour, of an author who pours out his materials with such prodigality and facility. The patient skill and taste of Fielding are nowhere found in Smollett; there is no elaboration of character; no careful preparation of incidents; no unity of design. Roderick Random is hurried on without any fixed or definite purpose; he is the child of impulse; and though there is a dash of generosity and good-humour in his character, he is equally conspicuous for reckless libertinism and mischief—more prone to selfishness and revenge than to friendship or gratitude. There is an inherent and radical meanness in his conduct toward his humble friend Strap, with whom he begins life, and to whom he is so much indebted both in purse and person. Tom Jones is always kind and liberal to his attendant Partridge, but Strap is bullied and fleeced by Roderick Random; disowned or despised as suits the interest or passion of the moment; and at last, contrary to all notions of Scotch spirit and morality, his faithful services and unswerving attachment are rewarded by his receiving and accepting the hand of a prostitute, and an eleemosynary provision less than the sacrifices he had made, or what a careful Scot might attain to by honest independent exertion. The imperfect moral sense thus manifested by Smollett is also evinced by the coarse and licentious passages which disfigure the novel. Making all allowance for the manners of the times, this grossness is indefensible; and we must regret that our author had not a higher and more chivalrous estimate of the female character. In this he was inferior to Richardson, who studied and reverenced the purity of the female heart, and to Fielding, whose tastes and early position in society preserved him from some of the grosser faults of his rival novelist. The charm of 'Roderick Random,' then, consists not in plot or well-sustained characters—admirable as is the sketch of Tom Bowling—but in its broad humour and comic incidents, which, even when most farcical seldom appear improbable, and are never tiresome.

'Peregrine Pickle' is formed of the same materials, cast in a larger mould. The hero is equally unscrupulous with Roderick Random—perhaps more deliberately profligate—as in the attempted seduction of Amanda, and in his treatment of Emilia—but the comic powers of the author are more widely and variously displayed. They seem like clouds.

> For ever flushing round a summer sky.

All is change, brilliancy, heaped-up plenty, and unlimited power—the rich coin and mintage of genius. The want of decent drapery is unfortunately too apparent. Smollett never had much regard for the proprieties of life—those 'minor morals,' as Goldsmith has happily termed them—but where shall we find a more attractive gallery of portraits, or a series of more laughable incidents? Prominent in the group is the one-eyed naval veteran, Commodore Trunnion, a humorist in Smollett's happiest manner. His keeping garrison in his house as on board ship, making his servants sleep in hammocks and turn out to watch, is a characteristic though overcharged trait of the old naval commander. The circumstances of his marriage, when he proceeded to church on a hunter, which he *steered* according to the compass, instead of keeping the road, and his detention while he tacked about rather than go 'right in the wind's eye,' are equally ludicrous. Lieutenant Hatchway, and Pipes the boatswain, are foils to the eccentric commodore; but the taciturnity of Pipes, and his ingenuity in the affair of the love-letter, are good distinctive features of his own. The humours of the poet, painter, and physician, when Pickle pursues his mischievous frolics and gallantries in France, are also admirable specimens of laughable caricature. In London the adventures are not so amusing. Peregrine richly merited his confinement in the Fleet by his brutal conduct; while Cadwallader, the misanthrope, is more tedious than Fielding's Man of the Hill. The 'Memoirs of a Lady of Quality'—though a true tale, for inserting which Smollett was bribed by a sum of money—are disgraceful without being interesting. On the whole, the vices and virtues of Smollett's style are equally seen in 'Peregrine Pickle,' and seen in full perspective.

'Ferdinand Count Fathom' is more of a romance with little of national character or manners. The portraiture of a complete villain, proceeding step by step to rob his benefactors and pillage mankind, cannot be considered instructive or entertaining. The first atrocities of Ferdinand, and his intrigue with his female associate Teresa, are coarse and disgusting. When he extends his operations, and flies at higher game, the chase becomes more animated. His adventures at gambling-tables and hotels, and his exploits as a physician, afford scope for the author's satirical genius. But the most powerful passages in the novel are those which recount Ferdinand's seduction of Celinda, the story of Monimia, and the description of the tempest in the forest, from which he took shelter in a robber's hut. In this lonely dwelling, the gang being absent, Fathom was relieved by a withered beldame, who conveyed him to a rude apartment to sleep in. Here he found the dead body of a man still warm, who had been lately stabbed and concealed beneath some straw, and the account of his sensations during the night, the horrid device by which he saved his life (lifting up the dead body, and putting it in his own place in the bed), and his escape, guided by the old hag, whom he compelled to accompany him through the forest, are related with the intensity and power of a tragic poet. There is a vein of poetical imagination, also, in the means by which Fathom accomplishes the ruin of Celinda, working on her superstitious fears and timidity by placing an Æolian harp, then almost an unknown instrument, in the casement of a window adjoining her bedroom. 'The strings,' says Smollett, with poetical inflation, 'no sooner felt the impression of the balmy zephyr, than they began to pour forth a stream of melody, more ravishingly delightful than the song of Philomel, the warbling brook, and all the concert of the wood.' The remorse of Celinda is depicted with equal tenderness.

'The seed of virtue,' remarks the novelist, 'are seldom destroyed at once. Even amidst the rank productions of vice, they re-germinate to a sort of imperfect vegetation, like some scattered hyacinths shooting up among the weeds of a ruined garden, that testify the former culture and amenity of the soil.' In descriptions of this kind, Smollett evinces a grace and pathos which Fielding did not possess. We trace the mind of the poet in such conceptions, and in the language in which they are expressed. Few readers of 'Peregrine Pickle' can forget the allusion, so beautiful and pathetic, to the Scottish Jacobites at Boulogne, 'exiled from their native homes in consequence of their adherence to an unfortunate and ruined cause,' who went daily to the sea-side in order to indulge their longing eyes with a prospect of the white cliffs of Albion, which they could never more approach.

'Sir Launcelot Greaves' is a sort of travesty of 'Don Quixote,' in which the absurdity of the idea is relieved by the humour of some of the characters and conversations. Butler's Presbyterian knight going 'a-colonelling,' as a redresser of wrongs in merry England, is ridiculous enough; but the chivalry of Sir Launcelot and his attendant, Captain Crowe, outrages all sense and probability. Seeing that his strength lay in humorous exaggeration, Smollett sought for scenes of broad mirth. He fails as often as he succeeds in this work, and an author of such strong original powers should have been above playing Pantaloon even to Cervantes.

'Humphrey Clinker' is the most easy, natural and delightful of all the novels of Smollett. His love of boyish mischief, tricks and frolics had not wholly burnt out, for we have several such undignified pranks in this work; but the narrative is replete with grave, caustic and humorous observation, and possesses throughout a tone of manly feeling and benevolence, and fine discrimination of character. Matthew Bramble is Smollett himself grown old, somewhat cynical by experience of the world, but vastly improved in taste. He may have caught the idea, as he took some of the incidents of the family tour, from Anstey's 'New Bath Guide;' but the staple of the work is emphatically his own. In the light sketching of scenery, the quick succession of incidents, the romance of Lismahago's adventures among the American Indians, and the humour of the servingmen and maids, he seems to come into closer competition with Le Sage or Cervantes than in any of his other works. The conversion of Humphrey may have been suggested by Anstey, but the bad spelling of Tabitha and Mrs. Winifred Jenkins is an original device of Smollett, which aids in the subordinate effects of the domestic drama. Lismahago's love of disputation, his jealous sense of honour, and his national pride—characteristics of a poor Scottish officer, whose wealth and dignity lay in his sword—seem also purely original, and are highly diverting. The old lieutenant, as Matthew Bramble says, is like a crab-apple in a hedge, which we are tempted to eat for its flavour, even while repelled by its austerity. The descriptions of rural scenery, society and manners in England and Scotland, given under different aspects by the different letter-writers, are clear and sparkling—full of fancy and sound sense.

The Death of Commodore Trunnion.

About four o'clock in the morning our hero (Peregrine Pickle) arrived at the garrison [Commodore Trunnion's house was fitted up as a fortress, with ditch, drawbridge, and courtyard with artillery], where he found his generous uncle in extremity, supported in bed by Julia on one side and Lieutenant Hatchway on the other, whilst Mr. Jolter administered spiritual consolation, and between whiles comforted Mrs. Trunnion, who, with her maid, sat by the fire, weeping with great decorum: the physician having just taken the last fee, and retired after pronouncing the fatal prognostic.

Though the Commodore's speech was interrupted by a violent hiccup, he still retained the use of his senses; and when Peregrine approached, stretched out his hand, with manifest signs of satisfaction. The young gentleman, whose heart overflowed with gratitude and affection, could not behold such a spectacle unmoved; so that the Commodore perceiving his disorder, made a last effort of strength, and consoled him in these words: 'Swab the spray from your bowsprit, my good lad, and coil up your spirits. You must not let the topliits of your heart give way because you see me ready to go down at these years. Many a better man has foundered before he has made half my way; thof I trust, by the mercy of God, I shall be sure in port, in a most blessed riding; for my good friend Jolter hath overhauled the journal of my sins, and by the observation he hath taken of the state of my soul, I hope I shall happily conclude my voyage, and be brought up in the latitude of heaven. Here has been a doctor that wanted to stow me choke full of physic; but when a man's hour is come, what signifies his taking his departure with a 'pothecary's shop in his hold? These fellows come alongside dying men, like the messengers of the Admiralty with sailing orders; but I told him as how I could slip my cable without his direction or assistance, and so he hauled off in dudgeon. This cursed hiccup makes such a ripple in the current of my speech that mayhap you don't understand what I say. Now, while the sucker of my windpipe will go, I would willingly mention a few things which I hope you will set down in the log-book of your remembrance when I am stiff, d' ye see. There's your aunt sitting whimpering by the fire; I desire you will keep her tight, warm, and easy in her old age; she's an honest heart in her own way, and, thof she goes a little crank and humoursome by being often overstowed with Nantz and religion, she has been a faithful shipmate to me. Jack Hatchway, you know the trim of her as well as e'er a man in England, and I believe she has a kindness for you, whereby if you two grapple in the way of matrimony when I am gone, I do suppose that my godson, for love of me, will allow you to live in the garrison all the days of your life. I need not talk of Pipes, because I know you 'll do for him without any recommendation; the fellow has sailed with me in many a hard gale, and I 'll warrant him as stout a seaman as ever set face to the weather. But I hope you 'll take care of the rest of the crew, and not disrate them after I am dead in favour of new followers. . . . Shun going to law as you would shun the devil, and look upon all attorneys as devouring sharks or ravenous fish of prey. As soon as the breath is out of my body, let minute guns be fired, til I am safe underground. I would also be buried in the red jacket I had on when I boarded and took the *Renummy*. Let my pistols, cutlass, and pocket-compass be laid in the coffin along with me. Let me be carried to the grave by my own men, rigged in the black caps and white shirts which my barge's crew were wont to wear: and they must keep a good look-out that none of your pilfering rascallions may come and heave me up again for the lucre of what they can get until the carcass is belayed by a tombstone. As for the motto or what you call it, I leave that to you and Mr. Jolter, who are scholars, but I do desire that it may not be engraved in the Greek or Latin 'ingos, and much less in the French which I abominate, but in plain English, that when the angel comes to pipe all hands at the great day, he may know that I am a British man, and speak to me in my mother-tongue. And now, I have no more to say, but God in heaven have mercy upon my soul, and send you all fair weather wheresoever you are bound.' . . .

His last moments, however, were not so near as they imagined. He began to doze, and enjoyed small intervals of ease till next day in the afternoon; during which remissions he was heard to pour forth many pious ejaculations, expressing his hope that for all the heavy cargo of his sins, he should be able to surmount the puttock-shrouds of despair, and get aloft to the cross-trees of God's good favour. At last his voice sunk so low as not to be distinguished; and having lain about an hour almost without any perceptible sign of life, he gave up the ghost with a groan.

Epitaph on Commodore Trunnion, composed by Lieutenant Hatchway.

Here lies, foundered in a fathom and a half, the shell of Hawser Trunnion, formerly commander of a squadron in his Majesty's service, who broached to at 5 P.M. Oct. X, in the year of his age threescore and nineteen. He kept his guns always loaded, and his tackle ready manned, and never showed his poop to the enemy, except when he took her in tow; but his shot being expended, his match burnt out, and his upper works decayed, he was sunk by Death's superior weight of metal. Nevertheless he will be weighed again at the Great Day, his rigging refitted, and his timbers repaired, and, with one broadside, make his adversary strike in his turn.

Feast in the Manner of the Ancients—From 'Peregrine Pickle.'

Our young gentleman, by his insinuating behaviour, acquired the full confidence of the doctor, who invited him to an entertainment, which he intended to prepare in the manner of the ancients. Pickle, struck with this idea, eagerly embraced the proposal, which he honoured with many encomiums, as a plan in all respects worthy of his genius and apprehension; and the day was appointed at some distance of time, that the treater might have leisure to compose certain pickles and confections, which were not to be found among the culinary preparations of these degenerate days.

With a view of rendering the physician's taste more conspicuous, and extracting from it the more diversion, Peregrine proposed that some foreigners should partake of the banquet; and the task being left to his care and discretion, he actually bespoke the company of a French marquis, an Italian count, and a German baron, whom he knew to be egregious coxcombs, and therefore more likely to enhance the joy of the entertainment.

Accordingly, the hour being arrived, he conducted them to the hotel where the physician lodged, after having regaled their expectations with an elegant meal in the genuine old Roman taste; and they were received by Mr. Pallet, who did the honours of the house while his friend superintended the cook below. By this communicative painter, the guests understood that the doctor had met with numerous difficulties in the execution of his design; that no fewer than five cooks had been dismissed, because they could not prevail upon their own consciences to obey his directions in things that were contrary to the present practice of their art, &c. . . . A servant, coming into the room, announced dinner; and the entertainer led the way into another apartment, where they found a long table, or rather two boards joined together, and furnished with a variety of dishes, the steams of which had such evident effect upon the nerves of the company, that the marquis made frightful grimaces, under pretence of taking snuff; the Italian's eyes watered, the German's visage underwent several distortions of feature; our hero found means to exclude the odour from his sense of smelling by breathing only through his mouth; and the poor painter, running into another room, plugged his nostrils with tobacco. The doctor himself, who was the only person then present whose organs were not discomposed, pointing to a couple of couches placed on each side of the table, told his guests that he was sorry he could not procure the exact triclinia of the ancients, which were somewhat different from these conveniences, and desired they would have the goodness to repose themselves without ceremony, each in his respective couchette, while he and his friend Mr. Pallet would place themselves upright at the ends, that they might have the pleasure of serving those that lay along. This disposition, of which the strangers had no previous idea, disconcerted and perplexed them in a most ridiculous manner; the marquis and baron stood bowing to each other on pretence of disputing the lower seat, but, in reality, with a view of profiting by the example of each other, for neither of them understood the manner in which they were to loll; and Peregrine, who enjoyed their confusion, handed the count to the other side, where, with the most mischievous politeness, he insisted upon his taking possession of the upper place.

In this disagreeable and ludicrous suspense, they continued acting a pantomime of gesticulation, until the doctor earnestly entreated them to waive all compliment and form. lest the dinner should be spoiled before the ceremonial could be adjusted. . . . Every one settled according to the arrangement already described, the doctor graciously undertook to give some account of the dishes as they occurred, that the company might be directed in their choice, and, with an air of infinite satisfaction, thus began: 'This here, gentlemen, is a boiled goose, served up in a sauce composed of pepper, lovage, coriander, mint, rue, anchovies, and oil! I wish, for your sakes, gentlemen, it was one of the geese of Ferrara, so much celebrated among the ancients for the magnitude of their livers, one of which is said to have weighed upwards of two pounds; with this food, exquisite as it was, did the tyrant Heliogabalus regale his hounds. But I beg pardon; I had almost forgot the soup, which I hear is so necessary an article at all tables in France. At each end there are dishes of the salacacabia of the Romans; one is made of parsley, pennyroyal, cheese, pine-tops, honey, vinegar, brine, eggs, cucumbers, onions, and hen-livers; the other is much the same as the soup-maigre of this country. Then there is a loin of boiled veal with fennel and caraway seed, on a pottage composed of pickle, oil, honey, and flour, and a curious hashis of the lights, liver, and blood of a hare, together with a dish of roasted pigeons. Monsieur le Baron, shall I help you to a plate of this soup?' The German, who did not at all disapprove of the ingredients, assented to the proposal, and seemed to relish the composition; while the marquis, being asked by the painter which of the silly-kickabys he chose, was, in consequence of his desire, accommodated with a portion of the soup-maigre; and the count, in lieu of spoon-meat, of which he said he was no great admirer, supplied himself with a pigeon, therein conforming to the choice of our young gentleman, whose example he determined to follow through the whole course of the entertainment.

The Frenchman having swallowed the first spoonful, made a full pause; his throat swelled as if an egg had stuck in his gullet, his eyes rolled, and his mouth underwent a series of involuntary contractions and dilatations. Pallet, who looked steadfastly at this connoisseur, with a view of consulting his taste before he himself would venture upon the soup, began to be disturbed at these emotions, and observed with some concern, that the poor gentleman seemed to be going into a fit; when Peregrine assured him that these were symptoms of ecstasy, and for further confirmation, asked the marquis how he found the soup, it was with infinite difficulty that his complaisance could so far master his disgust as to enable him to answer: 'Altogether excellent, upon my honour!' And the painter, being certified of his approbation, lifted the spoon to his mouth without scruple; but far from justifying the eulogium of his taster, when this precious composition diffused itself upon his palate, he seemed to be deprived of all sense and motion, and sat like the leaden statue of some river-god, with the liquor flowing out at both sides of the mouth.

The doctor, alarmed at this indecent phenomenon, earnestly inquired into the cause of it; and when Pallet recovered his recollection, and swore that he would rather swallow porridge made of burning brimstone than such an infernal mess as that which he had tasted, the physician, in his own vindication, assured the company that, except the usual ingredients, he had mixed nothing in the soup but some sal-ammoniac, instead of the ancient nitrum, which could not now be procured; and appealed to the marquis whether such a succedaneum was not an improvement on the whole. The unfortunate petit-maître, driven to the extremity of his condescension, acknowledged it to be a masterly refinement; and deeming himself obliged, in point of honour, to evince his sentiments by his practice, forced a few more mouthfuls of this disagreeable potion down his throat, till his stomach was so much offended that he was compelled to start up of a sudden, and in the hurry of his elevation overturned his plate into the bosom of the baron. The emergency of his occasions would not permit him to stay and make apologies for this abrupt behaviour, so that he flew into another apartment, where Pickle found him puking and crossing himself with great devotion; and a chair at his desire being brought to the door, he slipped into it more dead than alive, conjuring his friend Pickle to make his peace with the company, and in particular excuse him to the baron, on account of the violent fit of illness with which he had been seized. It was not without reason that he employed a mediator; for when our hero returned to the dining-room, the German had got up, and was under the hands of his own lackey, who wiped the grease from a rich embroidered waistcoat, while he, almost frantic with his misfortune, stamped upon the ground, and in high Dutch cursed the unlucky banquet, and the impertinent entertainer, who all this time, with great deliberation, consoled him for the disaster, by assuring him that the damage might be repaired with some oil of turpentine and a hot iron. Peregrine, who could scarce refrain from laughing in his face, appeased his indignation by telling him how much the whole company, and especially the marquis, was mortified at the accident; and the unhappy salacacabia being removed, the places were filled with two pies, one of dormice liquored with syrup of white poppies, which the doctor had substituted in the room of toasted poppy-seed, formerly eaten with honey as a dessert; and the other composed of a hock of pork baked in honey.

Pallet, hearing the first of these dishes described, lifted up his hands and eyes, and with signs of loathing and amazement, pronounced: 'A pie made of dormice and syrup of poppies: Lord in heaven! what beastly fellows those Romans were!' His friends checked him for his irreverent exclamation with a severe look, and recommended the veal, of which he himself cheerfully ate with such encomiums to the company that the baron resolved to imitate his example, after having called for a bumper of Burgundy, which the physician, for his sake, wished to have been the true wine of Falernum. The painter, seeing nothing else upon the table which he would venture to touch, made a merit of necessity, and had recourse to the veal also: although he could not help saying that he would not give one slice of the roast-beef of Old England for all the dainties of a Roman emperor's table. But all the doctor's invitations and assurances could not prevail upon his guests to honour the hashis and the goose; and that course was succeeded by another, in which he told them were divers of those dishes which among the ancients had obtained the appellation of *politeles* or magnificent. 'That which smokes in the middle,' said he, 'is a sow's stomach, filled with a composition of minced pork, hog's brains, eggs, pepper, cloves, garlic, aniseed, rue, ginger, oil, wine and pickle. On the right-hand side are the teats and belly of a sow, just farrowed, fried with sweet wine, oil, flour, lovage, and pepper. On the left is a fricassee of snails, fed or rather purged with milk. At that end, next Mr. Pallett, are fritters of pompions, lovage, origanum, and oil; and here are a couple of pullets, roasted and stuffed in the manner of Apicius.'

The painter, who had by wry faces testified his abhorrence of the sow's stomach, which he compared to a bagpipe, and the snails which had undergone purgation, no sooner heard him mention the roasted pullets, than he eagerly solicited a wing of the fowl; upon which the doctor desired he would take the trouble of cutting them up, and accordingly sent them round, while Mr. Pallet tucked the tablecloth under his chin, and brandished his knife and fork with singular address; but scarce were they set down before him, when the tears ran down his cheeks, and he called aloud, in a manifest disorder: 'Zounds! this is the essence of a whole bed of garlic!' That he might not, however, disappoint or disgrace the entertainer, he applied his instruments to one of the birds; and when he opened up the cavity, was assaulted by such an irruption of intolerable smells, that, without staying to disengage himself from the cloth, he sprung away with an exclamation of 'Lord Jesus!' and involved the whole table in havoc, ruin, and confusion.

Before Pickle could accomplish his escape he was sauced with a syrup of the dormice pie, which went to pieces in the general wreck: and as for the Italian count, he was overwhelmed by the sow's stomach, which, bursting in the fall, discharged its contents upon his leg and thigh, and scalded him so miserably that he shrieked with anguish, and grinned with a most ghastly and horrible aspect.

The baron, who sat secure without the vortex of this tumult, was not at all displeased at seeing his companions involved in such a calamity as that which he had already shared; but the doctor was confounded with shame and vexation. After having prescribed an application of oil to the count's leg, he expressed his sorrow for the misadventure, which he openly ascribed to want of taste and prudence in the painter, who did not think proper to return and make an apology in person; and protested that there was nothing in the fowls which could give offence to a sensible nose, the stuffing being a mixture of pepper, lovage, and asafœtida, and the sauce consisting of wine and herring-pickle, which he had used instead of the celebrated garum of the Romans; that famous pickle having been prepared sometimes of the scombri, which were a sort of tunny-fish, and sometimes of the silurus, or shad-fish; nay, he observed, that there was a third kind called garum hœmation, made of the guts, gills, and blood of the thynnus.

The physician, finding it would be impracticable to re-establish the order of the banquet by presenting again the dishes which had been discomposed, ordered everything to be removed, a clean cloth to be laid, and the dessert to be brought in.

Meanwhile he regretted his incapacity to give them a specimen of the alicus or fish-meals of the ancients; such as the jus diabaton, the conger-eel, which, in Galen's opinion, is hard of digestion; the cornutta or gurnard, described by Pliny in his 'Natural History,' who says the horns of many of them were a foot and a half in length; the mullet and lamprey, that were in the highest estimation of old, of which last Julius Cæsar borrowed six thousand for one triumphal supper. He observed that the manner of dressing them was described by Horace, in the account he gives of the entertainment to which Mæcenas was invited by the epicure Nasiedenus,

Affetur squillas inter muræna natantes, &c.;

and told them, that they were commonly eaten with the *thus Syiracum*, a certain anodyne and astringent seed, which qualified the purgative nature of the fish. Finally, this learned physician gave them to understand, that though this was reckoned a luxurious dish in the zenith of the Roman taste, it was by no means comparable in point of expense to some preparations in vogue about the time of that absurd voluptuary Heliogabalus, who ordered the brains of six hundred ostriches to be compounded in one mess.

By this time the dessert appeared, and the company were not a little rejoiced to see plain olives in salt and water; but what the master of the feast valued himself upon, was a sort of jelly, which he affirmed to be preferable to the hypotrimma of Hesychius, being a mixture of vinegar, pickle, and honey, boiled to a proper consistence, and candied asafœtida, which he asserted, in contradiction to Aumelbergius and Lister, was no other than the laser Syriacum, so precious as to be sold among the ancients to the weight of a silver penny. The gentlemen took his word for the excellency of this gum, but contented themselves with the olives, which gave such an agreeable relish to the wine that they seemed very well disposed to console themselves for the disgraces they had endured: and Pickle, unwilling to lose the least circumstance of entertainment that could be enjoyed in their company, went in quest of the painter, who remained in his penitentials in another apartment, and could not be persuaded to re-enter the banqueting-room, until Peregrine undertook to procure his pardon from those whom he had injured. Having assured him of this indulgence, our young gentleman led him in like a criminal, bowing on all hands with an air of humility and contrition; and particularly addressing himself to the count, to whom he swore in English he had no intent to affront man, woman, or child, but was fain to make the best of his way, that he might not give the honourable company cause of offence by obeying the dictates of nature in their presence.

When Pickle interpreted this apology to the Italian, Pallet was forgiven in very polite terms, and even received into favour by his friend the doctor in consequence of our hero's intercession; so that all the guests forgot their chagrin, and paid their respects so piously to the bottle, that in a short time the champagne produced very evident effects in the behaviour of all present.

LAURENCE STERNE.

Next in order of time and genius to Fielding and Smollett, and not inferior in conception of rich eccentric comic character, or in witty illustration, was the author of 'Tristram Shandy.' Sterne was a great humorist, a master of pathos, and a singularly original novelist, though at the same time a daring plagiarist. My Uncle Toby, Mr. Shandy, Corporal Trim, and Dr. Slop, will go down to posterity with the kindred creations of Rabelais and Cervantes. This idol of his own day is now, however, but little read by the great mass of readers of fiction; except perhaps in passages of pure sentiment or description. His broad humour is not relished, his oddities have lost the gloss of novelty, his indecencies startle the prudish and correct. The readers of this busy age will not hunt for his beauties amidst the blank and marbled leaves, the pages of no meaning, the quaint erudition stolen from old folios, the abrupt transitions and discursive flights in which his Shakspearian touches of character and his gems of fancy, wisdom, and feeling lie imbedded. His polished diction has even an air of false glitter, yet it is the weapon of a master—of one who can stir the heart to tears as well as laughter. The want of simplicity and decency is his great fault. His whim and caprice, which he partly imitated from Rabelais, and partly assumed for effect, come in sometimes with intrusive awkwardness to mar the touches of true genius, and the kindlings of enthusiasm. He took as much pains to spoil his own natural powers by affectation, as Lady Mary says Fielding did to destroy his fine constitution.

The life of LAURENCE STERNE was as little in keeping as his writings. A clergyman, he was profane and licentious; a sentimentalist, who had with his pen, tears for all animate and inanimate nature, he was selfish and reckless in his conduct. Had he kept to his living in the country, he would have been a better and wiser man. 'He degenerated in London,' says his friend David Garrick, 'like an ill-transplanted shrub: the incense of the great spoiled his head, and their ragouts his stomach. He grew sickly and proud—an invalid in body and mind.' Laurence Sterne was the great grandson of Dr. Richard Sterne, archbishop of York. His father—one of a numerous family—entered the army as an ensign in the 34th Regiment, with which he served in Flanders, and was present at the sieges of Lisle and Douay. The mother of the novelist was Agnes Hebert, widow of a captain of good family. 'Her father-in-law,' says Sterne, 'was a noted sutler in Flanders in Queen Anne's wars, where my father married his wife's daughter (*N. B.*—He was in debt to him).' The family thus characteristically mentioned was from Clonmel in Ireland, and to Clonmel, at the close of the war, Ensign Sterne and his wife repaired after leaving Dunkirk. In the barracks at Clonmel Laurence was born, November 24, 1713. His father was again called to active service, and Laurence was familiar with soldiers and a soldier's life until he had reached his tenth year. He had a generous cousin, Squire Sterne of Elvingston, and this gentleman placed the boy at school at Halifax, and afterwards at Jesus College, Cambridge. Having entered into holy orders, Laurence obtained by the interest of another relative, his uncle Dr. Jaques Sterne, the vicarage of Sutton, in Yorkshire, and shortly afterwards a prebendal stall in York Cathedral.

Sterne then married a Yorkshire lady, and received from a friend of his wife's the living of Stillington, close to Sutton. For about twenty years the fortunate churchman continued happy in the country, reading, painting, fiddling, and shooting. He has been accused of neglecting his poor widowed mother, who had set up a school in Ireland, and run in debt on account of an extravagant daughter. She would have rotted in a jail, Horace Walpole says, if the parents of her scholars had not raised a subscription for her; and Walpole adds:

'Her own son had too much sentiment to have any feeling: a dead ass was more important to him than a living mother.' The latest biographer of Sterne argues that, because others took part in the benevolent work of relieving the widow, it must not be assumed that her son was wanting. One would have been glad, however, to find some proof of active sympathy on the part of the gay clerical son; but his best apology, perhaps, is that he was generally in debt himself, and had not resolution to shake off extravagant tastes and habits. In 1759, the first two volumes of 'Tristram Shandy' were published in York, and their author instantly became famous. He visited London, and 'the odd Yorkshire parson was received as a sort of Tristram in the flesh. With those who had no chance of coming in contact with him, the book received additional piquancy from the knowledge that the strange author was among them—fluttering here and there, feted, courted, and caressed.'* Lord Falconbridge conferred on him the curacy of Coxwould (about twenty miles from Sutton); the imperious Warburton, bishop of Gloucester, presented him with a purse of gold; Reynolds painted his portrait; Dodsley offered him £650 for a second edition, and two more volumes of 'Tristram;' in society he boasted of being engaged fourteen dinners deep! Two more volumes of the novel were ready in 1761, and other two in 1762. These contained the story of Le Fevre, which was copied into almost every journal in the kingdom.

Sterne now set off on a tour to France, which enriched the subsequent volumes of 'Tristram' with his exquisite sketches of peasants and vine-dressers, the muleteer, the abbess and Margarita, Maria at Moulines—not forgetting the poor ass with his heavy panniers at Lyon. In 1765, appeared vols. vii. and viii. and in 1767, vol. ix. Previous to the conclusion of the novel, Sterne published six small volumes of 'Sermons'—two in 1760, and four in 1766. In 1768 appeared his 'Sentimental Journey through France and Italy,' which he intended to continue in two more volumes. The work was published on the 27th of February 1768. Sterne had gone from Coxwould to London to superintend the publication. He was in wretched health, and about three weeks afterwards (March 18) he died in his lodgings in Bond Street. There was nobody but a hired nurse in attendance. He had wished to die in an inn, where the few cold offices he might want could be purchased with a few guineas, and paid to him with an undisturbed but punctual attention. His wish was realised almost to the letter. A party of noblemen and gentlemen were dining at Clifford Street in the neighbourhood, and they sent a footman to inquire after the invalid. The mistress told the man to go up to the nurse. 'I went into the room,' he says, "and he was just a-*dying*. I waited ten minutes; but in five he said, "Now is it come!" *He* put up his hand, as if to stop a blow, and died in a minute.'†

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* *The Life of Sterne*, by Percy Fitzgerald (London, 1864).

† *The Life of a Footman, or the Travels of James Macdonald*, 1790.

The body was interred in a new burying-ground attached to St. George's, Hanover Square; but was taken up two nights afterwards by a party of resurrectionists, and sent to the Professor of Anatomy at Cambridge. A gentlemen present at the dissection told Malone that he recognized Sterne's face the moment he saw the body. Although Sterne had made large sums of money by his works (his 'Sermons' and 'Sentimental Journey' were published by subscription, besides which he had the copyright), he left £1100 of debt. His effects sold for £400, and a collection of £800 was made for his widow and daughter in York during the race-week. The widow had a small estate worth £40 per annum. His daughter Lydia (to whom he was tenderly attached) in 1775 published her father's correspondence, which she ought never to have permitted to see the light, as it is discreditable to his name and memory.

In Yorkshire, before he had attained celebrity, Sterne spent much of his time at Skelton Hall, the residence of JOHN HALL STEVENSON (1718–1785), a writer of satirical and humorous poetry, possessed of lively talents, but over-convivial in his habits, and licentious in his writings and conversation. Stevenson wrote 'Crazy Tales,' 'Fables for Grown Gentlemen,' 'Lyric Epistles,' &c.; but his chief claim to remembrance is that he was the original of Sterne's Eugenius in 'Tristram Shandy,' and the chosen friend and associate of the witty novelist. In the library at Skelton Hall there was a collection of old French authors, from whom Sterne derived part of the quaint lore that figures in his works. His chief plagiarisms, however, were derived from Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' which he plundered with an audacity almost without a parallel. Even when condemning such literary dishonesty, Sterne was eminently dishonest. Burton has the following figurative passage: 'As apothecaries, we make new mixtures, every day pour out of one vessel into another; and as the Romans robbed all the cities in the world to set out their bad-sited Rome, we skim the cream of other men's wits, pick the choice flowers of their tilled gardens to set out our own sterile plots. We weave the same web, still twist the same rope again and again.' Sterne follows: 'Shall we forever make new books, as apothecaries make new medicines, by pouring only out of one vessel into another? Are we for ever to be twisting and untwisting the same rope—for ever in the same track—for ever at the same pace?' Scores of such thefts might be cited from Burton, Bishop Hall, Donne, &c. Luckily for Sterne, his plagiarisms were not detected until after his death.* He died in the blaze of his fame, as an original eccentric author—the wittiest and most popular of boon-companions and novelists. His influence on the literature of his age was also considerable.

No one reads Sterne for the story; his great work is but a bundle of episodes and digressions, strung together without any attempt at order. The reader must 'give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hand—be pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.' Through the whole novel, however, over its mists and absurdities, shines his little family band of friends and relatives—that inimitable group of originals and humorists—which stand out from the canvas with the force and distinctness of reality. This distinctness and separate identity is a proof of what Coleridge has termed the peculiar power of Sterne of seizing on and bringing forward those points on which every man is a humorist, and of the masterly manner in which he has brought out the characteristics of two beings of the most opposite natures—the elder Shandy and Toby—and surrounded them with a group of followers, sketched with equal life and individuality; in the Corporal, the obstetric Dr. Slop; Yorick, the lively and careless parson; the Widow Wadman, and Susannah. During the intervals of the publication of 'Tristram,' Sterne ventured before the public, as we have stated, with some volumes of 'Sermons,' his own comic figure, from the painting by Reynolds, at the head of them. The 'Sermons,' according to the opinion of Gray the poet, shew a strong imagination and a sensible heart; 'but,' he adds, 'you see the author often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of the audience.' The affected pauses and abrupt transitions which disfigure 'Tristram' are not banished from the 'Sermons,' but there is, of course, more connection and coherency in the subject. The 'Sentimental Journey' is also more regular than 'Tristram' in its plan and details; but, beautiful as some of its descriptions are, we want the oddities of Shandy, and the ever-pleasing good-nature and simplicity of Uncle Toby. Sterne himself is the only character. The pathetic passages are rather overstrained, but still finely conceived, and often expressed in his most felicitous manner. That 'gentle spirit of sweetest humour, who erst did sit upon the easy pen of his beloved Cervantes, turning the twilight of his prison into noonday brightness,' was seldom absent long from the invocations of his English imitator, even when he mounted his wildest hobby, and dabbled in the mire of sensuality.

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* The detection was first made by a Manchester physician, DR. JOHN FERRIAR (1764–1815), who, in 1798, published his *Illustrations of Sterne*. Dr. Ferriar was also the author of an *Essay on Apparitions*, and some medical treatises.

Of the sentimental style of Sterne—his humour is either too subtle or too broad to be compressed within our limits—a few specimens are added.

The Story of Le Fevre.—From 'Tristram Shandy.'

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies, which was about seven years before my father came into the country, and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe, when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard. I say sitting, for in consideration of the corporal's lame knee, which sometimes gave him exquisite pain, when my uncle Toby dined or supped alone, he would never suffer the corporal to stand: and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time, when my uncle Toby supposed the corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect. This bred more little squabbles betwixt them than all other causes for five-and-twenty years together; but this is neither here nor there—why do I mention it? Ask my pen—it governs me—I govern not it.

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack. ''Tis for a poor gentleman—I think of the army,' said the landlord, 'who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste anything, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast. "I think," says he, taking his hand from his forehead, "it would comfort me." If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing,' added the landlord, 'I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. I hope in God he will still mend,' continued he; 'we are all of us concerned for him.'

'Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee,' cried my uncle Toby; 'and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself; and take a couple of bottles with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.'

'Though I am persuaded,' said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, 'he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too: there must be something more than common in him that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host.' 'And of his whole family,' added the corporal; 'for they are all concerned for him.' 'Step after him,' said my uncle Toby; 'do, Trim; and ask if he knows his name.'

'I have quite forgot it, truly,' said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal; 'but I can ask his son again.' 'Has he a son with him, then?' said my uncle Toby. 'A boy,' replied the landlord, 'of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day. He has not stirred from the bedside these two days.'

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away, without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

'Stay in the room a little,' said my uncle Toby. 'Trim!' said my uncle Toby, after he lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs. Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow. My uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more. 'Corporal!' said my uncle Toby. The corporal made his bow. My uncle Toby proceeded no further, but finished his pipe.

'Trim,' said my uncle Toby, 'I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.' 'Your honour's roquelaure,' replied the corporal, 'has not once been had on since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas. And besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin.' 'I fear so,' replied my uncle Toby; 'but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me. I wish I had not known so much of this affair,' added my uncle Toby, 'or that I had known more of it. How shall we manage it?' 'Leave it, an't please your honour, to me,' quoth the corporal. 'I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.' 'Thou shalt go, Trim,' said my uncle Toby; 'and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant.' 'I shall get it all out of him,' said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tenaille a straight line as a crooked one, he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account. 'I despaired at first,' said the corporal, 'of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant.' 'Is he in the army, then?' said my uncle Toby. 'He is,' said the corporal. 'And in what regiment?' said my uncle Toby. 'I'll tell your honour,' replied the corporal, 'everything straightforwards as I learned it.' 'Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe,' said my uncle Toby, 'and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again.' The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—Your honour is good. And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered; and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

'I despaired at first,' said the corporal, 'of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked'—('That's a right distinction, Trim,' said my uncle Toby)—'I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed—to join, I suppose, the regiment—he had dismissed the morning after he came. "If I get better, my dear," said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, "we can hire horses from hence." "But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence," said the landlady to me; "for I heard the death-watch all night long: and when he dies, the youth his son will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already."

'I was hearing this account,' continued the corporal, 'when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of. "But I will do it for my father myself," said the youth. "Pray, let me save you the trouble, young gentleman," said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire whilst I did it. "I believe, sir," said he, very modestly, "I can please him best myself." "I am sure," said I, "his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier." The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears. 'Poor youth!' said my uncle Toby; 'he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend; I wish I had him here.'

'I never, in the longest march,' said the corporal, 'had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour?' 'Nothing in the world, Trim,' said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose, 'but that thou art a good-natured fellow.'

'When I gave him the toast,' continued the corporal, 'I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour, though a stranger, was extremely concerned for his father; and that, if there was anything in your house or cellar'—('And thou mightst have added my purse too,' said my uncle Toby)—'he was heartily welcome to it. He made a very low bow, which was meant to your honour; but no answer, for his heart was full; so he went up stairs with the toast. "I warrant you, my dear," said I, as I opened the kitchen door, "your father will be well again." Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire, but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth. I thought it wrong,' added the corporal. 'I think so too,' said my uncle Toby.

'When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs. "I believe," said the landlord, "he is going to say his prayers, for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bedside, and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion."

'"I thought," said the curate, "that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all." "I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night," said the landlady, "very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it." "Are you sure of it?" replied the curate. "A soldier, an' please your reverence," said I, "prays as often of his own accord as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world."' ''Twas well said of thee, Trim,' said my uncle Toby. '"But when a soldier," said I, "an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches up to his knees in cold water, or engaged," said I, "for months together, in long and dangerous marches; harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; harassing others to-morrow; detached here; countermanded there; resting this night out upon his arms; beat up in his shirt the next; benumbed in his joints; perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on; must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can. I believe," said I—for I was piqued,' quoth the corporal, 'for the reputation of the army—"I believe, an' please your reverence," said I, "that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.'" 'Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim,' said my uncle Toby: 'for God only knows who is a hypocrite and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, and not till then, it will be seen who has done their duties in this world, and who has not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.' 'I hope we shall,' said Trim. 'It is in the Scripture,' said my uncle Toby; 'and I will shew it thee tomorrow. In the meantime we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort,' said my uncle Toby, 'that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one.' 'I hope not,' said the corporal. 'But go on, Trim,' said my uncle Toby, 'with thy story.'

'When I went up,' continued the corporal, 'into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling; the book was laid upon the bed; and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. "Let it remain there, my dear," said the lieutenant.

'He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bedside. "If you are Captain Shandy's servant," said he, "you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me." If he was of Levens's, said the lieutenant. I told him your honour was. "Then," said he, "I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him; but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's. But he knows me not," said he, a second time, musing. "Possibly he may my story," added he. "Pray, tell the captain I was the ensign at Breda whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot as she lay in my arms in my tent." "I remember the story, an't please your honour," said I, "very well." "Do you so?" said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief; "then well may I." In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribbon about his neck, and kissed it twice. "Here, Billy," said he. The boy flew across the room to the bedside, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too; then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.'

'I wish,' said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh—'I wish, Trim, I was asleep.' 'Your honour,' replied the corporal, 'is too much concerned. Shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?' 'Do, Trim,' said my uncle Toby.

'I remember,' said my uncle Toby, sighing again, 'the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted; and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, I forget what, was universally pitied by the whole regiment. But finish the story thou art upon.' ''Tis finished already,' said the corporal, 'for I could stay no longer; so wished his honour a good-night.'

'Thou has left this matter short,' said my Uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed; 'and I will tell thee in what, Trim. In the first place, when thou mad'st an offer of my services to Le Fevre—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.' 'Your honour knows,' said the corporal, 'I had no orders.' 'True,' quoth my Uncle Toby; 'thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, but certainly very wrong as a man.

'In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse,' continued my Uncle Toby, 'when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too. A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs. In a fortnight or three weeks,' added my uncle Toby, smiling, 'he might march.' 'He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world,' said the corporal. 'He will march,' said my Uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off. 'An' please your honour,' said the corporal, 'he will never march but to his grave.' 'He shall march,' cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch—'he shall march to his regiment.' 'He cannot stand it,' said the corporal. 'He shall be supported,' said my uncle Toby. 'He'll drop at last,' said the corporal; 'and what will become of his boy?' 'He shall not drop,' said my uncle Toby firmly. 'A-well-o'-day, do what we can for him,' said Trim, maintaining his point, 'the poor soul will die.' 'He shall not die, by G—,' cried my uncle Toby. The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever.

My uncle Toby went to his bureau; put his purse into his breeches pocket; and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's. The hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids, and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and independently of all modes and customs opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it, and asked him how he did—how he had rested in the night—what was his complaint—where was his pain—and what he could do to help him. And without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him. 'You shall go home directly, Le Fevre,' said my uncle Toby, 'to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter; and we'll have an apothecary, and the corporal shall be your nurse, and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.'

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby—not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it—which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature; to this there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back; the film forsook his eyes for a moment; he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy, and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken. Nature instantly ebbed again; the film returned to its place; the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbed—stopped again—moved—stopped. Shall I go on? No.

The Starling—Captivity.—From the 'Sentimental Journey.'

And as for the Bastile, the terror is in the word. Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastile is but another word for a tower, and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of. Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year; but with nine livres a day, and pen, and ink, and paper, and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within, at least for a month or six weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion—I forget what—to step into the court-yard as I settled this account; and remember I walked down-stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning. Beshrew the sombre pencil, said I vauntingly, for I envy not *its* powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. *The* mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened: *reduce* them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them. ''Tis true,' said I, *correcting* the proposition, 'the Bastile is not an evil to be despised; but strip it *of its* towers, fill up the fo[illegible] unbarricade the doors, call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper and not of a man which holds you in it, the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.' I was interrupted in the heydey of this soliloquy with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained 'it could not get out.' I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention. In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage; 'I can't get out, I can't get out,' said the starling. I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity: 'I can't get out,' said the starling. 'God help thee!' said I, 'but I'll let thee out, cost what it will;' so I turned about the cage to get the door. It was twisted and double-twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it. The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it as if impatient. 'I fear, poor creature,' said I, 'I cannot set thee at liberty.' 'No,' said the starling, 'I can't get out; I can't get out,' said the starling. I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; or do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up-stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

'Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery,' said I, 'still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess,' addressing myself to Liberty, 'whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till nature herself shall change; no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron; with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven!' cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, 'grant me but health, thou great bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion, and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.'

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room. I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination. I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me, I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture. I beheld his body half-wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood; he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time, nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice; his children—but here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait. He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks lay at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there; he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh: I saw the iron enter into his soul, I burst into tears: I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

A French Peasant's Supper.

The family consisted of an old gray-headed man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them.

They were all sitting down together to their lentil-soup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table, and a flagon of wine at each end of it promised joy through the stages of the repast; 'twas a feast of love. The old man rose up to meet me, and with a respectful cordiality would have me sit down at the table; my heart was set down the moment I entered the room, so I sat down at once like a son of the family; and to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon; and as I did it I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not seemed to doubt it. Was it this, or tell me, Nature, what else it was, that made this morsel so sweet; and to what magic I owe it, that the draught I took of their flagon was so delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour? If the supper was to my taste, the grace which followed it was much more so.

When supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance. The moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran all together into a back apartment to tie up their hair, and the young men to the door to wash their faces and change their sabots; and in three minutes every soul was ready, upon a little esplanade before the house, to begin. The old man and his wife came out last, and placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sofa of turf by the door. The old man had, some fifty years ago, been no mean performer upon the vielle; and at the age he was then of, touched it well enough for the purpose. His wife sung now and then a little to the tune, then intermitted, and joined her old man again as their children and grandchildren danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the second dance, when, for some pauses in the movement, wherein they all seemed to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity. In a word, I thought I beheld Religion mixing in the dance; but as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now as one of the illusions of imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said that this was their constant way; and that all his life long he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to Heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay. Or a learned prelate either, said I.

CHARLES JOHNSTONE.

In 1760, the 'Adventures of a Guinea,' by Charles Johnstone, amused the town by its sketches of contemporary satire. A second edition was published the same year, and a third in 1761, when the author considerably augmented the work. Johnstone published other novels, which are now utterly forgotten. He went to India in 1782, and was a proprietor of one of the Bengal newspapers. He died in 1800. As Dr. Johnson—to whom the manuscript was shewn by the bookseller—advised the publication of the 'Adventures of a Guinea,' and as it experienced considerable success, the novel may be presumed to have possessed superior merit. It exhibits a variety of incidents, related in the style of Le Lage and Smollett, but the satirical portraits are overcharged, and the author, like Juvenal, was too fond of lashing and exaggerating the vices of his age

HORACE WALPOLE.

In 1764, HORACE WALPOLE revived the Gothic romance in his interesting little story, the 'Castle of Otranto,' which he at first published anonymously, as a work found in a library of an ancient Catholic family in the North of England, and printed at Naples in the black-letter in 1529. 'I wished it to be believed ancient,' he said, 'and almost everybody was imposed upon.' The tale was so well received by the public, that a second edition was soon called for, to which the author prefixed his name. Though designed to blend the two kinds of romance—the ancient, in which all was imagination and improbability, and the modern, in which nature is copied, the peculiar taste of Walpole, who loved to 'gaze on Gothic toys through Gothic glass,' and the nature of his subject, led him to give the preponderance to the antique. The ancient romances have nothing more incredible than a sword which required a hundred men to lift it; a helmet, that by its own weight forces a passage through a court-yard into an arched vault, big enough for a man to go through; a picture that walks out of its frame, or a skeleton's ghost in a hermit's cowl. Where Walpole has improved on the incredible and mysterious, is in his dialogues and style, which are pure and dramatic in effect, and in the more delicate and picturesque tone which he has given to chivalrous manners. Walpole was the third son of the Whig minister, Sir Robert Walpole; was born in 1717, became fourth Earl of Orford 1791, and died in 1797; having not only outlived most of his illustrious contemporaries, but recorded their weaknesses and failings, their private history and peculiarities, in his unrivalled correspondence.

CLARA REEVE.

An early admiration of Horace Walpole's romance, the 'Castle of Otranto,' induced MISS CLARA REEVE (1725–1803) to imitate it in a Gothic story, entitled the 'Old English Baron, which was published in 1777. In some respects the lady has the advantage of Walpole; her supernatural machinery is better managed, so as to produce mysteriousness and effect; but her style has not the point or elegance of that of her prototype. Miss Reeve wrote several other novels, but they have failed to keep possession of public favour, and the fame of the author rests on her 'Old English Baron,' which is now generally printed along with the 'Castle of Otranto.'

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

In the spring of 1766 came out a tale of about equal dimensions with Walpole's Gothic story, but as different in its nature as an English cottage or villa, with its honeysuckle hedge, wall-roses, neat garden, and general air of beauty and comfort, is from a gloomy feudal tower, with its dark walls, moat, and drawbridge. We allude to Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield.' The first edition was published on the 27th of March, a second was called for in June, and a third in August of the same year. What reader could be insensible to the charms of a work so full of kindliness, benevolence, taste, and genius? By that species of mental chemistry which he understood as well as Sterne, Goldsmith extracted the essence of character, separating from it what was trite and worthless, and presenting in incredibly small space a finished representation, bland, humorous, simple, absurd, or elevated.

Among the incidental remarks in the volume, for example, are some on the state of the criminal law of England, which shew how completely Goldsmith had anticipated and directed—in better language than any senator has since employed on the subject—all that parliament has effected in the reformation of our criminal code. These short, philosophical, and critical dissertations always arise naturally out of the progress of the tale. The character of the vicar gives the chief interest to the family group, though the peculiarities of Mrs. Primrose, as her boasted skill in housewifery, her motherly vanity and desire to appear *genteel*, are finely brought out, and reproduced in her daughters. The vicar's support of the Whistonian theory as to marriage, that it was unlawful for a priest of the Church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second, to illustrate which he had his wife's epitaph written and placed over the chimney-piece, is a touch of humour and individuality that has never been excelled. Another weakness of the worthy vicar was the literary vanity which, notwithstanding his real learning, led him to be imposed upon by Jenkinson in the affair of the cosmogony; but these drawbacks only serve to endear him more closely to his readers; and when distress falls upon the virtuous household, the noble fortitude and resignation of the principal sufferer, and the efficacy of his example, form one of the most affecting and even sublime moral pictures. The numberless little traits of character, pathetic and lively incidents, and sketches of manners—as the family of the Flamboroughs, the quiet pedantry and simplicity of Moses, with his bargain of the shagreen spectacles; the family picture, in which Mrs. Primrose was painted as Venus, and the vicar, in gown and band, presenting to her his books on the Whistonian controversy, and which picture, when completed, was too large for the house, and like Robinson Crusoe's long-boat, could not be removed—all mark the perfect art as well as nature of this domestic novel.

That Goldsmith derived many of his incidents from actual occurrences, which he had witnessed, is generally admitted. The story of George Primrose, particularly his going to Amsterdam to teach the Dutchmen English, without recollecting that he should first know something of Dutch himself, seems an exact transcript of the author's early adventures and blundering simplicity. Though Goldsmith carefully corrected the language of his miniature romance in the different editions, he did not meddle with the incidents, so that some improbabilities remain. These, however, have no effect on the reader in diminishing for a moment the interest of the work. Goethe read a translation of the 'Vicar of Wakefield' in his twenty-fifth year—'just at the critical moment of mental development'—and ever afterwards acknowledged his obligation to the wise and genial story.

HENRY BROOKE.

In the same year with the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' the first two volumes of a domestic novel, ultimately extended to five volumes, the 'Fool of Quality,' were published by a countryman of Goldsmith's, **Henry Brooke** (1706–1783), who was the author of several dramatic pieces, and of a poem on 'Universal Beauty,' which anticipated the style of Darwin's 'Botanic Garden.' The poetry and prose of Brooke have both fallen into obscurity, but his novel was popular in its day, and contains several pleasing and instructive sketches, chiefly designed for the young. Several social questions of importance are discussed by Brooke with great ability, and in an enlightened spirit. He was an extensive miscellaneous writer—a man of public spirit and benevolent character. In the early part of his career he had been the friend of Swift, Pope, Chesterfield, and other eminent contemporaries. His daughter, **Charlotte Brooke**, published in 1789 a volume of 'Reliques of Irish Poetry,' and a collection of her father's works, four volumes, 1792.

HENRY MACKENZIE.

The most successful imitator of Sterne in sentiment, pathos, and style; his superior in taste and delicacy, but greatly inferior to him in originality, force, and humour, was **Henry Mackenzie** (1745–1831), long the ornament of the literary circles of Edinburgh. Mr. Mackenzie was the son of Dr. Joshua Mackenzie, a respectable physician. He was educated at the High School and University of Edinburgh, and afterwards studied the law in his native city. The legal department selected by Mackenzie was the business of the Exchequer Court, and to improve himself in this he went to London in 1765, and studied the English Exchequer practice. Returning to Edinburgh, he mixed in its literary circles, which then numbered the great names of Hume, Robertson, Adam Smith, Blair, &c. In 1771 appeared his novel, the 'Man of Feeling,' which was followed by the 'Man of the World,' and 'Julia de Roubigné.' He was the principal contributor to the 'Mirror' and 'Lounger,' and he wrote some dramatic pieces, which were brought out at Edinburgh with but indifferent success. Mackenzie supported the government of Mr. Pitt with some pamphlets written with great acuteness and discrimination. In real life the novelist was shrewd and practical: he had early exhausted his vein of romance, and was an active man of business. In 1804 the government appointed him to the office of comptroller of taxes for Scotland, which entailed upon him considerable labour and drudgery, but was highly lucrative. In this situation, with a numerous family—Mr. Mackenzie had married Miss Penuel Grant—daughter of Sir Ludovic Grant, of Grant—enjoying the society of his friends and his favourite sports of the field, writing occasionally on subjects of taste and literature—for, he said, 'the old stump would still occasionally send forth a few green shoots'—the Man of Feeling lived to the advanced age of eighty-six.

The first novel of Mackenzie is the best of his works, unless we except some of his short contributions to the 'Mirror' and 'Lounger' (as the tale of La Roche), which fully supported his fame. There is no regular story in the 'Man of Feeling;' but the character of Harley, his purity of mind, and his bashfulness, caused by excessive delicacy, interest the reader, though it is very unlike real life. His adventures in London, the talk of club and park frequenters, his visit to bedlam, and his relief of the old soldier, Atkins, and his daughter, are partly formed on the affected sentimental style of the inferior romances, but evince a facility in moral and pathetic painting that was then only surpassed by Richardson. His humour is chaste and natural. The 'Man of the World' has less of the discursive manner of Sterne, but the character of Sir Thomas Sindall—the Lovelace of the novel—seems forced and unnatural. His plots against the family of Annesly, and his attempted seduction of Lucy—shew a deliberate villainy and disregard of public opinion, which, considering his rank and position in the world, appears improbable. His death-bed sensibility and penitence are undoubtedly out of keeping with the rest of his character. The adventures of young Annesly among the Indians are interesting and romantic, and are described with much spirit; his narrative, indeed, is one of the freest and boldest of Mackenzie's sketches. 'Julia de Roubigné' is still more melancholy than the 'Man of the World.' It has no gorgeous descriptions or imaginative splendour to relieve the misery and desolation which overtake a group of innocent beings, whom for their virtues the reader would wish to see happy. It is worthy of remark that in this novel Mackenzie was one of the first to denounce the system of slave-labour in the West Indies.

Negro Servitude.

I have often been tempted to doubt whether there is not an error in the whole plan of negro servitude; and whether whites or creoles born in the West Indies, or perhaps cattle, after the manner of European husbandry, would not do the business better and cheaper than the slaves do. The money which the latter cost at first, the sickness—often owing to despondency of mind—to which they are liable after their arrival, and the proportion that die in consequence of it, make the machine, if it may be so called, of a plantation extremely expensive in its operations. In the list of slaves belonging to a wealthy planter, it would astonish you to see the number unfit for service, pining under disease, a burden on their master. I am only talking as a merchant; but as a man—good Heavens! when I think of the many thousands of my fellow-creatures groaning under servitude and misery!—great God! hast thou peopled those regions of thy world for the purpose of casting out their inhabitants to chains and torture? No; thou gavest them a land teeming with good things, and lightedst up thy sun to bring forth spontaneous plenty; but the refinements of man, ever at war with thy works, have changed this scene of profusion and luxuriance into a theatre of rapine, of slavery, and of murder!

Forgive the warmth of this apostrophe! Here it would not be understood: even my uncle, whose heart is far from a hard one, would smile at my romance, and tell me that things must be so. Habit, the tyrant of nature and of reason, is deaf to the voice of either; here she stifles humanity and debases the species—for the master of slaves has seldom the soul of a man.

Harley sets out on his Journey—The Beggar and his Dog.

He had taken leave of his aunt on the eve of his intended departure; but the good lady's affection for her nephew interrupted her sleep, and early as it was, next morning when Harley came down-stairs to set out, he found her in the parlour with a tear on her cheek, and her caudle-cup in her hand. She knew enough of physic to prescribe against going abroad of a morning with an empty stomach. She gave her blessing with the draught; her instructions she had delivered the night before. They consisted mostly of negatives; for London, in her idea, was so replete with temptations, that it needed the whole armour of her friendly cautions to repel their attacks.

Peter stood at the door. We have mentioned this faithful fellow formerly. Harley's father had taken him up an orphan, and saved him from being cast on the parish; and he had ever since remained in the service of him and of his son. Harley shook him by the hand as he passed, smiling, as if he had said: 'I will not weep.' He sprung hastily into the chaise that waited for him; Peter folded up the step. 'My dear master,' said he, shaking the solitary lock that hung on either side of his head, 'I have been told as how London is a sad place.' He was choked with the thought, and his benediction could not be heard. But it shall be heard, honest Peter! where these tears will add to its energy.

In a few hours Harley reached the inn where he proposed breakfasting; but the fulness of his heart would not suffer him to eat a morsel. He walked out on the road, and gaining a little height, stood gazing on the quarter he had left. He looked for his wonted prospect, his fields, his woods, and his hills; they were lost in the distant clouds! He pencilled them on the clouds, and bade them farewell with a sigh!

He sat down on a large stone to take out a little pebble from his shoe, when he saw, at some distance, a beggar approaching him. He had on a loose sort of coat, mended with different-coloured rags, amongst which the blue and the russet were the predominant. He had a short knotty stick in his hand, and on the top of it was stuck a ram's horn; his knees—though he was no pilgrim—had worn the stuff of his breeches; he wore no shoes, and his stockings had entirely lost that part of them which should have covered his feet and ankles. In his face, however, was the plump appearance of good-humour: he walked a good round pace, and a crook-legged dog trotted at his heels.

'Our delicacies,' said Harley to himself, 'are fantastic: they are not in nature! that beggar walks over the sharpest of these stones barefooted, while I have lost the most delightful dream in the world from the smallest of them happening to get into my shoe.' The beggar had by this time come up, and, pulling off a piece of hat, asked charity of Harley; the dog began to beg too. It was impossible to resist both; and, in truth, the want of shoes and stockings had made both unnecessary, for Harley had destined sixpence for him before. The beggar, on receiving it, poured forth blessings without number; and, with a sort of smile on his countenance, said to Harley, 'that if he wanted his fortune told'—— Harley turned his eye briskly on the beggar: it was an unpromising look for the subject of a prediction, and silenced the prophet immediately. 'I would much rather learn,' said Harley, 'what it is in your power to tell me: your trade must be an entertaining one. sit down on this stone, and let me know something of your profession; I have often thought of turning fortune-teller for a week or two myself.'

'Master,' replied the beggar, 'I like your frankness much; God knows I had the humour of plain-dealing in me from a child; but there is no doing with it in this world; we must live as we can, and lying is, as you call it, my profession: but I was in some sort forced to the trade, for I dealt once in telling truth. I was a labourer, sir, and gained as much as to make me live: I never laid by, indeed; for I was reckoned a piece of a wag, and your wags, I take it, are seldom rich, Mr. Harley' 'So,' said Harley, 'you seem to know me.' 'Ay, there are few folks in the country that I don't know something of; how should I tell fortunes else?' 'True; but to go on with your story: you were a labourer, you say, and a wag; your industry, I suppose, you left with your old trade; but your humour you preserve to be of use to you in your new.'

'What signifies sadness, sir? a man grows lean on't: but I was brought to my idleness by degrees; first I could not work, and it went against my stomach to work ever after. I was seized with a jail-fever at the time of the assizes being in the county where I lived; for I was always curious to get acquainted with the felons, because they are commonly fellows of much mirth and little thought, qualities I had ever an esteem for. In the height of this fever, Mr. Harley, the house where I lay took fire, and burnt to the ground; I was carried out in that condition, and lay all the rest of my illness in a barn. I got the better of my disease, however, but I was so weak that I spat blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relation living that I knew of, and I never kept a friend above a week when I was able to joke; I seldom remained above six months in a parish, so that I might have died before I had found a settlement in any: thus I was forced to beg my bread, and a sorry trade I found it, Mr. Harley. I told all my misfortunes truly, but they were seldom believed; and the few who gave me a halfpenny as they passed, did it with a shake of the head, and an injunction not to trouble them with a long story. In short, I found that people do not care to give alms without some security for their money; a wooden leg or a withered arm is a sort of draft upon Heaven for those who choose to have their money placed to account there; so I changed my plan, and, instead of telling my own misfortunes, began to prophesy happiness to others. This I found by much the better way: folks will always listen when the tale is their own; and of many who say they do not believe in fortune-telling, I have known few on whom it had not a very sensible effect. I pick up the names of their acquaintance; amours and little squabbles are easily gleaned among servants and neighbours; and indeed people themselves are the best intelligencers in the world for our purpose; they dare not puzzle us for their own sakes, for every one is anxious to hear what they wish to believe; and they who repeat it, to laugh at it when they have done, are generally more serious than their hearers are apt to imagine. With a tolerable good memory and some share of cunning, with the help of walking a-nights over heaths and churchyards, with this, and shewing the tricks of that there dog, whom I stole from the sergeant of a marching regiment—and, by the way, he can steal too upon occasion—I made shift to pick up a livelihood. My trade, indeed, is none of the honestest; yet people are not much cheated neither, who give a few halfpence for a prospect of happiness, which I have heard some persons say is all a man can arrive at in this world. But I must bid you a good-day, sir, for I have three miles to walk before noon, to inform some boarding-school young ladies whether their husbands are to be peers of the realm or captains in the army; a question which I promised to answer them by that time.'

Harley had drawn a shilling from his pocket; but Virtue made him consider on whom he was going to bestow it. Virtue held back his arm; but a milder form, a younger sister of Virtue's, not so severe as Virtue, nor so serious as Pity, smiled upon him: his fingers lost their compression; nor did Virtue offer to catch the money as it fell. It had no sooner reached the ground than the watchful cur—a trick he had been taught—snapped it up; and, contrary to the most approved method of stewardship, delivered it immediately into the hands of his master.

The Death of Harley.

Harley was one of those few friends whom the malevolence of fortune had yet left me; I could not, therefore, but be sensibly concerned for his present indisposition; there seldom passed a day on which I did not make inquiry about him.

The physician who attended him had informed me the evening before, that he thought him considerably better than he had been for some time past. I called next morning to be confirmed in a piece of intelligence so welcome to me.

When I entered his apartment, I found him sitting on a couch, leaning on his hand, with his eye turned upwards in the attitude of thoughtful inspiration. His look had always an open benignity, which commanded esteem; there was now something more—a gentle triumph in it. . . .

'There are some remembrances,' said Harley, 'which rise involuntarily on my heart, and make me almost wish to live. I have been blessed with a few friends who redeem my opinion of mankind. I recollect with the tenderest emotion the scenes of pleasure I have passed among them; but we shall meet again, my friend, never to be separated. There are some feelings which perhaps are too tender to be suffered by the world. The world is in general selfish, interested, and unthinking, and throws the imputation of romance or melancholy on every temper more susceptible than its own. I cannot think but in those regions which I contemplate, if there is

mortality left about us, that these feelings will subsist; they are called
ιey are—weaknesses here; but there may be some better modifications
ιeaven, which may deserve the name of virtues.' He sighed as he spoke
ords. He had scarcely finished them when the door opened, and his
ed leading in Miss Walton. 'My dear,' says she, 'here is Miss Walton,
en so kind as to come and inquire for you herself.' I could observe a
ow upon his face. He rose from his seat. 'If to know Miss Walton's
said he, 'be a title to deserve it, I have some claim.' She begged [illegible] to
seat, and placed herself on the sofa beside him. I took my leave. Mrs.
companied me to the door. He was left with Miss Walton alone. She
xiously about his health. 'I believe,' said he, 'from the accounts which
ans unwillingly give me, that they have no great hopes of my recovery.'
as he spoke; but recollecting herself immediately, endeavoured to flatter
belief that his apprehensions were groundless. 'I know,' said he, 'that
with persons at my time of life to have these hopes which your kindness
ut I would not wish to be deceived. To meet death as becomes a man is
bestowed on few. I would endeavour to make it mine; nor do I think
ever be better prepared for it than now; it is that chiefly which determines
of its approach.' 'Those sentiments,' answered Miss Walton, 'are just;
ood sense, Mr. Harley, will own that life has its proper value. As the
f virtue, life is ennobled; as such, it is to be desired. To virtue has the
Director of all things assigned rewards enough even here to fix its attach-

bject began to overpower her. Harley lifted his eyes from the ground:
e,' said he, in a very low voice, 'there are attachments, Miss Walton.' His
t hers. They both betrayed a confusion, and were both instantly with-
Ie paused some moments: 'I am in such a state as calls for sincerity, let
excuse it—it is perhaps the last time we shall ever meet. I feel something
ly solemn in the acknowledgment, yet my heart swells to make it, awed
a sense of my presumption, by a sense of your perfections.' He paused
Let it not offend you to know their power over one so unworthy. It will,
soon cease to beat, even with that feeling which it shall lose the latest.
Iiss Walton could not be a crime; if to declare it is one, the expiation will
' Her tears were now flowing without control. 'Let me entreat you,' said
ιave better hopes. Let not life be so indifferent to you, if my wishes can
value on it. I will not pretend to misunderstand you—I know your worth—
ιown it long—I have esteemed it. What would you have me say? I have
s it deserved.' He seized her hand, a languid colour reddened his cheek, a
ightened faintly in his eye. As he gazed on her it grew dim, it fixed, it
He sighed, and fell back on his seat. Miss Walton screamed at the sight.
and the servants rushed into the room. They found them lying motionless
. His physician happened to call at that instant. Every art was tried to re-
em. With Miss Walton they succeeded, but Harley was gone for ever!

d hinted that he should like to be buried in a certain spot near the grave of
ιer. This is a weakness, but it is universally incident to humanity; it is at
emorial for those who survive. For some, indeed, a slender memorial will
nd the soft affections, when they are busy that way, will build their struc-
re it put on the paring of a nail.

vas buried in the place he had desired. It was shaded by an old tree, the
e in the churchyard, in which was a cavity worn by time. I have sat with
it, and counted the tombs. The last time we passed there, methought he
vistfully on the tree; there was a branch of it that bent towards us, waving
ind; he waved his hand, as if he mimicked its motion. There was some-
edictive in his look! perhaps it is foolish to remark it, but there are times
es when I am a child at those things.

netimes visit his grave; I sit in the hollow of the tree. It is worth a thousand
s; every noble feeling rises within me! Every beat of my heart awakens a
but it will make you hate the world. No; there is such an air of gentleness
that I can hate nothing; but as to the world, I pity the men of it.

HISTORIANS.

A spirit of philosophical inquiry and reflection, united to the graces of literary composition, can hardly be said to have been presented by any English historian before the appearance of that illustrious triumvirate—Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. The early annalists of Britain recorded mere fables and superstitions, with a slight admixture of truth. The classic pen of Buchanan was guided by party rancour, undignified by research. Even Milton, when he set himself to compose a history of his native country, included the fables of Geoffrey of Monmouth. The history of the Long Parliament by May is a valuable fragment, and the works of Clarendon and Burnet are interesting though prejudiced pictures of the times. A taste for our national annals soon began to call for more extensive compilations; and in 1706 a 'Complete History of England' was published, containing a collection of various works previous to the time of Charles I. and a continuation by White Kennet, bishop of Peterborough. M. Rapin, a French Protestant (1661–1725), who had come over to England with the Prince of Orange, and resided here several years, seems to have been interested in our affairs; for, on retiring to the Hague, he there composed a voluminous history of England, in French, which was speedily translated, and enjoyed great popularity. The work of Rapin is still considered valuable, and it possesses a property which no English author has yet been able to confer on a similar narration, that of impartiality; but it wants literary attractions.

A more laborious, exact, and original historian appeared in THOMAS CARTE (1686–1754), who meditated a complete domestic or civil history of England, for which he had made large collections, encouraged by public subscriptions. His work was projected in 1743, and four years afterwards the first volume appeared. Unfortunately, Carte made allusion to a case, which he said had *come under his own observation*, of a person who had been cured of the king's-evil by the Pretender, then in exile in France; and this Jacobite sally proved the ruin of his work. Subscribers withdrew their names, and the historian was 'left forlorn and abandoned amid his extensive collections.' A second and third volume, however, were published by the indefatigable collector, and a fourth, which he left incomplete, was published after his death. Carte was author also of a 'Life of the Duke of Ormond,' remarkable for the fulness of its information, but disfigured by his Jacobite predilections.

The 'Roman History' by NATHANIEL HOOKE (*circa* 1690–1763) also belongs to this period. It commences with the building of Rome, and is continued to the downfall of the commonwealth. Hooke was patronised by Pope—to whom he dedicated his first volume—and he produced a useful work, which still maintains its place. The first volume of this history was published in 1733, but the publication was not completed till 1771. Hooke wrote an 'Account of the Conduct of the Dowager Duchess of Marborough,' usually termed an 'Apology,' for which the Duchess is said to have given him £5000.

DR. CONYERS MIDDLETON.

In 1741, DR. CONYERS MIDDLETON (1683–1750), an English clergyman, and librarian of the public library at Cambridge, produced his historical 'Life of Cicero,' in two volumes. Reviewing the whole of the celebrated orator's public career, and the principal transactions of his times—mixing up questions of philosophy, government, and politics with the details of biography, Middleton compiled a highly interesting work, full of varied and important information, and written with great care and taste. An admiration of the rounded style and flowing periods of Cicero seems to have produced in his biographer a desire to attain to similar excellence; and perhaps no author, prior to Johnson's great works, wrote English with the same careful finish and sustained dignity. The graces of Addison were wanting, but certainly no historical writings of the day were at all comparable to Middleton's memoir. One or two sentences from his summary of Cicero's character (of which Middleton was almost an idolater) will exemplify the author's style:

Character of Cicero.

He (Cicero) made a just distinction between bearing what we cannot help, and approving what we ought to condemn; and submitted therefore, yet never consented to those usurpations; and when he was forced to comply with them, did it always with a reluctance that he expresses very keenly in his letters to his friends. But whenever that force was removed, and he was at liberty to pursue his principles and act without control, as in his consulship, in his province, and after Cæsar's death—the only periods of his life in which he was truly master of himself—there we see him shining out in his genuine character of an excellent citizen, a great magistrate, a glorious patriot; there he could see the man who could declare of himself with truth, in an appeal to Atticus as to the best witness of his conscience, that he had always done the greatest services to his country when it was in his power; or when it was not, had never harboured a thought of it but what was divine. If we must needs compare him, therefore, with Cato, as some writers affect to do, it is certain that if Cato's virtue seem more splendid in theory, Cicero's will be found superior in practice; the one was romantic, the other was natural; the one drawn from the refinements of the schools, the other from nature and social life; the one always unsuccessful, often hurtful; the other always beneficial, often salutary to the republic.

To conclude: Cicero's death, though violent, cannot be called untimely, but was the proper end of such a life; which must also have been rendered less glorious if it had owed its preservation to Antony. It was, therefore, not only what he expected, but, in the circumstances to which he was reduced, what he seems even to have wished. For he, who before had been timid in dangers, and desponding in distress, yet, from the time of Cæsar's death, roused by the desperate state of the republic, assumed the fortitude of a hero; discarded all fear; despised all danger; and when he could not free his country from a tyranny, provoked the tyrants to take that life which he no longer cared to preserve. Thus, like a great actor on the stage, he reserved himself, as it were, for the last act; and after he had played his part with dignity, resolved to finish it with glory.

LORD HERVEY.

So recently as 1848, appeared, edited from the original manuscript by Mr. John Wilson Croker, 'Memoirs of the Reign of George II. from his Accession to the Death of Queen Caroline'—from 1727 to 1737—by **John, Lord Hervey**. This work is a valuable addition to our history of the Georgian period. It abounds in minute details drawn from personal observation; the characters are well painted and discriminated, and the style is plain, vigorous, and concise. Lord Hervey is well known as the Sporus of Pope, the husband of the beautiful Mary Lepell, celebrated by the poets, and as a supple politician, though a good parliamentary debater. He was successively vice-chamberlain and lord privy seal, and a great favourite with Queen Caroline, which enabled him to become so thoroughly acquainted with the interior of the court. All the vices, coarseness, and dullness of that court he has described at length, and in some respects a more humiliating or disgusting picture has never been thrown open to the public gaze. Besides his 'Memoirs,' Lord Hervey wrote occasional verses, and joined with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in endeavouring vainly to repel the envenomed shafts of Pope. He was a man of talent and energy, though contending with wretched health, drinking asses' milk, and rouging his countenance to conceal his ghastly appearance—all which personal infirmities, Pope mercilessly turned against him; but of moral or religious principle, or public honour, Hervey appears to have been wholly destitute. A few weeks before his death, we find him writing thus characteristically to Lady Mary: 'The last stages of an infirm life are filthy roads, and, like all other roads, I find the further one goes from the capital, the more tedious the miles grow, and the more rough and disagreeable the way. I know of no turnpikes, to mend them; medicine pretends to be such, but doctors who have the management of it, like the commissioners for most other turnpikes, seldom execute what they undertake; they only put the toll of the poor cheated passenger in their pockets, and leave every jolt at least as bad as they found it, if not worse.' He died in 1743, aged forty-seven. Lady Hervey survived till 1768. A volume of her Letters was published in 1821, and does honour to her acuteness and literary acquirements.

Personal Traits of George II. and Queen Caroline.

Many ingredients concurred to form this reluctance in his majesty to bestowing. One was that, taking all his notions from a German measure, he thought every man who served him in England overpaid; another was, that while employments were vacant he saved the salary; but the most prevalent of all was his never having the least inclination to oblige. I do not believe there ever lived a man to whose temper benevolence was so absolutely a stranger. It was a sensation that, I dare say, never accompanied any one act of his power: so that whatever good he did was either extorted from him, or was the adventitious effect of some self-interested act of policy; consequently, if any seeming favour he conferred ever obliged the receiver, it must have been because the man on whom it fell was ignorant of the motives from which the giver bestowed. I remember Sir Robert Walpole saying once, in speaking to me of the king, that to talk with him of compassion, consideration of past services, charity, and bounty, was making use of words that with him had no meaning . . I once heard him say he would much sooner forgive anybody that had murdered a man, than anybody that cut down one of his oaks; because an oak was so much longer growing to a useful size than a man, and consequently, one loss would be sooner supplied than the other; and one evening, after a horse had run away, and killed himself against an iron spike, poor Lady Suffolk saying it was very lucky the man who was upon him had received no hurt, his majesty snapped her very short, and said: 'Yes, I am very lucky, truly; pray, where is the luck? I have lost a good horse, and I have got a booby of a groom still to keep.' . . . The queen, by long studying and long experience of his temper, knew how to instil her own sentiments—whilst she affected to receive his majesty's; she could appear convinced whilst she was controverting, and obedient whilst she was ruling; and by this means her dexterity and address made it impossible for anybody to persuade him what was truly his case—that whilst she was seemingly on every occasion giving up her opinion and her will to his, she was always in reality turning his opinion and bending his will to hers. She managed this deified image as the heathen priests used to do the oracles of old, when, kneeling and prostrate before the altars of a pageant god, they received with the greatest devotion and reverence those directions in public which they had before instilled and regulated in private. And as these idols consequently were only propitious to the favourites of the augurers, so nobody who had not tampered with our chief *priestess* ever received a favourable answer from our god: storms and thunder greeted every votary that entered the temple without her protection—calms and sunshine those who obtained it. The king himself was so little sensible of this being his case, that one day, enumerating the people who had governed this country in other reigns, he said Charles I. was governed by his wife, Charles II. by his mistresses, King James by his priests, King William by his men, and Queen Anne by her women—favourites. His father, he added, had been governed by anybody that could get at him. And at the end of this compendious history of our great and wise monarchs, with a significant, satisfied, triumphant air, he turned about, smiling, to one of his auditors, and asked him: 'And who do they say governs now?' Whether this is a true or a false story of the king, I know not, but it was currently reported and generally believed. . . . She was at least seven or eight hours tete-à-tete with the king every day, during which time she was generally saying what she did not think, assenting to what she did not believe, and praising what she did not approve; for they were seldom of the same opinion, and he too fond of his own for her ever at first to dare to controvert it ('*Consilii quamvis egregii quod ipse non afferret inimicus*'—'An enemy to any counsel, however excellent, which he himself had not suggested.'—*Tacitus*) She used to give him her opinion as jugglers do a card, by changing it imperceptibly, and making him believe he held the same with that he first pitched upon. But that which made these tete-à-tetes seem heaviest was that he neither liked reading nor being read to—unless it was to sleep; she was forced, like a spider, to spin out of her own bowels all the conversation with which the fly was taken. However, to all this she submitted, for the sake of power, and for the reputation of having it; for the vanity of being thought to possess what she desired was equal to the pleasure of the possession itself. But, either for the appearance or the reality, she knew it was absolutely necessary to have interest in her husband, as she was sensible that interest was the measure by which people would always judge of her power. Her every thought, word, and act therefore tended and was calculated to preserve her influence there; to him she sacrificed her time, for him she mortified her inclination; she looked, spake, and breathed but for him, like a weathercock to every capricious blast of his uncertain temper, and governed him—if such influence so gained can bear the name of government—by being as great a slave to him thus ruled as any other wife could be to a man who ruled her. For all the tedious hours she spent, then, in watching him whilst he slept, or the heavier task of entertaining him whilst he was awake, her single consolation was in reflecting she had power, and that people in coffee-houses and *ruelles* were saying she governed this country, without knowing how dear the government of it cost her.

DAVID HUME.

Relying on the valuable collections of Carte; animated by a strong love of literary fame, which he avowed to be his ruling passion; desirious also of combating the popular prejudices in favour of Elizabeth and against the Stuarts; and master of a style singularly fascinating, simple, and graceful, the celebrated DAVID HUME left his philosophical studies to embark in historical composition. This eminent person was a native of Scotland, born of a good family, being the second son of Joseph Home—the historian first spelt the name Hume—laird of Ninewells, near Dunse, in Berwickshire. David was born in Edinburgh on the 26th of April 1711. After attending the university of Edinburgh, his friends were anxious that he should commence his study of the law, but a love of literature rendered him averse to this profession. An attempt was then made to establish him in business, and he was placed in a mercantile house in Bristol. This employment was found equally uncongenial, and Hume removed to France, where he passed three years in literary study and retirement, living with the utmost frugality and care on the small allowance made him by his family. He returned in 1737 to publish his first philosophical work, the 'Treatise on Human Nature,' which appeared in January 1739, and which he acknowledges 'fell deadborn from the press.' A third part appeared in 1740; and in 1742 he produced two volumes, entitled 'Essays, Moral and Philosophical.' Some of these miscellaneous productions are remarkable for research and discrimination, and for elegance of style. In 1745, he undertook the charge of the Marquis of Annandale, a young nobleman of deranged mind; and in this humiliating employment the philosopher continued about a twelvemonth. He next made an unsuccessful attempt to be appointed professor of moral philosophy in his native university, after which he fortunately obtained the situation of secretary to Lieutenant-general St. Clair, who was first appointed to the command of an expedition against Canada, and afterwards ambassador to the courts of Vienna and Turin.

In the latter, Hume enjoyed congenial and refined society. While at Turin he cast anew, as he says, the first part of his 'Treatise on Human Nature,' and it was published in London under the title of an 'Inquiry concerning Human Understanding.' In this work he promulgated the theory of association, which excited much admiration for its simplicity and beauty. In 1751 he produced his 'Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals,' which he considered as incomparably his best work; and in the following year, having removed to Edinburgh, he published there his 'Political Discourses,' the only work of Hume's which was at first successful. At this time, with a view to the promotion of his studies, he assumed gratuitously the office of librarian to the Faculty of Advocates, and struck into the path of historical writing. In 1754 appeared the first volume of his 'History of Great Britain,' containing the reigns of James I. and Charles I. It was assailed by the Whigs with unusual bitterness, and Hume was so disappointed, partly from the attacks on him, and partly because of the slow sale of the work, that he intended retiring to France, changing his name, and never more returning to his native country. The breaking out of the war with France prevented this step, but we suspect the complacency of Hume and his love of Scotland would otherwise have frustrated his intention. A second volume of the history was published, with more success, in 1757; a third and fourth in 1759; and the last two in 1762. The work became highly popular; edition followed edition; and by universal consent, Hume was placed at the head of English historians. In 1763 he accompanied the Earl of Hertford on his embassy to Paris, where he was received with marked distinction. In 1766 he returned to Scotland, but was induced next year to accept the situation of under-secretary of state, which he held for two years. With a revenue of £1000 a year—which he considered opulence—the historian retired to his native city, where he continued to reside, in habits of intimacy with his literary friends, till his death, on the 25th of August, 1776. His easy good-humoured disposition, his literary fame, his extensive knowledge, and respectable rank in society, rendered his company always agreeable and interesting, even to those who were most decidedly opposed to the tone of scepticism which pervades all his writings. His opinions were never obtruded on his friends: he threw out dogmas for the learned, not food for the multitude.

The 'History' of Hume is not a work of high authority, but it is one of the most easy, elegant, and interesting narratives in the language. He was constantly subjecting it to revision in point of style, but was content to take his authorities at second hand. The striking parts of his subject are related with a picturesque and dramatic force; and his dissertations on the state of parties and the tendency of particular events, are remarkable for the philosophical tone in which they are conceived and written. He was too indolent to be exact; too indifferent to sympathise heartily with any political party; too sceptical on matters of religion to appreciate justly the full force of religious principles in directing the course of public events. An enemy to all turbulence and enthusiasm, he naturally leaned to the side of settled government, even when it was united to arbitrary power; and though he could 'shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles I. and the Earl of Strafford,' the struggles of his poor countrymen for conscience' sake against the tyranny of the Stuarts excited with him no other feelings than those of ridicule or contempt. He could even forget the merits and exaggerate the faults of the accomplished and chivalrous Raleigh, to shelter the sordid injustice of a weak and contemptible sovereign. No hatred of oppression burns through his pages. The careless epicurean repose of the philosopher was not disturbed by any visions of liberty, or any ardent aspirations for the improvement of mankind. Yet Hume was not a slavish worshipper of power. In his personal character he was liberal and independent: 'he had early in life,' says Sir James Mackintosh, 'conceived an antipathy to the Calvinistic divines, and his temperament led him at all times to regard with disgust and derision that enthusiasm or bigotry with which the spirit of English freedom was, in his opinion, inseparably associated.' A love of paradox undoubtedly led to his formation of the theory that the English Government was purely despotic and absolute before the accession of the Stuarts. A love of effect, no less than his constitutional indolence, may have betrayed the historian into inconsistencies, and prompted some of his exaggerations and high colouring relative to the unfortunate Charles I. his trial and execution. Thus, in one page we are informed that 'the height of all iniquity and fanatical extravagance yet remained—the public trial and execution of the sovereign.' Three pages further on, the historian remarks: 'The pomp, the dignity, the ceremony of this transaction, corresponded to the greatest conception that is suggested in the annals of humankind; the delegates of a great people sitting in judgment upon their supreme magistrate, and trying him for his misgovernment and breach of trust.' With similar inconsistency, he in one part admits, and in another denies, that Charles was insincere in dealing with his opponents. To illustrate his theory of the sudden elevation of Cromwell into importance, the historian states that about the meeting of parliament in 1640, the name of Oliver is not to be found oftener than twice upon any committee, whereas the journals of the House of Commons shew that, before the time specified, Cromwell was in forty-five committees, and twelve special messages to the Lords. Careless as to facts of this kind—hundreds of which errors have been pointed out—we must look at the general character of Hume's 'History;' at its clear and admirable narrative; the philosophic composure and dignity of its style; the sagacity with which the views of conflicting sects and parties are estimated and developed; the large admissions which the author makes to his opponents; and the high importance he everywhere assigns to the cultivation of letters, and the interests of learning and literature. Judged by this elevated standard, the work of Hume must ever be regarded as an honour to British literature. It differs as widely from the previous annals and compilations as a finished portrait by Reynolds differs from the rude draughts of a country artist. The latter may be the more faithful external likeness, but is wanting in all that gives grace and sentiment, sweetness or loftiness, to the general composition.

Ample information as to the life and character and studies of Hume was given to the world in the 'Life and Correspondence of David Hume,' two volumes, 1846, by John Hill Burton, advocate, author of the 'History of Scotland.'

The Middle Ages—Progress of Freedom.

Those who cast their eye on the general revolutions of society, will find that, as almost all improvements of the human mind had reached nearly to their state of perfection about the age of Augustus, there was a sensible decline from that point or period; and men thenceforth gradually relapsed into ignorance and barbarism. The unlimited extent of the Roman empire, and the consequent despotism of its monarchs, extinguished all emulation, debased the generous spirits of men, and depressed the noble flame by which all the refined arts must be cherished and enlivened. The military government which soon succeeded, rendered even the lives and properties of men insecure and precarious; and proved destructive to those vulgar and more necessary arts of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce; and in the end, to the military art and genius itself, by which alone the immense fabric of the empire could be supported. The irruption of the barbarous nation which soon followed, overwhelmed all human knowledge, which was already far in its decline; and men sunk every age deeper into ignorance, stupidity, and superstition; till the light of ancient science and history had very nearly suffered a total extinction in all the European nations.

But there is a point of depression as well as of exaltation, from which human affairs naturally return in a contrary direction, and beyond which they seldom pass, either in their advancement or decline. The period in which the people of Christendom were the lowest sunk in ignorance, and consequently in disorders of every kind, may justly be fixed at the eleventh century, about the age of William the Conqueror; and from that era the sun of science, beginning to reascend, threw out many gleams of light, which preceded the full morning when letters were revived in the fifteenth century. The Danes and other northern people who had so long infested all the coasts, and even the inland parts of Europe, by their depredations, having now learned the arts of tillage and agriculture, found a certain subsistence at home, and were no longer tempted to desert their industry in order to seek a precarious livelihood by rapine and by the plunder of their neighbours. The feudal governments also, among the more southern nations, were reduced to a kind of system; and though that strange species of civil polity was ill fitted to insure either liberty or tranquillity, it was preferable to the universal license and disorder which had everywhere preceded it.

It may appear strange that the progress of the arts, which seems, among the Greeks and Romans, to have daily increased the number of slaves, should in later times have proved so general a source of liberty; but this difference in the events proceeded from a great difference in the circumstances which attended those institutions. The ancient barons, obliged to maintain themselves continually in a military posture, and little emulous of eloquence or splendour, employed not their villeins as domestic servants, much less as manufacturers: but composed their retinue of freemen, whose military spirit rendered the chieftain formidable to his neighbours, and who were ready to attend him in every warlike enterprise. The villeins were entirely occupied in the cultivation of their master's land, and paid their rents either in corn and cattle, and other produce of the farm, or in servile offices, which they performed about the baron's family, and upon the farms which he retained in his own possession. In proportion as agriculture improved and money increased, it was found that these services, though extremely burdensome to the villein, were of little advantage to the master; and that the produce of a large estate could be much more conveniently disposed of by the peasants themselves who raised it, than by the landlord or his bailiff who were formerly accustomed to receive it. A commutation was therefore made of rents for services, and of money-rents for those in kind; and as men, in a subsequent age, discovered that farms were better cultivated where the farmer enjoyed a security in his possession, the practice of granting leases to the peasant began to prevail, which entirely broke the bonds of servitude, already much relaxed from the former practices. After this manner villenage went gradually into disuse throughout the more civilised parts of Europe: the interest of the master as well as that of the slave concurred in this alteration. The latest laws which we find in England for enforcing or regulating this species of servitude, were enacted in the reign of Henry VII. And though the ancient statutes on this head remain unrepealed by parliament, it appears that, before the end of Elizabeth, the distinction of villein and freeman was totally though insensibly abolished, and that no person remained in the state to whom the former laws could be applied.

Thus *personal* freedom became almost general in Europe; an advantage which paved the way for the increase of *political* or *civil* liberty, and which, even where it was not attended with this salutary effect, served to give the members of the community some of the most considerable advantages of it.

State of Parties at the Reformation in England.

The friends of the Reformation asserted that nothing could be more absurd than to conceal, in an unknown tongue, the word of God itself, and thus to counteract the will of Heaven, which, for the purpose of universal salvation, had published that salutary doctrine to all nations; that if this practice were not very absurd, the artifice at least was very gross, and proved a consciousness that the glosses and traditions of the clergy stood in direct opposition to the original text dictated by Supreme intelligence; that it was now necessary for the people, so long abused by interested pretentions, to see with their own eyes, and to examine whether the claims of the ecclesiastics were founded on that charter which was on all hands acknowledged to be derived from Heaven; and that, as a spirit of research and curiosity was happily revived, and men were now obliged to make a choice among the contending doctrines of different sects, the proper materials for decision, and, above all, the Holy Scriptures, should be set before them; and the revealed will of God, which the change of language had somewhat obscured, be again by their means revealed to mankind.

The favourers of the ancient religion maintained, on the other hand, that the pretence of making the people see with their own eyes was a mere cheat, and was itself a very gross artifice, by which the new preachers hoped to obtain the guidance of them, and to seduce them from those pastors whom the laws of ancient establishments, whom Heaven itself, had appointed for their spiritual direction; that the people were, by their ignorance, their stupidity, their necessary avocations, totally unqualified to choose their own principles; and it was a mockery to set materials before them of which they could not possibly make any proper use; that even in the affairs of common life, and in their temporal concerns, which lay more within the compass of human reason, the laws had in a great measure deprived them of the right of private judgment, and had, happily for their own and the public interest, regulated their conduct and behaviour; that theological questions were placed far beyond the sphere of vulgar comprehension; and ecclesiastics themselves, though assisted by all the advantages of education, erudition, and an assiduous study of the science, could not be fully assured of a just decision, except by the promise made them in Scripture, that God would be ever present with his church, and that the gates of hell should not prevail against her; that the gross errors adopted by the wisest heathens prove how unfit men were to grope their own way through this profound darkness; nor would the Scriptures, if trusted to every man's judgment, be able to remedy, on the contrary, they would much augment those fatal illusions; that Sacred Writ itself was involved in so much obscurity, gave rise to so many difficulties, contained so many appearing contradictions, that it was the most dangerous weapon that could be intrusted into the hands of the ignorant and giddy multitude; that the poetical style in which a great part of it was composed, at the same time that it occasioned uncertainty in the sense by its multiplied tropes and figures, was sufficient to kindle the zeal of fanaticism, and thereby throw civil society into the most furious combustion; that a thousand sects must arise, which would pretend, each of them, to derive its tenets from the Scriptures; and would be able, by specious arguments, to seduce silly women and mechanics into a belief of the most monstrous principles; and that if ever this disorder, dangerous to the magistrate himself, received a remedy, it must be from the tacit acquiescence of the people in some new authority; and it was evidently better, without further contest or inquiry, to adhere peaceably to ancient, and therefore the more secure, establishments.

Character of Queen Elizabeth.

The council being assembled, sent the keeper, admiral, and secretary to know her [the queen's] will with regard to her successor. She answered with a faint voice that as she had held a regal sceptre, she desired no other than a royal successor. Cecil requesting her to explain herself more particularly, she subjoined that she would have a king to succeed her; and who should that be but her nearest kinsman, the king of Scots? Being then advised by the archbishop of Canterbury to fix her thoughts upon God, she replied that she did so, nor did her mind in the least wander from Him. Her voice soon after left her; her senses failed; she fell into a lethargic slumber, which continued some hours, and she expired gently, without further struggle or convulsion (March 24, 1603), in the seventieth year of her age, and forty-fifth of her reign.

So dark a cloud overcast the evening of that day, which had shone out with a mighty lustre in the eyes of all Europe! There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies and the adulation of friends than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there is scarcely any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and what is more, of religious animosities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance and address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person that ever filled a throne: a conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities and prevented them from running into excess; her heroism was exempt from temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active temper from turbulency and a vain ambition; she guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from lesser infirmities—the rivalship of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affections by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration—the true secret for managing religious factions—she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighboring nations: and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigour to make deep impressions on their states; her own greatness meanwhile remained untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors who flourished under her reign, share the praise of her success; but instead of lessening the praise due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy, and with all their abilities they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress; the force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity; but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is to lay aside all these considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife or a mistress; but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.

DR. WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

Dr. William Robertson was born at Borthwick, county of Edinburgh, September 19, 1721. His father was a clergyman, minister of Borthwick, and afterwards of the Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh: the son was also educated for the church. In 1743 he was appointed minister of Gladsmuir, in Haddingtonshire, whence he removed, in

1758, to be incumbent of Lady Yester's parish in Edinburgh. He had distinguished himself by his talents in the General Assembly; but it was not till 1759 that he became known as a historian. In that year he published his 'History of Scotland during the Reigns of Queen Mary and of King James VI. till his Accession to the Crown of England,' for the copyright of which he received £600. No first work was ever more successful. The author was congratulated by all who were illustrious for their rank or talents. He was appointed chaplain of Stirling Castle; in two years afterwards, he was nominated one of his majesty's chaplains in ordinary for Scotland; and he was successively made principal of the university of Edinburgh, and historiographer for Scotland, with a salary of £200 per annum. Stimulated by such success, as well as by a love of composition, Dr. Robertson continued his studies, and in 1769 he produced his 'History of the Reign of Charles V.' in three volumes, quarto, for which he received from the booksellers the princely sum of £4500. It was equally well received with his former work. In 1777 he published his 'History of America,' and in 1791 his 'Historical Disquisition on Ancient India,' a slight work, to which he had been led by Major Rennel's 'Memoirs of a Map of Hindostan.' For many years Dr. Robertson was leader of the moderate party in the Church of Scotland, in which capacity he is said to have evinced in the General Assembly a readiness and eloquence in debate which his friend Gibbon might have envied in the House of Commons. After a gradual decay of his powers, this accomplished historian died on the 11th of June 1793, in the seventy-second year of his age.

The 'History of Scotland' possesses the interest and something of the character of a memoir of Mary, Queen of Scots. This unfortunate princess forms the attraction of the work; and though Robertson is not among the number of her indiscriminate admirers and apologists, he labours—with more of the art of the writer to produce a romantic and interesting narrative, than with the zeal of the philosopher to establish truth—to awaken the sympathies of the reader strongly in her behalf. The luminous historical views and retrospects in which this historian excels, were indicated in his introductory chapter on Scottish history, prior to the birth of Mary. Though a brief and rapid summary this chapter is finely written, and is remarkable equally for elegance and perspicuity. The style of Robertson seems to have surprised his contemporaries; and Horace Walpole, in a letter to the author, expresses the feeling with his usual point and vivacity. 'Before I read your "History," I should probably have been glad to dictate to you, and (I will venture to say it—it satirises nobody but myself) should have thought I did honour to an obscure Scotch clergymen by directing his studies by my superior lights and abilities. How you have saved me, sir, from making a ridiculous figure, by making so great a one yourself! But could I suspect that a man I believe much younger, and whose dialect I scarce understood, and who came to me with all the diffidence and modesty of a very middling author, and who I was told had passed his life in a small living near Edinburgh—could I then suspect that he had not only written what all the world now allows the best modern history, but that he had written it in the purest English, and with as much seeming knowledge of men and courts as if he had passed all his life in important embassies?' This is delicate though somewhat overstrained flattery. Two of the quarto volumes of Hume's 'History' had then been published, and his inimitable essays were also before the world, shewing that in mere style a Scotchman could carry off the palm for ease and elegance.

Robertson is more uniform and measured than Hume. He has few salient points, and no careless beauties. His style is a full and equable stream, that rolls everywhere the same, without lapsing into irregularity, or overflowing its prescribed course. It wants spirit and variety. Of grandeur or dignity there is no deficiency; and when the subject awakens a train of lofty or philosophical ideas, the manner of the historian is in fine accordance with his matter. When he sums up the character of a sovereign, or traces the progress of society and the influence of laws and government, we recognise the mind and language of a master in historical composition. The artificial graces of his style are also finely displayed in scenes of tenderness and pathos, or in picturesque description. His account of the beauty and sufferings of Mary, or of the voyage of Columbus, when the first glimpses of the new world broke upon the adventurers, possesses almost enough of imagination to rank it with poetry. The whole of the 'History of America' is indeed full of the strongest interest. The discovery of so vast a portion of the globe, the luxuriance of its soil, the primitive manners of its natives, the pomp, magnificence, and cruelty of its conquerors, all form a series of historical pictures and images that powerfully affect the mind. No history of America can ever supplant the work of Robertson, for his materials are so well arranged, his information so varied, his philosophical reflections so just and striking, and his narrative so graceful, that nothing could be added but mere details destitute of any great interest. His 'History of the Reign of Charles V.' wants this natural romance, but the knowledge displayed by the historian, and the enlarged and liberal spirit of his philosophical inquiries, are scarcely less worthy of commendation. The first volume, which describes the state of Europe previous to the sixteenth century, contains the result of much study and research, expressed in language often eloquent, and generally pleasing and harmonious. If the 'pomp and strut' which Cowper the poet imputes to Robertson be sometimes apparent in the orderly succession of well-balanced and equally flowing periods, it must be acknowledged that there is also much real dignity and power, springing from the true elevation of intellectual and moral character.

Discovery of America.

Next morning, being Friday, the third day of August, in the year 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion. But in a voyage of such expectation and importance, every circumstance was the object of attention. . . .

Upon the 1st of October they were, according to the admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries; but, lest his men should be intimidated by the prodigious length of the navigation, he gave out that they had proceeded only five hundred and eighty-four leagues; and, fortunately for Columbus, neither his own pilot nor those of the other ships had skill sufficient to correct this error and discover the deceit. They had now been above three weeks at sea; they had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted or deemed possible; all their prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds and other circumstances, had proved fallacious; the appearances of land, with which their own credulity or the artifice of their commander had from time to time flattered and amused them, had been altogether illusive, and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever. These reflections occurred often to men who had no other object or occupation than to reason and discourse concerning the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression at first upon the ignorant and timid, and extending by degrees to such as were better informed or more resolute, the contagion spread at length from ship to ship. From secret whispers or murmurings they proceeeed to open cabals and public complaints. They taxed their sovereign with inconsiderate credulity, in paying such regard to the vain promises and rash conjectures of an indigent foreigner, as to hazard the lives of so many of her own subjects in prosecuting a chimerical scheme. They affirmed that they had fully performed their duty by venturing so far in an unknown and hopeless course, and could incur no blame for refusing to follow any longer a desperate adventurer to certain destruction. . . . .

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He had observed, with great uneasiness, the fatal operation of ignorance and of fear in producing disaffection among his crew, and saw that it was now ready to burst out into open mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations. Notwithstanding the agitation and solicitude of his own mind, he appeared with a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress he had made, and confident of success. Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation to soothe his men. Sometimes he endeavoured to work upon their ambition or avarice by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions he assumed a tone of authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sovereign if, by their dastardly behaviour, they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation. Even with seditious sailors, the words of a man whom they had been accustomed to reverence, were weighty and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses which they meditated, but prevailed with them to accompany their admiral for some time longer.

As they proceeded the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west towards that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction, without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen: their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance; all sense of subordination was lost. The officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect, and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him and obey his command for three days longer, and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable; nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding-line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land-birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the *Nigna* took up the branch of a tree with red berries perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm, and during night the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the eleventh of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes, all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had so long been the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Guttierez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Guttierez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight the joyful sound of 'Land! Land!' was heard from the *Pinta*, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the 'Te Deum,' as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation, mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colours displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot on the new world which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had no long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean that seemed to move upon the waters with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb and shrub and tree was different from those that flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses on their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusky copper colour, their features singular rather than disagreeable, their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well shaped and active. Their faces, and several parts of their bodies, were fantastically painted with glaring colours. They were shy at first through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transports of joy received from them hawk-bells, glass beads, or other baubles; in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value which they could produce. Towards evening, Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes, and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rode them with surprising dexterity. Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the old and new worlds, everything was conducted amicably and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might derive from the regions that began to open to their view. The latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight of the calamities and desolation which were approaching their country.

Chivalry.

The feudal state was a state of almost perpetual war, rapine, and anarchy; during which the weak and unarmed were exposed to insults or injuries. The power of the sovereign was too limited to prevent these wrongs, and the administration of justice too feeble to redress them. The most effectual protection against violence and oppression was often found to be that which the valour and generosity of private persons afforded. The same spirit of enterprise which had prompted so many gentlemen to take arms in defence of the oppressed pilgrims of Palestine, incited others to declare themselves the patrons and avengers of injured innocence at home. When the final reduction of the Holy Land, under the dominion of infidels, put an end to these foreign expeditions, the latter was the only employment left for the activity and courage of adventurers. To check the insolence of overgrown oppressors; to rescue the helpless from captivity; to protect or to avenge women, orphans, and ecclesiastics, who could not bear arms in their own defence; to redress wrongs and remove grievances; were deemed acts of the highest prowess and merit. Valour, humanity, courtesy, justice, honour, were the characteristic qualities of chivalry. To these were added religion, which mingled itself with every passion and institution during the middle ages, and by infusing a large proportion of enthusiastic zeal, gave them such force as carried them to romantic excess. Men were trained to knighthood by a long previous discipline; they were admitted into the Order by solemnities no less devout than pompous: every person of noble birth courted that honour; it was deemed a distinction superior to royalty; and monarchs were proud to receive it from the hands of private gentlemen.

This singular institution, in which valour, gallantry, and religion were so strangely blended, was wonderfully adapted to the taste and genius of martial nobles; and its effects were soon visible in their manners. War was carried on with less ferocity when humanity came to be deemed the ornament of knighthood no less than courage. More gentle and polished manners were introduced when courtesy was recommended as the most amiable of knightly virtues. Violence and oppression decreased when it was reckoned meritorious to check and to punish them. A scrupulous adherence to truth, with the most religious attention to fulfil every engagement, became the distinguishing characteristic of a gentleman, because chivalry was regarded as the school of honour, and inculcated the most delicate sensibility with respect to those points. The admiration of those qualities, together with the high distinctions and prerogatives conferred on knighthood in every part of Europe, inspired persons of noble birth on some occasions with a species of military fanaticism, and led them to extravagant enterprises. But they deeply imprinted on their minds the principles of generosity and honour. These were strengthened by everything that can affect the senses or touch the heart. The wild exploits of those romantic knights who sallied forth in quest of adventures are well known, and have been treated with proper ridicule. The political and permanent effects of the spirit of chivalry have been less observed. Perhaps the humanity which accompanies all the operations of war, the refinements of gallantry, and the point of honour—the three chief circumstances which distinguish modern from ancient manners—may be ascribed in a great measure to this institution, which has appeared whimsical to superficial observers, but by its effects has proved of great benefit to mankind. The sentiments which chivalry inspired had a wonderful influence on manners and conduct during the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. They were so deeply rooted, that they continued to operate after the vigour and reputation of the institution itself began to decline.

Characters of Francis I. and the Emperor Charles V.

During twenty-eight years, an avowed rivalship subsisted between Francis I. and the Emperor Charles V. which involved not only their own dominions, but the greatest part of Europe, in wars which were prosecuted with more violent animosity, and drawn out to a greater length, than had been known in any former period. Many circumstances contributed to this. Their animosity was founded in opposition of interest, heightened by personal emulation, and exasperated, not only by mutual injuries, but by reciprocal insults. At the same time, whatever advantage one seemed to possess towards gaining the ascendant, was wonderfully balanced by some favourable circumstance peculiar to the other.

The emperor's dominions were of greater extent; the French king's lay more compact. Francis governed his kingdom with absolute power; that of Charles was limited, but he supplied the want of authority by address. The troops of the former were more impetuous and enterprising; those of the latter better disciplined, and more patient of fatigue. The talents and abilities of the two monarchs were as different as the advantages which they possessed, and contributed no less to prolong the contest between them. Francis took his resolutions suddenly, prosecuted them at first with warmth, and pushed them into execution with a most adventurous courage; but being destitute of the perseverance necessary to surmount difficulties, he often abandoned his designs, or relaxed the vigour of pursuit from impatience, and sometimes from levity. Charles deliberated long, and determined with coolness; but having once fixed his plan, he adhered to it with inflexible obstinacy, and neither danger nor discouragement could turn him aside from the execution of it. The success of their enterprises was suitable to the diversity of their characters, and was uniformly influenced by it. Francis, by his impetuous activity, often disconcerted the emperor's best-laid schemes; Charles, by a more calm but steady prosecution of his designs, checked the rapidity of his rival's career, and baffled or repulsed his most vigorous efforts. The former, at the opening of a war or of a campaign, broke in upon the enemy with the violence of a torrent, and carried all before him; the latter, waiting until he saw the force of his rival beginning to abate, recovered in the end not only all that he had lost, but made new acquisitions. Few of the French monarch's attempts towards conquest, whatever promising aspect they might wear at first, were conducted to a happy issue; many of the emperor's enterprises, even after they appeared desperate and impracticable, terminated in the most prosperous manner.

SMOLLETT, TYTLER, LYTTLETON, &C.

In 1758, **Dr. Smollett** published, in four volumes quarto, his 'Complete History of England, deduced from the Descent of Julius Cæsar to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748.' In extent and completeness of design, this history approaches nearest to the works of the historical masters; but its execution is unequal, and it abounds in errors and inconsistencies. It was rapidly composed; and though Smollett was too fluent and practiced a writer to fail in narrative—his account of the rebellion in 1745–6, and his observations on the act for the relief of debtors in 1759, are excellent specimens of his best style and his benevolence of character—he could not, without adequate study and preparation, succeed in so important an undertaking. Smollett afterwards continued his work to the year 1765. The portion from the Revolution of 1688 to the death of George II. is usually printed as a continuation to Hume.

The views which Dr. Robertson had taken of the reign and character of Mary, Queen of Scots, were combated by **William Tytler** of Woodhouselee (1711–1792), who, in 1759, published an 'Inquiry, Historical and Critical, into the Evidence against Mary, Queen of Scots, and an Examination of the Histories of Dr. Robertson and Mr. Hume with respect to that Evidence.' The work of Mr. Tytler is acute and learned; it procured for the author the approbation and esteem of the most eminent men of his times; but, judged by the higher standards which now exist, it must be pronounced to be partial and inconclusive.

Lord Lyttleton wrote his 'History of the Reign of Henry II.' on which he had bestowed years of study; it is a valuable repertory of facts, but a dry and uninteresting composition. The first three volumes were published in 1764, and the conclusion in 1771. Of a similar character are the 'Historical Memoirs and Lives'—Queen Elizabeth, Raleigh, Henry, Prince of Wales,&c.—written by Dr. Thomas Birch, of the Royal Society. These works drew attention to the materials that existed for a history of domestic manners, always more interesting than diplomacy or wars;* and Dr. Robert Henry—1718–1790) entered upon a 'History of Great Britain,' in which particular attention was given to this department. The first volume was published in 1771, and four other at intervals between that time and 1785. This work realized to its author the large sum of £3300 and was rewarded with a pension from the crown of £100 per annum. Henry's work does not come further down than the reign of Henry VIII.

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* For at least part of our history, a mass of facts relating to events and individuals had been accumulated in the *Political State of Great Britain*, a monthly publication from 1711 to 1740, or in sixty volumes; and in the *Historical Register*, 1714–1738. The *former miscellany* was begun by **Abel Boyer** (1666–1729), a French refugee, with a *German appetite* for work. Besides his *Political State*, Boyer compiled histories of Queen Anne and William III., and was author of a French and English dictionary, long popular.

In our days, the plan of a history with copious information as to manners, arts, and improvements has been admirably realised in the 'Pictorial History of England,' published by Mr. Charles Knight. Of Dr. Henry, we may add that he was a native of St. Ninians, in Stirlingshire, and one of the ministers of Edinburgh.

DR. GILBERT STUART (1742–1786), a native of Edinburgh, wrote various historical works,' 'A History of Scotland,' a 'Dissertation on the British Constitution,' a 'History of the Reformation,' &c. His style was florid and high-sounding, not wanting in elegance, but disfigured by affectation, and still more by the violent prejudices of its vindictive and unprincipled author.

About the year 1760, the London booksellers completed a compilation which had, for a long period, employed several professional authors—a 'Universal History,' a large and valuable work, seven volumes being devoted to ancient, and sixteen to modern history. The writers were ARCHIBALD BOWER (1686–1766), a native of Dundee, who was educated at the Jesuits' College of St. Omer, but afterwards fled to England and embraced the Protestant faith: he was author of a 'History of the Popes.'—DR. JOHN CAMPBELL (1709–1775), a son of Campbell of Glenlyon in Perthshire, wrote the 'Military History of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene,' 'Lives of the Admirals,' a considerable portion of the 'Biographia Britannica,' a 'History of Europe,' a 'Political Survey of Britain,' &c. Campbell was a candid and intelligent man, acquainted with Dr. Johnson and most of the eminent men of his day.—WILLIAM GUTHRIE (1708–1770), a native of Brechin, was an indefatigable writer, author of a 'History of England,' a 'History of Scotland,' a 'Geographical Grammar,' &c.—GEORGE SALE (1680–1736) translated the Koran, and was one of the founders of a society for the encouragement of learning.—GEORGE PSALMANAZAR (1679–1763), a native of France, deceived the world for some time by pretending to be a native of the island of Formosa, to support which he invented an alphabet and grammar. He afterwards became a hack author, was sincerely penitent, and was reverenced by Johnson for his piety. When the 'Universal History' was completed, Goldsmith wrote a preface to it, for which he received three guineas!

'Histories of Ireland,' evincing antiquarian research, were published, the first in 1763–7 by Dr. Warner, and another in 1773 by Dr. Leland, the translator of our best English version of Demosthenes. A review of Celtic and Roman antiquities was in 1771–5 presented by John Whittaker, grafted upon his 'History of Manchester;' and the same author afterwards wrote a violent and prejudiced 'Vindication of Mary, Queen of Scots.' The 'Biographical History of England' by Granger, and Orme's 'History of the British Transactions in Hindostan,' which appeared at this time, are also valuable works. In 1775, Macpherson, translator of Ossian, published a 'History of Great Britain from the Restoration to the Accession of the House of Han-

The style of an author should be the image of his mind, but the choice and command of language is the fruit of exercise. Many experiments were made before I could hit the middle tone between a dull tone and a rhetorical declamation: three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect. In the remainder of the way, I advanced with a more equal and easy pace.'

In 1774 he was returned for the borough of Liskeard, and sat in parliament eight sessions during the memorable contest between Great Britain and America. Prudence, he says, condemned him to acquiesce in the humble station of a mute; the great speakers filled him with despair, the bad ones with terror. Gibbon, however, supported by his vote the administration of Lord North, and was by this nobleman appointed one of the lords commissioners of trade and plantations. In 1776 the first quarto volume of his history was given to the world. Its success was almost unprecedented for a grave historical work: 'the first impression was exhausted in a few days; a second and third edition were scarcely adequate to the demand; and the bookseller's property was twice invaded by the pirates of Dublin: the book was on every table, and almost on every toilet.' His brother-historians, Robertson and Hume, generously greeted him with warm applause. 'Whether I consider the dignity of your style,' says Hume, 'the depth of your matter, or the extensiveness of your learning, I must regard the work as equally the object of esteem.' There was another bond of sympathy between the English and the Scottish historian: Gibbon had insidiously, though too unequivocally, evinced his adoption of infidel principles. 'The various modes of worship which prevailed in the Roman world were all,' he remarks, 'considered by the people as equally true, by the philosopher as equally false, and by the magistrate as equally useful.' Some feeling of this kind constituted the whole of Gibbon's religious belief: the philosophers of France had triumphed over the lessons of the Calvinist ministers of Lausanne, and the historian seems never to have returned to the faith and the humility of the Christian. In the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of his work he gave an account of the growth and progress of Christianity, which he accounted for solely by secondary causes, without reference to its divine origin. Several answers were written to these memorable chapters, but the only one that excited general attention was the reply by Dr. Watson, bishop of Llandaff, entitled 'An Apology for Christianity.' Gibbon's method of attacking our faith has been well described by Lord Byron, as

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer,
The lord of irony, that master spell.

He nowhere openly avows his disbelief. By tacitly sinking the early and astounding spread of Christianity during the time of the Apostles, and dwelling with exaggerated colouring and minuteness on the errors and corruption by which it afterwards became debased, the historian in effect conveys an impression that its divine origin is but a poetical fable, like the golden age of the poets, or the mystic absurdities of Mohammedanism. The Christian faith was a bold and successful innovation, and Gibbon hated all innovations. In his after-life, he was in favour of retaining even the Inquisition, with its tortures and its tyranny, because it was an ancient institution! Besides the 'solemn sneer' of Gibbon, there is another cardinal defect in his account of the progress of the Christian faith, which has been thus ably pointed out by the Rev. H. H. Milman: 'Christianity alone receives no embellishment from the magic of Gibbon's language; his imagination is dead to its moral dignity; it is kept down by a general tone of jealous disparagement, or neutralized by a painfully elaborate exposition of its darker and degenerate periods. There are occasions, indeed, when its pure and exalted humanity, when its manifestly beneficial influence, can compel even him, as it were, to fairness, and kindle his unguarded eloquence to its usual fervour; but in general he soon relapses into a frigid apathy; affects an ostentatiously severe impartiality; notes all the faults of Christians in every age with bitter and almost malignant sarcasm; reluctantly, and with exception and reservation, admits their claim to admiration. This inextricable bias appears even to influence his manner of composition. While all the other assailants of the Roman empire, whether warlike or religious, the Goth, the Hun, the Arab, the Tartar, Alaric and Attilla, Mohammed, and Zingis, and Tamerlane, are each introduced upon the scene almost with dramatic animation—their progress related in a full, complete, and unbroken narrative—the triumph of Christianity alone takes the form of a cold and critical disquisition. The successes of barbarous energy and brute force call forth all the consummate skill of composition, while the moral triumphs of Christian benevolence, the tranquil heroism of endurance, the blameless purity, the contempt of guilty fame, and of honours destructive to the human race, which, had they assumed the proud name of philosophy, would have been blazoned in his brightest words, because they own religion as their principle, sink into narrow asceticism. The *glories* of Christianity, in short, touch on no chord in the heart of the writer; his imagination remains unkindled; his words, though they maintain their stately and measured march, have become cool, argumentative, and inanimate.' The second and third volumes of the history did not appear till 1781. After their publication, finding it necessary to retrench his expenditure, and being disappointed of a lucrative place which he had hoped for from ministerial patronage, he resolved to retire to Lausanne, where he was offered a residence by a friend of his youth, M. Deyverdun. Here he lived very happily for about four years, devoting his mornings to composition, and his evenings to the enlightened and polished society which had gathered in that city and neighbourhood. The completion of the history he thus describes:

'It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that, whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.'* The historian adds two facts which have seldom occurred in the composition of six or even five quartos; his first rough manuscript, without an intermediate copy, was sent to the press, and not a sheet was seen by any person but the author and the printer. His lofty style, like that of Johnson, was, in fact, 'the image of his mind.'

Gibbon went to London to superintend the publication of his last three volumes, and afterwards returned to Lausanne, where he resided till 1793. The French Revolution had imbittered and divided the society of Lausanne; some of his friends were dead, and he anxiously wished himself again in England. At this time, the lady of his most intimate friend, Lord Sheffield, died, and he hastened to administer consolation: he arrived at Lord Sheffield's house in London, in June, 1793. The health of the historian had, however, been indifferent for some time, owing to a long-settled complaint; and, exhausted by surgical operations, he died without pain, and apparently without any sense of his danger, on the 16th of January, 1794.

In most of the essential qualifications of a historian, Gibbon was equal to either Hume or Robertson. In some, he was superior. He had greater depth and variety of learning, and a more perfect command of his intellectual treasures. It was not merely with the main stream of Roman history that he was familiar. All its accessories and tributaries—the art of war, philosophy, theology, jurisprudence, geography, down to its minutest point—every shade of manners, opinions, and public character, in Roman and contemporaneous history, he had studied with laborious diligence and complete success. Hume was elaborate, but it was only with respect to style. Errors in fact and theory were perpetuated through every edition, while the author was purifying his periods and weeding out Scotticisms.

The labour of Gibbon was directed to higher objects—to the accumulation of facts, and the collation of ancient authors. His style once fixed, remained unaltered. In erudition, and comprehensive-

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* The house occupied by Gibbon is now an hotel, and the whole premises are much altered.

intellect, Gibbon may therefore be pronounced the first of
historians. The vast range of his subject, and the tone of
which he preserves throughout the whole of his capacious
also give him a superiority over his illustrious rivals. In con-
ng his information, and presenting it in a clear and lucid or-
is no less remarkable, while his vivid imagination, quicken-
adorning his varied knowledge, is fully equal to his other
He identifies himself with whatever he describes, and paints
enery, national costume or manners, with all the force and
on of a native or eye-witness. These solid and bright ac-
ents of the historian were not, however, without their draw-
His mind was more material or sensual than philosophical—
nd of splendour and display than of the beauty of virtue, or
ndeur of moral heroism. His taste was vitiated and impure,
his style is not only deficient in chaste simplicity, but is dis-
by offensive pruriency and occasional grossness. His lofty
diction fatigues by its uniform pomp and dignity, notwith-
g the graces and splendour of his animated narrative. De-
in depth of moral feeling and elevation of sentiment, Gibbon
touches the heart or inspires true enthusiasm. The reader
s his glittering sentences, his tournaments, and battle-pieces,
lished irony, and masterly sketches of character; he marvels at
xhaustible learning, and is fascinated by his pictures of mili-
onquest and Asiatic luxury, but he still feels that, as in the
f imperial Rome itself, the seeds of ruin are developed amidst
ing appearances: 'the florid bloom but ill conceals the fatal
ly which preys upon the vitals.'* The want of one great har-
ing spirit of humanity and genuine philosophy to give unity to
lendid mass, becomes painfully visible on a calm review of the
history.

e work of Gibbon has been translated into French, with notes
Guizot, the distinguished philosopher and statesman. The re-
s of Guizot, with those of Wenck, a German commentator, and
rous original illustrations and corrections, are embodied in a
edition by Mr. Milman, in twelve volumes, published by Mr.
ay, London, in 1838. M. Guizot has thus recorded his own im-
ions on reading Gibbon's history. 'After a first rapid perusal,
h allowed me to feel nothing but the interest of a narrative,
ys animated, and notwithstanding its extent and the variety of
ts which it makes to pass before the view, always perspicuous,
ered upon a minute examination of the details of which it was
osed, and the opinion which I then formed was, I confess, sin-
ly severe. I discovered in certain chapters errors which ap-
d to me sufficiently important and numerous to make me be-
that they had been written with extreme negligence; in others,
s struck with a certain tinge of partiality and prejudice, which

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* Hall, *On the Causes of the Present* Discontents.

imparted to the exposition of the facts that want of truth and justice which the English express by their happy term, *misrepresentation.* Some imperfect quotations, some passages omitted unintentionally or designedly, have cast a suspicion on the honesty of the author; and his violation of the first law of history—increased to my eyes by the prolonged attention with which I occupied myself with every phrase, every note, every reflection—caused me to form on the whole work a judgment far too rigorous. After having finished my labours, I allowed some time to elapse before I reviewed the whole. A second attentive and regular perusal of the entire work, of the notes of the author, and of those which I had thought it right to subjoin, shewed me how much I had exaggerated the importance of the reproaches which Gibbon really deserved; I was struck with the same errors, the same partiality on certain subjects; but I had been far from doing adequate justice to the immensity of his researches, the variety of his knowledge, and, above all, to that truly philosophical discrimination (*justesse d'esprit*) which judges the past as it would judge the present; which does not permit itself to be blinded by the clouds which time gathers around the dead, and which prevent us from seeing that under the toga, as under the modern dress, in the senate as in our councils, men were what they still are, and that events took place eighteen centuries ago as they take place in our days. I then felt that his book, in spite of its faults, will always be a noble work; and that we may correct his errors, and combat his prejudices, without ceasing to admit that few men have combined, if we are not to say in so high a degree, at least in a manner so complete and so well regulated, the necessary qualifications for a writer of history.'

Opinions of the Ancient Philosophers on the Immortality of the soul.

The writings of Cicero represent in the most lively colours the ignorance, the errors, and the uncertainty of the ancient philosophers with regard to the immortality of the soul. When they are desirous of arming their disciples against the fear of death, they inculcate as an obvious though melancholy position, that the fatal stroke of our dissolution releases us from the calamities of life; and that those can no longer suffer who no longer exist. Yet there were a few sages of Greece and Rome who had conceived a more exalted, and in some respects a juster idea of human nature; though it must be confessed, that in the sublime inquiry, their reason had often been guided by their imagination, and that their imagination had been prompted by their vanity. When they viewed with complacency the extent of their own mental powers; when they exercised the various faculties of memory, of fancy, and of judgment, in the most profound speculations, or the most important labours; and when they reflected on the desire of fame, which transported them into future ages, far beyond the bounds of death and of the grave; they were unwilling to confound themselves with the beasts of the field, or to suppose that a being, for whose dignity they entertained the most sincere admiration, could be limited to a spot of earth, and to a few years of duration. With this favourable prepossession, they summoned to their aid the science, or rather the language, of metaphysics. They soon discovered that as none of the properties of matter will apply to the operations of the mind, the human soul must consequently be a substance distinct from the body—pure, simple, and spiritual, incapable of dissolution, and susceptible of a much higher degree of virtue and happiness after the release from its corporeal prison. From these specious and noble principles, the philosophers who trod in the footsteps of Plato deduced a very unjustifiable conclusion, since they asserted not only the future immortality, but the past eternity of the human soul, which they were too apt to consider as a portion of the infinite and self-existing spirit which pervades and sustains the universe. A doctrine thus removed beyond the senses and the experience of mankind might serve to amuse the leisure of a philosophic mind; or, in the silence of solitude, it might sometimes impart a ray of comfort to desponding virtue; but the faint impression which had been received in the school was soon obliterated by the commerce and business of active life. We are sufficiently acquainted with the eminent persons who flourished in the age of Cicero, and of the first Cæsars, with their actions, their characters, and their motives, to be assured that their conduct in this life was never regulated by any serious conviction of the rewards or punishments of a future state.[*] At the bar and in the senate of Rome the ablest orators were not apprehensive of giving offence to their hearers by exposing that doctrine as an idle and extravagant opinion, which was rejected with contempt by every man of a liberal education and understanding.

Since, therefore, the most sublime efforts of philosophy can extend no further than feebly to point out the desire, the hope, or at most the probability, of a future state, there is nothing except a divine revelation that can ascertain the existence and describe the condition of the invisible country which is destined to receive the souls of men after their separation from the body

The City of Bagdad—Magnificence of the Caliphs.

Almansor, the brother and successor of Saffah, laid the foundations of Bagdad (762 A.D.), the imperial seat of his posterity during a reign of five hundred years. The chosen spot is on the eastern bank of the Tigris, about fifteen miles above the ruins of Modain: the double wall was of a circular form; and such was the rapid increase of a capital now dwindled to a provincial town, that the funeral of a popular saint might be attended by eight hundred thousand men and sixty thousand women of Bagdad and the adjacent villages. In this city of peace, amidst the riches of the east, the Abbasides soon disdained the abstinence and frugality of the first caliphs, and aspired to emulate the magnificence of the Persian kings. After his wars and buildings, Almansor left behind him in gold and silver about thirty millions sterling; and this treasure was exhausted in a few years by the vices or virtues of his children. His son Mahadi, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold. A pious and charitable motive may sanctify the foundation of cisterns and caravanseras, which he distributed along a measured road of seven hundred miles; but his train of camels, laden with snow, could serve only to astonish the natives of Arabia, and to refresh the fruits and liquors of the royal banquet. The courtiers would surely praise the liberality of his grandson Almamon, who gave away four-fifths of the income of a province—a sum of two millions four hundred thousand gold dinars—before he drew his foot from the stirrup. At the nuptials of the same prince, a thousand pearls of the largest size were showered on the head of the bride, and a lottery of lands and houses displayed the capricious bounty of fortune. The glories of the court were brightened rather than impaired in the decline of the empire, and a Greek ambassador might admire or pity the magnificence of the feeble Moctader. 'The caliph's whole army,' says the historian Abulfeda, 'both horse and foot, was under arms, which together made a body of one hundred and sixty thousand men. His state-officers, the favourite slaves, stood near him in splendid apparel, their belts glittering with gold and gems. Near them were seven thousand eunuchs, four thousand of them white, the remainder black. The porters or doorkeepers were in number seven hundred. Barges and boats, with the most superb decorations, were seen swimming upon the Tigris. Nor was the palace itself less splendid, in which were hung up thirty-eight thousand pieces of tapestry, twelve thousand five hundred of which were of silk embroidered with gold. The carpets on the floor were twenty-two thousand. A hundred lions were brought out, with a keeper to each lion. Among the other spectacles of rare and stupendous luxury was a tree of gold and silver spreading into eighteen large branches, on which, and on the lesser boughs, sat a variety of birds made of the same precious metals, as well as the leaves of the tree. While the machinery effected spontaneous motions, the several birds warbled their natural harmony. Through this scene of magnificence the Greek ambassador was led by the vizier to the foot of the caliph's throne.' In the west, the Ommiades of Spain supported, with equal pomp, the title of commander of the faithful. Three miles from Cordova, in honour of his favourite sultana, the third and greatest of the Abdalrahmans constructed the city, palace, and gardens of Zehra. Twenty-five years, and above three millions sterling, were employed by the founder: his liberal taste invited the artists of Constantinople, the most skilful sculptors and architects of the age; and the buildings were sustained or adorned by twelve hundred columns of Spanish and African, of Greek and Italian marble. The hall of audience was incrusted with gold and pearls, and a great basin in the centre was surrounded with the curious and costly figures of birds and quadrupeds. In a lofty pavilion of the gardens, one of these basins and fountains, so delightful in a sultry climate, was replenished not with water, but with the purest quicksilver. The seraglio of Abdalrahman, his wives, concubines, and black eunuchs, amounted to six thousand three hundred persons; and he was attended to the field by a guard of twelve thousand horse, whose belts and scimitars were studded with gold.

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[*] This passage of Gibbon is finely illustrated in Hall's Funeral Sermon for Dr. Ryland:

'If the mere conception of the reunion of good men in a future state infused a momentary rapture into the mind of Tully; if an airy speculation—for there is reason to fear it had little hold on his convictions—could inspire him with such delight, what may we be expected to feel who are assured of such an event by the true sayings of God! How should we rejoice in the prospect, the certainty rather, of spending a blissful eternity with those whom we loved on earth, of seeing them emerge from the ruins of the tomb, and the deeper ruins of the fall, not only uninjured, but refined and perfected, "with every tear wiped from their eyes," standing before the throne of God and the Lamb, "in white robes and palms in their hands, crying with a loud voice, Salvation to God that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever!" What delight will it afford to renew the sweet counsel we have taken together, to recount the toils of combat and the labour of the way, and to approach not the house, but the throne of God in company, in order to join in the symphony of heavenly voices, and lose ourselves amidst the splendours and fruitions of the beatific vision.'

In a private condition, our desires are perpetually repressed by poverty and subordination; but the lives and labours of millions are devoted to the service of a despotic prince, whose laws are blindly obeyed, and whose wishes are instantly gratified. Our imagination is dazzled by the splendid picture; and whatever may be the cool dictates of reason, there are few among us who would obstinately refuse a trial of the comforts and the cares of royalty. It may therefore be of some use to borrow the experience of the same Abdalrahman, whose magnificence has perhaps excited our admiration and envy, and to transcribe an authentic memorial which was found in the closet of the deceased caliph. 'I have now reigned above fifty years in victory or peace; beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honours, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot: they amount to fourteen. O man! place not thy confidence in this present world.'

Conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusaders, 1099 A.D.

Jerusalem has derived some reputation from the number and importance of her memorable sieges. It was not till after a long and obstinate contest that Babylon and Rome could prevail against the obstinacy of the people, the craggy ground that might supersede the necessity of fortifications, and the walls and towers that would have fortified the most accessible plain. These obstacles were diminished in the age of the crusades. The bulwarks had been completely destroyed and imperfectly restored: the Jews, their nation and worship, were for ever banished; but nature is less changeable than man, and the site of Jerusalem, though somewhat softened and somewhat removed, was still strong against the assaults of an enemy. By the experience of a recent siege, and a three years' possession, the Saracens of Egypt had been taught to discern, and in some degree to remedy, the defects of a place which religion as well as honour forbade them to resign. Aladin or Iftikhar, the caliph's lieutenant, was intrusted with the defence; his policy strove to restrain the native Christians by the dread of their own ruin and that of the holy sepulchre; to animate the Moslems by the assurance of temporal and eternal rewards. His garrison is said to have consisted of forty thousand Turks and

s; and if he could muster twenty thousand of the inhabitants, it must be
d that the besieged were more numerous than the besieging army. Had the
ned strength and numbers of the Latins allowed them to grasp the whole cir-
nce of four thousand yards—about two English miles and a half—to what
urpose should they have descended into the valley of Ben Himmon and tor-
Cedron, or approached the precipices of the south and east, from whence
d nothing either to hope or fear? Their siege was more reasonably directed
the northern and western sides of the city. Godfrey of Bouillon erected his
d on the first swell of Mount Calvary; to the left, as far as St. Stephen's gate,
of attack was continued by Tancred and the two Roberts; and Count Ray-
established his quarters from the citadel to the foot of Mount Sion, which
longer included within the precincts of the city. On the fifth day the cru-
made a general assault, in the fanatic hope of battering down the walls with-
ines, and of scaling them without ladders. By the dint of brutal force they
he first barrier, but they were driven back with shame and slaughter to the
the influence of vision and prophecy was deadened by the too frequent abuse
e pious stratagems, and time and labour were found to be the only means of
. The time of the siege was indeed fulfilled in forty days, but they were forty
f calamity and anguish. A repetition of the old complaint of famine may be
d in some degree to the voracious or disorderly appetite of the Franks, but
ny soil of Jerusalem is almost destitute of water; the scanty springs and
orrents were dry in the summer season; nor was the thirst of the besiegers
d, as in the city, by the artificial supply of cisterns and aqueducts. The cir-
cent country is equally destitute of trees for the uses of shade or build-
ut some large beams were discovered in a cave by the crusaders: a
near Sichem, the enchanted grove of Tasso, was cut down: the neces-
imber wss transported to the camp by the vigour and dexterity of Tan-
and the engines were framed by some Genoese artists, who had fortunately
l in the harbour of Jaffa. Two movable turrets were constructed at the ex-
and in the stations of the Duke of Lorraine and the Count of Tholouse, and
forwards with devout labour, not to the most accessible, but to the most neg-
parts of the fortification. Raymond's tower was reduced to ashes by the fire
besieged, but his colleague was more vigilant and successful; the enemies were
n by his archers from the rampart; the drawbridge was let down; and on a Fri-
t three in the afternoon, the day and hour of the Passion, Godfrey of Bouillon
victorious on the walls of Jerusalem. His example was followed on every side
e emulation of valour; and about four hundred and sixty years after the con-
of Omar, the holy city was rescued from the Mohammedan yoke. In the pil-
f public and private wealth, the adventurers had agreed to respect the exclu-
roperty of the first occupant; and the spoils of the great mosque—seventy
s and massy vases of gold and silver—rewarded the diligence and displayed the
rosity of Tancred. A bloody sacrifice was offered by his mistaken votaries to
od of the Christians: resistance might provoke, but neither age nor sex could
fy their implacable rage; they indulged themselves three days in a promiscuous
acre, and the infection of the dead bodies produced an epidemical disease.
r seventy thousand Moslems had been put to the sword, and the harmless Jews
been burnt in their synagogue, they could still reserve a multitude of captives
m interest or lassitude persuaded them to spare. Of these savage heroes of the
s, Tancred alone betrayed some sentiments of compassion; yet we may
se the more selfish lenity of Raymond, who granted a capitulation and safe con-
to the garrison of the citadel. The holy sepulchre was now free; and the
dy victors prepared to accomplish their vow. Bareheaded and barefoot, with
rite hearts, and in a humble posture, they ascended the hill of Calvary amidst
loud anthems of the clergy; kissed the stone which had covered the Saviour of
world, and bedewed with tears of joy and penitence the monument of their re-
ption.

Appearance and Character of Mohammed.

ccording to the tradition of his companions, Mohammed was distinguished by
beauty of his person—an outward gift which is seldom despised, except by those
hom it has been refused. Before he spoke, the orator engaged on his side the
tions of a public or private audience. They applauded his commanding pres-

were these evils compensated by any present or possible benefits. 3. The kingdoms of Transoxiana and Persia were the proper field which he laboured to cultivate and adorn, as the perpetual inheritance of his family. But his peaceful labours were often interrupted, and sometimes blasted, by the absence of the conqueror. While he triumphed on the Volga or the Ganges, his servants, and even his sons, forgot their master and their duty. The public and private injuries were poorly redressed by the tardy rigour of inquiry and punishment; and we must be content to praise the institutions of Timour as the specious idea of a perfect monarchy. 4. Whatsoever might be the blessings of his administration, they evaporated with his life. To reign, rather than to govern, was the ambition of his children and grandchildren, the enemies of each other and of the people. A fragment of the empire was upheld with some glory by Sharokh, his youngest son; but after his decease, the scene was again involved in darkness and blood; and before the end of a century, Transoxiana and Persia were trampled by the Uzbeks from the north, and the Turkmans of the black and white sheep. The race of Timour would have been extinct, if a hero, his descendant in the fifth degree, had not fled before the Uzbek arms to the conquest of Hindostan. His successors—the great Moguls—extended their sway from the mountains of Cashmir to Cape Comorin, and from Candahar to the Gulf of Bengal. Since the reign of Aurungzebe, their empire has been dissolved; their treasures of Delhi have been rifled by a Persian robber; and the richest of their kingdoms is now possessed by a company of Christian merchants, of a remote island in the northern ocean.

THEOLOGIANS AND METAPHYSICIANS.

Without much originality—excepting in one memorable instance—there was great acuteness, controversial ability, and learning displayed in the department of theology. The higher dignitaries of the Church of England are generally well fitted, by education, talents, and the leisure they enjoy, for vindicating revealed religion from the attacks of all assailants; and even when the standard of duty was low among the inferior clergy, there was seldom any want of sound polemical divines. It seems to be admitted that there was a decay of piety and zeal in the church at this period.

BISHOP BUTLER.

To animate this drooping spirit, and to place revelation upon the imperishable foundations of true philosophy, **DR. JOSEPH BUTLER** published his great work on the 'Analogy of Religion to the Course of Nature,' which appeared in 1736. Without entering on the question of the miracles and prophecies, Dr. Butler rested his evidence on the analogies of nature: 'he reasons from that part of the divine proceedings which comes under our view in the daily business of life, to that larger and more comprehensive part of these proceedings which is beyond our view, and which religion reveals.' His argument for a future life, from the changes which the human body undergoes at birth, and in its different stages of maturity, and from the instances of the same law of nature, in the change of worms into butterflies, and birds and insects bursting the shell, and entering into a new world, furnished with new powers, is one of the most conclusive pieces of

ng in the language. The same train of argument, in support
immortality of the soul, has been followed up in two admir-
:tures in Dr. T. Brown's 'Philosophy.'

work of Butler, however, extends over a wide field—over the
of the leading points, both in natural and revealed religion.
rm of his treatise is contained in a passage in Origen—one of
st eminent of the fathers, who died at Tyre in the year 254—
Butler quotes in his introduction. It is to the effect that he
elieves the Scripture to have proceeded from the author of na-
nay well believe that the same difficulties exist in it as in the
ution of nature. Hence, Butler infers that he who denies the
ure to have come from God, on account of difficulties found in
y, for the same reason, deny the world to have been formed by
Inexplicable difficulties are found in the course of nature; no
theist can therefore be surprised to find similar difficulties in
hristian religion. If both proceed from the same author, the
er would rather be, that, even on this inferior ground of diffi-
and adaptation to the comprehension of man, there should not
nd the impress of the same hand, whose *works* we can trace but
little way, and whose *world* equally transcends on some points
eeble efforts of unassisted reason. All Butler's arguments on
al and revealed religion are marked by profound thought and
ity. In a volume of sermons published by him, he shines equally
ethical philosopher. In the first three, on human nature, he has
the science of morals on a surer foundation than any previous
r. After shewing that our social affections are disinterested,
roceeds to vindicate the supremacy of the moral senti-
s. Man is, in his view, a law to himself; but the intimations
is law are not to be deduced from the strength or temporary
ominance of any single appetite or passion. They are to be
ced from the dictates of one principle, which is evidently in-
ed to rule over the other parts of our nature, and which issues
nandates with authority. This master principle is conscience,
h rests upon rectitude as its object, as disinterestedly as the
l affections rest upon their appropriate objects, and as naturally
e appetite of hunger is satisfied with food. The ethical system
utler has been adopted by Reid, Stewart, and Brown. Sir James
kintosh—who acknowledged that Bishop Butler was his father in
osophy—made an addition to it; he took the principle of utility as
st or criterion of the rectitude or virtue which, with Butler, he
ntained to be the proper object of our moral affections. Butler's
tings derive none of their value or popularity from mere literary
ellence: his style is dry and inelegant. The life of this eminent
late affords a pleasing instance of talent winning its way to dis-
tion in the midst of difficulties. He was born in 1692, the son of
nopkeeper at Wantage, in Berkshire. His father was a Presby-
an, and intended his son to be a minister of the same persuasion.

but the latter conformed to the establishment, took orders, and was successively preacher at the Rolls Chapel, prebendary of Rochester, clerk of the closet to the queen, bishop of Bristol (1738), dean of St. Paul's (1740), and bishop of Durham (1750). He owed much to Queen Caroline, who had a philosophical taste, and valued his talents and virtues. Butler died on the 16th of June 1752.

BISHOP WARBURTON.

No literary man of this period engrossed in his own time a larger share of attention than WILLIAM WARBURTON, bishop of Gloucester (1698–1779). Great powers of application and copious expression, a bold and original way of thinking, and indomitable self-will and arrogance, were the leading characteristics of this fortunate churchman. He was eager to astonish and arrest the attention of mankind, and his writings, after passing like a splendid meteor across the horizon of his own age, have sunk into all but oblivion. He was the son of an attorney at Newark, and entered life in the same profession, and at the same town. A passion for reading led Warburton in his twenty-fifth year to adopt the clerical profession. He took deacon's orders, and by a dedication to a volume of translations published in 1723, obtained a presentation to a small vicarage. He now threw himself amidst the literary society of the metropolis, and sought for subsistence and advancement by his pen. On obtaining from a patron the rectory of Brand Broughton, in Lincolnshire, he retired thither, and devoted himself for a long series of years to study. His first work of any note was published in 1736, under the title of 'The Alliance between Church and State; or the Necessity and Equity of an Established Religion and a Test Law.' This treatise, though scarcely calculated to please either party in the church, was extensively read, and brought the author into notice. His next work was 'The Divine Legation of Moses, demonstrated on the Principles of a Religious Deist, from the Omission of the Doctrine of a Future State of Rewards and Punishments in the Jewish Dispensation' (1738–1741). In this celebrated work, the gigantic scholarship of Warburton shone out in all its vastness. It had often been objected to the pretentions of the Jewish religion, that it presented nowhere any acknowledgment of the principle of a future state of rewards and punishments. Warburton, who delighted in paradox, instead of attempting to deny this or explain it away, at once acknowledged it, but asserted that therein lay the strongest argument for the divine mission of Moses. To establish this point, he ransacked the whole domains of pagan antiquity, and reared such a mass of curious and confounding argument, that mankind might be said to be awed by it into a partial concession to the author's views. He never completed the work; he became, indeed, weary of it; and perhaps the fallacy of the hypothesis was first secretly acknowledged by himself. If it had been consecrated to truth, instead of paradox, it would have been by far the most illustrious book of its age. As it is, we only look into it to wonder at its endless learning and misspent ingenuity.

The merits of the author, or his worldly wisdom, brought him preferment in the church: he rose through the grades of prebend of Gloucester, prebend of Durham, and dean of Bristol, to be (1759), bishop of Gloucester—a remarkable transition for the Newark attorney, though many English prelates have risen from a much humbler origin. Warburton early forced himself into notice by his writings, but one material cause of his advancement was his friendship with Pope. He had secured the poet's favour by defending the ethical principles enunciated in the 'Essay on Man,' and by writing commentaries on that and other poetical essays of Pope; in return for which the latter left him the property or copyright of his works, the value of which Johnson estimated at £4000; but Pope had also introduced him to Ralph Allen, one of the wealthiest and most benevolent men of his day, the Squire Allworthy of Fielding's 'Tom Jones;' and Warburton so far improved upon this introduction that he secured the hand of Allen's niece, and thus obtained a large fortune. To Pope he was also indebted for an acquaintance with Murray, Lord Mansfield, whom he propitiated by flattering attentions, and through whose influence he was made preacher of Lincoln's Inn (1746). Among the various theological works of Warburton are 'The Principles of Natural and Revealed Religion,' and a 'View of Bolingbroke's Philosophy' (1755). He attacked Hume's 'Natural History of Religion.' In 1747, he issued an edition of Shakspeare. The arrogance and dogmatism of Warburton have become almost proverbial. His great learning was thrown away on paradoxical speculations, and none of his theological or controversial works have in the slightest degree benefited Christianity. His notes and commentaries on Shakspeare and Pope are devoid of taste and genius, but often display curious erudition and ingenuity. His force of character and various learning, always ostentatiously displayed, gave him a high name and authority in his own day; but his contemporary fame has failed to receive the impartial award of posterity. Gibbon speaks of the 'Divine Legation' as a brilliant ruin. The metaphor may be applied to Warburton's literary character and reputation. The once formidable fabric is now a ruin—a ruin not venerable from cherished associations, but great, unsightly, and incongruous.

The Grecian Mythology—The Various Lights in which it was regarded.—From the 'Divine Legation.'

Here matters rested; and the vulgar faith seems to have remained a long time undisturbed. But as the age grew refined, and the Greeks became inquisitive and learned, the common mythology began to give offence. The speculative and more delicate were shocked at the absurd and immoral stories of their gods. and scandalised to find such things make an authentic part of their story. It may, indeed, be thought matter of wonder how such tales, taken up in a barbarous age, came not to sink into oblivion as the age grew more knowing, from mere abhorrence of their indecencies and shame of their absurdities. Without doubt, this had been their fortune, but for an unlucky circumstance. The great poets of Greece, who had most contributed to refine the public taste and manners, and were now grown into a kind of sacred authority, had sanctified these silly legends by their writings, which time had now consigned to immortality.

Vulgar paganism, therefore, in such an age as this, lying open to the attacks of curious and inquisitive men, would not, we may well think, be long at rest. It is true, freethinking then lay under great difficulties and discouragements. To insult the religion of one's country, which is now the mark of learned distinction, was branded in the ancient world with public infamy. Yet freethinkers there were, who, as is their wont, together with the public worship of their country, threw off all reverence for religion in general. Amongst these was Euhemerus, the Messenian, and, by what we can learn, the most distinguished of this tribe. This man, in mere wantonness of heart, began his attacks on religion by divulging the secret of the mysteries. But as it was capital to do this directly and professedly, he contrived to cover his perfidy and malice by the intervention of a kind of Utopian romance. He pretended 'that in a certain city, which he came to in his travels, he found this grand secret, that the gods were dead men deified, preserved in their sacred writings, and confirmed by monumental records inscribed to the gods themselves, who were there said to be interred.' So far was not amiss; but then, in the genuine spirit of his class, who never cultivate a truth but in order to graft a lie upon it, he pretended 'that dead mortals were the first gods, and that an imaginary divinity in these early heroes and conquerors created the idea of a superior power, and introduced the practice of religious worship amongst men.' Our freethinker is true to his cause, and endeavours to verify the fundamental principle of his sect, that fear first made gods, even in that very instance where the contrary passion seems to have been at its height, the time when men made gods of their deceased benefactors. A little matter of address hides the shame of so perverse a piece of malice. He represents those founders of society and fathers of their country under the idea of destructive conquerors, who, by mere force and fear, had brought men into subjection and slavery. On this account it was that indignant antiquity concurred in giving Euhemerus the proper name of atheist, which, however, he would hardly have escaped, though he had done no more than divulge the secret of the mysteries, and not poisoned his discovery with this impious and foreign addition, so contrary to the true spirit of that secret.

This detection had been long dreaded by the orthodox protectors of pagan worship; and they were provided of a temporary defence in their intricate and properly perplexed system of symbolic adoration. But this would do only to stop a breach for the present, till a better could be provided, and was too weak to stand alone against so violent an attack. The philosophers, therefore, now took up the defence of paganism where the priests had left it, and to the others' symbols added their own allegories, for a second cover to the absurdities of the ancient mythology; for all the genuine sects of philosophy, as we have observed, were steady patriots, legislation making one essential part of their philosophy; and to legislate without the foundation of a national religion, was, in their opinion, building castles in the air. So that we are not to wonder they took the alarm, and opposed these insulters of public worship with all their vigour. But as they never lost sight of their proper character, they so contrived that the defence of the national religion should terminate in a recommendation of their philosophic speculations. Hence, their support of the public worship, and their evasion of Euhemerus's charge, turned upon this proposition. 'That the whole ancient mythology was no other than the vehicle of physical, moral, and divine knowledge.' And to this it is that the learned Eusebius refers, where he says: 'That a new race of men refined their old gross theology, and gave it an honester look, and brought it nearer to the truth of things.'

However, this proved a troublesome work, and after all, ineffectual for the security of men's private morals, which the example of the licentious story according to the letter would not fail to influence, how well soever the allegoric interpretation was calculated to cover the public honour of religion; so that the more ethical of the philosophers grew peevish with what gave them so much trouble, and answered so little to the interior of religious practice. This made them break out, from time to time, into hasty resentments against their capital poets; unsuitable, one would think, to the dignity of the authors of such noble recondite truths as they would persuade us to believe were treasured up in their writings. Hence it was that

Plato banished Homer from his republic, and that Pythagoras, in one of his extramundane adventures, saw both Homer and Hesiod doing penance in hell, and hung up there for examples, to be bleached and purified from the grossness and pollution of their ideas.

The first of these allegorisers, as we learn from Laertius, was Anaxagoras, who, with his friend Metrodorus, turned Homer's mythology into a system of ethics. Next came Hereclides Ponticus, and of the same fables made as good a system of physics. And last of all, when the necessity became more pressing, Proclus undertook to shew that all Homer's fables were no other than physical, ethical and moral allegories.

DR. ROBERT LOWTH—DR. C. MIDDLETON—REV. W. LAW—DR. ISAAC WATTS, &C.

Dr. Robert Lowth, second son of Dr. William Lowth, was born at Buriton, in Hampshire, in 1710. He entered the church, and became successively bishop of St. David's, Oxford, and London; he died in 1787. The works of Lowth display both genius and learning. They consist of 'Prelections on Hebrew Poetry' (1753), a 'Life of William of Wykeham' (1758), a 'Short Introduction to English Grammar,' and a 'Translation of Isaiah' (1778). The last is the greatest of his productions. The spirit of eastern poetry is rendered with fidelity, elegance, and sublimity; and the work is an inestimable contribution to biblical criticism and learning, as well as illustrative of the exalted strains of the divine muse.

Dr. Conyers Middleton, distinguished for his 'Life of Cicero,' mixed freely and eagerly in the religious controversies of the times. One writer, Dr. Matthew Tindal (1657–1733), served as a firebrand to the clergy. Tindal had embraced popery in the reign of James II. but afterwards renounced it. Being thus, as Drummond the poet said of Ben Jonson, 'of either religion, as versed in both,' he set himself to write on theology, and published 'The Rights of the Christian Church Asserted,' and 'Christianity as Old as the Creation.' The latter had a decided deistical tendency, and was answered by several divines, as Dr. Conybeare, Dr. Foster, and Dr. Waterland. Middleton now joined in the argument, and wrote remarks on Dr. Waterland's manner of vindicating Scripture against Tindal, which only increased the confusion by adding to the elements of discord. He also published (1747) 'A Free Inquiry into the Miraculous Powers of the Church,' which was answered by several of the High-Church clergy. These treatises have now fallen into oblivion. They were perhaps useful in preventing religious truths from stagnating in that lukewarm age; but in adverting to them, we are reminded of the fine saying of Hall; 'While Protestants attended more to the points on which they differed than those on which they agreed, while more zeal was employed in settling ceremonies and defending subtleties than in enforcing plain revealed truths, the lovely fruits of peace and charity perished under the storms of controversy.'

A permanent service was rendered to the cause of Christianity by the writings of the Rev. William Law (1686–1761), author of a still popular work, 'A Serious Call to a Holy Life' (1729), which, happening to fall into the hands of Dr. Johnson at college, gave him 'the first occasion of thinking in earnest of religion after he became capable of rational inquiry.' Law was a Jacobite nonconformist: he was tutor to the father of Gibbon the historian, and the latter has commemorated his wit and scholarship, while also noticing the gloom and mysticism which characterise some of Law's writings.

The two elementary works of DR. ISAAC WATTS—his 'Logic, or the Right Use of Reason,' published in 1724, and his 'Improvement of the Mind'—a supplement to the former—were both designed to advance the interests of religion, and are well adapted to the purpose. Various theological treatises were also written by Watts.

Of the other theological and devotional productions of the established clergy of this age, there is only room to notice a few of the best. The dissertations of Bishop Newton on various parts of the Bible (1754–58); the 'Lectures on the English Church Catechism,' by Archbishop Secker; Bishop Law's 'Considerations on the Theory of Religion,' and his 'Reflections on the Life and Character of Christ,' are all works of standard excellence. The labours of Dr. Kennicot, in the collation of various manuscripts of the Hebrew Bible, are also worthy of being here mentioned as an eminent service to sacred literature. He commenced his researches about 1753, and continued them till his death, in 1783. The Hebrew Bible of Dr. Kennicot, with the various readings of manuscripts, appeared in 1776.

JORTIN—HURD—HORNE.

DR. JOHN JORTIN (1698–1770), a prebendary of St. Paul's, and archdeacon of London, was early distinguished as a scholar and an independent theologian. His 'Remarks upon Ecclesiastical History,' published at intervals between 1751 and 1754 with an addition of two more volumes after his death, have been greatly admired and he wrote 'Six Dissertations upon various Subjects' (1755), which evince his classical taste and acquirements. His other works are a 'Life of Erasmus,' 1758; 'Remarks upon the Works of Erasmus,' 1760; and several tracts, philological, critical, and miscellaneous. Seven volumes of his 'Sermons' were published after his decease.

DR. RICHARD HURD (1720–1808), a friend and disciple of Warburton, was author of an 'Introduction to the Study of the Prophecies' (1772), being the substance of twelve discourses delivered at Cambridge. Hurd was a man of taste and learning, author of a commentary on Horace, and editor of Cowley's works. He rose to enjoy high church preferment, and died bishop of Worcester, after having declined the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury.

DR. GEORGE HORNE (1730–1792) was another divine whose talents and learning raised him to the bench of bishops. He wrote various works, the most important of which is a 'Commentary on the Book of Psalms,' which appeared in 1776 in two volumes quarto. It is still a text-book with theological students and divines, and unites extensive erudition with fervent piety.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD—JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY.

Connected with the English establishment, yet ultimately separating from it, were those two remarkable men, Whitefield and Wesley. Both were highly useful in their day and generation, and they enjoyed a popularity rarely attained by divines. GEORGE WHITEFIELD was born in Gloucester in 1714. He took orders, and preached in London with astonishing success. He made several voyages to America, where he was equally popular. Whitefield adopted the Calvinistic doctrines, and preached them with incessant activity, and an eloquence unparalleled in its effects. As a popular orator, he was passionate and vehement, wielding his audiences almost at will; and so fascinating in his style and manner, that Hume the historian said he was worth travelling twenty miles to hear. He died in Newbury, New England, in 1770. His writings are tame and commonplace, and his admirers regretted that he should have injured his fame by resorting to publication.

JOHN WESLEY was more learned, and in all respects better fitted to become the leader and founder of a sect. His father was rector of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, where John was born in 1703. He was educated at Oxford, where he and his brother Charles, and a few other students, lived in a regular system of pious study and discipline, whence they were denominated Methodists. After officiating a short time as curate to his father, the young enthusiast set off as a missionary to Georgia, where he remained about two years. Shortly after his return in 1738, he commenced field-preaching, occasionally travelling through every part of Great Britain and Ireland, where he established congregations of Methodists. Thousands flocked to his standard.

The grand doctrine of Wesley was universal redemption, as contradistinguished from the Calvinistic doctrine of particular redemption, and his proselytes were, by the act of conversion, made regenerate men. The methodists also received lay converts as preachers, who, by their itinerant ministrations and unquenchable enthusiasm, contributed materially to the extension of their societies. Wesley continued writing, preaching, and travelling, till he was eighty-eight years of age; his apostolic earnestness and venerable appearance procured for him everywhere profound respect. He had preached about forty thousand sermons, and travelled three hundred thousand miles. His highly useful and laborious career was terminated on the 2d of March 1791. His body lay in a kind of state in his chapel at London the day previous to his interment, dressed in his clerical habit, with gown, cassock, and band; the old clerical cap on his head, a Bible in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other. The funeral service was read by one of his old preachers. 'When he came to that part of the service, "forasmuch as it hath pleased God to take unto himself the soul of our dear *brother*," his voice changed, and he substituted the word *father;* and the feeling with which he did this was such, that the congregation, who were shedding silent tears, burst at once into loud weeping.'* At the time of Wesley's death, the number of Methodists in Europe, America, and the West India Islands, was 80,000: they are now above a million—three hundred thousand of which are in Great Britain and Ireland. The writings and journals of Wesley are very voluminous, and have been published in sixteen volumes (London, 1809). **CHARLES WESLEY** (1708–1788) joined with his brother in publishing, in 1738, a 'Collection of Psalms and Hymns,' some of which are among the most striking and beautiful in the language.

HERVEY—ERSKINE—WEBSTER.

The REV. **JAMES HERVEY** (1714–1758) was a popular writer on religious subjects. His 'Meditations on the Tombs, on a Flower-garden,' &c. had an extraordinary sale, and the author is said to have received £700 for the copyright of the first part of his work—which sum he distributed in charity. Hervey was also author of 'Theron and Aspasio, or a Series of Letters and Dialogues on the most important Subjects;' 'Remarks on Lord Bolingbroke's Letters on History;' 'Eleven Letters to the Rev. John Wesley, in answer to his Remarks on Theron and Aspasio,' &c. After his death, collections of his letters and sermons were printed, and these, with his works, are comprised in six volumes octavo. When Johnson, on one occasion, ridiculed Hervey's 'Meditations,' Boswell could not join in this treatment of the admired volume. 'I am not an impartial judge,' he says, 'for Hervey's "Mediations" engaged my affections in my early years.' This apology may be pleaded by many readers, for the 'Meditations' are written in a flowery, ornate style, which captivates the young and persons of immature taste. The inflated description and overstrained pathos with which the work abounds render it distasteful—almost ludicrous—to critical readers; but Hervey was a good man, whose works have soothed many an invalid and mourner, and quickened the efforts of benevolence and piety. He was rector of Weston-Favell, near Northampton, and was most exemplary in the discharge of his pastoral duties.

The REV. **EBENEZER ERSKINE** (1680–1754) and his youngest brother, the REV. **RALPH ERSKINE** (1685–1752), are both divines celebrated in the annals of the Scottish Church, but more remarkable for their personal influence and preaching than as contributors to our theological literature. The first was founder of the Secession Church, having isolated himself from the establishment in consequence of disagreement with the leaders of the General Assembly respecting the patronage and other ecclesiastical matters. Mr. Erskine and ›ther clergymen abjured the authority of the Assembly, and oof from it for several years; and in 1740 they were formally l from the Established Church by a judicial act of the As- ·. His congregation, however, adhered to him; other ministers ithdrew from the church, and the seceders took the name of ers. In this body differences also arose, and it became divided wo sections—Burghers and Anti-burghers. A collection of ιe's 'Sermons,' extending to five volumes, printed 1762–1765, ›en published.—Ralph Erskine was minister of Dunfermline 1711 to 1737, when, having joined the secession with his brother he other ministers, he withdrew from the establishment. Ralph ιe was a copious writer on religious subjects. His sermons are rous, and his 'Gospel Sonnets,' published in 1760, fill two large ιes. These works are devotional, not poetical, and are not of a › to be subjected to literary criticism.

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* Southey's Life of Wesley.

. ALEXANDER WEBSTER (1707–1784), minister of the Tolbooth ›h in Edinburgh, has the merit of originating the Ministers' ws' Fund—a benevolent scheme sanctioned by parliament—and ›f carrying out the first attempt at a census in Scotland. Ac- ng to the returns obtained by Webster in 1755, Scotland had a lation of 1,265,380. In 1798, a more careful and regular series ›urns, obtained from the clergy by Sir John Sinclair, made the ιnt of the population 1,526,492. On the occasion of Whitefield's us visit to Scotland in 1741, Webster acted a conspicuous part. his journey to Ralph Erskine at Dunfermline, Whitefield met and entertained at Edinburgh by Webster and some ιis brethren; and learning from them the state of church ιdices and parties, he refused to connect himself with particular sect. 'The spiritual tempest,' says Mr. Bur- n his 'History of Scotland,' 'was worked up to its wildest climax n, in an encampment of tents on the hill-side at Cambuslang, tefield, at the head of a band of clergy, held, day after day, a val which might be called awful, but scarcely solemn, among a titude calculated by contemporary writers to amount to 30,000 ›le. The Secession ministers imputed the whole to sorcery and devil, and a fast was appointed as a penitence for these sins of land. Dr. Webster, on the other hand, wrote a pamphlet ascrib- the conversions alleged to have been made by Whitefield to the ιence of the Holy Spirit. Political agitation followed this relig- › fervour: the Stuart insurrection of 1745 broke out, and Webster all his energies and influence to the cause of the royalists. After victory of Culloden he was appointed to preach the thanksgiving nen, and this discourse, with a few other of his sermons, was ιted. He is said also to have written several patriotic songs to mate the loyalty of his countrymen, and one amatory lyric on the lady to whom he was married.* Webster was employed by a gentleman of his acquaintance to gain Miss Erskine, a young lady of fortune related to the Dundonald family. He urged the suit of his friend with uncommon eloquence, but received a decided refusal, to which the lady naïvely added: 'Had you spoken as well for yourself, perhaps you might have succeeded better.' Upon this hint the minister spake, and became the husband of the heiress. Mr. Chambers, in his 'Traditions of Edinburgh,' relates various anecdotes of this energetic clergymen, characterising him as 'a man eminent in his day on many accounts—a leading evangelical clergymen in Edinburgh, a statist and calculator of extraordinary talent, and a distinguished figure in festive scenes.' He is reported to have drawn up the first plan of the New Town of Edinburgh.

DR. JOHN ERSKINE—DR. HUGH BLAIR.

The REV. DR. JOHN ERSKINE (1721–1803) was united with Dr. Robertson, the historian, in the collegiate charge of the Old Greyfriars parish, Edinburgh. They were opposed to each other in the church courts, but were cordial personal friends. Dr. Erskine was a learned and able divine, who maintained an extensive correspondence with eminent men at home and abroad, and wrote numerous 'Discourses' and 'Theological Dissertations' adapted to the times.

One of the most popular and influential of the Scottish clergy was DR. HUGH BLAIR, born in Edinburgh in 1718. He was at first minister of a country church in Fifeshire, but, being celebrated for his pulpit eloquence, he was successively preferred to the Canongate, Lady Yester's, and the High Church in Edinburgh. In 1759 he commenced a course of lectures on rhetoric and belles-lettres, which extended his literary reputation; and in 1763 he published his 'Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian,' a production evincing both critical taste and learning. In 1777 appeared the first volume of his 'Sermons,' which was so well received that the author published three other volumes, and a fifth which he had prepared was printed after his death. A royal pension of £200 per annum further rewarded its author. Blair next published his 'Rhetorical Lectures,' and they also met with a favourable reception. Though somewhat hard and dry in style and manner, this work forms a useful guide to the young student; it is carefully arranged, contains abundance of examples in every department of literary composition, and has also detailed criticisms on ancient and modern authors. The sermons are the most valuable of Blair's works. They are written with taste and elegance, and by inculcating Christian morality without any allusion to controversial topics, are suited to all classes of Christians. Profound thought, or reasoning, or impassioned eloquence they certainly do not possess, and in this respect they must be considered inferior to the posthumous sermons of Logan the poet, which, if occasionally irregular and faulty in style, have more of devotional ardour and vivid description. In society, Dr. Blair was cheerful and polite, the friend of literature as well as of virtue. His predominant weakness seems to have been vanity, which was soon discovered by Burns, in his memorable residence in Edinburgh in 1787. Blair died on the 27th of December 1800. We subjoin two short extracts from his 'Lectures.'

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* This song seems worthy of quotation as unique in its history and style:

O how could I venture to love one like thee,
Or thou not despise a poor conquest like me!
On lords, thy admirers, could look with disdain,
And, though I was nothing, yet pity my pain!

You said, when they teased you with nonsense and dress,
When real the passion, the vanity 's less;
You saw through that silence which others despise,
And while beaux were still prating, read love in my eyes.

Oh, where is the nymph that like thee ne'er can cloy,
Whose wit can enliven the dull pause of joy;
And when the sweet transport is all at an end,
From beautiful mistress turn sensible friend.

When I see thee, I love thee, but hearing adore,
I wonder and think you a woman no more;
Till mad with admiring, I cannot contain,
And, kissing those lips, find you woman again.

In all that I write, I'll thy judgment require;
Thy taste shall correct what thy love did inspire;
I'll kiss thee and press thee till youth all is o'er,
And then live on friendship when passion's no more.

On the Cultivation of Taste.

Such studies have this peculiar advantage, that they exercise our reason without fatiguing it. They lead to inquiries acute, but not painful; profound, but not dry or abstruse. They strew flowers in the path of science; and while they keep the mind bent in some degree and active, they relieve it at the same time from that more toilsome labour to which it must submit in the acquisition of necessary erudition, or the investigation of abstract truth.

The cultivation of taste is further recommended by the happy effects which it naturally tends to produce on human life. The most busy man in the most active sphere cannot be always occupied by business. Men of serious professions cannot always be on the stretch of serious thought. Neither can the most gay and flourishing situations of fortune afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleasure. Life must always languish in the hands of the idle. It will frequently languish even in the hands of the busy. if they have not some employment subsidiary to that which forms their main pursuit. How, then, shall these vacant spaces, those unemployed intervals, which more or less occur in the life of every one, be filled up? How can we contrive to dispose of them in any way that shall be more agreeable in itself. or more consonant to the dignity of the human mind, than in the entertainments of taste. and the study of polite literature? He who is so happy as to have acquired a relish for these has always at hand an innocent and irreproachable amusement for his leisure hours. to save him from the danger of many a pernicious passion. He is not in hazard of being a burden to himself. He is not obliged to fly to low company, or to court the riot of loose pleasures, in order to cure the tediousness of existence.

Providence seems plainly to have pointed out this useful purpose to which the pleasures of taste may be applied, by interposing them in a middle station between the pleasures of sense and those of pure intellect. We were not designed to grovel always among objects so low as the former; nor are we capable of dwelling constantly in so high a region as the latter. The pleasures of taste refresh the mind after the toils of the intellect and the labours of abstract study; and they gradually raise it above the attachments of sense, and prepare it for the enjoyments of virtue.

So consonant is this to experience, that, in the education of youth, no object has in every age appeared more important to wise men than to tincture them early with a relish for the entertainments of taste. The transition is commonly made with ease from these to the discharge of the higher and more important duties of life. Good hopes may be entertained of those whose minds have this liberal and elegant turn. It is favourable to many virtues. Whereas, to be entirely devoid of relish for eloquence, poetry, or any of the fine arts, is justly construed to be an unpromising symptom of youth; and raises suspicions of their being prone to low gratifications, or destined to drudge in the more vulgar and illiberal pursuits of life.

There are indeed few good dispositions of any kind with which the improvement of taste is not more or less connected. A cultivated taste increases sensibility to all the tender and humane passions, by giving them frequent exercise; while it tends to weaken the more violent and fierce emotions.

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

[These polished arts have humanised mankind,
Softened the rude, and calmed the boisterous mind.]

The elevated sentiments and high examples which poetry, eloquence, and history are often bringing under our view, naturally tend to nourish in our minds public spirit, the love of glory, contempt of external fortune, and the admiration of what is truly illustrious and great.

I will not go so far as to say that the improvement of taste and of virtue is the same, or that they may always be expected to coexist in an equal degree. More powerful correctives than taste can apply are necessary for reforming the corrupt propensities which too frequently prevail among mankind. Elegant speculations are sometimes found to float on the surface of the mind, while bad passions possess the interior regions of the heart. At the same time, this cannot but be admitted, that the exercise of taste is, in its native tendency, moral and purifying. From reading the most admired productions of genius, whether in poetry or prose, almost every one rises with some good impressions left on his mind; and though these may not always be durable, they are at least to be ranked among the means of disposing the heart to virtue. One thing is certain, that without possessing the virtuous affections in a strong degree, no man can attain eminence in the sublime parts of eloquence. He must feel what a good man feels, if he expects greatly to move or to interest mankind. They are the ardent sentiments of honour, virtue, magnanimity, and public spirit, that only can kindle that fire of genius, and call up into the mind those high ideas, which attract the admiration of ages; and if this spirit be necessary to produce the most distinguished efforts of eloquence, it must be necessary also to our relishing them with proper taste and feeling.

Difference between Taste and Genius.

Taste and genius are two words frequently joined together, and therefore, by inaccurate thinkers, confounded. They signify, however, two quite different things. The difference between them can be clearly pointed out, and it is of importance to remember it. Taste consists in the power of judging; genius, in the power of executing. One may have a considerable degree of taste in poetry, eloquence, or any of the fine arts, who has little or hardly any genius for composition or execution in any of these arts; but genius cannot be found without including taste also. Genius, therefore, deserves to be considered as a higher power of the mind than taste. Genius, always imports something inventive or creative, which does not rest in mere sensibility to beauty where it is perceived, but which can, moreover, produce new beauties, and exhibit them in such a manner as strongly to impress the minds of others. Refined taste forms a good critic; but genius is further necessary to form the poet or the orator.

It is proper also to observe, that genius is a word which, in common acceptation, extends much further than to the objects of taste. It is used to signify that talent or aptitude which we receive from nature for excelling in any one thing whatever.

speak of a genius for mathematics, as well as a genius for poetry—of a
r war, for politics, or for any mechanical employment.
alent or aptitude for excelling in some one particular is, I have said, what
e from nature. By art and study, no doubt, it may be greatly improved,
em alone it cannot be acquired. As genius is a higher faculty than taste, it
ccording to the usual frugality of nature, more limited in the sphere of its
s. It is not uncommon to meet with persons who have an excellent taste
l of the polite arts, such as music, poetry painting, and eloquence, all to-
but to find one who is an excellent performer in all these arts, is much more
ther, indeed, such a one is not to be looked for. A sort of universal genius
ho is equally and indifferently turned towards several different professions
, is not likely to excel in any: although there may be some few exceptions,
neral it holds, that when the bent of the mind is wholly directed towards
e object, exclusive in a manner of others, there is the fairest prospect of em-
that, whatever it be. The rays must converge to a point, in order to glow
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DR. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Philip Doddridge, a distinguished nonconformist divine and
, was born in London, June 26, 1702. His grandfather had
jected from the living of Shepperton, in Middlesex, by the act
formity in 1662; and his father, a man engaged in mercantile
ts in London, married the only daughter of a German, who
ed from Prague to escape the persecution which raged in Bohe-
fter the expulsion of Frederick, the Elector Palatine, when to
or emigrate were the only alternatives. In 1712, Doddridge
ent to school at Kingston-upon-Thames; but both his parents
within three years afterwards, he was removed to St. Albans,
whilst there, was solemnly admitted, in his sixteenth year, a
er of the nonconforming congregation. His religious impres-
were ardent and sincere; and when, in 1718, the Duchess of
rd made him an offer to educate him for the ministry in the
ch of England, Doddridge declined, from conscientious scruples,
ail himself of this advantage. A generous friend, Dr. Clarke
. Albans, now stepped forward to patronise the studious youth,
in 1719 he was placed at an academy established at Kibworth,
estershire, for the education of dissenters. Here he resided three
s, pursuing his studies for the ministry, and cultivating a taste
legant literature. To one of his fellow-pupils who had condoled
him on being buried alive, Doddridge writes in the following
y strain: 'Here I stick close to those delightful studies which a
urable Providence has made the business of my life. One day
eth away after another, and I only know that it passeth pleas-
y with me. As for the world about me, I have very little concern
it. I live almost like a tortoise shut up in its shell, almost
ays in the same town, the same house, the same chamber; yet I
like a prince—not, indeed, in the pomp of greatness, but th
le of liberty; master of my books, master of my time, and, I
e I may add, master of myself. So that, instead of lamenting it
ny misfortune, you should congratulate me upon it as my happi-
, *that I am confined* in an obscure village, seeing it gives me so

many valuable advantages to the most important purposes of devotion and philosophy, and, I hope I may add, usefulness too.'

The obscure village had also further attractions. It appears from the correspondence of Doddridge (published by his great-grandson in 1829), that the young divine was of a susceptible temperament, and was generally in love with some fair one of the neighbourhood, with whom he kept up a constant and lively interchange of letters. The levity or gaiety of some of these epistles is remarkable in one of so staid and devout a public character. His style is always excellent—correct and playful like that of Cowper, and interesting from the very egotism and carelessness of the writer. To one of his female correspondents he thus describes his situation:

'You know I love a country life, and here we have it in perfection. I am roused in the morning with the chirping of sparrows, the cooing of pigeons, the lowing of kine, the bleating of sheep, and, to complete the concert, the grunting of swine and neighing of horses. We have a mighty pleasant garden and orchard, and a fine arbour under some tall shady limes, that form a kind of lofty dome, of which, as a native of the great city, you may perhaps catch a glimering idea, if I name the cupola of St. Paul's. And then, on the other side of the house, there is a large space which we call a wilderness, and which I fancy would please you extremely. The ground is a dainty greensward; a brook runs sparkling through the middle, and there are two large fish ponds at one end; both the ponds and the brook are surrounded with willows; and there are several shady walks under the trees, besides little knots of young willows interspersed at convenient distances. This is the nursery of our lambs and calves, with whom I have the honour to be intimately acquainted. Here I generally spend the evening, and pay my respects to the setting sun, when the variety and the beauty of the prospect inspire a pleasure that I know not how to express. I am sometimes so transported with these inanimate beauties, that I fancy I am like Adam in Paradise; and it is my only misfortune that I want an Eve, and have none but the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, for my companions.'

From his first sermon, delivered at the age of twenty, Doddridge became a marked preacher among the dissenters, and had calls to various congregations. In 1729, he settled at Northampton, and became celebrated. He first appeared as an author in 1730, when he published a pamphlet on the 'Means of Reviving the Dissenting Interest.' He afterwards applied himself to the composition of practical religious works. His 'Sermons on the Education of Children' (1732), 'Sermons to Young People' (1735), and 'Ten Sermons on the Power and Grace of Christ, and the Evidences of his Glorious Gospel' (1736), were all well received by the public. In 1741 appeared his 'Practical Discourses on Regeneration,' and in 1745 'The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.' The latter forms a body of practical divinity and Christian experience which has never been surpassed by any work of the same nature In 1747 appeared his still popular work, 'Some Remarkable Passages in the Life of Colonel James Gardiner, who was slain by the Rebels at the Battle of Prestonpans, Sept. 21, 1745.' Gardiner was a brave Scottish officer, who had served with distinction under Marlborough, and was aide-de-camp to the Earl of Stair on his embassy to Paris. From a gay libertine life he was suddenly converted to one of the strictest piety, by what he conceived to be a supernatural interference—namely, a visible representation of Christ upon the cross, suspended in the air, amidst an unusual blaze of light, and accompanied by a declaration of the words: 'O sinner! did I suffer this for thee, and are these the returns?' From the period of this vision till his death, twenty-six years afterwards, Colonel Gardiner maintained the life and character of a sincere and zealous Christian, united with that of an intrepid and active officer.

Besides several single sermons and charges delivered at the ordination of some of his brethren, Dr. Doddridge published an elaborate work, the result of many years' study, entitled 'The Family Expositor, containing a Version and Paraphrase of the New Testament, with Critical Notes, and a Practical Improvement of each Section.' This compendium of Scriptural knowledge was received with the greatest approbation both at home and abroad, and was translated into several languages. Doddridge continued his useful and laborious life at Northampton for many years; but his health failing, he was, in 1751, advised to remove to a warmer climate for the winter. The generosity of his friends supplied ample funds for his stay abroad, and in September of the same year he sailed from Falmouth for Lisbon. He arrived there on the 21st of October, but survived only five days, dying October 26, 1751. The solid learning, unquestioned piety, and true catholic liberality and benevolence of Dr. Doddridge, secured for him the warm respect and admiration of his contemporaries of all sects. Dr. Doddridge was author of what Johnson calls 'one of the finest epigrams in the English language.' The subject is his family motto, 'Dum vivimus vivamus,' which, in its primary signification, is not very suitable to a Christian divine, but he paraphrased it thus:

'Live while you live,' the *epicure* would say.
'And seize the pleasures of the present day.'
'Live while you live,' the sacred *preacher* cries,
'And give to God each moment as it flies.',
Lord, in my views let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live to thee!

Happy Devotional Feelings of Doddridge.—To Mrs. Doddridge, from Northampton, October 1742.

I hope, my dear, you will not be offended when I tell you that I am, what I hardly thought it possible, without a miracle, that I should have been, very easy and happy without you. My days begin, pass, and end in pleasure, and seem short because they are so delightful. It may seem strange to say it, but really so it is, I hardly feel that I *want anything*. I often think of you, and pray for you, and bless

God on your account, and please myself with the hope of many comfortable days, and weeks, and years, with you; yet I am not at all anxious about your return, or indeed about anything else. And the reason, the great and sufficient reason, is, that I have more of the presence of God with me than I remember ever to have enjoyed in any one month of my life. He enables me to live for him, and to live with him. When I awake in the morning, which is always before it is light, I address myself to him, and converse with him, speak to him while I am lighting my candle and putting on my clothes, and have often more delight before I come out of my chamber, though it be hardly a quarter of an hour after my awaking, than I have enjoyed for whole days, or perhaps weeks of my life. He meets me in my study, in secret, in family devotions. It is pleasant to read, pleasant to compose, pleasant to converse with my friends at home; pleasant to visit those abroad—the poor, the sick; pleasant to write letters of necessary business by which any good can be done; pleasant to go out and preach the gospel to poor souls, of which some are thirsting for it, and others dying without it; pleasant in the week-day to think how near another Sabbath is; but, oh! much, much more pleasant, to think how near eternity is, and how short the journey through this wilderness, and that it is but a step from earth to heaven.

Vindication of Religious Opinions.—Addressed, November 1742, *to the Rev. Mr. Bourne.*

Had the letter which I received from you so many months ago been merely an address of common friendship, I hope no hurry of business would have led me to delay so long the answer which civility and gratitude would in that case have required; or had it been to request any service in my power to you, sir, or to any of your family or friends, I would not willingly have neglected it so many days or hours: but when it contained nothing material, except an unkind insinuation that you esteemed me a dishonest man, who, out of a design to please a party, had written what he did not believe, or, as you thought fit to express yourself, had 'trimmed it a little with the gospel of Christ,' I thought all that was necessary, after having fully satisfied my own conscience on that head, which, I bless God, I very easily did, was to forgive and pray for the mistaken brother who had done me the injury, and to endeavour to forget it, by turning my thoughts to some more pleasant, important, and useful subject. I imagined, sir, that for me to give you an assurance under my hand that I meant honestly, would signify very little, whether you did or did not already believe it; and as I had little particular to say on the doctrines to which you referred, I thought it would be of little use to send you a bare confession of my faith, and quite burdensome to enter into a long detail and examination of arguments which have on one side and the other been so often discussed, and of which the world has of late years been so thoroughly satiated.

On this account, sir, I threw aside the beginning of a long letter, which I had prepared in answer to yours, and with it your letter itself; and I believe I may safely say, several weeks and months have passed in which I have not once recollected anything relating to this affair. But I have since been certainly informed that you, interpreting my silence as an acknowledgment of the justice of your charge, have sent copies of your letter to several of your friends, who have been industrious to propagate them far and near! This is a fact which, had it not been exceedingly well attested, I should not have believed; but as I find it too evident to be questioned, you must excuse me, sir, if I take the liberty to expostulate with you upon it, which, in present circumstances, I apprehend to be not only justice to myself, but, on the whole, kindness and respect for you.

Though it was unkind readily to entertain the suspicions you express, I do not so much complain of your acquainting me with them; but on what imaginable humane or Christian principle could you communicate such a letter, and grant copies of it? With what purpose could it be done, but with a design of aspersing my character? and to what purpose could you desire my character to be reproached? Are you sure, sir, that I am not intending the honour of God, and the good of souls, by my various labours of one kind and another—so sure of it, that you will venture to maintain at the bar of Christ, before the throne of God, that I was a person whom it was your duty to endeavour to discredit? for, considering me as a Christian, a minister, and a tutor, it could not be merely an indifferent action; nay, considering me as a man, if it was not a duty, it was a crime!

I will do you the justice, sir, to suppose you have really an ill opinion of me, and believe I mean otherwise than I write; but let me ask, what reason have you for that opinion? Is it because you cannot think me a downright fool, and conclude that every one who is not, must be of your opinion, and is a knave if he does not declare that he is so? or is it from anything particular which you apprehend you know of my sentiments contrary to what my writings declare? He that searches my heart, is witness that what I wrote on the very passage you except against, I wrote as what appeared to me most agreeable to truth, and most subservient to the purposes of His glory and the edification of my readers; and I see no reason to alter it in a second edition, if I should reprint my Exposition, though I had infinitely rather the book should perish than advance anything contrary to the tenor of the gospel, and subversive to the souls of men. I guard against apprehending Christ to be a mere creature, or another God, inferior to the Father, or co-ordinate with him. And you will maintain that I believe him to be so; from whence, sir, does your evidence of that arise? If from my writings, I apprehend it must be in consequence of some inference you draw from them, of laying any just foundation for which I am not at present aware; nor did I ever intend, I am sure, to say or intimate anything of the kind. If from report, I must caution you against rashly believing such reports. I have heard some stories of me, echoed back from your neighbourhood, which God knows to be as false as if I had been reported to have asserted the divine authority of the Alcoran! or to have written Hobbes's 'Leviathan;' and I can account for them in no other way than by supposing, either that coming through several hands, every one mistook a little, or else that some people have such vivid dreams, that they cannot distinguish them from realities, and so report them as facts; though how to account for their propagating such reports so zealously, on any principles of Christianity or common humanity, especially considering how far I am from having offered them any personal injury, would amaze me, if I did not know how far *party* zeal debases the understandings of those who in other matters are wise and good. All I shall add with regard to such persons is, that I pray God this evil may not be laid to their charge.

I have seriously reflected with myself whence it should come that such suspicions should arise of my being in what is generally called the Arian scheme, and the chief causes I can discover are these two: my not seeing the arguments which some of my brethren have seen against it in some disputed texts, and my tenderness and regard to those who, I have reason to believe, do espouse it, and whom I dare not in conscience raise a popular cry against! Nor am I at all fond of urging the controversy, lest it should divide churches, and drive some who are wavering, as indeed I myself once was, to an extremity to which I should be sorry to see such worthy persons, as some of them are, reduced.

Permit me, sir, on so natural an occasion, to conclude with expressing the pleasure with which I have heard that you of late have turned your preaching from a controversial to a more practical and useful strain. I am persuaded, sir, it is a manner of using the great talents which God has given you, which will turn to the most valuable account with respect to yourself and your flock; and if you would please to add another labour of love, by endeavouring to convince some who may be more open to the conviction from you than from others, that Christian candour does not consist in judging the hearts of their brethren, or virulently declaring against their supposed bigotry, it would be a very important charity to them, and a favour to, reverend and dear sir, your very affectionate brother and humble servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

NATHANIEL LARDNER—DR. JAMES FOSTER—JOHN LELAND.

DR. NATHANIEL LARDNER (1684–1768) produced treatises of the highest importance to the theological student. His works fill eleven octavo volumes. The chief is his 'Credibility of the Gospel History,' published between 1730 and 1757, in fifteen volumes, and in which proofs are brought from innumerable sources in the religious history and literature of the first five centuries in favour of the truth of

Christianity. Another voluminous work, entitled 'A Large Collection of Ancient Jewish and Heathen Testimonies to the Truth of the Christian Religion,' appeared near the close of the author's life, and completed a design, which, making allowance for the interruptions occasioned by other studies and writings of less importance, occupied his attention for forty-three years.

DR. JAMES FOSTER (1697–1753) is worthy of notice among the dissenting divines as having obtained the poetical praise of Pope. He was originally an Independent, but afterwards joined the Baptists, and was one of the most popular preachers in London. He published several volumes of sermons (1720–42), 'Discourses on Natural Religion and Social Virtue' (1749–52), and a defence of Christianity (1731).

JOHN LELAND (1691–1766) was pastor of a congregation of Protestant dissenters in Dublin. He wrote 'A View of the Deistical Writers in England' (1754–56), and an elaborate work on the 'Advantage and Necessity of the Christian Revelation.' The former is a solid and valuable treatise, and is still regarded as one of the best confutations of infidelity.

DR. FRANCIS HUTCHESON.

The public taste has been almost wholly withdrawn from metaphysical pursuits, which at this time constituted a favourite study with men of letters. Ample scope was given for ingenious speculation in the inductive philosophy of the mind; and the example of a few great names, each connected with some particular theory of moral science, kept alive a zeal for such minute and often fanciful inquiries. In a higher branch of ethics, honourable service was rendered by Bishop Butler, but it was in Scotland that speculative philosophy obtained most favour and celebrity. After a long interval of a century and a half, DR. FRANCIS HUTCHESON (1694–1747) introduced into Scotland a taste for metaphysics, which, in the sixteenth century, had prevailed to a great extent in the northern universities. Hutcheson was a native of Ireland, but studied in the university of Glasgow for six years, after which he returned to his native country, and kept an academy in Dublin. About the year 1726 he published his 'Inquiry into Beauty and Virtue,' and his reputation was so high that he was called to be professor of moral philosophy in Glasgow in the year 1729. His great work, 'A System of Moral Philosophy,' did not appear till after his death, when it was published in two volumes, quarto, by his son. The rudiments of his philosophy were borrowed from Shaftesbury, but he introduced a new term, *the moral sense*, into the metaphysical vocabulary, and assigned to it a sphere of considerable importance. With him the moral sense was a capacity of perceiving moral qualities in action, which excite what he called ideas of those qualities, in the same manner as external things give us not merely pain or pleasure, but notions or ideas of hardness, form, and colour.

We agree with Dr. Brown in considering this a great error; a moral sense considered strictly and truly a sense, as much so as any of those which are the source of our direct external perceptions, and not a state or act of the understanding, seems a purely fanciful hypothesis. The ancient doctrine, that virtue consists in benevolence, was supported by Hutcheson with much acuteness; but when he asserts that even the approbation of our own conscience diminishes the merit of a benevolent action, we instinctively reject his theory as unnatural and visionary. On account of these paradoxes, Sir James Mackintosh charges Hutcheson with confounding the theory of moral sentiments with the criterion of moral actions, but bears testimony to the ingenuity of his views, and the elegant simplicity of his language.

DAVID HUME.

The system of Idealism, promulgated by Berkeley and the writings of Hutcheson, led to the first literary production of **David Hume**—his 'Treatise on Human Nature,' published in 1738. The leading doctrine of Hume is, that all the objects of our knowledge are divided into two classes—impressions and ideas. From the structure of our minds he contended that we must for ever dwell in ignorance; and thus, 'by perplexing the relations of cause and effect, he boldly aimed to introduce a universal scepticism, and to pour a more than Egyptian darkness into the whole region of morals.' The 'Treatise on Human Nature' was afterwards recast and republished under the title of 'An Inquiry concerning the Human Understanding;' but it still failed to attract attention. He was now, however, known as a philosophical writer by his 'Essays, Moral, Political, and Literary,' published in 1742; a miscellany of thoughts at once original, and calculated for popularity. The other metaphysical works of Hume are, 'An Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals,' the 'Natural History of Religion,' and 'Dialogues on Natural Religion,' which were not published till after his death.

The moral system of Hume, that the virtue of actions depends wholly upon their utility, has been often combated, and is generally held to be successfully refuted by Brown. In his own day, Dr. Adam Smith thus ridiculed the doctrine. 'It seems impossible,' he says, 'that the approbation of virtue should be a sentiment of the same kind with that by which we approve of a convenient and well-contrived building; or that we should have no other reason for praising a man than for that for which we commend a chest of drawers!' Hume's theory as to miracles, that there was more probability in the error of bad faith of the reporter than in any interference with the ordinary laws of nature, which the observations of scientific men shew to be unswerving, was met, to the general satisfaction of the public, by the able disquisition of Dr. George Campbell, whose leading argument in reply was, that we have equally to trust to human testimony for an account of those laws, as for a history of the transactions which are considered to be an exception from them. In drawing his metaphysical theories and distinctions, Hume seems to have been unmoved by any consideration of consequences. He saw that they led to universal scepticism—'to doubts that would not only shake all inductive science to pieces, but would put a stop to the whole business of life'—to the absurd contradiction in terms, 'a belief that there can be no belief'—but his love of theory and paradox, his philosophical acuteness and subtlety, involved him in the maze of scepticism, and he was content to be for ever in doubt. It is at the same time to be admitted, in favour of this remarkable man, that a genuine love of letters and of philosophy, and an honourable desire of distinction in these walks—which had been his predominating sentiment and motive from his earliest years, to the exclusion of more vulgar though dazzling ambition—had probably a large concern in misleading him.[*] In matters strictly philosophical, his thoughts were original and profound, and to him it might not be difficult to trace the origin of several ideas which have since been more fully elaborated, and exercised no small influence on human affairs.

On Delicacy of Taste.

Nothing is so improving to the temper as the study of the beauties either of poetry, eloquence, music, or painting. They give a certain elegance of sentiment to which the rest of mankind are strangers. The emotions which they excite are soft and tender. They draw off the mind from the hurry of business and interest; cherish reflection; dispose to tranquillity; and produce an agreeable melancholy, which, of all dispositions of the mind, is the best suited to love and friendship. In the second place, a delicacy of taste is favourable to love and friendship, by confining our choice to few people, and making us indifferent to the company and conversation of the greater part of men. You will seldom find that mere men of the world, whatever strong sense they may be endowed with, are very nice in distinguishing characters, or in marking those insensible differences and gradations which make one man preferable to another. Any one that has competent sense is sufficient for their entertainment: they talk to him of their pleasure and affairs with the same frankness that they would to another; and finding many who are fit to supply his place, they never feel any vacancy or want in his absence. But, to make use of the allusion of a celebrated French author, the judgment may be compared to a clock or watch where the most ordinary machine is sufficient to tell the hours, but the most elaborate alone can point out the minutes and seconds, and distinguish the smallest differences of time. One that has well digested his knowledge, both of books and men, has little enjoyment but in the company of a few select companions. He feels too sensibly how much all the rest of mankind fall short of the notions which he has entertained; and his affections being thus confined within a narrow circle, no wonder he carries them further than if they were more general and undistinguished. The gaiety and frolic of a bottle-companion improve with him into a solid friendship; and the ardours of a youthful appetite become an elegant passion.

On Simplicity and Refinement.

It is a certain rule that wit and passion are entirely incompatible. When the affections are moved, there is no place for the imagination. The mind of man being naturally limited, it is impossible that all its faculties can operate at once; and the more any one predominates, the less room is there for the others to exert their vigour. For this reason a greater degree of simplicity is required in all compositions where men, and actions, and passions are painted, than in such as consist of reflections and observations. And, as the former species of writing is the more engaging and beautiful, one may safely, upon this account, give the preference to the extreme of simplicity above that of refinement.

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[*] Of this ruling passion of Hume we have the following outburst in his account of the *reign of James I*: 'Such a superiority do the pursuits of literature possess above every other occupation, that even he who attains but a mediocrity in them merits the pre-eminence above those that excel the most in the common and vulgar professions.' This sentence Samuel Rogers was fond of quoting to his friends.

We may also observe, that those compositions which we read the oftenest, and which every man of taste has got by heart, have the recommendation of simplicity, and have nothing surprising in the thought when divested of that elegance of expression and harmony of numbers with which it is clothed. If the merit of the composition lie in a point of wit, it may strike at first; but the mind anticipates the thought in the second perusal, and is no longer affected by it. When I read an epigram of Martial, the first line recalls the whole; and I have no pleasure in repeating to myself what I know already. But each line, each word in Catullus, has its merit; and I am never tired with the perusal of him. It is sufficient to run over Cowley once; but Parnell, after the fiftieth reading, is as fresh as the first. Besides, it is with books as with women, where a certain plainness of manner and of dress is more engaging than that glare of paint, and airs, and apparel, which may dazzle the eye, but reaches not the affections. Terence is a modest and bashful beauty, to whom we grant everything, because he assumes nothing; and whose purity and nature make a durable though not a violent impression on us.

Estimate of the Effects of Luxury.

What has chiefly induced severe moralists to declaim against refinement in the arts, is the example of ancient Rome, which, joining to its poverty and rusticity virtue and public spirit, rose to such a surprising height of grandeur and liberty; but, having learned from its conquered provinces the Asiatic luxury, fell into every kind of corruption; whence arose sedition and civil wars, attended at last with the total loss of liberty. All the Latin classics whom we peruse in our infancy are full of these sentiments, and universally ascribe the ruin of their state to the arts and riches imported from the East; insomuch that Sallust represents a taste for painting as a vice, no less than rudeness and drinking. And so popular were these sentiments during the latter ages of the republic, that this author abounds in praises of the old rigid Roman virtue, though himself the most egregious instance of modern luxury and corruption; speaks contemptuously of the Grecian eloquence, though the most elegant writer in the world; nay, employs preposterous digressions and declamations to this purpose, though a model of taste and correctness.

But it would be easy to prove that these writers mistook the cause of the disorders in the Roman state, and ascribed to luxury and the arts what really proceeded from an ill-modelled government, and the unlimited extent of conquests. Refinement on the pleasures and conveniences of life has no natural tendency to beget venality and corruption. The value which all men put upon any particular pleasure depends on comparison and experience; nor is a porter less greedy of money which he spends on bacon and brandy, than a courtier who purchases champagne and ortolans. Riches are valuable at all times and to all men, because they always purchase pleasures such as men are accustomed to and desire; nor can anything restrain or regulate the love of money but a sense of honour and virtue; which, if it be not nearly equal at all times, will naturally abound most in ages of knowledge and refinement.

To declaim against present times, and magnify the virtue of remote ancestors, is a propensity almost inherent in human nature: and as the sentiments and opinions of civilized ages alone are transmitted to posterity, hence it is that we meet with so many severe judgments pronounced against luxury, and even science; and hence it is that at present we give so ready an assent to them. But the fallacy is easily perceived by comparing different nations that are contemporaries; where we both judge more impartially, and can better set in opposition those manners with which we are sufficiently acquainted. Treachery and cruelty, the most pernicious and most odious of all vices seem peculiar to uncivilized ages, and by the refined Greeks and Romans were ascribed to all the barbarous nations which surrounded them. They might justly, therefore, have presumed that their own ancestors, so highly celebrated, possessed no greater virtue, and were as much inferior to their posterity in honour and humanity as in taste and science. An ancient Frank or Saxon may be highly extolled; but I believe every man would think his life or fortune much less secure in the hands of a Moor or Tartar than those of a French or English gentleman, the rank of men the most civilized in the most civilized nations.

We come now to the second position which we propose to illustrate, to wit, that as innocent luxury or a refinement in the arts and conveniences of life is advantageous to the public, so wherever luxury ceases to be innocent, it also ceases to be beneficial; and when carried a degree further, begins to be a quality pernicious, though perhaps not the most pernicious, to political society.

Let us consider what we call vicious luxury. No gratification, however sensual, can of itself be esteemed vicious. A gratification is only vicious when it engrosses all a man's expense, and leaves no ability for such acts of duty and generosity as are required by his situation and fortune. Suppose that he correct the vice, and employ part of his expense in the education of his children, in the support of his friends, and in relieving the poor, would any prejudice result to society? On the contrary, the same consumption would arise; and that labour which at present is employed only in producing a slender gratification to one man, would relieve the necessitous, and bestow satisfaction on hundreds. The same care and toil that raise a dish of peas at Christmas, would give bread to a whole family during six months. To say that without a vicious luxury the labour would not have been employed at all, is only to say that there is some other defect in human nature, such as indolence, selfishness, inattention to others, for which luxury in some measure provides a remedy; as one poison may be an antidote to another. But virtue, like wholesome food, is better than poisons, however corrected.

Suppose the same number of men that are at present in Great Britain, with the same soil and climate; I ask, is it not possible for them to be happier, by the most perfect way of life that can be imagined, and by the greatest reformation that omnipotence itself could work in their temper and disposition? To assert that they cannot, appears evidently ridiculous. As the land is able to maintain more than all its present inhabitants they could never, in such a Utopian state, feel any other ills than those which arise from bodily sickness, and these are not the half of human miseries. All other ills spring from some vice, either in ourselves or others; and even many of our diseases proceed from the same origin. Remove the vices, and the ills follow. You must only take care to remove all the vices. If you remove part, you may render the matter worse. By banishing vicious luxury, without curing sloth and an indifference to others, you only diminish industry in the state, and add nothing to men's charity or their generosity. Let us, therefore, rest contented with asserting that two opposite vices in a state may be more advantageous than either of them alone; but let us never pronounce vice in itself advantageous. Is it not very inconsistent for an author to assert in one page that moral distinctions are inventions of politicians for public interest, and in the next page maintain that vice is advantageous to the public? And indeed it seems, upon any system of morality, little less than a contradiction in terms to talk of a vice which is in general beneficial to society.

I thought this reasoning necessary, in order to give some light to a philosophical question which has been much disputed in England. I call it a philosophical question, not a political one: for whatever may be the consequence of such a miraculous transformation of mankind as would endow them with every species of virtue, and free them from every species of vice, this concerns not the magistrate who aims only at possibilities. He cannot cure every vice by substituting a virtue in its place. Very often he can cure only one vice by another, and in that case he ought to prefer what is least pernicious to society. Luxury, when excessive, is the source of many ills, but is in general preferable to sloth and idleness, which would commonly succeed in its place, and are more hurtful both to private persons and to the public. When sloth reigns, a mean uncultivated way of life prevails amongst individuals, without society, without enjoyment. And if the sovereign, in such a situation, demands the service of his subjects, the labour of the state suffices only to furnish the necessaries of life to the labourers, and can afford nothing to those who are employed in the public service.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

The great metaphysician and divine of America, JONATHAN EDWARDS, was born in 1703, at Windsor in Connecticut, and died in 1758 at Princeton in New Jersey. By his power of subtle argument, his religious fervour, and his peculiar doctrines respecting free-will, Edwards has obtained a high and lasting reputation. He has perhaps never been surpassed as a dialectician. Educated among the Calvinistic Puritans of New England, he imbibed their religious opinions and sentiments, and went so far as to assert that 'if the doctrines of Calvinism, in their whole length and breadth, were not rigidly maintained, a man could nowhere set his foot down with consistency and safety short of deism, or even atheism itself, or rather universal scepticism.' His definition of true religion, however, is one that may be adopted by all sects. He says: 'True religion in a great measure consists in holy affections. A love of divine things for the beauty and sweetness of their moral excellency is the spring of all holy affections.' On this passage, Sir James Mackintosh remarks: 'Had he [Edwards] suffered this noble principle to take the right road to all its fair consequences, he would entirely have concurred with Plato, with Shaftesbury, and Malebranche, in devotion to the "first good, first perfect, and first fair." But he thought it necessary afterwards to limit his doctrine to his own persuasion, by denying that such moral excellence could be discovered in divine things by those Christians who did not take the same view with him of their religion. All others, and some who hold his doctrines with a more enlarged spirit, may adopt his principle without any limitation.'

Another of Edwards's doctrines, his ethical theory, relates to the principle of virtue, which, he argues, consists in benevolence or love to *being* in general. This is felt towards a particular being, first in proportion to his degree of existence—' for, says he, 'that which is great has more existence and is further from nothing than that which is little'—and secondly, in proportion to the degree in which that particular being feels benevolence to others. Thus, God, having infinitely more existence and benevolence than man, ought to be infinitely more loved; and for the same reason, God must love himself infinitely more than he does all other beings. He can act only from regard to himself, and his end in creation can only be to manifest his whole nature, which is called acting for his own glory.' This startling doctrine of necessity has been combated by Mackintosh, Hall, and others. Virtue on such principles is an impossibility, 'for the system of being comprehending the great Supreme is *infinite;* and therefore, to maintain the proper proportion, the force of particular attachment must be infinitely less than the passion for the general good; but the limits of the human mind are not capable of any emotion so infinitely different in *degree.*' The ingenious speculations of Edwards on the freedom of the will, and on original sin, must be held to be airy abstractions, incapable of giving force either to moral or religious truth. He was, however, a zealous and faithful minister, and like most profound thinkers, a man of childlike simplicity of character. The warmth of his sensibilities may be estimated from the following account of his early impressions:

> As I was walking there, and looked up on the sky and clouds, there came into my mind so sweet a sense of the glorious majesty and grace of God that I know not how to express it. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity, and love, seemed to appear in everything: in the sun, moon, and stars; in the clouds and blue sky; in the grass, flowers, trees; in the water and all nature, which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon a long time, and so in the daytime spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things; in the meantime singing forth with a loud voice my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. I used to be a person uncommonly terrified with thunder; and it used to strike me with terror when I saw a thunder-storm rising; but now, on the contrary, it rejoiced me. I felt God at the first appearance of a thunder-storm, and used to take an opportunity at such times to fix myself to view the clouds and see the lightnings play, and hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunder.

Such outbreaks of poetical feeling form a strange contrast to the hard and stern arguments in Edwards's exposition of his theological and philosophical tenets. The works of this eminent person are numerous, but the most important are his 'Treatises concerning Religious Affections,' 1746; 'A Careful and Strict inquiry into the Modern Notion of that Freedom of Will which is supposed to be essential to Moral Agency,' 1754; 'The Great Doctrine of Original Sin Defended,' 1758; and dissertations 'On the Nature of True Virtue,' and 'On God's Chief End in the Creation'—the last two not published until thirty years after his death.

The Hartleian theory at this time found admirers and followers in England. DR. DAVID HARTLEY, an English physician (1705–1757), having imbibed from Locke the principles of logic and metaphysics, and from a hint of Newton the doctrine that there were vibrations in the substance of the brain that might throw new light on the phenomena of the mind, formed a system which he developed in his elaborate work, published in 1749, under the title of 'Observations on Man, his Frame, his Duty, and his Expectations.' Hartley, besides his theory of the vibrations in the brain, refers all the operations of the intellect to the association of ideas, and represents that association as reducible to the single law, that ideas which enter the mind at the same time acquire a tendency to call up each other, which is in direct proportion to the frequency of their having entered together. His theory of vibrations has a tendency to materialism, but was not designed by its ingenious author to produce such an effect.

DR. ADAM SMITH.

DR. ADAM SMITH, after an interval of a few years, succeeded to Hutcheson as professor of moral philosophy in Glasgow, and not only inherited his love of metaphysics, but adopted some of his theories, which he blended with his own views of moral science. Smith was born in Kirkcaldy, in Fifeshire, in 1723. His father held the situation of comptroller of customs, but died before the birth of his son. At Glasgow University, Smith distinguished himself by his acquirements, and obtained a nomination to Balliol College, Oxford, where he continued for seven years. His friends had designed him for the church, but he preferred trusting to literature and science. He gave a course of lectures in Edinburgh on rhetoric and belles-lettres, which, in 1751, recommended him to the vacant chair of professor of logic in Glasgow, and this situation he next year exchanged for the more congenial one of moral philosophy professor. In 1759 he published his 'Theory of Moral Sentiments,' and in 1764 he was prevailed upon to accompany the young Duke of Buccleuch as travelling tutor on the continent. They were absent two years, and on his return, Smith retired to his native town, and pursued a severe system of study, which resulted in the publication, in 1776, of his great work on the 'Wealth of Nations.' Two years afterwards, he was made one of the commissioners of customs, and his latter days were spent in ease and opulence. He died in 1790.

The philosophical doctrines of Smith are vastly inferior in value to the language and illustrations he employs in enforcing them. He has been styled the most eloquent of modern moralists; and his work is embellished with such a variety of examples, with such true pictures of the passions, and of life and manners, that it may be read with pleasure and advantage by those who, like Gray the poet, cannot see in the darkness of metaphysics. His leading doctrine, that sympathy must necessarily precede our moral approbation or disapprobation, has been generally abandoned. 'To derive our moral sentiments,' says Brown, 'which are as universal as the actions of mankind that come under our review, from the occasional sympathies that warm or sadden us with joys, and griefs, and resentments which are not our own, seems to me very nearly the same sort of error as it would be to derive the waters of an overflowing stream from the sunshine or shade which may occasionally gleam over it.'

The Results of Misdirected and Guilty Ambition.

To attain to this envied situation. the candidates for fortune too frequently abandon the paths of virtue; for unhappily, the road which leads to the one, and that which leads to the other, lie sometimes in very opposite directions. But the ambitious man flatters himself that, in the splendid situation to which he advances, he will have so many means of commanding the respect and admiration of mankind, and will be enabled to act with such superior propriety and grace, that the lustre of his future conduct will entirely cover or efface the foulness of the steps by which he arrived at that elevation. In many governments the candidates for the highest stations are above the law, and if they can attain the object of their ambition, they have no fear of being called to account for the means by which they acquired it. They often endeavour, therefore, not only by fraud and falsehood, the ordinary and vulgar arts of intrigue and cabal, but sometimes by the perpetration of the most enormous crimes, by murder and assassination. by rebellion and civil war, to supplant and destroy those who oppose or stand in the way of their greatness They more frequently miscarry than succeed, and commonly gain nothing but the disgraceful punishment which is due to their crimes. But though they should be so lucky as to attain that wished-for greatness, they are always most miserably disappointed in the happiness which they expect to enjoy in it. It is not ease or pleasure, but always honour, of one kind or another, though frequently an honour very ill understood, that the ambitious man really pursues. But the honour of his exalted station appears, both in his own eyes and in those of other people, polluted and defiled by the baseness of the means through which he rose to it. Though by the profusion of every liberal expense; though by excessive indulgence in every profligate pleasure—the wretched but usual resource of ruined characters; though by the hurry of public business, or by the prouder and more dazzling tumult of war, he may endeavour to efface, both from his own memory and that of other people, the remembrance of what he has done, that remembrance never fails to pursue him. He invokes in vain the dark and dismal powers of forgetfulness and oblivion. He remembers himself what he has done, and that remembrance tells him that other people must likewise remember it. Amidst all the gaudy pomp of the most ostentatious greatness, amidst the venal and vile adulation of the great and of the learned, amidst the more innocent though more foolish acclamations of the common people, amidst all the pride of conquest and the triumph of successful war, he is still secretly pursued by the avenging furies of shame and remorse; and while glory seems to surround him on all sides, he himself, in his own imagination, sees black and foul infamy fast pursuing him, and every moment ready to overtake him from behind. Even the great Cæsar, though he had the magnanimity to dismiss his guards, could not dismiss his suspicions. The remembrance of Pharsalia still haunted and pursued him. When, at the request of the senate, he had the generosity to pardon Marcellus, he told the assembly that he was not unaware of the designs which were carrying on against his life; but that, as he had lived long enough both for nature and for glory, he was contented to die, and therefore despised all conspiracies. He had, perhaps, lived long enough for nature; but the man who felt himself the object of such deadly resentment, from those whose favour he wished to gain, and whom he still wished to consider as his friends, had certainly lived too long for real glory, or for all the happiness which he could ever hope to enjoy in the love and esteem of his equals.

DR. RICHARD PRICE.

Dr. Richard Price (1723-1791), a nonconformist divine, published, in 1758, 'A Review of the Principal Questions and Difficulties in Morals,' which attracted attention as 'an attempt to revive the intellectual theory of moral obligation, which seemed to have fallen under the attacks of Butler, Hutcheson, and Hume, even before Smith.' Price, after Cudworth, supports the doctrine that moral distinctions being perceived by reason, or the understanding, are equally immutable with all other kinds of truth. On the other side, it is argued that reason is but a principle of our mental frame, like the principle which is the source of moral emotion, and has no peculiar claim to remain unaltered in the supposed general alteration of our mental constitution. Price was an able writer on finance and political economy, and took an active part in the political questions of the day at the time of the French Revolution. He was a Republican in principle, and is attacked by Burke in his 'Reflections on the Revolution.'

DR. GEORGE CAMPBELL.

Dr. George Campbell (1719-1796), professor of divinity, and afterwards principal of Marischal College, Aberdeen, was a theologian and critic of vigorous intellect and various learning. His 'Dissertation on Miracles,' written in reply to Hume, is a conclusive and masterly piece of reasoning, and his 'Philosophy of Rhetoric,' published in 1776, is perhaps the best book of the kind since Aristotle. Most of the other works on this subject are little else but compilations, but Campbell brought to it a high degree of philosophical acumen and learned research. Its utility is also equal to its depth and originality: the philosopher finds in it exercise for his ingenuity, and the student may safely consult it for its practical suggestions and illustrations. Dr. Campbell's other works are—a 'Translation of the Four Gospels,' worthy of his talents; some sermons preached on public occasions; and a series of 'Lectures on Ecclesiastical History,' which were not published till after his death. It is worthy of remark that Hume himself admitted the 'ingenuity' of Campbell's reply to his sceptical opinions, and the 'great learning' of the author. The well-known hypothesis of Hume is, that no testimony for any kind of miracle can ever amount to a probability, much less to a proof. To this Dr. Campbell opposed the argument that testimony has a natural and original influence on belief, antecedent to experience; in illustration of which he remarked, that the earliest assent which is given to testimony by children, and which is previous to all experience, is in fact the most unlimited. His answer is divided into two parts; first, that miracles are capable of proof from testimony, and religious miracles not less than others; and, secondly, that the miracles on which the belief of Christianity is founded are sufficiently attested.

Christianity need not fear Discussion.

I do not hesitate to affirm that our religion has been indebted to the *attempts*, though not to the *intentions*, of its bitterest enemies. They have tried its strength, indeed, and, by trying, they have displayed its strength; and that in so clear a light, as we could never have hoped, without such a trial, to have viewed it in. Let them, therefore, write; let them argue, and when arguments fail, even let them cavil against religion as much as they please; I should be heartily sorry that ever in this island, the asylum of liberty, where the spirit of Christianity is better understood—however defective the inhabitants are in the observance of its precepts—than in any other part of the Christian world; I should, I say, be sorry that in this island so great a disservice were done to religion as to check its adversaries in any other way than by returning a candid answer to their objections. I must at the same time acknowledge, that I am both ashamed and grieved when I observe any friends of religion betray so great a diffidence in the goodness of their cause—for to this diffidence alone can it be imputed--as to shew an inclination for recurring to more forcible methods. The assaults of infidels, I may venture to prophesy, will never overturn our religion. They will prove not more hurtful to the Christian system, if it be allowed to compare small things with the greatest, than the boisterous winds are said to prove to the sturdy oak. They shake it impetuously for a time, and loudly threaten its subversion; whilst, in effect, they only serve to make it strike its roots the deeper, and stand the firmer ever after.

In the same manly spirit, and reliance on the ultimate triumph of truth, Dr. Campbell was opposed to the penal laws against the Catholics; and in 1779, when the country was agitated with that intolerant zeal against popery, which in the following year burst out in riots in London, he issued an 'Address to the People of Scotland, remarkable for its cogency of argument and its just and enlightened sentiments. For this service to true religion and toleration the mob of Aberdeen broke the author's windows, and nicknamed him 'Pope Campbell.' In 1795, when far advanced in life Dr. Campbell received a pension of £300 from the crown, on which he resigned his professorship, and his situation as principal of Marischal College. He enjoyed this well-earned reward only one year, dying in 1796, in his seventy-seventh year. With the single exception of Dr. Robertson, the historian—who shone in a totally different walk—the name of Dr. Campbell is the greatest which the Scottish church, since the days of Knox, can number among its clergy.

DR. REID.

The novelty and boldness of Hume's speculations, and the great talent and ingenuity with which they were propounded and illustrated, continued the taste for metaphysical studies, especially in Scotland.

DR. THOMAS REID's 'Inquiry into the Human Mind,' published in 1764, was an attack on the ideal theory, and on the sceptical conclusions which Hume deduced from it. The author had the candour to submit it to Hume before publication; and the latter, with his usual complacency and good-nature, acknowledged the merit of the treatise. In 1785 Reid published his 'Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man,' and in 1788 those on the 'Active Powers.' The merit of Reid as a correct reasoner and original thinker on moral science, free from the jargon of the schools, and basing his speculations on inductive reasoning, has been generally admitted. The ideal theory which he combated, taught that 'nothing is perceived but what is in the mind which perceives it; that we really do not perceive things that are external, but only certain images and pictures of them imprinted upon the mind, which are called impressions and ideas.' This doctrine Reid had himself believed, till, finding it led to important consequences, he asked himself the question: 'What evidence have I for this doctrine, that all the objects of my knowledge are ideas in my own mind?' He set about an inquiry, but could find no evidence for the principle, he says, excepting the authority of philosophers. Dugald Stewart says of Reid, that it is by the logical rigour of his method of investigating metaphysical subjects—imperfectly understood even by the disciples of Locke—still more than by the importance of his particular conclusions, that he stands so conspicuously distinguished among those who have hitherto prosecuted analytically the study of man. In the dedication of his 'Inquiry,' Reid incidentally makes a definition which strikes us as very happy: '*The productions of imagination*,' he says, '*require a genius which soars above the common rank*; but the treasures of knowledge are *commonly* buried deep, and may be reached by those drudges who can dig with labour and patience, though they have not wings to fly. Dr. Reid was a native of Strachan, in Kincardineshire, where he was born on the 26th of April 1710. He was bred to the church, and obtained the living of New Machar, Aberdeenshire. In 1752 he was appointed professor of moral philosophy in King's College, Aberdeen, which he quitted in 1763 for the chair of moral philosophy in Glasgow. He died on the 7th of October 1796.

LORD KAMES.

HENRY HOME (1696–1782) was a native of Kames, in Berwickshire. Having studied for the legal profession, he was called to the bar in 1723. In 1752 he was raised to the bench, assuming the title of Lord Kames, and in 1763 he was made one of the Lords of Justiciary. In 1728 he published a report of 'Remarkable Decisions of the Court of Session,' but it is as a writer on metaphysical subjects that he is now known. His work, 'Essays on the Principles of Morality and Natural Religion,' (1751) combats those theories of human nature which deduce all actions from some single principle, and attempts to establish several principles of action. He here maintained philosophical necessity, but in a connection with the duties of morality and religion, which he hoped might save him from the obloquy bestowed on other defenders of that doctrine; an expectation in which he was partially disappointed, as he narrowly escaped a citation before the General Assembly of his native church, on account of this book.

In 1762 appeared a larger work, perhaps the best of all his compositions—'The Elements of Criticism,' three volumes, a bold and original performance, which, discarding all arbitrary rules of literary criticism derived from authority, seeks for a proper set of rules in the fundamental principles of human nature itself. Dugald Stewart admits this to be the first systematic attempt to investigate the metaphysical principles of the fine arts. It is, however, greatly inferior to the work of Dr. Campbell.

When advanced to near eighty years of age, he published a work entitled 'Sketches of the History of Man' (two vols. 4to, 1773), which shews his usual ingenuity and acuteness, and presents many curious disquisitions on society. A volume, entitled 'Loose Hints on Education,' published in 1781, and in which he anticipates some of the doctrines on that subject which have since been popular, completes the list of his philosophical works.

Lord Kames was also distinguished as an amateur agriculturist and improver of land, and some operations, devised by him for clearing away a superincumbent moss from his estate by means of water raised from a neighbouring river, help to mark the originality and boldness of his conceptions. This taste led to his producing, in 1777, a volume *entitled 'The Gentleman* Farmer,' which he has himself sufficiently *described as* 'an attempt to improve agriculture, by subjecting *it to the test of rational* principles.'

DR. BEATTIE.

Among the opponents of Hume was **DR. BEATTIE** the poet, who, in 1770, published his 'Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth, in Opposition to Sophistry and Scepticism.' Inferior to most of the metaphysicians in logical precision, equanimity of temper, or patient research, Beattie brought great zeal and fervour to his task, a respectable share of philosophical knowledge, and a better command of popular language and imaginative illustration than most of his fellow-labourers in that dry and dusty field. These qualities, joined to the pious and beneficial tendency of his work, enabled him to produce a highly popular treatise. No work of the kind was ever so successful. It has fallen into equal neglect with other metaphysical treatises of the age, and is now considered unworthy the talents of its author. It has neither the dignity nor the acumen of the original philosopher, and is unsuited to the ordinary religious reader. The best of Beattie's prose works are his 'Dissertations, Moral and Critical,' 1783, and his 'Essays on Poetry, Music,' &c. 1762. He also published a digest of his college lectures, under the title of 'Elements of Moral Science.' In these works, though not profoundly philosophical, the author's 'lively relish for the sublime and beautiful, his clear and elegant style,' and his happy quotations and critical examples, must strike every reader.

On the Love of Nature.—From Beattie's 'Essays.'

Homer's beautiful description of the heavens and earth, as they appear in a calm evening by the light of the moon and stars, concludes with this circumstance—'and the heart of the shepherd is glad.' Madame Dacier, from the turn she gives to the passage in her version, seems to think, and Pope, in order perhaps to make out his couplet, insinuates, that the gladness of the shepherd is owing to his sense of the utility of those luminaries. And this may in part be the case; but this is not in Homer; nor is it a necessary consideration. It is true that in contemplating the material universe, they who discern the causes and effects of things must be more rapturously entertained than those who perceive nothing but shape and size, colour and motion. Yet, in the mere outside of nature's works—if I may so express myself—there is a splendour and a magnificence to which even untutored minds cannot attend without great delight.

Not that all peasants or all philosophers are equally susceptible of these charming impressions. It is strange to observe the callousness of some men, before whom all the glories of heaven and earth pass in daily succession, without touching their hearts, elevating their fancy, or leaving any durable remembrance. Even of those who pretend to sensibility, how many are there to whom the lustre of the rising or setting sun, the sparkling concave of the midnight sky, the mountain forest tossing and roaring to the storm, or warbling with all the melodies of a summer evening; the sweet interchange of hill and dale, shade and sunshine, grove, lawn, and water, which an extensive landscape offers to the view; the scenery of the ocean, so lovely, so majestic, and so tremendous, and the many pleasing varieties of the animal and vegetable kingdom, could never afford so much real satisfaction as the steams and noise of a ball-room, the insipid fiddling and squeaking of an opera, or the vexations and wranglings of a card-table!

But some minds there are of a different make, who, even in the early part of life, receive from the contemplation of nature a species of delight which they would hardly exchange for any other; and who, as avarice and ambition are not the infirmities of that period, would, with equal sincerity and rapture, exclaim:

'I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shews her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living stream at eve.'

Such minds have always in them the seeds of true taste, and frequently of imitative genius. At least, though their enthusiastic or visionary turn of mind, as the man of the world would call it, should not always incline them to practise poetry or painting, we need not scruple to affirm that, without some portion of this enthusiasm, no person ever became a true poet or painter. For he who would imitate the works of nature, must first accurately observe them, and accurate observation is to be expected from those only who take great pleasure in it.

To a mind, thus disposed, no part of creation is indifferent. In the crowded city and howling wilderness, in the cultivated province and soiltary isle, in the flowery lawn and craggy mountain, in the murmur of the rivulet and in the uproar of the ocean, in the radiance of summer and gloom of winter, in the thunder of heaven and in the whisper of the breeze, he still finds something to rouse or to soothe his imagination, to draw forth his affections, or to employ his understanding. And from every mental energy that is not attended with pain, and even from some of those that are, as moderate terror and pity, a sound mind derives satisfaction; exercise being equally necessary to the body and the soul, and to both equally productive of health and pleasure.

On Scottish Music.—From the same.

There is a certain style of melody peculiar to each musical country, which the people of that country are apt to prefer to every other style. That they should prefer their own, is not surprising; and that the melody of one people should differ from that of another, is not more surprising perhaps, than that the language of one people should differ from that of another. But there is something not unworthy of notice in the particular expression and style that characterise the music of one nation or province, and distinguish it from every other sort of music. Of this diversity Scotland supplies a striking example. The native melody of the Highlands and Western Isles is as different from that of the southern part of the kingdom as the Irish or Erse language is different from the English or Scotch. In the conclusion of a discourse on music, as it relates to the mind, it will not perhaps be impertinent to offer a conjecture on the cause of these peculiarities; which though it should not—and indeed I am satisfied that it will not—fully account for any one of them, may, however, incline the reader to think that they are not unaccountable, and may also throw some faint light on this part of philosophy.

Every thought that partakes of the nature of passion has a correspondent expression in the look and gesture; and so strict is the union between the passion and its outward sign, that where the former is not in some degree felt, the latter can never be perfectly natural, but if assumed, becomes awkward mimicry, instead of that genuine imitation of nature which draws forth the sympathy of the beholder. If, therefore, there be, in the circumstances of particular nations or persons, anything that gives a peculiarity to their passions and thoughts, it seems reasonable to expect that they will also have something peculiar in the expression of their countenance and even in the form of their features. Caius Marius, Jugurtha, Tamerlane, and some other great warriors, are celebrated for a peculiar ferocity of aspect, which they had no doubt contracted from a perpetual and unrestrained exertion of fortitude, contempt, and other violent emotions. These produced in the face their correspondent expressions, which, being often repeated, became at last as habitual to the features as the sentiments they arose from were to the heart. Savages, whose thoughts are little inured to control, have more of this significancy of look than those men who, being born and bred in civilized nations, are accustomed from their childhood to suppress every emotion that tends to interrupt the peace of society. And while the bloom of youth lasts, and the smoothness of feature peculiar to that period, the human face is less marked with any strong character than in old age. A peevish or surly stripling may elude the eye of the physiognomist; but a wicked old man, whose visage does not betray the evil temperature of his heart, must have more cunning than it would be prudent for him to acknowledge. Even by the trade or profession, the human countenance may be characterised. They who employ themselves in the nicer mechanic arts, that require the earnest attention of the artist, do generally contract a fixedness of feature suited to that one uniform sentiment which engrosses them while at work. Whereas other artists, whose work requires less attention, and who may ply their trade and amuse themselves with conversation at the same time, have, for the most part, smoother and more unmeaning faces: their thoughts are more miscellaneous, and therefore their features are less fixed in one uniform configuration. A keen, penetrating look indicates thoughtfulness and spirit: a dull, torpid countenance is not often accompanied with great sagacity.

This, though there may be many an exception, is in general true of the visible signs of our passions; and it is no less true of the audible. A man habitually peevish, or passionate, or querulous, or imperious, may be known by the sound of his voice, as well as by his physiognomy. May we go a step further, and say that if a man under the influence of any passion, were to compose a discourse, or a poem, or a tune, his work would in some measure exhibit an image of his mind? I could not easily be persuaded that Swift and Juvenal were men of sweet tempers; or that Thomson, Arbuthnot, and Prior were ill-natured. The airs of Felton are so uniformly mournful that I cannot suppose him to have been a merry or even a cheerful man. If a musician in deep affliction were to attempt to compose a lively air, I believe he would not succeed: though I confess I do not well understand the nature of the connection that may take place between a mournful mind and a melancholy tune. It is easy to conceive how a poet or an orator should transfuse his passions into his work; for every passion suggests ideas congenial to its own nature; and the composition of the poet or of the orator must necessarily consist of those ideas that occur at the time he is composing. But musical sounds are not the signs of ideas; rarely are they even the imitations of natural sounds; so that I am at a loss to conceive how it should happen that a musician, overwhelmed with sorrow, for example, should put together a series of notes whose expression is contrary to that of another series which he had put together when elevated with joy. But of the fact I am not doubtful; though I have not sagacity or knowledge of music enough to be able to explain it. And my opinion in this matter is warranted by that of a more competent judge, who says, speaking of church voluntaries, that if the organist 'do not feel in himself the divine energy of devotion, he will labour in vain to raise it in others. Nor can he hope to throw out those happy instantaneous thoughts which sometimes far exceed the best concerted compositions, and which the enraptured performer would gladly secure to his future use and pleasure, did they not as fleetly escape as they rise.' A man who has made music the study of his life, and is well acquainted with all the best examples of style and expression that are to be found in the works of former masters, may, by memory and much practice, attain a sort of mechanical dexterity in contriving music suitable to any given passion; but such music would, I presume, be vulgar and spiritless compared to what an artist of genius throws out when under the power of any ardent emotion. It is recorded of Lulli, that once, when his imagination was all on fire with some verses descriptive of terrible ideas, which he had been reading in a French tragedy, he ran to his harpsichord, and struck off such a combination of sounds that the company felt their hair stand on end with horror. . . .

The Highlands of Scotland are a picturesque, but in general a melancholy country. Long tracts of mountainous desert, covered with dark heath, and often obscured by misty weather; narrow valleys, thinly inhabited, and bounded by precipices resounding with the fall of torrents; a soil so rugged, and a climate so dreary, as in many parts to admit neither the amusements of pasturage nor the labours of agriculture: the mournful dashing of waves along the firths and lakes that intersect the country; the portentous noises which every change of the wind and every increase and diminution of the waters is apt to raise in a lonely region full of echoes, and rocks, and caverns; the grotesque and ghastly appearance of such a landscape by the light of the moon. Objects like these diffuse a gloom over the fancy, which may be compatible enough with occasional and social merriment, but cannot fail to tincture the thoughts of a native in the hour of silence and solitude. If these people, notwithstanding their reformation in religion, and more frequent intercourse with strangers, do still retain many of their old superstitions, we need not doubt that in former times they must have been more enslaved to the horrors of imagination.

when beset with the bugbears of popery and the darkness of paganism. Most of their superstitions are of a melancholy cast. That second-sight wherewith some of them are still supposed to be haunted, is considered by themselves as a misfortune, on account of the many dreadful images it is said to obtrude upon the fancy. I have been told that the inhabitants of some of the Alpine regions do likewise lay claim to a sort of second-sight. Nor is it wonderful that persons of lively imagination, immured in deep solitude, and surrounded with the stupendous scenery of clouds, precipices, and torrents, should dream, even when they think themselves awake, of those few striking ideas with which their lonely lives are diversified; of corpses, funeral processions, and other objects of terror, or of marriages and the arrival of strangers, and such-like matters of more agreeable curiosity. Let it be observed, also, that the ancient Highlanders of Scotland had hardly any other way of supporting themselves than by hunting, fishing, or war, professions that are continually exposed to fatal accidents. And hence, no doubt, additional horrors would often haunt their solitude, and a deeper gloom overshadow the imagination even of the hardiest native.

What then, would it be reasonable to expect from the fanciful tribe, from the musicians and poets, of such a region? Strains expressive of joy, tranquillity, or the softer passions? No: their style must have been better suited to their circumstances. And so we find, in fact, that their music is. The wildest irregularity appears in its composition: the expression is warlike and melancholy, and approaches even to the terrible. And that their poetry is almost uniformly mournful, and their views of nature dark and dreary, will be allowed by all who admit of the authenticity of Ossian; and not doubted by any who believe those fragments of Highland poetry to be genuine, which many old people, now alive, of that country, remember to have heard in their youth, and were then taught to refer to a pretty high antiquity.

Some of the southern provinces of Scotland present a very different prospect. Smooth and lofty hills covered with verdure; clear streams winding through long and beautiful valleys; trees produced without culture, here straggling or single, and there crowding into little groves and bowers, with other circumstances peculiar to the districts I allude to, render them fit for pasturage, and favourable to romantic leisure and tender passions. Several of the old Scotch songs take their names from the rivulets, villages, and hills adjoining to the Tweed near Melrose; a region distinguished by many charming varieties of rural scenery, and which, whether we consider the face of the country or the genius of the people, may properly enough be termed the Arcadia of Scotland. And all these songs are sweetly and powerfully expressive of love and tenderness, and other emotions suited to the tranquillity of pastoral life.

ABRAHAM TUCKER—DR. PRIESTLEY.

Abraham Tucker (1705–1774) was an English squire, who, instead of pursuing the pleasures of the chase, studied metaphysics at his country seat, and published (1768), under the fictitious name of Edward Search, a work entitled 'The Light of Nature Pursued,' which Paley said contained more original thinking and observation than any other work of the kind. Tucker, like Adam Smith, excelled in illustration, and he did not disdain the most homely subjects for examples. Mackintosh says he excels in mixed, not in pure philosophy, and that his intellectual views are of the Hartleian school. How truly, and at the same time how beautifully, has Tucker characterized in one short sentence his own favourite metaphysical studies: 'The science of abstruse learning,' he says, 'when completely attained, is like Achilles's spear, that healed the wounds it had made before. It casts no additional light upon the paths of life but disperses the clouds with which it had overspread them; it advances not the traveller one step on his journey, but conducts him back again to the spot from whence he had wandered.'

In 1775, **Dr. Joseph Priestley** published an examination of the principles of Dr. Reid and others, designed as a refutation of the doctrine of common sense, said to be employed as the test of truth by the Scottish metaphysicians. The doctrines of Priestley are of the school of Hartley. In 1777 he published a series of disquisitions on 'Matter and Spirit,' in which he openly supported the material system. He also wrote in support of another unpopular doctrine—that of necessity. He settled in Birmingham in 1780, and officiated as minister of a dissenting congregation. His religious opinions were originally Calvinistic, but afterwards became decidedly anti-Trinitarian. His works excited so much opposition, that he ever after found it necessary, as he states, to write a pamphlet annually in their defence! Priestley was also an active and distinguished chemist, and wrote a history of discoveries relative to light and colours, a history of electricity, &c. At the period of the French Revolution in 1791, a mob of outrageous and brutal loyalists set fire to his house in Birmingham, and destroyed his library, apparatus, and specimens. Three years afterwards he emigrated to America, where he continued his studies in science and theology, and died at Northumberland, Pennsylvania, in 1804. He was then in his seventy-first year, having been born at Birstal-Fieldhead, near Leeds, in 1733, son of a cloth-dresser.

As an experimental philosopher and discoverer, Priestley was of a very high class; but as a metaphysical or ethical writer, he can only be considered subordinate. He was a man of intrepid spirit and of unceasing industry. One of his critics—in the 'Edinburgh Review,'—draws from his writings a lively picture of 'that indefatigable activity, that bigoted vanity, that precipitation, cheerfulness, and sincerity, which made up the character of this restless philosopher.' Robert Hall has thus eulogised him in one of his eloquent sentences: 'The religious tenets of Dr. Priestley appear to me erroneous in the extreme; but I should be sorry to suffer any difference of sentiment to diminish my sensibility to virtue, or my admiration of genius. His enlightened and active mind, his unwearied assiduity, the extent of his researches, the light he has poured into almost every department of science, will be the admiration of that period, when the greater part of those who have favoured, or those who have opposed him, will be alike forgotten. Distinguished merit will ever rise superior to oppression, and will draw lustre from reproach. The vapours which gather round the rising sun, and follow in its course, seldom fail at the close of it to form a magnificent theatre for its reception, and to invest with variegated tints, and with a softened effulgence, the luminary which they cannot hide.'*

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* *This simile* seems to have been suggested by the lines of Pope:

Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But like a shadow proves the substance true:
For envied wit, like Sol eclipsed, makes known
The opposing body's grossness, not its own.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

work was more eagerly perused or more sharply criticised than
ries of 'Letters' written by PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, Earl
esterfield (1694–1773), to his natural son, Philip Stanhope, some-
nvoy at the court of Dresden. The letters were never designed
ublication. After the death of Mr. Stanhope in 1768, it was
l that he had been secretly married, and had left a widow and
children. The widow disposed of the original letters to their
r owner, Lord Chesterfield, but she preserved copies, and im-
ately after the death of the eminent wit and statesman, the let-
vere committed to the press. The copyright was sold for £1500
um almost unprecedented for such a work, and five editions
called for within twelve months. The correspondence began,
as stated in the preface, with 'the dawnings of instruction
ted to the capacity of a boy, rising gradually, by precepts and
ition calculated to direct and guard the age of incautious youth,
e advice and knowledge requisite to form the man ambitious to
e as an accomplished courtier, an orator in the senate, or a
ister at foreign courts.' Mr. Stanhope, however, was not calcu-
l to shine; he was deficient in those graces which the anxious and
tly father so sedulously inculcated; his manners were distant,
and repulsive. The letters in point of morality are indefensi-
Johnson said strongly that they taught the morals of a courte-
and the manners of a dancing-master; but they are also
racterised by good sense and refined taste, and are written in pure
admirable English. Chesterfield was, perhaps, the most accom-
hed man of his age; but it was an age in which a low standard of
rality prevailed among public men. As a statesman and diploma-
, he was ingenious, witty, and eloquent, without being high-spirited
profound. As lord-lieutenant of Ireland for a short period, his
ninistration was conciliatory and enlightened. The speeches, state-
ers, literary essays, and other miscellaneous writings of this
ebrated peer were published by Dr. Maty, accompanied with a
moir, in 1774, and a valuable edition of his 'Letters' edited with
tes, by Lord Mahon (now Earl Stanhope), was given to the world
four volumes in 1845, and a fifth in 1853.

The importance which Chesterfield attached to 'good breeding'
y be seen from this passage:

On Good-Breeding.

A friend of yours and mine has very justly defined good-breeding to be, 'the re-
t of much good-sense, some good-nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of

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When first that sun too powerful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays:
But even those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories and augment the day. *Essay on Criticism.*

others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them.' Taking this for granted—as I think it cannot be disputed—it is astonishing to me that anybody, who has good-sense and good-nature, can essentially fail in good-breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances, and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same. Good-manners are to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general—their cement and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good-manners and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to be less difference, both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man, who by his ill-manners invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural an implied compact between civilised people as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet, which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred.

Detached Thoughts.

Men who converse only with women are frivolous, effeminate puppies, and those who never converse with them are bears.

The desire of being pleased is universal. The desire of pleasing should be so too.

Misers are not so much blamed for being misers as envied for being rich.

Dissimulation, to a certain degree, is as necessary in business as clothes are in the common intercourse of life; and a man would be as imprudent who should exhibit his inside naked, as he would be indecent if he produced his outside so.

Hymen comes whenever he is called, but Love only when he pleases.

An abject flatterer has a worse opinion of others, and, if possible, of himself, than he ought to have.

A woman will be implicitly governed by the man whom she is in love with, but will not be directed by the man whom she esteems the most. The former is the result of passion, which is her character; the latter must be the effect of reasoning, which is by no means of the feminine gender.

The best moral virtues are those of which the vulgar are, perhaps, the best judges.

Chesterfield occasionally wrote *vers-de-société*, of which the following is the best specimen:

On the Picture of Richard Nash, Esq., Master of the Ceremonies of Bath, placed at full length between the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope at Bath.

The old Eyptians hid their wit
In hieroglyphic dress,
To give men pains in search of it,
And please themselves with guess.

Moderns, to hit the self-same path,
And exercise their parts,
Place figures in a room at Bath;
Forgive them, god of arts!

Newton, if I can judge aright,
All wisdom does express;
His knowledge gives mankind delight,
Adds to their happiness.

Pope is the emblem of true wit,
The sunshine of the mind;
Read o'er his works in search of it,
You 'll endless pleasure find.

Nash represents men in the mass,
Made up of wrong and right;
Sometimes a knave, sometimes an ass,
Now blunt, and now polite.

The picture placed the busts between,
Adds to the thought much strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly's at full length.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE'S 'Commentaries on the Laws of England,' published in 1765, exhibit a logical and comprehensive mind, and a correct taste in composition. They formed the first attempt to popularise legal knowledge, and were eminently successful. Junius and others have attacked their author for leaning too much to the side of prerogative, and abiding rather by precedents than by sense and justice; yet in the House of Commons, when Blackstone was once advocating what was considered servile obedience, he was answered from his own book! The 'Commentaries' have not been supplanted by any subsequent work of the same kind, but various additions and corrections have been made by eminent lawyers in late editions. Blackstone thus sums up the relative merits of an elective and hereditary monarchy:

On Monarchy.

It must be owned, an elective monarchy seems to be the most obvious and best suited of any to the rational principles of government and the freedom of human nature; and accordingly, we find from history that, in the infancy and first rudiments of almost every state, the leader, chief-magistrate, or prince hath usually been elective. And if the individuals who compose that state could always continue true to first principles, uninfluenced by passion or prejudice, unassailed by corruption, and unawed by violence, elective succession were as much to be desired in a kingdom as in other inferior communities. The best, the wisest, and the bravest man would then be sure of receiving that crown which his endowments have merited; and the sense of an unbiased majority would be dutifully acquiesced in by the few who were of different opinions. But history and observation will inform us that elections of every kind, in the present state of human nature, are too frequently brought about by influence, partiality, and artifice; and even where the case is otherwise, these practices will be often suspected, and as constantly charged upon the successful, by a splenetic disappointed minority. This is an evil to which all societies are liable; as well those of a private and domestic kind, as the great community of the public, which regulates and includes the rest. But in the former there is this advantage, that such suspicions if false, proceed no further than jealousies and murmurs, which time will effectually suppress; and, if true, the injustice may be remedied by legal means, by an appeal to these tribunals to which every member of society has (by becoming such) virtually engaged to submit. Whereas, in the great and independent society which every nation composes, there is no superior to resort to but the law of nature; no method to redress the infringements of that law but the actual exertion of private force. As, therefore, between two nations complaining of mutual injuries, the quarrel can only be decided by the law of arms, so in one and the same nation, when the fundamental principles of their common union are supposed to be invaded, and more especially when the appointment of their chief-magistrate is alleged to be unduly made, the only tribunal to which the complainants can appeal is that of the God of battles; the only process by which the appeal can be carried on is that of a civil and intestine war. A hereditary succession to the crown is therefore now established in this and most other countries, in order to prevent that periodical bloodshed and misery which the history of ancient imperial Rome, and the more modern experience of Poland and Germany, may shew us are the consequences of elective kingdoms.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

At the head of the men of letters at this time—especially of professional authors, as exercising a more commanding influence than any other of his contemporaries, may be placed DR. JOHNSON, already noticed as a poet and essayist. In 1755 Johnson completed his 'Dictionary,' which had occupied the greater part of his time for seven years, and for the copyright of which he received £1575. Before the publication of the Dictionary he had begun the 'Rambler,' which he carried on for two years. For two more years (1758–1760) he was engaged in writing the essays entitled 'The Idler,' and his novel of 'Rasselas,' published in 1759. The latter he wrote in the nights of one week to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. The scene is laid in the east, but the author makes no attempt to portray eastern manners. It is, in fact, a series of essays on various subjects of morality and religion—on the efficacy of pilgrimages, the state of departed souls, the probability of the reappearance of the dead, the dangers of solitude, &c. on all which the philosopher and prince of Abyssinia talk exactly as Johnson talked for more than twenty years in his house at Bolt Court, or in the club. The habitual melancholy of Johnson is apparent in this work—as when he nobly apostrophises the river Nile: 'Answer, great Father of waters! thou that rollest thy floods through eighty nations, to the invocations of the daughter of thy native king. Tell me if thou waterest through all thy course, a single habitation from which thou dost not hear the murmurs of complaint.' When Johnson afterwards penned his depreciatory criticism of Gray, and upbraided him for apostrophising the Thames, adding coarsely, 'Father Thames has no better means of knowing than himself,' he forgot that he had written 'Rasselas.'

In 1765 appeared Johnson's edition of Shakspeare, containing little that is valuable in the way of annotation, but introduced by a powerful and masterly preface. In 1770 and 1771 he wrote two political pamphlets in support of the measures of government, 'The False Alarm,' and 'Thoughts on the Late Transactions respecting the Falkland Islands.' Though often harsh, contemptuous, and intolerant, these pamphlets are admirable pieces of composition—full of nerve and controversial zeal. In 1775 appeared his 'Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland;' and in 1781 his 'Lives of the Poets.' It was the felicity of Johnson, as of Dryden, to improve as an author as he advanced in years, and to write best after he had passed that period of life when many men are almost incapable of intellectual exertion. The 'Dictionary' is a valuable practical work, not remarkable for philological research, but for its happy and luminous definitions, the result of great sagacity, precision of understanding, and clearness of expression. A few of the definitions betray the personal feelings and peculiarities of the author, and have been much ridiculed. For example, 'Excise,' which—as a Tory hating Walpole and the Whig excise act—he defines, 'A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but by wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid.'

Pension is defined to be 'an allowance made to any one without an *equivalent*. In England, it is generally understood to mean pay to a state-hireling for treason to his country.' After such a tion, it is scarcely to be wondered that Johnson paused, and ome 'compunctious visitings,' before he accepted a pension him-

Oats he defines, 'A grain which in England is generally given rses, but in Scotland supports the people.' This gave mortal ce to the natives of Scotland, and is hardly yet forgiven; but est reply was the happy observation of Lord Elibank: 'Yes, where will you find such horses and such men?' The 'Journey e Western Isles makes no pretensions to scientific discovery, but an entertaining and finely written work. In the Highlands, the ical imagination of Johnson expanded with the new scenery and ns of life presented to his contemplation. His love of feudalism, lanship, and of ancient Jacobite families, found full scope; and e was always a close observer, his descriptions convey much sing and original information. His complaints of the want of ds in Scotland, though dwelt upon with a ludicrous perseverance querulousness, had the effect of setting the landlords to plant r bleak moors and mountains, and improve the aspect of the ntry. The 'Lives of the Poets' have a freedom of style, a vigour thought, and happiness of illustration, rarely attained even by ir author. The plan of the work was defective, as the lives begin y with Cowley. Some feeble and worthless rhymsters also obned niches in Johnson's gallery; but the most serious defect is the ustice done to some of our greatest masters in consequence of the litical or personal prejudices of the author.—To Milton he is ikingly unjust, though his criticism on 'Paradise Lost' is able and ofound. Gray is treated with a coarseness and insensibility derogary only to the critic; and in general, the higher order of imaginave poetry suffers under the ponderous hand of Johnson. Its beaues were too airy and ethereal for his grasp—too subtle for his feelings understanding.

From the Preface to the Dictionary.

It is the fate of those who toil at the lower employments of life to be rather driven y the fear of evil than attracted by the prospect of good; to be exposed to censure ithout hope of praise; to be disgraced by miscarriage, or punished for neglect, here success would have been without applause, and diligence without reward.

Among these unhappy mortals is the writer of dictionaries; whom mankind have onsidered, not as the pupil, but the slave of science, the pioneer of literature, doomed nly to remove rubbish and clear obstructions from the paths through which learning nd genius press forward to conquest and glory, without bestowing a smile on the umble drudge that facilitates their progress. Every other author may aspire to raise; the lexicographer can only hope to escape reproach, and even this negative ecompense has been yet granted to very few. . . .

In hope of giving longevity to that which its own nature forbids to be immortal, I have devoted this book, the labour of years, to the honour of my country, that we may no longer yield the palm of philology, without a contest, to the nations of the continent. The chief glory of every people arises from its authors: whether I shall add anything by my own writings to the reputation of English literature, must be left to time; much of my life has been lost under the pressures of disease; much has been trifled away; and much has always been spent in provision for the day that was *passing over me; but I shall* not think my employment useless or ignoble, if, by assistance, foreign nations and distant ages gain access to the propagators of knowledge, and understand the teachers of truth; if my labours afford light to the repositories of science, and add celebrity to Bacon, to Hooker, to Milton, and to Boyle.

When I am animated by this wish, I look with pleasure on my book, however defective, and deliver it to the world with the spirit of a man that has endeavoured well. That it will immediately become popular, I have not promised to myself; a few wild blunders and risible absurdities, from which no work of such multiplicity was ever free, may for a time furnish folly with laughter, and harden ignorance into contempt; but useful diligence will at last prevail, and there never can be wanting some who distinguish desert, who will consider that no dictionary of a living tongue ever can be perfect, since, while it is hastening to publication, some words are budding and some falling away; that a whole life cannot be spent upon syntax and etymology, and that even a whole life would not be sufficient; that he whose design includes whatever language can express, must often speak of what he does not understand; that a writer will sometimes be hurried by eagerness to the end, and sometimes faint with weariness under a task which Scaliger compares to the labours of the anvil and the mine; that what is obvious is not always known, and what is known is not always present; that sudden fits of inadvertency will surprise vigilance, slight avocations will seduce attention, and casual eclipses of the mind will darken learning; and that the writer shall often in vain trace his memory at the moment of need for that which yesterday he knew with intuitive readiness, and which will come uncalled into his thoughts to-morrow.

In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed; and though no book was ever spared out of tenderness to the author, and the world is little solicitous to know whence proceeded the faults of that which it condemns, yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it, that the English Dictionary was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amid inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow. It may repress the triumph of malignant criticism to observe, that if our language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed. If the lexicons of ancient tongues, now immutably fixed, and comprised in a few volumes, be yet, after the toil of successive ages, inadequate and delusive; if the aggregated knowledge and co-operating diligence of the Italian academicians did not secure them from the censure of Beni; if the embodied critics of France, when fifty years had been spent upon their work, were obliged to change its economy, and give their second edition another form, I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which if I could obtain in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds. I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise.

Reflections on Landing at Iona.—From the 'Journey to the Western Isles.'

We were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessing of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. The man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

Parallel between Pope and Dryden.—From the 'Lives of the Poets.'

Pope professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration, if he be compared with his master.

Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shewn by the dismission of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to satisfy: he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do his best: he did not court the candour, but dared the judgment of his reader, and expecting no indulgence from others, he shewed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication, were the two satires of *Thirty-eight*, of which Dodsley told me that they were brought to him by the author that they might be fairly copied. 'Almost every line,' he said, 'was then written twice over. I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent some time afterwards to me for the press, with almost every line written twice over a second time.'

His declaration, that his care for his works ceased at their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the 'Iliad,' and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the 'Essay on Criticism' received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigour.

Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden, but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied, that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind, Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid, Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet, that quality without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert, that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates, the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

JUNIUS AND SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

On the 21st of January 1769 appeared the first of a series of political letters, bearing the signature of JUNIUS, which have since taken their place among the standard works of the English language. Great excitement prevailed in the nation at the time. The contest with the American colonies, the imposition of new taxes, the difficulty of forming a steady and permanent administration, and the great ability and eloquence of the opposition, had tended to spread a feeling of dissatisfaction throughout the country. The publication of the 'North Briton,' a periodical edited by John Wilkes, and conducted with reckless violence and asperity, added fuel to the flame, and the prime-minister, Lord North, said justly, that 'the press overflowed the land with its black gall, and poisoned the minds of the people.' The government was by no means equal to the emergency, and indeed it would have required a cabinet of the highest powers and most energetic wisdom to have triumphed over the opposition of men like Chatham and Burke, and writers like Junius. The most popular newspaper of that day was the 'Public Advertiser,' published by Woodfall, a man of education and respectability. To this journal the writer known as Junius had contributed under various signatures for about two years. The letters by which he is now distinguished were more carefully elaborated, and more highly polished than any of his previous communications. They attacked all the public characters of the day connected with the government, they retailed much private scandal and personal history, and did not spare even royalty itself. The compression, point, and brilliancy of their language, their unrivalled sarcasm, boldness, and tremendous invective, at once arrested the attention of the public. Every effort that could be devised by the government, or prompted by private indignation, was made to discover their author, but in vain. 'It is not in the nature of things,' he writes to his publisher, 'that you or anybody else should know me, unless I make myself known: all arts or inquiries or rewards would be ineffectual.' In another place he remarks, 'I am the sole depositary of my secret, and it shall die with me.' The event has verified the prediction: he had drawn around himself so impenetrable a veil of secrecy, that all the efforts of inquirers, political and literary, failed in dispelling the original darkness. The letters were published at intervals from 1769 to 1772, when they were collected by Woodfall, and revised by their author—who was equally unknown to his publisher—and printed in two volumes. They have since gone through innumerable editions; but the best is that published in 1812 by Woodfall's son, which includes the letters by the same writer under other signatures—probably along with others *not* written by him, for there is a want of direct evidence—with his private notes to his publisher, and fac-similes of his handwriting.

The *principles* of Junius are moderate, compared with his *personalities*. Some sound constitutional maxims are conveyed in his letters, but his style has undoubtedly been his passport to fame. His illustrations and metaphors are also sometimes uncommonly felicitous. The personal malevolence of his attacks it is impossible to justify. When the controversy as to the authorship of these memorable philippics had almost died away, a book appeared in 1816, bearing the title of 'Junius identified with a Celebrated Living Character.' The living character was Sir Philip Francis, and certainly a mass of strong circumstantial evidence has been presented in his favour. 'The external evidence,' says Macaulay, 'is, we think, such as would support a verdict in a civil, nay, in a criminal proceeding. The handwriting of Junius is the very peculiar handwriting of Francis, slightly disguised. As to the position, pursuits, and connections of Junius, the following are the most important facts which can be considered as clearly proved: First, that he was acquainted with the technical forms of the secretary of state's office; secondly, that he was intimately acquainted with the business of the War-office; thirdly, that he, during the year 1770, attended debates in the House of Lords, and took notes of speeches, particularly of the speeches of Lord Chatham; fourthly, that he bitterly resented the appointment of Mr. Chamier to the place of deputy-secretary of war; fifthly, that he was bound by some strong tie to the first Lord Holland. Now, Francis passed some years in the secretary of state's office. He was subsequently chief-clerk of the War-office. He repeatedly mentioned that he had himself, in 1770, heard speeches of Lord Chatham; and some of these speeches were actually printed from his notes. He resigned his clerkship at the War-office from resentment at the appointment of Mr. Chamier. It was by Lord Holland that he was first introduced into the public service. Now, here are five marks, all of which ought to be found in Junius. They are all five found in Francis. We do not believe that more than two of them can be found in any other person whatever. If this argument does not settle the question, there is an end of all reasoning on circumstantial evidence.' Attention has been drawn to another individual, one of ten or more persons suspected at the time of publication. This is Lord George Sackville, latterly Viscount Sackville, an able but unpopular soldier, cashiered from the army in consequence of neglect of duty at the battle of Minden, but who afterwards regained the favour of the government, and acted as secretary at war throughout the whole period of the American contest. A work by Mr. Coventry in 1825, and a volume by Mr. Jaques in 1842, have been devoted to an endea*vour to fix the authorship* of Junius upon Lord George. In 1853 the *Grenville Papers* were published from the originals at Stowe. and an attempt was made by their editor, Mr. W. J. Smith, to prove that Lord Temple was Junius, Lady Temple acting as the amanuensis. Junius had, without disclosing himself, written three letters to Lord Temple on political topics; but these only prove that the unknown looked for the patronage of the Temples, should that family gain an ascendancy in the government. It is probable that more than one person was connected with the letters, and Temple may have been one of these supplying hints; but the evidence given to prove that he was really Junius must be pronounced inconclusive. The claim of Francis still remains the best. In 1871 it was further strengthened by a series of fac-similes by Mr. Charles Chabot, expert, with preface and collateral evidence by the Hon. E. Twistleton.

Philip Francis was the son of the Rev. Philip Francis, translator of Horace. He was born in Dublin in 1740, and at the early age of sixteen was placed by Lord Holland in the secretary of state's office. By the patronage of Pitt (Lord Chatham), he was made secretary to General Bligh in 1758, and was present at the capture of Cherbourg; in 1760 he accompanied Lord Kinnoul as secretary on his embassy to Lisbon; and in 1763 he was appointed to a considerable situation in the War-office, which he held till 1772. Next year he was made a member of the council appointed for the government of Bengal, from whence he returned in 1781, after being perpetually at war with the governor-general, Warren Hastings, and being wounded by him in a duel. He afterwards sat in parliament, supporting Whig principles, and was one of the 'Friends of the People' in association with Fox, Tierney and Grey. He died in 1818. It must be acknowledged that the speeches and letters of Sir Philip evince much of the talent found in Junius, though they are less rhetorical in style; while the history and dispositions of the man—his strong resentments, his arrogance, his interest in the public questions of the day, evinced by his numerous pamphlets, even in advanced age, and the whole complexion of his party and political sentiments, are what we should expect of Woodfall's celebrated correspondent. High and commanding qualities he undoubtedly possessed; nor was he without genuine patriotic feelings, and a desire to labour earnestly for the public weal. His error lay in mistaking his private enmities for public virtue, and nursing his resentments till they attained a dark and unsocial malignity. His temper was irritable and gloomy, and often led him to form mistaken and uncharitable estimates of men and measures.

Of the literary excellences of Junius, his sarcasm, compressed energy, and brilliant illustration, a few specimens may be quoted. His finest metaphor—as just in sentiment as beautiful in expression—is contained in the conclusion to the forty-second letter: 'The ministry, it seems, are labouring to draw a line of distinction between the honour of the crown and the rights of the people. This new idea has yet only been started in discourse; for, in effect, both objects have been equally sacrificed. I neither understand the distinction, nor what use the ministry propose to make of it. The king's honour is that of his people. *Their* real honour and real interest are the same. I am not contending for a vain punctilio. A clear unblemished character comprehends not only the integrity that will not offer, but the spirit that will not submit to an injury; and whether it belongs to an individual or to a community, it is the foundation of peace, of independence, and of safety. Private credit is wealth ; public honour is security. The feather that adorns the royal bird supports his flight. Strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth.'

Thus also he remarks : 'In the shipwreck of the state, trifles float and are preserved ; while everything solid and valuable sinks to the bottom, and is lost forever.'

Of the supposed enmity of George III. to Wilkes, and the injudicious prosecution of that demagogue, Junius happily remarks : 'He said more than moderate men would justify, but not enough to entitle him to the honour of your majesty's personal resentment. The rays of royal indignation, collected upon him, served only to illuminate, and could not consume. Animated by the favour of the people on the one side, and heated by persecution on the other, his views and sentiments changed with his situation. Hardly serious at first, he is now an enthusiast. The coldest bodies warm with opposition, the hardest sparkle in collision. There is a holy mistaken zeal in politics as well as religion. By persuading others, we convince ourselves. The passions are engaged, and create a maternal affection in the mind, which forces us to love the cause for which we suffer.'

The letter to the king is the most dignified of the letters of Junius; those to the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford the most severe. The Duke of Grafton was descended from Charles II. and this afforded the satirist scope for invective: 'The character of the reputed ancestors of some men has made it possible for their descendants to be vicious in the extreme, without being degenerate. Those of your Grace, for instance, left no distressing examples of virtue, even to their legitimate posterity; and you may look back with pleasure to an illustrious pedigree, in which heraldry has not left a single good quality upon record to insult or upbraid you. You have better proofs of your descent, my lord, than the register of a marriage, or any troublesome inheritance of reputation. There are some hereditary strokes of character by which a family may be as clearly distinguished as by the blackest features of the human face. Charles I. lived and died a hypocrite; Charles II. was a hypocrite of another sort, and should have died upon the same scaffold. At the distance of a century, we see their different characters happily revived and blended in your *Grace*. *Sullen* and severe without religion, profligate with*out gaiety, you lived* like Charles II. without being an amiable companion; and for aught I know, may die as his father did, without the reputation of a martyr.'

In the same strain of elaborate and refined sarcasm the Duke of Bedford is addressed:

On the Duke of Bedford.

My lord, you are so little accustomed to receive any marks of respect or esteem from the public, that if in the following lines a compliment or expression of applause should escape me, I fear you would consider it as a mockery of your established character, and perhaps an insult to your understanding. You have nice feelings, my lord, if we may judge from your resentments. Cautious, therefore, of giving offence where you have so little deserved it, I shall leave the illustration of your virtues to other hands. Your friends have a privilege to play upon the easiness of your temper, or probably they are better acquainted with your good qualities than I am. You have done good by stealth. The rest is upon record. You have still left ample room for speculation when panegyric is exhausted. . . .

Let us consider you, then, as arrived at the summit of worldly greatness; let us suppose that all your plans of avarice and ambition are accomplished, and your most sanguine wishes gratified in the fear as well as the hatred of the people. Can age itself forget that you are now in the last act of life? Can gray hairs make folly venerable? and is there no period to be reserved for meditation and retirement? For shame, my lord! Let it not be recorded of you that the latest moments of your life were dedicated to the same unworthy pursuits, the same busy agitations, in which your youth and manhood were exhausted. Consider that, though you cannot disgrace your former life, you are violating the character of age, and exposing the impotent imbecility, after you have lost the vigour, of the passions.

Your friends will ask, perhaps: 'Whither shall this unhappy old man retire? Can he remain in the metropolis, where his life has been so often threatened, and his palace so often attacked? If he returns to Woburn, scorn and mockery await him: he must create a solitude round his estate, if he would avoid the face of reproach and derision. At Plymouth, his destruction would be more than probable; at Exeter, inevitable. No honest Englishman will ever forget his attachment, nor any honest Scotchman forgive his treachery, to Lord Bute. At every town he enters, he must change his liveries and name. Whichever way he flies, the hue and cry of the country pursues him.

In another kingdom, indeed, the blessings of his administration have been more sensibly felt, his virtues better understood; or, at worst, they will not for him alone forget their hospitality. As well might Verres have returned to Sicily. You have twice escaped, my lord; beware of a third experiment. The indignation of a whole people plundered, insulted, and oppressed, as they have been, will not always be disappointed.

It is in vain, therefore, to shift the scene; you can no more fly from your enemies than from yourself. Persecuted abroad, you look into your own heart for consolation, and find nothing but reproaches and despair. But, my lord, you may quit the field of business, though not the field of danger; and though you cannot be safe, you may cease to be ridiculous. I fear you have listened too long to the advice of those pernicious friends with whose interests you have sordidly united your own, and for whom you have sacrificed everything that ought to be dear to a man of honour. They are still base enough to encourage the follies of your age, as they once did the vices of your youth. As little acquainted with the rules of decorum as with the laws of morality, they will not suffer you to profit by experience, nor even to consult the propriety of a bad character. Even now they tell you that life is no more than a dramatic scene, in which the hero should preserve his consistency to the last; and that, as you lived without virtue, you should die without repentance.

These are certainly brilliant pieces of composition. The tone and spirit in which they are conceived are harsh and reprehensible—in some parts almost fiendish—but they are the emanations of a powerful and cultivated mind, that, under better moral discipline, might have done lasting honour to literature and virtue. The acknowledged productions of Sir Philip Francis have equal animation, but less studied brevity and force of style. The soaring ardour of youth had flown; his hopes were crushed: he was not writing under the mask of a fearless and impenetrable secrecy. Yet in a letter to Earl Grey on the subject of the blockade of Norway, we find such vigorous sentences as the following:

State of England in 1812.

> Though a nation may be bought and sold, deceived or betrayed, oppressed or beggared, and in every other sense undone, *all* is not lost, as long as a sense of national honour survives the general ruin. Even an individual cannot be crushed by events or overwhelmed by adversity, if, in the wreck and ruin of his fortune, the character of the man remains unblemished. That force is elastic, and, with the help of resolution, will raise him again out of any depth of calamity. But if the injured sufferer, whether it be a great or a little community, a number of individuals or a single person, be content to submit in silence, and to endure without resentment—if no complaints shall be uttered, no murmur shall be heard, *deploratum est*—there must be something celestial in the spirit that rises from that descent.
>
> In March 1798, I had your voluntary and entire concurrence in the following, as well as many other abandoned propositions—when we drank pure wine together—when *you* were young, and *I* was not superannuated—when we left the cold infusions of prudence to fine ladies and gentle politicians—when true wisdom was not degraded by the name of moderation—when we cared but little by what majorities the nation was betrayed, or how many felons were acquitted by their peers—and when we were not afraid of being intoxicated by the elevation of a spirit too highly rectified. In England and Scotland, the general disposition of the people may be fairly judged of by the means which are said to be necessary to counteract it—an immense standing army, barracks in every part of the country, the bill of rights suspended, and, in effect, a military despotism.

In the last of the private letters of Junius to Woodfall—the last, indeed, of his appearances in that character—he says, with his characteristic ardour and impatience, 'I feel for the honour of this country, when I see that there are not ten men in it who will unite and stand together upon any one question. But it is all alike, vile and contemptible.' This was written in January, 1773. Forty-three years afterwards, in 1816, Sir Philip Francis thus writes in a letter on public affairs, addressed to Lord Holland, and the similarity in manner and sentiment is striking. The style is not unworthy of Junius: 'My mind sickens and revolts at the scenes of public depravity, of personal baseness, and of ruinous folly, little less than universal, which have passed before us, not in dramatic representation, but in real action, since the year 1792, in the government of this once flourishing as well as glorious kingdom. In that period, a deadly revolution has taken place in the moral character of the nation, and even in the instinct of the gregarious multitude. Passion of any kind, if it existed, might excite action. With still many generous exceptions, the body of the country is lost in apathy and indifference—sometimes strutting on stilts—for the most part grovelling on its belly—no life-blood in the heart—and instead of reason or reflection, a *caput mor-*

tuum for a head-piece; of all revolutions this one is the worst, because it makes any other impossible.'*

Among the lighter sketches of Francis may be taken the following:

Characters of Fox and Pitt.

They know nothing of Mr. Fox who think that he was what is commonly called *well educated*. I know that it was directly or very nearly the reverse. His mind educated itself, not by early study or instruction, but by active listening and rapid apprehension. He said so in the House of Commons when he and Mr. Burke parted. His powerful understanding grew like a forest oak, not by cultivation, but by neglect. Mr. Pitt was a plant of an inferior order, though marvellous in its kind—a smooth bark, with the deciduous pomp and decoration of a rich foliage, and blossoms and flowers which drop off of themselves, and leave the tree naked at last to be judged by its fruits. *He*, indeed, as I suspect, had been educated more than enough, until there was nothing natural and spontaneous left in him. He was too polished and accurate in the minor embellishments of his art to be a great artist in anything. He could have painted the boat, and the fish, and the broken nets, but not the two fishermen. He knew his audience, and, with or without eloquence, how to summon the generous passions to his applause. The human eye soon grows weary of an unbounded plain, and sooner, I believe, than of any limited portion of space, whatever its dimensions may be. There is a calm delight, a *dolcé riposo*, in viewing the smooth-shaven verdure of a bowling-green as long as it is near. You must learn from repetition that those properties are inseparable from the idea of a flat surface, and that flat and tiresome are synonymous. The works of nature, which command admiration at once, and never lose it, are compounded of grand inequalities.

From Junius's Letter to the King.—To the Printer of the 'Public Advertiser.'—December 19, 1769.

SIR—When the complaints of a brave and powerful people are observed to increase in proportion to the wrongs they have suffered; when, instead of sinking into submission, they are roused to resistance, the time will soon arrive at which every inferior consideration must yield to the security of the sovereign, and to the general safety of the state. There is a moment of difficulty and danger, at which flattery and falsehood can no longer deceive, and simplicity itself can no longer be misled. Let us suppose it arrived. Let us suppose a gracious, well-intentioned prince made sensible at last of the great duty he owes to his people, and of his own disgraceful situation; that he looks round him for assistance, and asks for no advice but how to gratify the wishes and secure the happiness of his subjects. In these circumstances, it may be matter of curious speculation to consider, if an honest man were permitted to approach a king, in what terms he would address himself to his sovereign. Let it be imagined, no matter how improbable, that the first prejudice against his character is removed; that the ceremonious difficulties of an audience are surmounted; that he feels himself animated by the purest and most honourable affection to his king and country; and that the great person whom he addresses has spirit enough to bid him speak freely, and understanding enough to listen to him with attention. Unacquainted with the vain impertinence of forms, he would deliver his sentiments with dignity and firmness, but not without respect:

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* The character of Francis is seen in the following admirable observation, which is at once acute and profound: 'With a callous heart there can be no genius in the imagination or wisdom in the mind; and therefore the prayer with equal truth and sublimity says: "incline our hearts unto wisdom." Resolute thoughts find words for themselves, and make their own vehicle. Impression and expression are relative ideas. He who feels deeply will express strongly. The language of slight sensations is naturally feeble and superficial.'—*Reflections on the abundance of Paper*, 1810. Francis excelled in pointed and pithy expression. After his return to parliament in 1784, he gave great offence to Mr. Pitt, by exclaiming, after he had pronounced an animated eulogy on Lord Chatham: 'But he is dead, and has left nothing in this world that resembles him!' The writer of a memoir of Francis, in the *Annual Obituary* (1820), states that one of his maxims was, 'That the views of every one should be directed towards a solid, however moderate independence, without which no man can be happy, or even honest.' There is a remarkable coincidence—too close to be accidental—in a private letter by Junius to his publisher, Woodfall, dated March 5, 1772: 'As for myself, be assured that I am far above all pecuniary views, and no other person I think has any claim to share with you. Make the most of it, therefore, and let all your views in life be directed to a solid, however *moderate independence*. Without it, no man can be happy, nor even honest.' It is obvious, however, that Francis may have copied from Junius, and it has been surmised *that*, notwithstanding his denials of the authorship, he was not unwilling to bear the *imputation*.

Sir—It is the misfortune of your life, and originally the cause of every reproach and distress which has attended your government, that you should never have been acquainted with the language of truth till you heard it in the complaints of your people. It is not, however, too late to correct the error of your education. We are still inclined to make an indulgent allowance for the pernicious lessons you received in your youth, and to form the most sanguine hopes from the natural benevolence of your disposition. We are far from thinking you capable of a direct deliberate purpose to invade those original rights of your subjects on which all their civil and political liberties depend. Had it been possible for us to entertain a suspicion so dishonourable to your character, we should long since have adopted a style of remonstrance very distant from the humility of complaint. The doctrine inculcated by our laws, 'that the king can do no wrong,' is admitted without reluctance. We separate the amiable good-natured prince from the folly and treachery of his servants, and the private virtues of the man from the vices of his government. Were it not for this just distinction, I know not whether your majesty's condition, or that of the English nation, would deserve most to be lamented. I would prepare your mind for a favourable reception of truth, by removing every painful offensive idea of personal reproach. Your subjects, sir, wish for nothing but that, as *they* are reasonable and affectionate enough to separate your person from your government, so *you*, in your turn, would distinguish between the conduct which becomes the permanent dignity of a king, and that which serves only to promote the temporary interest and miserable ambition of a minister.

You ascended the throne with a declared—and, I doubt not, a sincere—resolution of giving universal satisfaction to your subjects. You found them pleased with the novelty of a young prince, whose countenance promised even more than his words, and loyal to you not only from principle but passion. It was not a cold profession of allegiance to the first magistrate, but a partial, animated attachment to a favourite prince, the native of their country. They did not wait to examine your conduct, nor to be determined by experience, but gave you a generous credit for the future blessings of your reign, and paid you in advance the dearest tribute of their affections. Such, sir, was once the disposition of a people who now surround your throne with reproaches and complaints. Do justice to yourself. Banish from your mind those unworthy opinions with which some interested persons have laboured to possess you. Distrust the men who tell you that the English are naturally light and inconstant; that they complain without a cause. Withdraw your confidence equally from all parties; from ministers, favourites, and relations; and let there be one moment in your life in which you have consulted your own understanding.

When you affectedly renounced the name of Englishman,* believe me, sir, you were persuaded to pay a very ill-judged compliment to one part of your subjects at the expense of another. While the natives of Scotland are not in actual rebellion, they are undoubtedly entitled to protection; nor do I mean to condemn the policy of giving some encouragement to the novelty of their affection for the house of Hanover. I am ready to hope for everything from their new-born zeal, and from the future steadiness of their allegiance. But hitherto they have no claim to your favour. To honour them with a determined predilection and confidence, in exclusion of your English subjects—who placed your family, and, in spite of treachery and rebellion, have supported it, upon the throne—is a mistake too gross for even the unsuspecting generosity of youth. In this error we see a capital violation of the most obvious rules of policy and prudence. We trace it, however, to an original bias in your education, and are ready to allow for your inexperience.

To the same early influence we attribute it that you have descended to take a share, not only in the narrow views and interests of particular persons, but in the fatal malignity of their passions. At your accession to the throne the whole system of government was altered; not from wisdom or deliberation, but because it had been adopted by your predecessor. A little personal motive of pique and resentment was sufficient to remove the ablest servants of the crown; but it is not in this country, sir, that such men can be dishonoured by the frowns of a king. They were dismissed, but could not be disgraced. . . .

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* The king, in his first speech from the throne, said he 'gloried in the name of Briton.'

Without consulting your minister, call together your whole council. Let it appear to the public that you can determine and act for yourself. Come forward to your people; lay aside the wretched formalities of a king, and speak to your subjects with the spirit of a man, and in the language of a gentleman. Tell them you have been fatally deceived: the acknowledgment will be no disgrace, but rather an honour, to your understanding. Tell them you are determined to remove every cause of complaint against your government; that you will give your confidence to no man that does not possess the confidence of your subjects; and leave it to themselves to determine, by their conduct at a future election, whether or not it be in reality the general sense of the nation, that their rights have been arbitrarily invaded by the present House of Commons, and the constitution betrayed. They will then do justice to their representatives and to themselves.

These sentiments, sir, and the style they are conveyed in, may be offensive, perhaps, because they are new to you. Accustomed to the language of courtiers, you measure their affections by the vehemence of their expressions: and when they only praise you indirectly, you admire their sincerity. But this is not a time to trifle with your fortune. They deceive you, sir, who tell you that you have many friends whose affections are founded upon a principle of personal attachment. The first foundation of friendship is not the power of conferring benefits, but the equality with which they are received, and may be returned. The fortune which made you a king, forbade you to have a friend; it is a law of nature, which cannot be violated with impunity. The mistaken prince who looks for friendship will find a favourite, and in that favourite the ruin of his affairs.

The people of England are loyal to the House of Hanover, not from a vain preference of one family to another, but from a conviction that the establishment of that family was necessary to the support of their civil and religious liberties. This, sir, is a principle of allegiance equally solid and rational; fit for Englishmen to adopt, and well worthy of your majesty's encouragement. We cannot long be deluded by nominal distinctions. The name of Stuart of itself is only contemptible: armed with the sovereign authority, their principles are formidable. The prince who imitates their conduct should be warned by their example; and while he plumes himself upon the security of his title to the crown, should remember that, as it was acquired by one revolution, it may be lost by another.

JOHN HORNE TOOKE—M. DE LOLME.

As a philologist or grammarian, JOHN HORNE TOOKE (1736–1812) is known in literature, but his chief celebrity arises from his political and social character. He was the son of Mr. Horne, a wealthy London poulterer, and hence the punning answer made to his school-fellows who asked what his father was. 'A *Turkey* merchant,' was the boy's reply. John Horne was well educated—first at Westminister, then at Eton, and afterwards at St. John's College, Cambridge. His father designed him for the church, and he took orders, but disliking the clerical profession, he studied law at the Middle Temple. He travelled in France and Italy as travelling tutor, first to a son of Elwes the miser, and secondly to a Mr. Taylor of Surrey; and having cast off the clerical character in these continental tours, he never again resumed it. He became an active politician and supporter of John Wilkes, in favour of whom he wrote an anonymous pamphlet in 1765. In 1770, he distinguished himself by the part he took in a memorable public event. The king (George III.) having from the throne censured an address presented by the city authorities, the latter waited upon the sovereign with another 'humble address,' remonstrance, and petition, reiterating their request for the dissolution of parliament and the dismissal of ministers. They were again repulsed, and the king stating that he would consider such a use of his prerogative as dangerous to the interests and constitution of the country, Horne Tooke, anticipating such a reception, suggested to his friend, Mr. Beckford, the lord mayor, the idea of a reply to the sovereign; a measure unexampled in our history. When the lord mayor had retired from the royal presence, 'I saw Beckford,' said Tooke, 'just after he came from St. James's. I asked him what he had said to the king, and he replied, that he had been so confused, he scarcely knew what he had said. "But," cried I, "*your speech* must be sent to the papers; I'll write it for you."' He did so; it was printed and diffused over the kingdom, and was engraved on the pedestal of a statue of Beckford erected in Guildhall.* This famous unspoken speech, the composition of Horne Tooke, is as follows:

> MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN.—Will your majesty be pleased so far to condescend as to permit the mayor of your loyal city of London to declare in your royal presence, on behalf of his fellow-citizens, how much the bare apprehension of your majesty's displeasure would, at all times, affect their minds? The declaration of that displeasure has already filled them with inexpressible anxiety, and with the deepest affliction. Permit me, sire, to assure your majesty, that your majesty has not in all your dominions any subjects more faithful, more dutiful, or more affectionate to your majesty's person or family, or more ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes in the maintenance of the true honour and dignity of your crown. We do, therefore, with the greatest humility and submission, most earnestly supplicate your majesty, that you will not dismiss us from your presence without expressing a more favourable opinion of your faithful citizens, and without some comfort, without some prospect, at least of redress. Permit me, sire, further to observe that whoever has already dared, or shall hereafter endeavour, to alienate your majesty's affections from your loyal subjects in general, and from the city of London in particular, and to withdraw your confidence in, and regard for your people, is an enemy to your majesty's person and family, a violator of the public peace, and a betrayer of our happy constitution as it was established at the glorious and necessary revolution.

There seems little to excite popular enthusiasm in this address, but it had the appearance of 'bearding the king upon the throne,' and the nation was then in a state of political ferment. Horne Tooke's subsequent quarrel with Wilkes and controversy with Junius are well known. In the latter he was completely and eminently successful. He had ere this formally severed himself from the church (1773), and again taken to the study of the law. His spirited opposition to an inclosure bill, which it was attempted to hurry through parliament, procured him the favour of a wealthy client, Mr. Tooke of Purley, from whom he inherited a fortune of about $8000, and whose surname of Tooke he afterwards assumed. To this connection we must also ascribe part of the title of his greatest work, 'Epea Pteroenta, or the Diversions of Purley.' So early as 1778, Tooke had addressed a '*Letter to Mr. Dunning*' on the rudiments of grammar, and the principles there laid down were followed up and treated at length in the 'Diversions,' of which the first part appeared in 1786, and a second part in 1805. Wit, politics, metaphysics, etymology, and grammar are curiously mingled in the work. The chief object of its author was an attempt to prove that all the parts of speech, including those which grammarians considered as expletives and unmeaning particles, may be resolved into nouns and verbs. As respects the English language, he was considered to have been successful; and his knowledge of the northern languages, no less than his liveliness and acuteness, was highly commended. But his idea that the etymological history of words is a true guide, both as to the *present* import of the words themselves, and as to the nature of those things which they are intended to signify, is a fanciful and fallacious assumption.

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* *The best account of this political manœuvre is given in the Recollections of Samuel Rogers, 1856.*

However witty and well informed as an etymologist, Horne Tooke was meagre in definition and metaphysics. He *diverted* himself and friends with philosophical studies, but made politics and social pleasure the real business of his life—thus reminding us more of the French *savans* of the last century than of any class of English students or authors. In 1794 Horne Tooke was tried for high treason—accused with Hardy, Thelwall, and others of conspiring and corresponding with the French Convention to overthrow the English constitution. His trial excited intense interest, to which the eloquence of Erskine, his counsel, has given something more than temporary importance. It lasted several days, and ended in his acquittal. For a short time Horne Tooke sat in Parliament, as member for Old Sarum, but did not distinguish himself as a legislator or debater. His latter years were spent in a sort of lettered retirement at Wimbledon, entertaining his friends to Sunday dinners and quiet parties, and delighting them with his lively and varied conversation—often more amusing and pungent than delicate or correct.

'The Constitution of England, or an Account of the English Government,' by JOHN LEWIS DE-LOLME (1740–1806), was recommended by Junius 'as a performance deep, solid, and ingenious.' The author was a native of Geneva, who had studied the law. His work on the English constitution was first published in Holland, in the French language. The English edition, enlarged and dedicated by the author to King George III., appeared in 1775. De-Lolme wrote several slight political treatises, and expected to be patronised by the British government. In this he was disappointed; and his circumstances were so reduced, that he was glad to accept of relief from the Literary Fund. The praise of Junius has not been confirmed by the present generation, for De-Lolme's work has fallen into neglect.

THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

A series of letters, written at this time, has been published. The collection is inferior in literary value, but its author was one of the greatest men of his age—perhaps the first of English orators and statesmen. We allude to a volume of letters written by the Earl of Chatham to his nephew, Thomas Pitt, Lord Camelford. This work contains much excellent advice as to life and conduct, a sincere admiration of classical learning, and great kindliness of domestic feeling and affection. Another collection of the correspondence of Lord Chatham was made and published in 1840, in four volumes. Some light is thrown on contemporary history and public events by this correspondence; but its principal value is of a reflex nature, derived from our interest in all that relates to the lofty and commanding intellect which shaped the destinies of Europe. WILLIAM PITT was born on the 15th of November 1708. He was educated at Eton, whence he removed to Trinity College, Oxford. He was afterwards a cornet in the Blues. His military career, however, was of short duration: for in 1735 he had a seat in parliament, being returned member for Old Sarum. His talents for debate were soon conspicuous; and on the occasion of a bill for registering seamen in 1740, he made his memorable reply to the elder Horatio Walpole (brother of Sir Robert), who had taunted him on account of his youth. This burst of youthful ardour has been immortalised by Dr Johnson, who then reported the parliamentary debates for the 'Gentleman's Magazine.'

Speech of Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham, on being taunted on Account of Youth.

SIR.—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience. But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves; nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment; age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious, without punishment. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat that offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villainy, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

The style of this speech is eminently Johnsonian—not the style of Pitt. We need not follow the public career of Pitt, which is, in fact, a part of the history of England during a long and agitated period. His style of oratory was of the highest class, rapid, vehement, and overpowering, and it was adorned by all the graces of action and delivery. His public conduct was singularly pure and disinterested, considering the venality of the times in which he lived; but as a statesman, he was often inconsistent, haughty, and impracticable. His acceptance of a peerage (in 1766) hurt his popularity with the nation, who loved and reverenced him as 'the great commoner;' but he still 'shook the senate' with the resistless appeals of his eloquence. His speech—delivered when he was upwards of sixty, and broken down and enfeebled by disease—against the employment of Indians in the war with America, is too characteristic, too noble to be omitted:

Speech of Chatham against Employment of Indians in the War with America.

I cannot, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment; it is not a time for adulation; the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to their dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them; measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt? But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world: now, none so poor to do her reverence! The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by your inveterate enemy; and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the English troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valour; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms: Never, never, never! But, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorise and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage; to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indians the defence pnted rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our en? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, ds, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the princ p es of and necessity, but also on those of morality; 'for it is perfectly allowable,' ord Suffolk, 'to use all the means which God and nature have put into our .' I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear avowed in this house or in this country. My lords, I did not intend to encroach ch on your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself im- to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, ristians, to protest against such horrible barbarity! That God and nature put into our hands! What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may en- n, I know not; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhor- o religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and e to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, tortur- nurdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions t every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. e abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand ost decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned h, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the es to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call the honour of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to tain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate ational character. I invoke the Genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indig- on at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty and establish religion of Britain against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than popish cruel- and inquisitorial practices are endured among us. To send forth the merciless ibal, thirsting for blood! against whom? your Protestant brethren! to lay waste r country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name by the and instrumentality of these horrible hell-hounds of war! Spain can no longer st pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate wretched natives of Mexico; we, more ruthless, loose these dogs of war against countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. lemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to np upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. re particularly I call upon the holy prelates of our religion to do away this iniquity; them perform a lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin. lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings l indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my rnal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

The last public appearance and death of Lord Chatham are thus scribed by William Belsham (1753–1827), essayist and historian, his 'History of Great Britain:'

The mind feels interested in the minutest circumstances relating to the last day of public life of this renowned statesman and patriot. He was dressed in a rich suit black velvet, with a full wig, and covered up to the knees in flannel. On his arrival the house, he refreshed himself in the lord chancellor's room, where he stayed till yers were over, and till he was informed that business was going to begin. He was n led into the house by his son and son-in-law, Mr. William Pitt and Lord Viscount hon, all the lords standing up out of respect, and making a lane for him to pass to earl's bench, he bowing very gracefully to them as he proceeded. He looked pale d much emaciated, but his eye retained all its native fire; which, joined to his gen- l deportment, and the attention of the house, formed a spectacle very striking and pressive.

When the Duke of Richmond had sat down, Lord Chatham rose, and began by nenting 'that his bodily infirmities had so long and at so important a crisis pre- nted his attendance on the duties of parliament. He declared that he had made an effort almost beyond the powers of his constitution to come down to the house on this day, perhaps the last time he should ever be able to enter its walls, to express the indignation he felt at the idea which he understood was gone forth of yielding up the sovereignty of America. "My lords," continued he, "I rejoice that the grave has not closed upon me, that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and noble monarchy. Pressed down as I am by the load of infirmity, I am little able to assist my country in this most perilous conjuncture; but, my lords, while I have sense and memory, I never will consent to tarnish the lustre of this nation by an ignominious surrender of its rights and fairest possessions. Shall a people so lately the terror of the world, now fall prostrate before the house of Bourbon? It is impossible! In God's name, if it is absolutely necessary to declare either for peace or war, and if peace cannot be preserved with honour, why is not war commenced without hesitation? I am not, I confess, well informed of the resources of this kingdom, but I trust it has still sufficient to maintain its just rights, though I know them not. Any state, my lords, is better than despair. Let us at least make one effort, and if we must fall, let us fall like men."'

The Duke of Richmond, in reply, declared himself to be 'totally ignorant of the means by which we were to resist with success the combination of America with the house of Bourbon. He urged the noble lord to point out any possible mode, if he were able to do it, of making the Americans renounce that independence of which they were in possession. His Grace added, that if he could not, no man could; and that it was not in his power to change his opinion on the noble lord's authority, unsupported by any reasons but a recital of the calamities arising from a state of things not in the power of this country now to alter.'

Lord Chatham, who had appeared greatly moved during the reply, made an eager effort to rise at the conclusion of it, as if labouring with some great idea, and impatient to give full scope to his feelings; but before he could utter a word, pressing his hand on his bosom, he fell down suddenly in a convulsive fit. The Duke of Cumberland, Lord Temple, and other lords near him, caught him in their arms. The house was immediately cleared; and his lordship being carried into an adjoining apartment, the debate was adjourned. Medical assistance being obtained, his lordship in some degree recovered, and was conveyed to his favourite villa of Hayes, in Kent, where, after lingering some few weeks, he expired, May 11, 1778, in the seventieth year of his age.

Grattan, the Irish orator (1750–1820) has drawn the character of Lord Chatham with felicity and vigour of style. The glittering point and antithesis of the sketch are united to great originality and force:

Character of Lord Chatham by Grattan.

The secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty; and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but, overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite; and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness, reached him; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system to counsel and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all the classes of

lity. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this states-
, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his
ries; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered
refuted her. Nor were his political abilities his only talents: his eloquence was
ra in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic senti-
ts and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid
lagration of Tully; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the
ic of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through
painful subtlety of argumentation; nor was he, like Townsend, for ever on the
of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the
ings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be fol-
ed. Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert,
reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence to summon mankind to
ety, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free
ds with unbounded authority, something that could establish or overwhelm em-
, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.

EDMUND BURKE.

As an orator, politician, and author, the name of EDMUND BURKE
od high with his contemporaries, and time has abated little of its
tre. He is still by far the most eloquent and imaginative of all
r writers on public affairs, and the most philosophical of English
tesmen. Burke was born in Dublin, January 12, 1728–9, the son
a respectable solicitor, a Protestant. His mother's name was
gle, of a Roman Catholic family. He was educated first at a po-
lar school at Ballitore in Kildare, kept by Abraham Shackleton, a
uaker, and afterwards at Trinity College, Dublin. In 1750 he re-
oved to London, where he entered himself as a student of the Mid-
e Temple, but he seems soon to have abandoned his intention of
osecuting the law as a profession. In 1756 he published anony-
ously a parody on the style and manner of Bolingbroke, a 'Vindi-
tion of Natural Society,' in which the paradoxical reasoning of the
ble sceptic is pushed to a ridiculous extreme, and its absurdity
ry happily exposed. In 1757, he published 'A Philosophical In-
uiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful,' and
 'Account of European Settlements in America.' He obtained an
troduction to the society of Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith, and the
ther eminent men of the day. Burke, however, was still struggling
ith difficulties, and compiling for booksellers. He suggested to
odsley the plan of an Annual Register, which that spirited publisher
dopted, Burke furnishing the whole of the original matter for 1758
nd 1759. He continued for several years to write the historical por-
ion of this valuable compilation.

In 1761, Burke accompanied Mr. W. G. Hamilton (best known as
Single-speech Hamilton') to Ireland, partly in the capacity of pri-
ate secretary to Hamilton (who had been appointed chief-secretary
o the Earl of Halifax, lord-lieutenant of Ireland), and partly as a
ersonal friend. This connection did not last long, Burke being too
ndependent to serve as a mere tool of party. In 1765, he became
ecretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, and was returned to the
Iouse of Commons as member for Wendover. He soon distinguished

himself in parliament, but the Rockingham administration was dissolved in 1766, and Burke joined the opposition. In 1769, he wrote an able reply to a pamphlet, by Mr. Grenville, on the State of the Nation; and in the following year, another political disquisition, 'Thoughts on the Present Discontents.' This is a powerful argumentative treatise. We shall not attempt to follow Burke's parliamentary career. His speeches on American affairs were among his most vigorous and felicitous appearances; his most important public duty was the part he took in the prosecution of Warren Hastings, and his opposition to the Regency Bill of Pitt. Stormier times, however, were at hand: the French Revolution was then 'blackening the horizon'—to use one of his own metaphors—and he early predicted the course it would take. He strenuously warned his countrymen against the dangerous influence of French principles, and published his memorable treatise, 'Reflections on the French Revolution,' 1790.

A rupture now took place between him and his Whig friends, Mr. Fox in particular; but with characteristic ardour Burke went on denouncing the doctrines of the Revolution, and published his 'Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs,' his 'Letters to a Noble Lord,' and his 'Letters on the Proposals for Peace with the Regicide Directory of France.' The splendour of these compositions, the various knowledge which they display, the rich imagery with which they abound, and the spirit of philosophical reflection which pervades them all, stamp them among the first literary productions of their time. Such a flood of rich illustration had never before been poured on questions of state policy and government. At the same time, Burke was eminently practical in his views. His greatest efforts will be found directed to the redress of some existing wrong, or the preservation of some existing good—to hatred of actual oppression, to the removal of useless restrictions, and to the calm and sober improvement of the laws and government which he venerated, without 'coining to himself Whig principles from a French die, unknown to the impress of our fathers in the constitution.' Where inconsistencies are found in his writings between his early and later opinions, they will be seen to consist chiefly in matters of detail or in expression. The leading principles of his public life were always the same. He wished, as he says, to preserve consistency, but only by varying his means to secure the unity of his end: 'when the equipoise of the vessel in which he sails may be endangered by overloading it upon one side, he is desirous of carrying the small weight of his reasons to that which may preserve its equipoise.'

When the revolution broke out, his sagacity enabled him to foresee the dreadful consequences which it would entail upon France and the world, and his enthusiastic temperament led him to state his impressions in language sometimes overcharged and almost bombastic, and sometimes full of prophetic fire. In one of the debates on the Revolution, after mentioning that he understood that three ısand daggers had been ordered from Birmingham, Burke drew from under his coat, and throwing it on the floor, exclaimed: is is what you are to gain by an alliance with France—this is r fraternisation!' Such a melodramatic exhibition was wholly orthy of Burke, and naturally provoked ridicule. He stood f from most of his old associates, when, like a venerable tower, was sinking into ruin and decay. Posterity, however, has done le justice to his genius and character, and has confirmed the lion of one of his contemporaries, that if—as he did not attempt onceal—Cicero was the model on which he laboured to form his character in eloquence, in policy, in ethics, and philosophy, he nitely surpassed the original. Burke retired from parliament in 4. The friendship of the Marquis of Rockingham had enabled to purchase an estate near Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire, there the orator spent exclusively his few remaining years. In 5, he was rewarded with a handsome pension from the civil list. vas in contemplation to elevate him to the peerage, but the death his only son—who was his colleague in the representation of lton—rendered him indifferent, if not averse, to such a distinction. e force and energy of his mind, and the creative richness of his gination, continued with him to the last. His 'Letter to a Noble rd on his Pension' (1796), his 'Letters on a Regicide Peace' (1796 and 7), and his 'Observations on the Conduct of the Minority' (1797), r no trace of decaying vigour, though written after the age of ty.

The keen and lively interest with which he regarded passing nts, particularly the great political drama then in action in France, still manifest in these works, with general observations and reflec- ns that strike from their profundity and their universal applica- n. 'He possessed,' says Coleridge, 'and had sedulously sharp- ed that eye which sees all things, actions, and events, in rela- n to the laws which determine their existence and circumscribe eir possibility. He referred habitually to principles—he was a sci- tific statesman.' His imagination, it is admitted, was not always ided by correct taste; some of his images are low, and even border disgust.* His language and his conceptions are often hyperbolical; or it may be said, his mind, like the soil of the East, which he loved to paint, threw up a rank and luxuriant vegetation, in which unsightly weeds were mingled with the choicest flowers and the most precious fruit. He was at once a poet, an orator, a philosopher, and practical statesman: and his knowledge, his industry, and perseverance were as remarkable as his genius. The protracted and brilliant career of this great man was terminated on the 9th of July 1797, and he was interred in the church at Beaconsfield.

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* One of the happiest of his homely similes is contained in his reply to Pitt, on the sub- t of the commercial treaty with France in 1787. Pitt he contended, had contemplated e subject with a narrowness peculiar to limited minds—'as an affair of two little nnting-houses, and not of two great nations He seems to consider it as a contention tween the sign of the *Fleur-de-lis* and the sign of the old *Red Lion*, for which should tain the best custom.' In replying to the argument, that the Americans were our ildren, and should not have revolted against their parent, he said: 'They are our ildren, it is true, but when children ask for bread, we are not to give them a stone. hen those children of ours wish to assimilate with their parent, and to respect the anteous countenance of British liberty, are we to turn to them the shameful parts of r constitution? Are we to give them our weakness for their strength, our opprobrium r their glory, and the slough of slavery, which we are not able to work off, to serve em for their freedom?' His account of the ill-assorted administration of Lord Chatham no less ludicrous than correct. 'He made an administration so checkered and spec- led; he put together a piece of joinery so crossly indented, and whimsically dove-

A complete edition of Burke's works has been published in sixteen volumes. His correspondence between the year 1744 and his decease, edited by Earl Fitzwilliam and Sir R. Bourke, was published in 1844, in four volumes; and copious Lives of Burke have been written by Prior, Croly, and Macknight. Burke's political, and not his philosophical writings, are now chiefly read. His 'Disquisition on the Sublime and beautiful' is incorrect in theory and in many of its illustrations, though containing some just remarks and elegant criticism. His mighty understanding, as Sir James Mackintosh observed, was best employed in 'the middle region, between the details of business and the generalities of speculation.' A generous political opponent, and not less eloquent—though less original and less powerful—writer, has thus sketched the character of Burke:

'It is pretended,' says Robert Hall, 'that the moment we quit a state of nature, as we have given up the control of our actions in return for the superior advantages of law and government, we can never appeal again to any original principles, but must rest content with the advantages that are secured by the terms of the society. These are the views which distinguish the political writings of Mr. Burke, an author whose splendid and unequal powers have given a vogue and fashion to certain tenets which, from any other pen, would have appeared abject and contemptible. In the field of reason, the encounter would not be difficult, but who can withstand the fascination and magic of his eloquence? The excursions of his genius are immense. His imperial fancy has laid all nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of the creation and every walk of art. His eulogium on the queen of France is a master-piece of pathetic composition; so select are its images, so fraught with tenderness, and so rich with colours "dipt in heaven," that he who can read it without rapture, may have merit as a reasoner, but must resign all pretentions to taste and sensibility. His imagination is, in truth, only too prolific:

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tailed: a cabinet so variously inlaid: such a piece of diversified mosaic: such a tesselated pavement, without cement, here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white: patriots and courtiers—king's friends and republicans—Whigs and Tories—treacherous friends and open enemies—that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to *touch*, and unsure to stand on. The colleagues whom he had assorted at the same *boards* stared at each other, and were obliged to ask: "Sir, your name?" "Sir, you *have* the advantage of me." "Mr. Such-a-one, I beg a thousand pardons." I venture to say it did so happen, that persons had a single office divided between them, who had never spoke to each other in their lives, until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed.'

rld of itself, where he dwells in the midst of chimerical alarms—e dupe of his own enchantments, and starts, like Prospero, at spectres of his own creation. His intellectual views in general, ever, are wide, and variegated, rather than distinct; and light that he has let in on the British constitution, in particular, mbles the coloured effulgence of a painted medium, a kind of ic twilight, solemn and soothing to the senses, but better fitted ornament than use.'

ir James Mackintosh considered that Burke's best style was before Indian business and the French Revolution had inflamed him. as more chaste and simple; but his writings and speeches at this od can hardly be said to equal his later productions in vigour, cy, or originality. The excitement of the times seemed to give a development to his mental energies. The early speeches have st constitutional and practical value—the late ones, most genius. former are a solid and durable structure, and the latter its rinthian columns.'

From the Speech on Conciliation with America, 1775.

Mr. Speaker, I cannot prevail on myself to hurry over the great consideration. It ood for us to be here. We stand where we have an immense view of what is, and t is past. Clouds, indeed, and darkness, rest upon the future. Let us, however, ore we descend from this noble eminence, reflect that this growth of our national sperity has happened within the short period of the life of man. It has happened hin sixty-eight years. There are those alive whose memory might touch the two remities. For instance, my Lord Bathurst* might remember all the stages of the gress. He was in 1704 of an age at least to be made to comprehend such things. was then old enough *acta parentum jam legere, et qua sit poterit cognoscere virtus.* ppose, sir, that the angel of this auspicious youth, foreseeing the many virtues ich made him one of the most amiable, as he is one of the most fortunate men of age, had opened to him in vision, that, when in the fourth generation, the third nce of the house of Brunswick had sat twelve years on the throne of that nation, ich—by the happy issue of moderate and healing councils—was to be made Great itain, he should see his son, lord-chancellor of England, turn back the current of reditary dignity to its fountain, and raise him to a higher rank of peerage, whilst enriched the family with a new one. If amidst these bright and happy scenes of mestic honour and prosperity that angel should have drawn up the curtain, and folded the rising glories of his country, and whilst he was gazing with admiration the then commercial grandeur of England, the Genius should point out to him a tle speck, scarce visible in the mass of the national interest, a small seminal prin- ple, rather than a formed body, and should tell him: 'Young man, there is Amer- —which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage en and uncouth manners; yet shall, before you taste of death, shew itself equal to e whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world. Whatever gland has been growing to by a progressive increase of improvement, brought in varieties of people, by succession of civilising conquests and civilising settlements a series of seventeen hundred years, you shall see as much added to her by America the course of a single life!' If this state of his country had been foretold to him, ould it not require all the sanguine credulity of youth, and all the fervid glow of en- usiasm, to make him believe it? Fortunate man, he has lived to see it! Fortu- ate, indeed, if he lives to see nothing that shall vary the prospect and cloud the set- ng of his day!

You cannot station garrisons in every part of these deserts. If you drive the ople from one place, they will carry on their annual tillage, and remove with their

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Allen, first Earl Bathurst, the friend of Pope and Swift, born in 1684, died in 1775.

flocks and herds to another. Many of the people in the back settlements are already little attached to particular situations. Already they have topped the Appalachian mountains. From thence they behold before them an immense plain, one vast, rich, level meadow; a square of five hundred miles. Over this they would wander without a possibility of restraint; they would change their manners with the habits of their life; would soon forget a government by which they were disowned; would become hordes of English Tartars, and, pouring down upon your unfortified frontiers a fierce and irresistible cavalry, become masters of your governors and your counsellors, your collectors and comptrollers, and all the slaves that adhere to them. Such would, and in no long time must, be the effect of attempting to forbid as a crime, and to suppress as an evil, the command and blessing of Providence—'increase and multiply.' Such would be the happy result of an endeavour to keep as a lair of wild beasts that earth which God, by an express charter, has given to the children of men. Far different, and surely much wiser, has been our policy hitherto. Hitherto we have invited our people, by every kind of bounty, to fixed establishments. We have invited the husbandman to look to authority for his title. We have taught him piously to believe in the mysterious virtue of wax and parchment. We have thrown each tract of land, as it was peopled, into districts, that the ruling power should never be wholly out of sight. We have settled all we could, and we have carefully attended every settlement with government.

Adhering, sir, as I do to this policy, as well as for the reasons I have just given, I think this new project of hedging-in population to be neither prudent nor practicable.

To impoverish the colonies in general, and in particular to arrest the noble course of their marine enterprises, would be a more easy task. I freely confess it. We have shewn a disposition to a system of this kind; a disposition even to continue the restraint after the offense; looking on ourselves as rivals to our colonies, and persuaded that of course we must gain all that they shall lose. Much mischief we may certainly do. The power inadequate to all other things is often more than sufficient for this. I do not look on the direct and immediate power of the colonies to resist our violence as very formidable. In this, however, I may be mistaken. But when I consider that we have colonies for no purpose but to be serviceable to us, it seems to my poor understanding a little preposterous to make them unserviceable, in order to keep them obedient. It is, in truth, nothing more than the old, and, as I thought, exploded problem of tyranny, which proposes to begger its subjects into submission. But remember, when you have completed your system, of impoverishment, that nature still proceeds in her ordinary course; and that discontent will increase with misery; and that there are critical moments in the fortunes of all states, when they who are too weak to contribute to your prosperity, may be strong enough to complete your ruin. *Spoliatis arma supersunt.*

The temper and character which prevail in our colonies are I am afraid, unalterable by any human art. We cannot, I fear, falsify the pedigree of this fierce people, and persuade them that they are not sprung from a nation in whose veins the blood of freedom circulates. The language in which they would hear you tell them this tale would detect the disposition; your speech would betray you. An Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery. . . .

My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government; they will cling and grapple to you; and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood that your government may be one thing and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation, the cement is gone—the cohesion is loosened—and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia; but until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity.

dom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price of which have the monopoly. This is the true act of navigation, which binds you to the imerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the commerce of the ld. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond ch originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire. Do not en- ain so weak an imagination, as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits your sufferances, your coquets and your clearances, are what form the great se- ities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your in- ictions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great texture of this mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. id instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English com- nion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English istitution which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invi- 'ates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a great empire and le minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation and glow with il to fill our places as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all r public proceedings on America with the old warning of the church, *sursum cor- !* We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the or- : of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, r ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire; and have made e most extensive, and the only honourable conquests, not by destroying, but by omoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race. Let us get an nerican revenue, as we have got an American empire. English privileges have ide it all that it is; English privileges alone will make it all that it can be. In ll confidence of this unalterable truth, I now (*quod felix faustumque sit*) lay the first one of the temple of peace.*

'estruction of the Carnatic.—From speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts, 1785.

When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign o convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could blind, and who were the etermined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country ossessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable exam- le to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such ings, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to ut perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the ith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protec- on. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, hat he made no secret whatever of his dreadful resolution. Having termi- ated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual ani- iosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, e drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudi- ients in the arts of destruction: and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, nd desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the nountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing n this menacing meteor which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst and oured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then nsued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and vhich no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from the flaming villages, in part were slaughtered: others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function; fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities; but escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

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* At the conclusion of this speech, Mr. Burke moved that the right of parliamentary representation should be extended to the American colonies, but his motion was negatived by 270 to 78. Indeed, his most brilliant orations made little impression on the *House of Commons*, the ministerial party being omnipotent in numbers. The manner of he orator was also ungraceful, and detracted from the effect of his speeches.

The alms of the settlement, in this dreadful exigency, were certainly liberal; and all was done by charity that private charity could do: but it was a people in beggary; it was a nation that stretched out its hands for food. For months together these creatures of sufferance, whose very excess and luxury in their most plenteous days had fallen short of the allowance of our austerest fasts, silent, patient, resigned, without sedition or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by a hundred a day in the streets of Madras; every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or on the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India. I was going to awake your justice towards this unhappy part of our fellow-citizens, by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of hunger. Of all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man, this comes the nearest to our heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is: but I find myself unable to manage it with decorum; these details are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting; they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearers; they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that, on better thoughts, I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your general conceptions.

For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march did they not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead uniform silence reigned over the whole region. . . . The Carnatic is a country not much inferior in extent to England. Figure to yourself, Mr. Speaker, the land in whose representative chair you sit; figure to yourself the form and fashion of your sweet and cheerful country from Thames to Trent, north and south, and from the Irish to the German Sea, east and west, emptied and embowelled (may God avert the omen of our crimes!) by so accomplished a desolation!

Marie Antoinette, Queen of France.—From 'Reflections on the Revolution in France.'

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning-star full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what an heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to that enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

The British Monarchy.

The learned professors of the rights of man regard prescription not as a title to bar all claim set up against old possession, but they look on prescription itself as a bar against the possessor and proprietor. They hold an immemorial possession to

› more than a long-continued, and therefore an aggravated injustice. Such are
ideas, such their religion, and such their law. But as to our country and our
as long as the well-compacted structure of our church and state, the sanctuary,
oly of holies of that ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power, a
ess at once and a temple, shall stand inviolate on the brow of the British Sion—
ng as the British monarchy, not more limited than fenced by the orders of the
, shall, like the proud keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and
with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers—as long as this awful
ture shall oversee and guard the subjected land, so long the mounds and dikes
e low fat Bedford Level will have nothing to fear from all the pickaxes of all the
lers of France. As long as our sovereign lord the king, and his faithful subjects,
ords and commons of this realm—the triple cord which no man can break; the
nn, sworn constitutional frankpledge of this nation; the firm guarantee of each
r's being and each other's rights; the joint and several securities, each in its
e and order for every kind and every quality of property and of dignity—as long as
e endure, so long the Duke of Bedford is safe; and we are all safe together—the
from the blights of envy and the spoliations of rapacity; the low from the iron
l of oppression and the insolent spurn of contempt.

*The Difference between Mr. Burke and the Duke of Bedford.**

was not, like his Grace of Bedford, swaddled, and rocked, and dandled into a
slator—*Nitor in adversum* is the motto for a man like me. I possessed not one
he qualities, nor cultivated one of the arts, that recommend men to the favour
protection of the great. I was not made for a minion or a tool. As little did I
ow the trade of winning the hearts by imposing on the understandings of the
ple. At every step of my progress in life—for in every step was I traversed and
osed—and at every turnpike I met, I was obliged to shew my passport, and
in and again to prove my sole title to the honour of being useful to my country,
a proof that I was not wholly unacquainted with its laws, and the whole system
ts interests both abroad and at home. Otherwise, no rank, no toleration even
me. I had no arts but manly arts. On them I have stood, and, please God, in
e of the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale, to the last gasp will I
id. . . .

I know not how it has happened, but it really seems that, whilst his Grace was
litating his well-considered censure upon me, he fell into a sort of sleep. Homer
ls, and the Duke of Bedford may dream; and as dreams—even his golden dreams—
apt to be ill-pieced and incongruously put together, his Grace preserved his idea
reproach to me, but took the subject-matter from the crown-grants to his own
nily. This is 'the stuff of which his dreams are made.' In that way of putting
ngs together, his Grace is perfectly in the right. The grants to the house of Rus-
. were so enormous, as not only to outrage economy, but even to stagger credi-
ty. The Duke of Bedford is the leviathan among all the creatures of the crown.
tumbles about his unwieldy bulk; he plays and frolics in the ocean of the royal
nty. Huge as he is, and whilst 'he lies floating many a rood,' he is still a crea-
e. His ribs, his fins, his whalebone, his blubber, the very spiracles through which
spouts a torrent of brine against his origin, and covers me all over with the spray
verything of him and about him is from the throne. Is it for *him* to question the
pensation of the royal favour?

I really am at a loss to draw any sort of parallel between the public merits of his
ace, by which he justifies the grants he holds, and these services of mine, on the
ourable construction of which I have obtained what his Grace so much disap-
oves. In private life, I have not at all the honour of acquaintance with the noble
ke. But I ought to presume, and it costs me nothing to do so, that he abun-
ntly deserves the love and esteem of all who live with him. But as to public
rvice, why, truly, it would not be more ridiculous for me to compare myself in
nk, in fortune, in splendid descent, in youth, strength, or figure, with the Duke
Bedford, than to make a parallel between his services and my attempts to be

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* The Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale attacked Mr. Burke and his pen-
on in their place in the House of Lords, and Burke replied in his Letter to a Noble Lord
796), one of the most sarcastic and most able of all his productions.

useful to my country. It would not be gross adulation, but uncivil irony, to say that he has any public merit of his own, to keep alive the idea of the services by which his vast landed pensions were obtained. My merits, whatever they are, are original and personal; his, are derivative. It is his ancestor, the original pensioner, that has laid up this inexhaustible fund of merit, which makes his grace so very delicate and exceptious about the merit of all other grantees of the crown. Had he permitted me to remain in quiet, I should have said: ''Tis his estate; that's enough. It is his by law; what have I to do with it or its history?' He would naturally have said on his side: ''Tis this man's fortune. He is as good now as my ancestor was two hundred and fifty years ago. I am a young man with very old pensions: he is an old man with very young pensions—that's all.'

Why will his Grace, by attacking me, force me reluctantly to compare my little merit with that which obtained from the crown those prodigies of profuse donation by which he tramples on the mediocrity of humble and laborious individuals? . . . Since the new grantees have war made on them by the old, and that the word of the sovereign is not to be taken, let us turn our eyes to history, in which great men have always a pleasure in contemplating the heroic origin of their house.

The first peer of the name, the first purchaser of the grants, was a Mr. Russell, a person of an ancient gentleman's family, raised by being a minion of Henry VIII. As there generally is some resemblance of character to create these relations, the favourite was in all likelihood much such another as his master. The first of those immoderate grants was not taken from the ancient demesne of the crown, but from the recent confiscation of the ancient nobility of the land. The lion having sucked the blood of his prey, threw the offal carcass to the jackal in waiting. Having tasted once the food of confiscation, the favourites became fierce and ravenous. This worthy favourite's first grant was from the lay nobility. The second, infinitely improving on enormity of the first, was from the plunder of the church. In truth, his Grace is somewhat excusable for his dislike to a grant like mine, not only in its quantity, but in its kind, so different from his own.

Mine was from a mild and benevolent sovereign; his, from Henry VIII. Mine had not its fund in the murder of any innocent person of illustrious rank, or in the pillage of any body of unoffending men; his grants were from the aggregate and consolidated funds of judgments iniquitously legal, and from possessions voluntarily surrendered by the lawful proprietors with the gibbet at their door.

The merit of the grantee whom he derives from, was that of being a prompt and greedy instrument of a levelling tyrant, who oppressed all descriptions of his people, but who fell with particular fury on everything that was great and noble. Mine has been in endeavouring to screen every man, in every class, from oppression, and particularly in defending the high and eminent, who in the bad times of confiscating princes, confiscating chief-governors, or confiscating demagogues, are the most exposed to jealousy, avarice, and envy.

The merit of the original grantee of his Grace's pensions was in giving his hand to the work, and partaking the spoil with a prince who plundered a part of the national church of his time and country. Mine was in defending the whole of the national church of my own time and my own country, and the whole of the national churches of all countries, from the principles and the examples which lead to ecclesiastical pillage, thence to a contempt of all prescriptive titles, thence to the pillage of all property, and thence to universal desolation.

The merit of the origin of his Grace's fortune was in being a favourite and chief adviser to a prince who left no liberty to his native country. My endeavour was to obtain liberty for the municipal country in which I was born, and for all descriptions and denominations in it. Mine was to support, with unrelaxing vigilance, every right, every privilege, every franchise, in this my adopted, my dearer, and more comprehensive country; and not only to preserve those rights in this chief seat of empire, but in every nation, in every land, in every climate, language, and religion in the vast domain that still is under the protection, and the larger that was once under the *protection*, of the British crown.

Burke's Account of his Son.

Had it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family; I should have left a son, who, in all the points in which per-

merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honour, in
osity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment and every liberal accomplish-
, would not have shewn himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of
whom he traces in his line. His Grace very soon would have wanted all plau-
ty in his attack upon that provision which belonged more to mine than to me.
vould soon have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrised every dispropor-
It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant wasting
voir of merit in me, or in any ancestry. He had in himself a salient living
ig of generous and manly action. Every day he lived, he would have repur-
ed the bounty of the crown, and ten times more, if ten times more he had re-
d. He was made a public creature, and had no enjoyment whatever but in the
ormance of some duty. At this exigent moment the loss of a finished man is
asily supplied.
ut a Disposer, whose power we are little liable to resist, and whose wisdom it
ves us not at all to dispute, has ordained it in another manner, and—whatever
querulous weakness might suggest—a far better. The storm has gone over me,
lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me.
n stripped of all my honours; I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the
h! There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognise the divine justice,
in some degree submit to it. But whilst I humble myself before God I do not
w that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The
ience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irri-
le nature, he submitted himself, and repented in dust and ashes. But even so,
o not find him blamed for reprehending, and with a considerable degree of verbal
erity, those ill-natured neighbours of his who visited his dunghill to read moral,
itical, and economical lectures on his misery. I am alone. I have none to meet
enemies in the gate. Indeed, my lord, I greatly deceive myself, if in this hard
son I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in
world. This is the appetite but of a few. It is a luxury; it is a privilege; it is
indulgence for those who are at their ease. But we are all of us made to shun
grace, as we are made to shrink from pain, and poverty and disease. It is an in-
nct; and under the direction of reason. instinct is always in the right. I live in
inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me are gone before me: they
o should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the
arest relation—which ever must subsist in memory—that act of piety which he
uld have performed to me; I owe it to him to shew, that he was not descended, as
e Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent.

REYNOLDS—PENNANT.

The 'Discourses on Painting,' by SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723–
792), are elegant and agreeable compositions, containing a variety
f literary illustration, and suggestive thought, but they are not al-
ays correct or definite in their criticism and rules for artists. Sir
oshua was elected president of the Royal Academy on its institu-
ion in 1769, and from that time to 1790, he delivered fifteen lectures
r discourses on the principles and practice of painting. The readers
f Johnson and Goldsmith need not be told how much Reynolds was
eloved and respected by his associates, while his exquisite taste and
kill as a portrait-painter have preserved to us, as Macaulay remarks,
'the thoughtful foreheads of many writers and statesmen, and the
sweet smiles of many noble matrons.'

THOMAS PENNANT (1726–1798) commenced in 1761 a body of British zoology, originally published in four volumes folio, and afterwards gave to the world treatises on quadrupeds, birds, arctic zoology, and other departments of natural science. He made tours into Scotland and Wales, of which he published copious accounts; but though a lively and pleasant traveller, and diligent antiquary, Pennant was neither correct nor profound. The popularity of his works stimulated others, and had the effect of greatly promoting the extension of his favourite studies.

THOMAS AMORY.

THOMAS AMORY (1692–1789) was an eccentric miscellaneous writer, a humorist of an extreme stamp. He was most probably a native of Ireland, where his father, a counsellor, acquired considerable property as secretary for the confiscated estates. Thomas is said to have been bred a physician, but it is not known to have practised. He is found residing in Westminster in 1757. Previous to this, in 1755, he published 'Memoirs: containing the Lives of several Ladies of Great Britain;' and afterwards he issued the 'Life of John Buncle, Esq.' 1756–66. The 'Ladies' whose charms and virtues Amory commemorates, appear to have been fictitious characters. The object of the author, in this work, as well as in the 'Life of Buncle,' was to extol and propagate unitarian opinions. He describes himself as travelling among the hills of Northumberland, and meeting there, in a secluded spot (which he invests with all the beauty and softness of a scene in Kent or Devon), a young lady, the daughter of a deceased college friend, who had been disinherited for refusing to sign the Thirty-nine Articles. The young lady entertains her father's friend, and introduces him to other ladies. They undertake a visit to the Western Islands, and encounter various adventures and vicissitudes, besides indulging in philosophical and polemical discussions. The 'Life of John Buncle' is of a similar complexion, but in the form of an autobiography. Buncle has seven wives, all wooed and won upon his peculiar 'Christian principles.' To such reviewers as should attempt to raise the laugh against him, he replies: 'I think it unreasonable and impious to grieve immoderately for the dead. A decent and proper tribute of tears and sorrow, humanity requires; but when that duty has been paid, we must remember that to lament a dead woman is not to lament a wife. A wife must be a living woman.'

And in the spirit of this philosophy, John Buncle proceeds after each bereavement, always in high animal spirits, relishing good cheer, and making fresh converts to his views and opinions. The character, appearance, and acquirements of each wife, with her family history, are related at length. The progeny he casts into shade. 'As I mention nothing of any children by so many wives,' he explains, 'some readers may perhaps wonder at this; and therefore, to give a general answer once for all, I think it sufficient to observe, that I had a great many to carry on the *succession;* but as they never were concerned in any extraordinary affairs, nor ever did any remarkable things, that I ever heard of—only rise and breakfast, read and saunter, drink and eat, it would not be fair, in my opinion, to make any one pay for their tory.' In lieu of this, the reader is treated to dissertations on the gin of earthquakes, on muscular motion, of phlogiston, fluxions, Athanasian creed, and fifty other topics brought together in roic contempt of the unities of time and place. Such a fantastic d desultory work would be intolerable if it were not, like Rabelais d Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy'—though in a greatly inferior gree—redolent of wit, scholarship, and quaint original thought. mory promised to give the world an account of Dean Swift. 'I new him well,' he says, 'though I never was within sight of his ouse, because I could not flatter, cringe, or meanly humour the extravagances of any man. I had him often to myself in his rides and alks, and have studied his soul when he little thought what I was bout. As I lodged for a year within a few doors of him, I knew his me of going out to a minute, and generally nicked the opportunity.' nfortunately, though Amory lived thirty years after making this eclaration, he never redeemed his promise.

Portrait of Marinda Bruce.

In the year 1739, I travelled many hundred miles to visit ancient monuments, and liscover curious things; and as I wandered, to this purpose, among the vast hills of Northumberland, fortune conducted me one evening, in the month of June, when I knew not where to rest, to the sweetest retirement my eyes have ever beheld. This s Hali-farm. It is a beautiful vale surrounded with rocks, forest, and water. I found at the upper end of it the prettiest thatched house in the world, and a garden of the most artful confusion I had ever seen. The little mansion was covered on every side with the finest flowery greens. The streams all round were murmuring and falling a thousand ways. All the kind of singing-birds were here collected, and in high harmony on the sprays. The ruins of an abbey enhance the beauties of this place; they appear at the distance of four hundred yards from the house; and as some great trees are now grown up among the remains, and a river winds between the broken walls, the view is solemn, the picture fine.

When I came up to the house, the first figure I saw was the lady whose story I am going to relate. She had the charms of an angel, but her dress was quite plain and clean as a country-maid. Her person appeared faultless, and of the middle size, between the disagreeable extremes; her face, a sweet oval, and her complexion the brunette of the bright rich kind; her mouth, like a rose-bud that is just beginning to blow; and a fugitive dimple, by fits, would lighten and disappear. The finest passions were always passing in her face; and in her long, even chestnut eyes, there was a fluid fire, sufficient for half-a-dozen pair.

She had a volume of Shakspeare in her hand as I came softly towards her, having left my horse at a distance with my servant; and her attention was so much engaged with the extremely poetical and fine lines which Titania speaks in the third act of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' that she did not see me till I was quite near her. She seemed then in great amazement. She could not be much more surprised if I had dropped from the clouds. But this was soon over, upon my asking her if she was not the daughter of Mr John Bruce, as I supposed, from a similitude of faces, and informing her that her father, if I was right, was my near friend and would be glad to see his chum in that part of the world. Marinda replied: 'You are not wrong,' and immediately asked me in. She conducted me to a parlour that was quite beautiful in the rural way, and welcomed me to Hali-farm, as her father would have done she said had I arrived before his removal to a better world. She then left me for a while, and I had time to look over the room I was in. The floor was covered with rushes wrought into the prettiest mat, and the walls decorated all round with the finest flowers and shells. Robins and nightingales, the finch and the linnet, were in the neatest reed cages of her own making; and at the upper end of the chamber, in a charming little open grotto, was the finest *strix capite aurito, corpore rufo*, that I have seen, that is, the great eagle owl. This beautiful bird, in a niche like a ruin, looked vastly fine. As to the flowers which adorned this room, I thought they were all natural at my first coming in; but on inspection, it appeared that several baskets of the finest kinds were inimitably painted on the walls by Marinda's hand.

These things afforded me a pleasing entertainment for about half an hour, and then Miss Bruce returned One of the maids brought in a supper—such fare, she said, as her little cottage afforded; and the table was covered with green peas and pigeons, cream-cheese, new bread and butter. Everything was excellent in its kind. The cider and ale were admirable. Discretion and dignity appeared in Marinda's behaviour; she talked with judgment; and under the decencies of ignorance was concealed a valuable knowledge.

CHARLOTTE LENNOX—CATHERINE MACAULAY.

Among the literary names preserved by Boswell and Horace Walpole are those of MRS. CHARLOTTE LENNOX (1720–1804), and MRS. CATHERINE MACAULAY (1733–1791). The former wrote several novels, one of which, 'The Female Quixote,' 1752, is an amusing picture of female extravagance consequent on romance-reading. Mrs. Lennox also published a feeble critical work, 'Shakspeare Illustrated,' and translated from the French Brumoy's 'Greek Theatre,' 'The Life of Sully,' &c. The first novel of this lady ('Harriot Stuart,' 1751), was celebrated by Johnson and a party of ladies and gentlemen in the Devil Tavern, where a sumptuous supper was provided, and Johnson invested the authoress with a crown of laurel!

Mrs. Macaulay was an ardent politician, and in sentiment a republican—'the hen-brood of faction,' according to Walpole. Her chief work was a 'History of England from the Accession of James I. to the Elevation of the House of Hanover,' 8 vols. 1763–83. Though a work of no authority or original information, this history has passages of animated composition. To ridicule Mrs. Macaulay's republicanism, Johnson one day proposed that her footman, 'a very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow-citizen,' should be allowed to sit down to dinner with them. The lady, of course, was indignant; but she held to her levelling doctrines in theory, and before her death had visited George Washington in America, and written against Burke's denunciation of the French Revolution.

MRS. MONTAGU AND MRS. CHAPONE.

MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU (1720–1800) and MRS. HESTER CHAPONE (1727-1801) were ladies of learning and ability, holding—particularly the former—a prominent place in the literary society of the period. Mrs. Montagu was left a widow with a large fortune, and her house became the popular resort of persons of both sexes distinguished for rank, classical taste, and literary talent. Numerous references to this circle will be found in Boswell's 'Johnson,' in the 'Life of Dr. Beattie,' the works of Hannah More, &c. Mrs. Montagu was authoress of a work highly popular in its day, 'Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakspeare, compared with the Greek and French Dramatic Poets, with some remarks upon the Misrepresentations of M. de Voltaire,' 1769. This essay is now chiefly valued as showing the low te of poetical and Shakspearean criticism at the time it was writ- .. A memoir, with letters, of Mrs. Montagu was published in 73 by Dr. Doran, under the title of 'A Lady of the Last Century.' 's. Chapone's principal work is 'Letters on the Improvement of the nd,' 1773. Two years afterwards she published a volume of 'Mis- llanies in Prose and Verse.' All her writings are distinguished for eir piety and good sense.

DR. RICHARD FARMER—GEORGE STEEVENS—JACOB BRYANT.

In 1766, **Dr. Richard Farmer**, of Emanuel College, Cambridge 735–1797), published an 'Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare,' hich was considered to have for ever put an end to the dispute con- erning the classic knowledge of the great dramatist. Farmer cer- inly shewed that Shakspeare had implicitly followed English trans- tions of the ancient authors—as North's 'Plutarch'—copying even heir errors; but more careful and reverent study of the poet has eakened the force of many of the critic's conclusions. The due ap- reciation of Shakspeare had not then begun.

A dramatic critic and biographer, **George Steevens** (1736-1800), as associated with Johnson in the second edition of his Shakspeare, 773. In 1793 he published an enlarged edition of his Shakspeare. He was acute and well read in dramatic literature, but prone to literary mystification and deception. Gifford styled him the 'Puck of commentators.'

A student and scholar, **Jacob Bryant** (1715-1804), engaged the attention of the learned and critical world throughout a long life by his erudition, inventive fancy, and love of paradox. His most celebrated works are—'A New System or Analysis of Ancient Mythology,' 1774–76; 'Observations on the Plains of Troy,' 1795; and a 'Dissertation concerning the War of Troy,' 1796. The object of Bryant was to shew that the expedition of the Greeks, as described by Homer, is fabulous, and that no such city as Troy existed. A host of classic adversaries rose up against him, to one of whom—Mr. J. B. S. Morritt, the friend of Sir Walter Scott—he replied, but his theory has not obtained general acquiescence. Bryant also wrote several theological treatises and papers on classical subjects. Is is worthy of remark that though this able and amiable man doubted and denied concerning Homer, he was a believer in the fabrications of Chatterton, having written observations to prove the authenticity of the Rowley poems.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

This invaluable American author and patriot (1706–1790), by his writings and life, inculcated the virtues of industry, frugality, and independence of thought, and may be reckoned one of the benefactors of mankind. Franklin was a native of Boston in America, and was brought up to the trade of a printer. By unceasing industry and strong natural talents, which he assiduously cultivated, he rose to be one of the representatives of Philadelphia, and after the separation of America from Britain, he was ambassador for the states at the court of France. Several important treaties were negotiated by him, and in all the fame and fortunes of his native country—its struggles, disasters, and successes—he bore a prominent part. The writings of Franklin are not numerous; he always, as he informs us, 'set a greater value on a *doer of good* than on any other kind of reputation.' His 'Poor Richard's Almanac,' containing some homely and valuable rules of life, was begun in 1732. Between the year 1747 and 1754 he communicated to his friend, Peter Collinson, a series of letters detailing 'New Experiments and Observations on Electricity, made at Philadelphia,' in which he established the scientific fact, that electricity and lightning are the same. He made a kite of a silk handkerchief, and set it up into the air, with a common key fastened to the end of a hempen string, by which he held the kite in his hand. His son watched with him the result; clouds came and passed, and at length lightning came; it agitated the hempen cord, and emitted sparks from the key, which gave him a slight electrical shock. The discovery was thus made: the identity of lightning with electricity was clearly manifested; and Franklin was so overcome by his feelings at the discovery, that he said he could willingly at that moment have died! The political, miscellaneous, and philosophical works of Franklin were published by him in 1779, and were afterwards republished, with additions, by his grandson, in six volumes. His memoir of himself is the most valuable of his miscellaneous pieces; his essays scarcely exceed mediocrity as literary compositions, but they are animated by a spirit of benevolence and practical wisdom. In 1817, Franklin's grandson, William Temple Franklin, published two volumes of the 'Private Correspondence' of his grandfather between the years 1753 and 1790. These are less known than his essays and autobiography—which have always been popular—and we shall subjoin a few extracts.

The Cost of Wars, and Eulogium on Washington.

I hope mankind will at length, as they call themselves reasonable creatures, have reason and sense enough to settle their differences without cutting throats: for in my opinion *there never was a good war or a bad peace.* What vast additions to the conveniences and comforts of living might mankind have acquired, if the money spent in wars had been employed in works of public utility! What an extension of agriculture, even to the tops of our mountains: what rivers rendered navigable or joined by canals; what bridges, aqueducts, new roads, and other public works, edifices and improvements, rendering England a complete paradise, might not have been obtained by spending those millions in doing good, which in the last war have been spent in doing mischief; in bringing misery into thousands of families, and destroying the lives of so many thousands of working-people, who might have performed the useful labour! . . . .

Should peace arrive after another campaign or two, and afford us a little leisure, I should be happy to see your Excellency [George Washington] in Europe, and to accompany you, if my age and strength would permit, in visiting some of its ancient and most famous kingdoms. You would, on this side the sea, enjoy the great reputation you have acquired, pure and free from those little shades that the jealousy and envy of a man's countrymen and contemporaries are ever endeavouring to cast r living merit. Here (in France) you would know, and enjoy, what posterity will of Washington. For a thousand leagues have nearly the same effect as a thou- d years. The feeble voice of those grovelling passions cannot extend so far er in time or distance. At present, I enjoy that pleasure for you: as I frequently r the old generals of this martial country (who study the maps of America, l mark upon them all your operations) speak with sincere approbation and at applause of your conduct, and join in giving you the character of one of the atest captains of the age. I must soon quit the scene, but you may live to see our untry flourish, as it will amazingly and rapidly, after the war is over, like a field of ung Indian corn, which long fair weather and sunshine had enfeebled and disco- ured, and which, in that weak state, by a thunder-gust of violent wind, hail, and in, seemed to be threatened with absolute destruction; yet the storm being past, recovers fresh verdure, shoots up with double vigour, and delights the eye, not of owner only, but of every observing traveller.

A New Device for the American Coin.

Instead of repeating continually upon every half-penny the dull story that every ody knows—and what it would have been no loss to mankind if nobody had ever nown—that George III. is King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, &c., to put n one side some important proverb of Solomon, some pious, moral, prudential, or conomical precept, the frequent inculcation of which, by seeing it every time one eceives a piece of money, might make an impression upon the mind, especially of oung persons, and tend to regulate the conduct; such as on some, 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;' on others, 'Honesty is the best policy;' on others, 'He that by the plough would thrive, himself must either hold or drive;' on others, 'A penny saved is a penny got;' on others, 'Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;' on others, 'He that buys what he has no need of, will soon be forced to sell his necessaries;' on others, 'Early to bed and early to rise, will make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise;' and so on to a great variety.

Argument for Contentment.

All human situations have their inconveniences. We *feel* those that we find in the present; and we neither *feel* nor *see* those that exist in another. Hence we make frequent and troublesome changes without amendment, and often for the worse. In my youth I was passenger in a little sloop descending the river Delaware. There being no wind, we were obliged, when the ebb was spent, to cast anchor, and wait for the next. The heat of the sun on the vessel was excessive, the company strangers to me, and not very agreeable. Near the river-side I saw what I took to be a pleasant green meadow, in the middle of which was a large shady tree, where it struck my fancy I could sit and read—having a book in my pocket—and pass the time agreeably till the tide turned. I therefore prevailed with the captain to put me ashore. Being landed, I found the greatest part of my meadow was really a marsh, in crossing which, to come at my tree, I was up to my knees in mire; and I had not placed myself under its shade five minutes before the mosquitoes in swarms found me out, attacked my legs, hands, and face, and made my reading and my rest impossible; so that I returned to the beach, and called for the boat to come and take me on board again, where I was obliged to bear the heat I had striven to quit, and also the laugh of the company. Similar cases in the affairs of life have since frequently fallen under my observation.

WILLIAM MELMOTH—DR. JOHN BROWN.

The refined classical taste and learning of WILLIAM MELMOTH (1710–1799) enriched this period with a translation of Pliny's 'Letters.' Under the name of Fitzosborne, Melmoth also published a volume of 'Letters on Literary and Moral Subjects,' remarkable for elegance of style, and translated Cicero's Letters and the treatises 'De Amicitia' and 'De Senectute,' to which he appended annotations. Melmoth was an amiable, accomplished, and pious man. His translations are still the best we possess; and his style, though sometimes feeble from excess of polish and ornament, is generally correct, perspicuous, and musical in construction.

DR. JOHN BROWN (1715–1766), an English divine, was popular in his own day as author of 'Essays on the Characteristics of the Earl of Shaftesbury' (1751), and an 'Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times' (1757). The latter was written at a period when there was a general feeling of dissatisfaction with public men and measures, and by its caustic severity and animated appeals excited much attention. Cowper says:

> The inestimable Estimate of Brown
> Rose like a paper kite, and charmed the town.

But Pitt was called to the helm of the state, things looked brighter, and down came Brown's paper Estimate:

> For measures planned and executed well,
> Shifted the wind that raised it, and it fell.

Dr. Brown wrote other occasional prose treatises now forgotten, and he evinced his command of verse by an 'Essay on Satire,' addressed to Warburton, and prefixed by Warburton to his edition of Pope. In almost every department of literature this versatile and indefatigable writer ventured with tolerable success; and he has been praised by Wordsworth as one of the first who led the way to a worthy admiration of the scenery of the English Lakes. This was in 1753; Gray, who has been considered one of the earliest explorers of our romantic districts, did not visit the Lake country till 1769.

Description of the Vale of Keswick.—A Letter to a Friend.

In my way to the north from Hagley, I passed through Dovedale; and, to say the truth, was disappointed in it. When I came to Buxton, I visited another or two of their romantic scenes; but these are inferior to Dovedale. They are all but poor miniatures of Keswick; which exceeds them more in grandeur than you can imagine; and more, if possible, in beauty than in grandeur.

Instead of the narrow slip of valley which is seen at Dovedale, you have at Keswick a vast amphitheatre, in circumference about twenty miles. Instead of a meagre rivulet, a noble living lake, ten miles round, of an oblong form, adorned with a variety of wooded islands. The rocks indeed of Dovedale are finely wild, pointed, and irregular; but the hills are both little and unanimated; and the margin of the brook is poorly edged with weeds, morass, and brushwood. But at Keswick, you will, on one side of the lake see a rich and beautiful landscape of cultivated fields, rising to the eye in fine inequalities, with noble groves of oak, happily dispersed, and climbing the adjacent hills, shade above shade, in the most various and picturesque forms. On the opposite shore, you will find rocks and cliffs of stupendous height, hanging broken over the lake in horrible grandeur; some of them a thousand feet high, the woods climbing up their steep and shaggy sides, where mortal foot never yet approached. On these dreadful heights the eagles build their nests: a variety of waterfalls are seen pouring from their summits, and tumbling in vast sheets from rock to rock in rude and terrible magnificence; while, on all sides of this immense amphitheatre, the lofty mountains rise round, piercing the clouds in shapes as spiry and fantastic as the very rocks of Dovedale. To this I must add the frequent and bold projection of the cliffs into the lake, forming noble bays and promontories; in other parts, they finely retire from it; and often open in abrupt chasms or clefts, through which at hand you see rich and uncultivated vales; and beyond these, at various distance, mountain rising er mountain; among which new prospects present themselves in mist, till the eye lost in an agreeable perplexity:

> Where active fancy travels beyond sense,
> And pictures things unseen.

Were I to analyse the two places into their constituent principles, I should tell ou that the full perfection of Keswick consists of three circumstances—beauty, orror, and immensity united—the second of which alone is found in Dovedale. Of eauty it hath little, nature having left it nearly a desert; neither its small extent, nor e diminutive and lifeless form of the hills, admit magnificence. But to give you a omplete idea of these three perfections, as they are joined in Keswick, would re-uire the united powers of Claude, Salvator, and Poussin. The first should throw his elicate sunshine over the cultivated vales, the scattered cots, the groves, the lake, nd wooded islands; the second should dash out the horror of the rugged cliffs, the teeps, the hanging woods, and foaming waterfalls; while the grand pencil of Pous-in should crown the whole with the majesty of the impending mountains.

So much for what I would call the permanent beauties of this astonishing scene. Were I not afraid of being tiresome, I could now dwell as long on its varying or acci-dental beauties. I would sail round the lake, anchor in every bay, and land you on every promontory and island. I would point out the perpetual change of prospect; the woods, rocks, cliffs, and mountains, by turns vanishing or rising into view; now gaining on the sight, hanging over our heads in their full dimensions, beautifully dreadful; and now, by a change of situation, assuming new romantic shapes; retiring and lessening on the eye, and insensibly losing themselves in an azure mist. I would remark the contrast of light and shade, produced by the morning and evening sun; the one gilding the western, the other the eastern, side of this immense amphitheatre; while the vast shadow projected by the mountains, buries the opposite part in a deep and purple gloom, which the eye can hardly penetrate. The natural variety of colouring which the several objects produce is no less wonderful and pleasing: the ruling tints in the valley being those of azure, green, and gold; yet ever various, arising from an intermixture of the lake, the woods, the grass, and corn-fields; these are finely contrasted by the gray rocks and cliffs; and the whole heightened by the yellow streams of light, the purple hues and misty azure of the mountains. Sometimes a serene air and clear sky disclose the tops of the highest hills; at other times, you see the clouds involving their summits, resting on their sides, or descending to their base, and rolling among the valleys, as in a vast furnace. When the winds are high, they roar among the cliffs and caverns like peals of thunder; then, too, the clouds are seen in vast bodies sweeping along the hills in gloomy greatness, while the lake joins the tumult, and tosses like a sea. But in calm weather, the whole scene becomes new; the lake is a perfect mirror, and the landscape in all its beauty; islands, fields, woods, rocks, and mountains are seen inverted and floating on its surface. By still moonlight (at which time the distant waterfalls are heard in all their variety of sound), a walk among these enchanting dales open such scenes of delicate beauty, repose, and solemnity, as exceed all description.

HORACE WALPOLE.

HORACE WALPOLE (1717–1797) would have held but an insignificant place in British literature, if it had not been for his correspondence and memoirs, those pictures of society and manners, compounded of wit and gaiety, shrewd observation, sarcasm, censoriousness, high life, and sparkling language. His situation and circumstances were exactly suited to his character and habits. He had in early life travelled with his friend Gray, the poet, and imbibed in Italy a taste for antiquity and the arts, fostered, no doubt, by the kindred genius of Gray, who delighted in ancient architecture and in classic studies. He next tried public life, and sat in parliament for twenty-six years. This added to his observation of men and manners, but without increasing his reputation, for Horace Walpole was no orator or statesman. His aristocratic habits prevented him from courting distinction as a general author, and he accordingly commenced collecting antiques, building a baronial castle, and chronicling in secret his opinions and impressions of his contemporaries! His income from sinecure offices and private sources, was about £4000 per annum; and, as he was never married, his fortune enabled him, under good management and methodical arrangement, to gratify his tastes as a virtuoso. When thirty years old, he had purchased some land at Twickenham, near London, and here he commenced improving a small house, which by degrees swelled into a feudal castle, with turrets, towers, galleries, and corridors, windows of stained glass, armorial bearings, and all the other appropriate insignia of a Gothic baronial mansion. Who has not heard of Strawberry Hill—that 'little plaything house,' as Walpole himself styled it, in which were gathered curiosities of all descriptions, works of art, rare editions, valuable letters, memorials of virtue and of vice, of genius, beauty, taste, and fashion, mouldered into dust! This valuable collection was in 1842 scattered to the winds—dispersed at a public sale. The delight with which Walpole contemplated his suburban retreat, is evinced in many of his letters. In one to General Conway—the only man he seems ever to have really loved or regarded—he runs on in this enthusiastic manner:

Strawberry Hill.

You perceive that I have got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little plaything house that I have got out of this Chevenix's shop [Strawberry Hill had been occupied by Mrs Chevenix, a toy-woman!], and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges—

A small Euphrates through the piece is rolled,
And little fishes wave their wings of gold.

Two delightful roads, that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises; and barges, as solemn as barons of the Exchequer, move under my window. Richmond Hill and Ham Walks bound my prospect; but, thank God! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry. Dowagers, as plenty as flounders, inhabit all around; and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight.

The literary performances with which Walpole varied his life at Strawberry Hill are all characteristic of the man. In 1758 appeared his 'Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors;' in 1761 his 'Anecdotes of Painting in England;' in 1765 his 'Castle of Otranto;' and in 1767 his 'Historic Doubts as to the character and person of Richard III.' He left for publication 'Memoirs of the Court of George II.,' and a large collection of copies of his letters. A complete collection of the whole, chronologically arranged, and edited by Mr. Peter Cunningham, was published in 1857-59 in nine volumes. The writings of Walpole are all ingenious and entertaining, and though his judgments on men and books or passing events are often inaccurate, and never profound, it is impossible not to be amused by the liveliness of his style, his wit, his acuteness, and even his malevolence. The peculiarity of his information, his private scandal, his anecdotes of the great, and the constant exhibition of his own tastes and pursuits, furnish abundant amusement to the reader. Another Horace Walpole, like another Boswell, the world has not supplied. and probably never will. The following letters are addressed to Sir Horace Mann, British envoy at the court of Tuscany, from 1741 to 1760.

The Scottish Rebellion.—Nov. 15, 1745.

I told you in my last what disturbance there had been about the new regiments; the affair of rank was again disputed on the report till ten at night, and carried by a majority of twenty-three. The king had been persuaded to appear for it, though Lord Granville made it a party-point against Mr. Pelham. Winnington did not speak. I was not there, for I could not vote for it. and yielded not to give any hindrance to a public measure—or at least what was called so—just now. The prince acted openly, and influenced his people against it; but it only served to let Mr. Pelham see what, like everything else, he did not know—how strong he is. The prince will scarce speak to him, and he cannot yet get Pitt into place.

The rebels are come into England: for two days we believed them near Lancaster, but the ministry now own that they don't know if they have passed Carlisle. Some think they will besiege that town, which has an old wall, and all the militia in it of Cumberland and Westmoreland; but as they can pass by it, I don't see why they should take it, for they are not strong enough to leave garrisons. Several desert them as they advance south; and altogether, good men and bad, nobody believes them ten thousand. By their marching westward to avoid Wade, it is evident that they are not strong enough to fight him. They may yet retire back into their mountains, but if once they get to Lancaster, their retreat is cut off; for Wade will not stir from Newcastle till he has embarked them deep into England, and then he will be behind them. He has sent General Handasyde from Berwick with two regiments to take possession of Edinburgh. The rebels are certainly in a very desperate situation; they dared not meet Wade; and if they had waited for him, their troops would have deserted. Unless they meet with great risings in their favour in Lancashire, I don't see what they can hope, except from a continuation of our neglect. That, indeed, has nobly exerted itself for them. They were suffered to march the whole length of Scotland, and take possession of the capital, without a man appearing against them. Then two thousand men *sailed* to them, to run from them. Till the flight of Cope's army, Wade was not sent. Two roads still lay into England, and till they had chosen that which Wade had not taken, no army was thought of being sent to secure the other. Now Ligonier, with seven old regiments, and six of the new, is ordered to Lancashire; before this first division of the army could get to Coventry, they are forced to order it to halt, for fear the enemy should be up with it before it was all assembled. It is uncertain if the rebels will march to the north of Wales, to Bristol, or towards London. If to the latter, Ligonier must fight them; if to either of the other. which I hope, the two armies may join and drive them into a corner. where they must all perish. They cannot subsist in Wales but by being supplied by the papists in Ireland. The best is, that we are in no fear from France: there is no preparation for invasions in any of their ports. Lord Clancarty, (1) a Scotchman of great parts, but mad and drunken, and whose family forfeited £90,000 a year for King James, is made vice-admiral at Brest. The Duke of Bedford goes in his little round person with his regiment; he now takes to the land, and says he is tired of being a pen-and-ink man. Lord Gower insisted, too, upon going with his regiment. but is laid up with the gout.

With the rebels in England, you may imagine we have no private news, nor think of foreign. From this account you may judge that our case is far from desperate, *though disagreeable.* The prince, (2) while the princess lies-in, has taken to give

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1. *Donagh Maccarty*. Earl of Clancarty. was an Irishman, and not a Scotchman.
2. *Frederick, Prince of Wales* (1707-1751).

dinners, to which he asks two of the ladies of the bed-chamber, two of the maids of honour, &c., by turns, and five or six others. He sits at the head of the table, drinks and harangues to all this medley till nine at night; and the other day, after the affair of the regiments, drank Mr. Fox's health in a bumper, with three huzzas, for opposing Mr. Pelham:

'Si quâ fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris!'

[Ah! couldst thou break through Fate's severe decree,
A new Marcellus shall arise in thee.—DRYDEN.]

You put me in pain for my eagle, and in more for the Chutes, whose zeal is very heroic, but very ill placed. I long to hear that all my Chutes and eagles are safe out of the Pope's hands! Pray, wish the Suareses joy of all their espousals. Does the princess pray abundantly for her friend the Pretender? Is she extremely *abattue* with her devotion? and does she fast till she has got a violent appetite for supper? And then, does she eat so long, that old Sarrasin is quite impatient to go to cards again? Good-night! I intend you shall still be resident from King George.

P.S.—I forgot to tell you that the other day I concluded the ministry knew the danger was all over; for the Duke of Newcastle ventured to have the Pretender's declaration burnt at the Royal Exchange.

Nov. 22, 1745.

For these two days we have been expecting news of a battle. Wade marched last Saturday from Newcastle, and must have got up with the rebels if they stayed for him, though the roads are exceedingly bad, and great quantities of snow have fallen. But last night there was some notice of a body of rebels being advanced to Penrith. We were put into great spirits by a heroic letter from the mayor of Carlisle, who had fired on the rebels and made them retire; he concluded with saying: 'And so I think the town of Carlisle has done his majesty more service than the great city of Edinburgh, or than all Scotland together.' But this hero, who was grown the whole fashion for four-and-twenty hours, had chosen to stop all other letters. The king spoke of him at his levée with great encomiums; Lord Stair said: 'Yes, sir, Mr. Patterson has behaved very bravely.' The Duke of Bedford interrupted him: 'My lord, his name is not *Patterson*; that is a Scotch name: his name is *Pattinson*.' But, alack! the next day the rebels returned, having placed the women and children of the country in wagons in front of their army, and forcing the peasants to fix the scaling-ladders. The great Mr. Pattinson, or Patterson—for now his name may be which one pleases—instantly surrendered the town, and agreed to pay two thousand pounds to save it from pillage.

August 1, 1746.

I am this moment come from the conclusion of the greatest and most melancholy scene I ever yet saw! you will easily guess it was the trials of the rebel lords. As it was the most interesting sight, it was the most solemn and fine; a coronation is a puppet-show, and all the splendour of it, idle; but this sight at once feasted one's eyes and engaged all one's passions. It began last Monday; three-parts of Westminster Hall were inclosed with galleries, and hung with scarlet; and the whole ceremony was conducted with the most awful solemnity and decency, except in the one point of leaving the prisoners at the bar, amidst the idle curiosity of some crowd, and even with the witnesses who had sworn against them, while the Lords adjourned to their own house to consult. No part of the royal family was there, which was a proper regard to the unhappy men who were become their victims. One hundred and thirty-nine Lords were present, and made a noble sight on their benches frequent and full! The Chancellor was Lord High Steward; but though a most comely personage with a fine voice, his behaviour was mean, curiously searching for occasion to bow to the minister that is no peer, and consequently applying to the other ministers, in a manner, for their orders; and not even ready at the ceremonial. To the prisoners he was peevish; and instead of keeping up to the *humane dignity* of the law of England, whose character it is to point out favour to *the criminal*, he crossed them, and almost scolded at any offer they made towards *defence*. I had armed myself with all the resolution I could, with the thought of their crimes and of the danger past, and was assisted by the sight of the Marquis of Lothian in weepers for his son, who fell at Culloden—but the first appearance of the prisoners shocked me! their behaviour melted me! Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Cromartie are both past forty, but look younger. Lord Kilmarnock is tall and slender, with an extreme fine person; his behaviour a most just mixture between dignity and submission; if in anything to be reprehended, a little affected, and his hair too exactly dressed for a man in his situation; but when I say this, it is not to find fault with him, but to shew how little fault there was to be found. Lord Cromartie is an indifferent figure, appeared much dejected, and rather sullen: he dropped a few tears the first day, and swooned as soon as he got back to his cell. For Lord Balmerino, he is the most natural brave old fellow I ever saw: the highest intrepidity, even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. He pressed extremely to have his wife, his pretty Peggy with him in the Tower. Lady Cromartie only sees her husband through the grate, not choosing to be shut up with him, as she thinks she can serve him better by her intercession without. When they were to be brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go—old Balmerino cried, 'Come, come, put it with me.' At the bar, he plays with his fingers upon the axe, while he talks to the gentleman-jailer; and one day, somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces. During the trial, a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see; he made room for the child, and placed him near himself. . . .

When the peers were going to vote, Lord Foley withdrew, as too well a wisher; Lord Moray, as nephew of Lord Balmerino—and Lord Stair, as, I believe, uncle to his great grandfather. Lord Windsor, very affectedly, said, 'I am sorry I must say guilty upon my honour.' Lord Stamford would not answer to the name of Henry, having been christened Harry—what a great way of thinking on such an occasion! I was diverted too with old Norsa, an old Jew that kept a tavern. My brother, as auditor of the exchequer, has a gallery along one whole side of the court. I said, 'I really feel for the prisoners!' Old Issachar replied, 'Feel for them! pray, if they had succeeded, what would have become of all us?' When my Lady Townshend heard her husdand vote, she said, 'I always knew my lord was guilty, but I never thought he would own it upon his honour.' Lord Balmerino said, that one of his reasons for pleading not guilty, was, that so many ladies might not be disappointed of their show. . . . He said, 'They call me Jacobite; I am no more a Jacobite than any that tried me: but if the Great Mogul had set up his standard, I should have followed it, for I could not starve.'

London Earthquakes and London Gossip.—Mar. 11, 1751.

Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name.[*]

My text is not literally true; but as far as earthquakes go towards lowering the price of wonderful commodities, to be sure we are overstocked. We have had a second, much more violent than the first; and you must not be surprised if, by next post, you hear of a burning mountain sprung up in Smithfield. In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last—exactly a month since the first shock—the earth had a shivering fit between one and two, but so slight, that if no more had followed, I don't believe it would have been noticed. I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again—on a sudden I felt my bolster lift up my head; I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake, that lasted near half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I rang my bell; my servant came in, frightened out of his senses: in an instant we heard all the windows in the neighbourhood flung up. I got up and found people running into the streets, but saw no mischief done: there has been some; two old houses flung down, several chimneys, and much china-ware. The bells rung in several houses. Admiral Knowles, who has lived long in Jamaica, and felt seven there, says this was more violent than any of them: Francesco prefers it to the dreadful one at Leghorn. The wise say, that if we have not rain soon, we shall certainly have more. Several people are going out of town, for it has nowhere reached *above ten miles* from London: they say they are not frightened, but that it is such *fine weather, 'Lord!* one can't help going into the country!' The only visible effect it has had was on the Ridotto, at which, being the following night, there were but four hundred people. A parson who came into White's the morning of earthquake the first, and heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder-mills, went away exceedingly scandalised, and said: 'I protest they are such an impious set of people, that I believe if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against Judgment.' If we get any nearer still to the torrid zone, I shall pique myself on sending you a present of cedrati and orange-flower water; I am already planning a *terreno* for Strawberry Hill.

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[*] Dryden's *All for Love*.

The Middlesex election is carried against the court: the Prince in a green frock—and I won't swear but in a Scotch plaid waistcoat—sat under the park-wall in his chair, and hallooed the voters on to Brentford. The Jacobites are so transported, that they are opening subscriptions for all boroughs that shall be vacant—this is wise! They will spend their money to carry a few more seats in a parliament where they will never have the majority, and so have none to carry the general elections. The omen, however, is bad for Westminster; the high-bailiff went to vote for the opposition.

DR. ADAM SMITH.

DR. ADAM SMITH'S 'Wealth of Nations,' published in 1776, laid the foundation of the science of political economy. Some of its leading principles had been indicated by Hobbes and Locke; Mandeville had also in his 'Fable of the Bees' (see *ante*,) illustrated the advantages of free trade, and Hume in his essays had shewn that no nation could profit by stopping the natural flood of commerce between itself and the rest of the world. Several French writers, moreover, had made considerable advances towards the formation of a system. Smith, however, after a labour of ten years, produced a complete system of political economy; and the execution of his work evinces such indefatigable research, so much sagacity, learning, and information, derived from arts and manufactures, no less than from books, that the 'Wealth of Nations' must always be regarded as one of the greatest works on political philosophy. Its leading principles, as enumerated by its best and latest commentator, Mr. M'Culloch, may be thus summed up: 'He shewed that the only source of the opulence of nations is *labour;* that the natural wish to augment our fortunes and rise in the world is the cause of riches being accumulated. He demonstrated that labour is productive of wealth, when employed in manufactures and commerce, as well as when it is employed in the cultivation of land; he traced the various means by which labour may be rendered most effective; and gave a most admirable analysis and exposition of the prodigious addition made to its efficacy by its division among different individuals and countries, and by the employment of accumulated wealth or capital in industrious undertakings.

He also shewed, in opposition to the commonly received opinions of the merchants, politicians, and statesmen of his time, that wealth does not consist in the abundance of gold and silver, but in the abundance of the various necessaries, conveniences, and enjoyments of human life; that it is in every case sound policy to leave individuals to pursue their own interest in their own way; that, in prosecuting branches of industry advantageous to themselves, they necesrily prosecute such as are at the same time advantageous to the ublic; and that every regulation intended to force industry into par- cular channels, or to determine the species of commercial inter- ourse to be carried on between different parts of the same country, r between distant and independent countries, is impolitic and per- icious.'* Though correct in his fundamental positions, Dr. Smith as been shewn to be guilty of several errors. He does not always eason correctly from the principles he lays down; and some of his istinctions—as that between the different classes of society as productive and unproductive consumers—have been shewn, by a more careful analysis and observation, to be unfounded. In this work, as in his 'Moral Sentiments,' Smith is copious and happy in his illustrations. The following account of the advantages of the division of labour is very finely written:

Advantages of the Division of Labour.

Observe the accommodation of the most common artificer or day-labourer in a civilised and thriving country, and you will perceive that the number of people, of whose industry a part, though but a small part, has been employed in procuring him this accommodation, exceeds all computation. The woollen coat, for example, which covers the day-labourer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the wool-comber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others, who often live in a very distant part of the country! How much commerce and navigation in particular, how many ship-builders, sailors, sail-makers, rope-makers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the world! What a variety of labour, too, is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of those workmen! To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labour is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting-house, the brick-maker, the brick-layer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the mill-wright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them. Were we to examine in the same manner all the different parts of his dress and household furniture, the coarse linen shirt which he wears next his skin, the shoes which cover his feet, the bed which he lies on, and all the different parts which compose it, the kitchen-grate at which he prepares his victuals, the coals which he makes use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him, perhaps, by a long sea and a long land carriage, all the other utensils of his kitchen, all the furniture of his table, the knives and forks, the earthen and pewter plates upon which he serves up and divides his victuals, the different hands employed in preparing his bread and his beer, the glass window which lets in the heat and the light, and keeps out the wind and the rain, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention, without which these northern parts of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable habitation, together with the tools of all the different workmen employed in producing those different conveniences; if we examine, I say, all these things, and consider what a variety of labour is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible that, without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilized country could not be provided, even according to what we very falsely imagine the easy and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated. Compared, indeed, with the more extravagant luxury of the great, his accommodation must no doubt appear extremely simple and easy; and yet it may be true, perhaps, that the accommodation of a European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of many an African king, the absolute masters of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages.

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* M'Culloch's *Principles of Political Economy.*

ADAM FERGUSON—LORD MONBODDO.

DR. ADAM FERGUSON (1724–1816), son of the minister of Logierait, in Perthshire, was educated at St. Andrews: removing to Edinburgh, he became an associate of Dr. Robertson, Blair, Home, &c. In 1744, he entered the 42d regiment as chaplain, and continued in that situation till 1757, when he resigned it, and became tutor in the family of Lord Bute. He was afterwards professor of natural philosophy and of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh. In 1778, he went to America as secretary to the commissioners appointed to negotiate with the revolted colonies: on his return he resumed the duties of his professorship. His latter days were spent in ease and affluence at St. Andrews, where he died at the patriarchal age of ninety-two. The works of Dr. Ferguson are—'The History of Civil Society,' published in 1766; 'Institutes of Moral Philosophy,' 1769; 'A Reply to Dr. Price on Civil and Religious Liberty,' 1776; 'The History of the Progress and Termination of the Roman Republic,' 1783; and 'Principles of Moral and Political Science,' 1792. Sir Walter Scott, who was personally acquainted with Ferguson, supplies some interesting information as to the latter years of this venerable professor, whom he considered the most striking example of the Stoic philosopher which could be seen in modern days. He had a shock of paralysis in the sixtieth year of his life, from which period he became a strict Pythagorean in his diet, eating nothing but vegetables, and drinking only water or milk. The deep interest which he took in the French war had long seemed to be the main tie which connected him with passing existence; and the news of Waterloo acted on the aged patriot as a *nunc dimittis.*

On the Changes in Society.—From the 'Essay on the History of Civil Society.'

Mankind have twice within the compass of history ascended from rude beginnings to very high degrees of refinement. In every age, whether destined by its temporary disposition to build or to destroy, they have left the vestiges of an active and vehement spirit. The pavement and the ruins of Rome are buried in dust, shaken from the feet of barbarians, who trod with contempt on the refinements of luxury, and spurned those arts the use of which it was reserved for the posterity of the same people to discover and to admire. The tents of the wild Arab are even now pitched among the ruins of magnificent cities; and the waste fields which border on Palestine and Syria are perhaps become again the nursery of infant nations. The chieftain of an Arab tribe, like the founder of Rome, may have already fixed the roots of a plant that is to flourish in some future period, or laid the foundations of a fabric that will attain to its grandeur in some distant age.

Great part of Africa has been always unknown; but the silence of fame, on the subject of its revolutions, is an argument, where no other proof can be found, of

> akness in the genius of its people. The torrid zone, everywhere round the globe, wever known to the geographer, has furnished few materials for history; and ough in many places supplied with the arts of life in no contemptible degree, has where matured the more important projects of political wisdom, nor inspired the rtues which are connected with freedom, and which are required in the conduct of vil affairs. It was indeed in the torrid zone that mere arts of mechanism and anufacture were found, among the inhabitants of the new world, to have made the reatest advance; it is in India, and in the regions of this hemisphere which are isited by the vertical sun, that the arts of manufacture and the practice of commerce are of the greatest antiquity, and have survived, with the smallest diminution, the ruins of time and the revolutions of empire. The sun, it seems, which ipens the pine-apple and the tamarind, inspires a degree of mildness that can even ssuage the rigours of despotical government: and such is the effect of a gentle and acific disposition in the natives of the East, that no conquest, no irruption of barbarians, terminates, as they did among the stubborn natives of Europe, by a total estruction of what the love of ease and of pleasure had produced.
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> Man, in the perfection of his natural faculties, is quick and delicate in his sensibility; extensive and various in his imaginations and reflections; attentive, penetrating, and subtle in what relates to his fellow creatures; firm and ardent in his purposes; devoted to friendship or to enmity; jealous of his independence and his honour, which he will not relinquish for safety or for profit; under all his corruptions or improvements, he retains his natural sensibility, if not his force; and his commerce is a blessing or a curse, according to the direction his mind has received. But under the extremes of heat or of cold, the active range of the human soul appears to be limited; and men are of inferior importance, either as friends or as enemies. In the one extreme, they are dull and slow, moderate in their desires, regular and pacific in their manner of life; in the other, they are feverish in their passions, weak in their judgments, and addicted by temperament to animal pleasure. In both, the heart is mercenary, and makes important concessions for childish bribes; in both, the spirit is prepared for servitude; in the one, it is subdued by fear of the future; in the other, it is not roused even by its sense of the present.

Lord Monboddo's 'Essay on the Origin and Progress of Language,' published in 1771–3 and 1776, is one of those singular works which at once provoke study and ridicule. The author was a man of real learning and talents, but a humorist in character and opinions. He was an enthusiast in Greek literature and antiquities, and a worshipper of Homer. So far did he carry this, that, finding carriages were not in use among the ancients, he never would enter one, but made all his journeys to London—which he visited once a year—and other places on horseback, and continued the practice till he was upwards of eighty. He said it was a degradation of the genuine dignity of human nature to be dragged at the tail of a horse instead of mounting upon his back! The eccentric philosopher was less careful of the dignity of human nature in some of his opinions. He gravely maintains in his 'Essay' that men were originally monkeys, in which condition they remained for ages destitute of speech, reason, and social affections. They gradually improved, according to Monboddo's theory, as geologists say the earth was changed by successive revolutions; but he contends that the orang-outangs are still of the human species, and that in the Bay of Bengal there exists a nation of human beings with tails like monkeys, which had been discovered a hundred and thirty years before by a Swedish skipper.

When Sir Joseph Banks returned from Botany Bay, Monboddo *inquired after* the long-tailed men, and, according to Dr. Joh was not pleased that they had not been found in all his peregrinations. All the moral sentiments and domestic affections were according to this whimsical philosopher, the result of art, contrivance, and experience, as much as writing, ship-building, or any other mechanical invention; and hence he places man, in his natural state, below beavers and sea-cats, which he terms social and political animals! The laughable absurdity of these doctrines must have protected their author from the fulminations of the clergy, who were then so eager to attack all the metaphysical opponents of revealed religion. In 1779, Monboddo published an elaborate work on ancient metaphysics, in three volumes quarto, which, like his former publication is equally learned and equally whimsical. James Burnet, Lord Monboddo, died in Edinburgh, May 26, 1799, at the advanced age of eighty-five.

William Harris (1720–1770), a dissenting divine in Devonshire, published historical memoirs of James I., Charles I., Oliver Cromwell, and Charles II. These works were written in imitation of the manner of Bayle, the text being subordinate to the notes and illustrations. Very frequently only a single line of the memoir is contained in the page, the rest been wholly notes. As depositories of original papers, the memoirs of Harris—which are still to be met with in five volumes—were valuable until superseded by better works: the original part is trifling in extent, and written without either merit or pretension.

James Harris of Salisbury (1709–1780), a learned benevolent man, published in 1744 treatises on art, on music and painting, and on happiness. He afterwards (1751) produced his celebrated work, 'Hermes, or a Philosophical Inquiry concerning Universal Grammar.' The definitions of Harris are considered arbitrary, and often unnecessary, and his rules are complicated; but his profound acquaintance with Greek literature, and his general learning, supplying numerous illustrations, enabled him to produce a curious and valuable publication. Every writer on the history and philosophy of grammar must consult 'Hermes.' Unfortunately the study of the ancient dialects of the northern nations was little prevalent at the time of Mr. Harris, and to this cause—as was the case also with many of the etymological distinctions in Johnson's Dictionary—must be attributed some of his errors and the imperfection of his plan. Mr. Harris was a man of rank and fortune: he sat several years in parliament, and was successively a lord of the admiralty and lord of the treasury. In 1774, he was made secretary and comptroller to the queen, which he held till his death in 1780. His son, Lord Malmesbury, published, in 1801, a complete edition of his works in two volumes quarto. Harris relates the following interesting anecdote of a Greek pilot, to shew that even among the present Greeks, in the day of servitude, the remembrance of their ancient glory is not extinct; 'When the late Mr. Anson—Lord Anson's brother—was upon his travels in the East, he hired a vessel to visit the Isle of Tenedos.

pilot, an old Greek, as they were sailing along, said with some isfaction: "There 'twas our fleet lay." Mr. Anson demanded: Vhat fleet?" "What fleet!" replied the old man, a little piqued the question; "why, our Grecian fleet at the siege of Troy."' As pecimen of Harris's ingenious though often unsound grammatical eculations, we subjoin a short and lively definition from his Iermes.'

Of Pronouns.

All conversation passes between individuals, who will often happen to be till that stant unacquainted with each other. What, then, is to be done? How shall the eaker address the other, when he knows not his name? or how explain himself by is own name, of which the other is wholly ignorant? Nouns, as they have been de-cribed, cannot answer this purpose. The first expedient upon this occasion seems have been pointing, or indicating by the finger or hand; some traces of which are till to be observed, as a part of that action which naturally attends our speaking. ut the authors of language were not content with this. They invented a race of vords to supply this pointing; which words, as they always stood for substantives or ouns, were characterised by the name of *pronouns*. These also they distinguished into three several sorts, calling them pronouns of the first, the second, and the third person, with a view to certain distinctions, which may be explained as follows: Suppose the parties conversing to be wholly unacquainted, neither name nor countenance on either side known, and the subject of the conversation to be the speaker himself. Here, to supply the place of pointing by a word of equal power, the inventors of language furnished the speaker with the pronoun *I*. *I* write. *I* say, *I* desire, &c.: and as the speaker is always principal with respect to his own discourse, this they called, for that reason, the pronoun of the first person. Again, suppose the subject of the conversation to be the party addressed. Here, for similar reasons, they invented the pronoun *thou*; *thou* writest, *thou* walkest, &c. And as the party addressed is next in dignity to the speaker, or at least comes next with reference to the discourse, this pronoun they therefore called the pronoun of the second person. Lastly, suppose the subject of conversation neither the speaker nor the party addressed, but some third object different from both. Here they provided another pronoun, *he*, *she*, or *it*; which, in distinction to the two former, was called the pronoun of the third person. And thus it was that pronouns came to be distinguished by their respective *persons*.

Two distinguished antiquarian writers, whose researches illustrate the history of their native country, may be here mentioned—WILLIAM STUKELEY (1687–1765), who published 'Itinerarium Curiosum, or an Account of the Antiquities and Curiosities of Great Britain,' 'An Account of Stonehenge,' &c., &c. Stukeley studied medicine, but afterwards took Orders, and at the time of his death, was rector of St. George's Church, Queen Square, London. EDWARD KING (1735–1807), an English barrister, published 'Observations on Ancient Castles,' an elaborate work, in three folio volumes, 'Munimenta Antiqua,' descriptive of English architecture anterior to the Norman conquest. A still more valuable literary pioneer was DR. THOMAS BIRCH (1705–1766), one of the secretaries of the Royal Society, and a trustee of the British Museum. Birch wrote elaborate but dull Lives of Queen Elizabeth; Henry, Prince of Wales, son of James I.; of Dr. Ward, Archbishop Tillotson, &c. He edited Thurlow's 'State Papers,' Spenser's 'Faery Queen,' and Milton's prose works. He collected a *great* amount of materials, literary and historical, and deserves *honourable mention* in any retrospect of British literature.

ENCYCLOPÆDIAS AND MAGAZINES.

The 'Cyclopædia' of **Ephraim Chambers**, published in 1728, in two folio volumes, was the first dictionary or repertory of general knowledge produced in Britain. Chambers, who had been reared to the business of a globe-maker, and was a man of respectable though not profound attainments, died in 1740. His work was printed five times during the subsequent eighteen years, and has finally been extended, in the present century, under the care of **Dr. Abraham Rees**, to forty volumes in quarto. The 'Preceptor' of **Robert Dodsley**, published in 1748, long continued to be a favourite and useful book. It embraced within the compass of two volumes, in octavo, treatises on elocution, composition, arithmetic, geography, logic, moral philosophy, human life and manners, and a few other branches of knowledge, then supposed to form a complete course of education. In 1751–54 appeared Barrow's 'New and Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences.' The celebrated French 'Encyclopædia' was published between the years 1751 and 1765, and the popularising of scientific knowledge went rapidly forward both in France and Britain.

This reign may also be termed the epoch of magazines, reviews, and journals. Of the latter, there were no less than fifty-five weekly publications—enumerated by Nichols in his 'Literary Anecdotes'—and some of them were conducted with spirit and ability. The 'Grub Street Journal' was begun in 1730, and continued till 1737, enriched by the personal attacks of Pope, and by some acute and lively criticism. Fielding also had his 'True Patriot's Journal' and 'Covênt Garden Journal.' The monthly form of publication was first adopted by **Edward Cave**, Johnson's humble literary friend and patron, who commenced in 1731 the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' which still exists. Cave, in his introduction, said: 'Upon calculating the number of newspapers, it is found that, besides divers written accounts, no less than 200 half-sheets per month are thrown from the press only in London, and about as many printed elsewhere in the three kingdoms; a considerable part of which constantly exhibit essays on various subjects for entertainment.' Hence the sagacious printer argued that a magazine was necessary to preserve what was valuable in the multifarious half-sheets. Original communications were afterwards admitted, and Cave's success led to rival works of the same kind. The 'London Magazine,' the 'Universal,' the 'Grand,' the 'Town and Country,' and others followed. The 'Literary Magazine or Universal Review,' commenced in 1756, was chiefly supported, during its three years of existence, by the admirable criticisms of Johnson. The 'Lady's Magazine' and 'Public Ledger' contained many of the fine essays of Goldsmith; and about the same time Smollett started the 'British Magazine,' which appeared under the distinction of the royal license.

At this period many other monthly miscellanies were commenced, but most of them were short-lived and obscure. Scotland was not long behind the sister-country in having a monthly periodical. In January 1739 was issued the first number of the 'Scots Magazine,' produced, among other reasons, as stated by the publishers, that 'the Caledonian Muse might not be restrained by want of a public echo to her song.' This magazine continued down to 1826.

The first periodical devoted exclusively to criticism on new books was the 'Monthly Review,' established in 1749 by Griffiths, a bookseller, assisted by Dr. Kippis, Ralph, Langhorne, Grainger, and others. As the 'Monthly' was Whig and Low Church, the Tory and High Church party in 1756 set up a rival, the 'Critical Review,' which was placed under the editorship of Smollett, and led the irritable novelist into many feuds and wars. Griffiths, indignant at having his province invaded, said his review was not written by 'physicians without practice, authors without learning, men without decency, or writers without judgment.' Smollett, in reply, said the 'Critical Review' was not written by 'a parcel of obscure hirelings under the restraint of a bookseller and his wife, who presume to revise, alter, and amend the articles.' Both reviews kept the field for a long period, and were the chief publications of the kind previous to the commencement of the 'British Critic' in 1793.

Another useful and valuable periodical was commenced in 1758—the 'Annual Register,' towards which, as previously stated, Burke was a contributor, and which *is still (1875)* continued in a generally improved form. It is the best record we have *of the history*, political and literary, of the times at home and abroad.

END OF VOLUME IV.

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